



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A LABOUR MEMBER.

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CHAPTER I.



MR JOHN FALCONER, 8650; Mr Ivor Lanyon, 7100.'

The names were out, the figures staring upon a staring, seething, shouting mob. Up went the ragged caps, the fustian arms; the well-dressed, blue-ribboned crowd were silent, disgusted, or groaning out their rancorous disapproval. Ivor Lanyon, the former Conservative member, was out; John Falconer, the Labour candidate, the mechanic—in the ranks, not risen above the ranks—had a majority of fifteen hundred!

It was the bitterest moment of Lanyon's life to be beaten so and by such a man! But the sportsman's, the gentleman's instincts forbade all show of emotion. He had to do the usual thing: to declare his opponent's conduct throughout had been straightforward and manly, to hope for better luck next time, and to offer his hand to the horny grasp of the man who had beaten him. There they stood in the face of the crowd, a contrast as sharp, as marked, as between any two of the moving mass of people: the gentleman who was defeated, tall, thin, erect, with his finely cut profile, firm, close mouth, short upper lip, and long, sharp chin clean-shaven to show the well-shaped jaw; the man of the people, with his ragged, grayish beard and untidy moustache, the thick, unkempt locks, and shaggy eyebrows like quill-pens, the large, melancholy eyes, the haggard face that bore the expression which seems to say its owner, like Dante, had been down into Hell. Even his triumph—great, unexpected—brought but a passing gleam of light over the rude features; but his reception of Lanyon's words and his offered hand was surprising. The defeated candidate was only saying, mechanically, what he felt to be incumbent upon his position, the decorous, orthodox expressions after a well-borne beating; but the words seemed to strike the other man

with sudden force. He gripped the long, fine hand with a grasp of iron.

'Thank ye, sir; thank ye,' he said, in a hoarse but not altogether uneducated voice. The man could speak—had natural eloquence at command, and at times a strange display of emotion which the cultured shun as a crime. 'It's a gentleman's way of taking it. It must come rough on you to be licked by the man I am. I appreciate your good feeling. You say I've fought fair and honourable. Your words shame me a bit, Mr Lanyon, for I know, now and again, being the rough chap I am, I've said things of you I hadn't ought to have. I hope you'll overlook 'em, and take my thanks.'

'Oh, that's all right, Falconer. Public enemies needn't take things into private life. Don't say any more.' He spoke hurriedly, and disengaged his hand. He longed only to get the disgusting show over with smiling decency—to be at home and digest his defeat. He was almost glad there was no woman very near to him to be broken-hearted, as women will be over such rubs. His wife had been dead ten years. They had been in their first youth then. He had never replaced her. There had been no child.

He made his way, surrounded by eager, indignant friends, to his motor, waiting in the thick of the yelling crowd. It was much easier to smile in the teeth of the hooting, jeering mob than to stand the condolences of his own supporters.

As for the Labour member, he was engulfed in a noisy sea. The auburn-haired, sad-eyed young woman, plainly and neatly dressed, who by her likeness claimed him as father, could not reach and grasp his arm before he was caught up and borne on the shoulders of his new constituents, though he tried laughingly to resist, and called to 'Margaret' to come with him. He had to give in, and was carried away in the brief triumph of his one great day.

Lanyon drew a long breath of relief when he was in his own beautifully appointed flat—the belated lunch on the table—no one to vex his soul with futile lamentations over his and the country's downfall. He wanted food, and felt better for it and a glass of extra good wine. Afterwards, in his smoke-room, he could let his body and mind alike repose after the hateful turmoil of the day. He had felt the defeat sharply, as proud men do; but now that the first sting was over, he was not sure but that he was glad to have done with the House, which had grown of late to be anything but the 'best club in London.' He could give himself up to his hobbies now; he could finish his historical essay; he could write clever, scathing articles in the papers. As the smoke-rings floated above his head, and his tired eyes idly followed them, his thoughts—against his will—settled on the man whom the constituency had preferred to him. Some strongly worded, harshly voiced phrases of the fellow had fastened on his memory. What were they? 'As for me, I'm one of you. A lot of you have known want, perhaps hunger. *So have I.* Some of you have had to see your wife and children want. *So have I.* Some of you have needed a place to shelter in—maybe a roof over your heads. *So have I, mates.* There isn't a thing, bitter as death, that the poor have to bear as I haven't had put on me. *So it ain't that I can feel for you: I can feel with you.*'

Ivor Lanyon was no mere selfish worldling, no pleasure-loving dilettante; he could sympathise, he could understand. He had never disliked his opponent, rough as he was, and, fond of cut-and-thrust, he had been straight, rudely eloquent, interesting in a way. The deep, despairing eyes of the man who had walked, as any one could see, in the valley of the shadow, who had looked into the Inferno, had oddly fascinated him. Good God, what these people knew! For the moment his mind dwelt appalled on that thought. This new member for —, this shabby, stooping, uncouth son of labour, who had fought his way through wild beasts, had—he said it, and he was no liar—gone without food and shelter; worse than that, had seen his wife and children want; his life had been all through a hard, fierce, comfortless struggle. Of luxury he had known nothing, unless the deep sleep of intense fatigue may be counted luxurious; of pleasure probably as little. Lanyon's eyes, falling away from the smoke-rings, took in vaguely the details of the room, which meant the routine, the habit of his life. The exquisite finish and beauty of it all, involving not only money but taste—could he exist without it? Hadn't it all helped him to find life not only bearable, but pleasant in spite of griefs and bereavements? This other man was a widower—he had said so in his oddly confidential way—without compensations.

He felt suddenly as if he had opened a curious volume, and glancing in, wanted to read on, to know more. The naked humanity of the type not

overlaid with the thousand-and-one decorations of our complex society habits had a curious fascination for the man confronted for the first time with it. He wanted to study the anatomy of such a soul: its pulses, organisms, habits. He had not lived at all, he felt, as these men counted living. How fantastic it was to come across such raw, unpolished personalities—heroic shapes just blocked out of marble, with not an angle smoothed, not a grace touched in!

'I'd like to see into the life for myself,' he thought; 'how it feels to be able to say the very thing you mean outright, without an *arrière pensée*; to suffer horribly; to let the world see you crucified.'

He was as much, or as little, a Christian as the ordinary polished, highly educated man of the world. He considered the Church a good institution, religion a wholesome check on the masses. He had his 'philosophic doubts' and his secret creed, his fatalism and his half-formed consolations, as most of us have; but now he was curiously haunted by the old, outworn sayings and thoughts of a Christianity that has nothing to do with the ordinary modern fashionable society that goes to church in the mornings, bows before an emblem of supreme suffering and humiliation or a cup that typifies the heart-blood of surrender. Men like Falconer do not bend and bow; they bear on themselves the cross, the crown of thorns, the agony and bloody sweat; they have not where to lay their heads; they know what those shadowy phantoms stand for that one passes as one drives from the club or the theatre: the shivering shapes that cower in the cold mist of the river—homeless—hopeless—lost. Lanyon had glanced them over, at the best with a 'Poor devils!' at the worst with contempt; unemployed because unemployable, the self-constituted derelicts of life—there would be such till the evolution of the fittest was completed.

But Falconer had agonised with them. After all, it was a good thing such men should have a voice in the councils of the nation. It was odd how the idea of the man haunted him; he had never seen such mournful eyes set in dark hollows, like dim pools on some blasted heath. That girl whom he had watched with her father had just the same eyes, only younger wonderful eyes! That a young woman's should hold such depths of sadness was unmanly. He had heard that she busied herself in the slums, and could go where the police were afraid to enter. Queer people, out of his beat altogether, but he thought he would rather like to know a little more of them. And, after all, was a man educated in the least if he was profoundly ignorant of the real selves, the living ways, of more than half his kind? He recalled all he had heard of Falconer: that he was a mechanical engineer, had married as almost a boy, had six children as fast as possible, had prospered to a certain extent and made himself known as a rather rash, noisy orator of an advanced political section. Then sorrow on sorrow came thick upon him. He had four children down

with diphtheria; three had died; then the worn-out mother who nursed them sank like a spent flame. Then the man went under. Drink, first as consolation, then as curse, flung him into the depths of despairing, frenzied poverty; he lost his place, his friends, the esteem of men. How he had recovered, fought upwards again, no one seemed to know; but it happened. The man who had been down into Hell emerged, blackened, scorched, with the despair left in his eyes, 'saved so as by fire.'

'I should never have come up. There must be something great in the fellow. I'll see more of him. I'll see something of the life that makes these people. After all, there's more human nature in it, more interest, than in the people one meets every day, all turned out alike, all talking the same shibboleth, all wanting the same things. This Falconer thinks, I suppose, he's going to do something now he's in. How disillusioned he'll be! Ground down by convention, turned into an official machine, he can't kick against the pricks. He'll do nothing. The yelling mob will be disappointed. He's not going to undo in a few months what it will take generations to alter. We old parliamentary hands know what promises come to; but, after all, I believe on my soul he'll give a better account of himself to his constituents than I ever did. At any rate, he's in dead earnest, and *that's* a thing by no means up-to-date. I did feel a sick sort of disgust when the numbers were out; but that goes like other feelings, and I wish the poor chap joy of his success, which probably spells a larger failure. Let's hope he'll not find out how he's bound to fail—just yet at all events.'

CHAPTER II.



IELDING to an impulse born of these thoughts, Lanyon suddenly made up his mind to look up the Labour member one evening in the humble lodgings which he called home. It was situated in a mean, if not absolutely poverty-stricken, street, and the woman who opened the door looked astonished at the appearance of the handsome gentleman in a furlined greatcoat. After staring him over she informed him, with a jerk of her thumb towards the oilclothed staircase, that Mr Falconer was in, and he'd find him 'first floor, door opposite top o' stairs.'

Lanyon knocked accordingly at this door, and a loud, abstracted voice shouted to him to come in. A more uninviting interior he had seldom, if ever, seen. It was a place to work and to feed in, but not for rest or for enjoyment, unless the smoking of coarse tobacco—an odour of which filled the atmosphere—can conduce to the same. A writing-table in the window was littered with blue papers and pamphlets, dull-looking books stacked at the

back of it; the sullen fire, tired of struggling unaided against odds, was now but a heap of reddish ashes. A tray stood on the middle table bearing a brown teapot and some fragments of bread-and-butter; the floor, like the stairs, was covered with an oilcloth, a rug made of cloth scraps lay by the fire, and on the rug an old ragged-haired but knowing-looking terrier. Falconer got up hastily with surprise at seeing his visitor, but with no air of distress or shame at his surroundings. The man had always impressed Lanyon with his simple, straight, unself-conscious honesty.

'Well, sir,' he said, 'I didn't certainly expect you to call on me; but you're welcome. Sit ye down. I haven't got much of an easy-chair for you, and the fire's out, I'm afraid. I forgot all about it.'

He poked the ashes vigorously, only succeeding thereby in making a prodigious dust.

'I'm afraid it's a gone coon. Are you cold?'

'No, not in the least. It's mild enough. Don't bother, Falconer. You'll excuse an informal call. We've seen a good deal of each other through this campaign, and it struck me that possibly my experience might help you through the start a bit. One's first few weeks are a little trying.'

'It was downright kind of you, sir,' Falconer said heartily, a dull colour rising in his rough but sensitive face. 'I shouldn't have thought you'd ha' taken the trouble. But I will say you took your beating like a gentleman. I couldn't ha' stood it like that; but, as I needn't remind you, I'm no gentleman.'

'Oh, that's all right! I suppose you wouldn't be if you could.'

The man was silent; there was a look of thought on his face as if he were searching his mind for an absolutely truthful answer. He pushed one great bony hand through his shock of hair.

'Would I, or wouldn't I? I don't know. There've been times I've been wild at my limits and meanly envious of them born into the purple and fine linen; times I've revelled in being free of all the shackles that bind folks who daren't be their very selves. But I'm bound to confess that you've taught me a thing or two I needed to know. When you took it as you did—so calm and polite—I knew I couldn't have come it that way. I felt there was something in this "gentleman" convention after all.'

'It's mere habit, Falconer—mere habit.'

Falconer shook his head. 'More than that, sir. I suppose we need to know each other—the folks in my world and them in yours—to find out what's to admire.'

'That's true! That's honestly the chief reason—though I gave another that wasn't a lie—why I called on you. I felt I'd like to know you.'

'Shake hands over it,' the other cried heartily.

The rough, hard hand gripped the gentleman's, which, though white and delicate, was neither weak nor soft, and they fell into talk.

It was from the beginning an interesting talk to both; but for some time it was not, as Lanyon aimed to make it, autobiographical. They drifted on, however, from parliamentary discussion, descriptions and advice from one eagerly swallowed by the other, to more personal matters. Skilfully, imperceptibly drawn out by one who was a master in such an art, the man who had never learnt the secrets and reserves of culture yielded more and more of himself, of the real, fierce suffering, struggling, conquering self which Lanyon wanted to read. He found the talk, when once established on this basis, curiously interesting. It seemed to him that the original personality of the man more than compensated for the deficiencies of manner, breeding, and environment, which ceased to affect him painfully.

'You don't live alone?' he said, glancing about the unhomelike room.

'No. All my children but one have emigrated—the two sons that are left, that's to say—and my wife died twelve years ago; but Margaret lives with me. Didn't you see her election-day—tall, thin, with sort o' copper-coloured hair?'

'Yes, of course I did. She is a person to notice; but I didn't know but she was married.'

'You don't see traces of female occupation here,' Falconer said, smiling. His smile showed but a ragged regiment of teeth, yet it was purely agreeable and illuminating. 'No, Mag ain't what folks call "domesticated." She's out somewhere after some of her games.'

'Of her games?' Lanyon repeated, puzzled as the vision rose of the tragic-eyed girl he had glimpsed.

Falconer threw back his head, laughing. 'Good heavens! you don't suppose Mag's a lively sort of party? Not she. She hasn't had much chance, poor lass!' The laugh suddenly died, and a look of gloomy retrospect succeeded. After a pause he said bitterly, '*Your* girls, now—what's *their* life? Sheltered, cosseted, surrounded with luxuries great and small, pleasures strewn on them as they walk, smiles, compliments, flatteries, easy lives, orange-blossoms, wedding-gifts. I've looked on afar off. I know—leastways, I guess. And *my* girl—if I was to let you into the secrets of her life you'd

stand aghast. But I ain't going to—I ain't going to. Take it from me she's been down in the depths; only twenty-five, but there's little she don't know, little she hasn't suffered. So now the fever's in her to try and help other folks—that's what she's on now. She hasn't much time for domesticities.'

'Now you've risen you'll be able to make her life happier; it ought to be—it's her due.'

'Due! Who's to talk of *dues* in a world like this? To have the strength to bear, and just now and then the triumph of succeeding, that's about all our class look for. Not enjoying ourselves, Mr Lanyon—not that.'

'And you think *we* do nothing else? That we never feel, never have to endure?'

Falconer was staring hard into Ivor Lanyon's handsome, high-bred face. Something he saw there—a bitter twist of the mouth, a gleam in the eyes—suddenly enlightened him.

'Well, well,' he said, nodding his head, "'Man's born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.'" Maybe there's different sorts; and what seems like bliss to the homeless and the hungry—to be well fed, soft-lodged, free o' money trouble—ain't everything, don't always satisfy. Folks aren't all body, though it seems like it when the body's craving. When my wife died it made it worse that I hardly knew where to turn for a sum to bury her decent, yet it ha' been hard enow without'—

'I have lost my wife,' Lanyon said briefly and quietly.

Falconer stared at him as if searching for the secrets of the man whose instincts sealed his soul.

'You and me ought to be pals,' he said suddenly. 'I guess if we got down into things we should find a good deal alike.'

They parted late, with another hearty hand-shake. Lanyon took the vivid impression of the man with him. He wanted to understand something more of the life that had graven those tragic lines on the working-man's face, dwelt in his deep-set, sombre eyes, and gave the note of impressive eloquence to rude, ill-chosen words.

(To be continued.)

THE COMPLETE TOURIST IN INDIA.

By EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S.



VERY noticeable phase of popular travel within recent years has been the great expansion of the winter touring-field. Our grandfathers were satisfied with the south of France, South Italy, or Madeira; the next generation adventured themselves to the southern shores of the Mediterranean, and sought the brilliant sunshine and cloudless skies of Algeria

or Egypt. Now, winter tours in South Africa, the West Indies, or India are in vogue, especially the latter.

The increasing popularity of India as a touring ground is easy to understand. Its comparative novelty, its wealth of ancient monuments, its picturesque and varied scenery, its magnificent cities, its own romantic history, its heroic stories of English courage and daring, and finally the

potent fascination and mystery of the unknown Orient, all combine to kindle the imagination of the intelligent traveller.

But though we venture farther afield in quest of health or sunshine, yet the typical hide-bound conservatism of the Englishman is painfully manifested in the tendency to follow unswervingly the stereotyped, beaten track in the round of the great cities and show-places of India. The India Grand Tour remains what it was when Messrs Cook first 'discovered' the country for the tourist. It would appear that to the ordinary tourist India consists merely of the three capitals, Cawnpore and Lucknow (so specially associated with the Mutiny), Benares, Delhi, Agra, Amritsar, Jeypore, and Mount Abu. The limitations of the 'India of the Tourist' are even indicated by the stock photographs of the chief Indian photographic firms, for it is notoriously difficult to obtain photographs of cities which are not in the well-worn track of the winter tourist.

No doubt the lack of variety in the regulation Indian tour is due to the round being modelled on that arranged when Messrs Cook first took India under their patronage, when railways were few. Since the great expansion of railways, especially in the last few years, quite a new India is thrown open to the winter tourist. For instance, there is now a trunk-line through the heart of unknown Rajputana, linking up Central India with the Punjab, to say nothing of the recently opened line from Kalka to Simla.

Then, in Burma, the railway towards the Chinese frontier now extends north of Mandalay—formerly the Ultima Thule of tourists in Burma—as far as the distance from Rangoon to Mandalay.

The time-honoured itineraries of the guide-books seem arranged with a view of seeing as many show-cities and places of interest as can be crowded into the few months' tour, without sufficient regard to a repetition of interest. For instance, when the Ellora Caves are in the itinerary, why waste time on the far inferior Caves of Elephanta; or if Gwalior is to be visited, why include a similar but far less interesting natural hill-fortress like Jhansi—another of the many Indian Gibralters?

Again, more days are allotted to the two least typical and characteristic of the great cities of India, Bombay and Calcutta, than to Benares, Agra, Delhi, Lahore, Udaipur, or Amritsar, perhaps the six most interesting or most beautiful cities in India. As for Lucknow, with its bastard pinchbeck architecture, or Jeypore, the freak-city, no traveller is allowed to omit these from his itinerary.

How to get to India is naturally the first point to be considered by the prospective tourist.

There is an embarrassing choice of steamship services to India. The chief lines are the P. & O., British-India, City, Hall, and Anchor. The return fare (good for two years) is exactly a single fare and a half on all the lines. The routes may be conveniently divided into the Bombay route and the Calcutta route. Speaking generally, the Cal-

cutta services are the cheap ones, and the Bombay fast but expensive. (1) *Via* Bombay—the P. & O. from London, charging fifty-two pounds; then there are the three cheap lines, Anchor (no second class), City, and Hall, from Liverpool, with a uniform charge of thirty-seven pounds ten shillings first and thirty-two pounds second class. (2) *Via* Calcutta—P. & O. intermediate steamer, forty-two pounds first and thirty-two pounds second class. Then there are the British-India, Anchor, and City lines, with the same charge as to Bombay.

For leisured tourists it will probably be found that not only is the P. & O. Calcutta service ten pounds cheaper than *via* Bombay, but more comfortable accommodation is obtainable than in the overcrowded crack Bombay steamers; so that on the whole this service is about as cheap as any, and well worth the few pounds difference by the cheaper services, whose charges *via* Calcutta and *via* Bombay are the same. Then the saving is actually more than appears by the fare, as an additional week at sea is thrown in. For those who wish to 'do' India as economically as possible, consistently with a reasonable amount of comfort, a return second-class ticket (forty-eight pounds) by an intermediate P. & O. steamer should possess considerable attractions. Indeed, a voyage to India and back would cost only some ten pounds more than a first-class return from London to Cairo.

Venturing upon a delicate social question, it may be said that a distinctly better class of passenger is found on the P. & O. steamers than on any of their rivals; and it is significant that though Anglo-Indians growl at the antiquated arrangements of some of the intermediate boats, they travel by the line all the same, if they can afford it. Next in popularity come the British-India and the City lines. As to second class on the P. & O., the saving is considerable, and there is little to choose between the accommodation of first and second class except lack of space. But the great drawback is the early dinner. Indeed, it is said that were it not for the objectionable supper in the second *versus* late dinner in the first class saloon, the latter would be depleted.

Railways in India are remarkably cheap, the first-class fare amounting to little more than third class in England. The conditions of railway travel differ in many respects from those on European lines. The first-class carriages—and few tourists would care to test the second-class accommodation except for short distances—are certainly more comfortable and spacious than the ordinary carriages of the trunk Continental lines. They are not, however, so luxuriously equipped; but, in view of the great heat and the penetrating dust, luxury would be absolutely opposed to comfort in India, as all decorative accessories must be sacrificed to coolness and the necessity of excluding dust. Each first-class compartment (which is meant for four, though as a rule it is occupied by two passengers only) contains two long seats, with racks, pegs, &c., while

overhead are movable sleeping-berths, which are let down at night. Each compartment has a lavatory, while on the trunk-lines a shower-bath will also be found, and ice can always be procured on the train. There is no excuse for mistaking the classes, as each carriage is painted in distinctive colours according to class—the first-class white and the second-class dark green.

Hotels are no doubt very moderate in price compared to the European standard (seven shillings to eight shillings a day); but it must be admitted that they are also for the most part cheap and nasty. In fact, no Anglo-Indian has a good word to say for the Indian hotels. With the exception of the Taj Mahal Palace (which is in a class by itself, and is the only real *hôtel de luxe* in India), Watson's Annexe, Great Western at Bombay, Great Eastern at Calcutta, Elphinstone at Madras, a few at the popular hill-stations and great tourist centres like Agra and Delhi, there are no first-class hotels in the whole of British India.

The Continental pension system obtains at nearly all the hotels, and three unnecessarily solid meals, quantity taking the place of quality, plus *chota hazri* (equivalent to the Continental *café complet*), are included in the daily charge of five rupees. Attendance is a negligible quantity, and the management do not venture to include it in the bill, as most English visitors bring their own native servants. Yet, strange to say, the attendance is conspicuous enough in the hotels, as at *table-d'hôte* there seem to be more waiters than guests; but the servantless, independent traveller apparently loses caste with the turbaned host of hirelings; at all events he is, as a rule, left severely alone. Besides, ignorance of Indian languages prevents his insisting upon some attention from this mob of hotel menials.

A native servant is best obtained through Messrs Cook, Messrs King, Hamilton, & Co., or the hotel proprietor. His services will be especially useful in hotels, dak bungalows, and in railway journeys, for of course the short-time tourist will be compelled to spend a great part of his time in trains.

Wages have gone up considerably since India has become a popular tourist ground; but for thirty-five or forty rupees a month a good 'boy' will be obtainable. It will be a good plan to retain the *chits* (testimonials) till the engagement is concluded, otherwise the employer will have little hold—a written agreement is of little use—on his attendant, who might otherwise incontinently leave him should he find, for example, that his perquisites, commissions from traders, &c., fall much below his expectations.

A few hints on the winter climate of India may perhaps be of service.

Even the most robust cannot afford to ignore climatic conditions altogether. The climates of India are of course legion; but we need only concern ourselves with the winter climate in the great tourist zone. This forms roughly a rectangular triangle, Bombay forming the apex and Lahore and

Benares the two bases. It is a popular fallacy that because India is more 'tropical'—whatever that may mean—than Egypt, therefore its climate must be superior and more genial. This is not the case, though the reason would only be appreciated by those interested in meteorology. As a matter of fact, in the whole of India it would be difficult to find a winter climate to equal that of the Upper Nile. In consequence of this delusion, new-comers are apt to indulge in a superfluity of tropical equipment, and will be seen garbed in duck or drill suits, *solac topees*, pugarees, &c., to the unexpressed amusement of residents.

In Northern India the cool season begins in October and lasts till March. The extremes of day and night temperature will perhaps be found a little trying, the cold at night being sometimes intense. Still, the winter climate is on the whole pleasant and salubrious to persons in ordinary health. India is beginning now to be regarded as a kind of alternative health-resort to Egypt or Algeria for semi-invalids; but the suitability of an Indian winter for delicate persons is outside the scope of this paper. Still, even the robust traveller must not be above taking common-sense precautions against illness in the matter of diet, clothing, and exercise. An illness in India is likely to be a far more serious matter than at Nice, Rome, or Cairo. To those ignorant of the tropics it may seem paradoxical to say that the chief precaution to be taken is against chill. But, as all Anglo-Indians know, chill in tropical countries is more easily taken than in a temperate climate, and the results are far more serious. It would be, perhaps, a counsel of perfection to advise the wearing of wool, or at least silk, next the skin; and those who regard the wearing of Jaeger costumes next the skin as a harmless fad may affect to despise this warning; but the fact remains that the wearing of linen or drill is a frequent cause of catching cold, and though a chill may be trifling in itself, it predisposes one to malaria or cholera.

And now for the complete tourist's itinerary.

How India can best be 'done' within a reasonable time, with most pleasure and profit, is, in short, the leading question most tourists put to themselves, or at all events that is the chief point on which advice is sought. Of course, much depends on the traveller's individual tastes and temperament, putting aside questions of season, climate, and means. He may be interested chiefly in Mogul, Buddhist, or Jain architecture, in the Hindus themselves and native life generally, natural scenery, or simply 'sights.' Probably the ambition of nine out of ten is merely to see as many as possible of the innumerable 'things best worth seeing in India' in the time at their disposal.

Here then, perhaps, a few hints may prove serviceable. First, Delhi and Agra must of course be included in every itinerary. Then other cities, sites, and sights which no self-respecting globe-trotter can afford to miss are—ignoring geographical

sequence—Baroda, Mount Abu, Udaipur (the most beautiful city in India), Gwalior, Amritsar, Lahore, Peshawar (a new India reached here), Cawnpore and Lucknow, Benares, Darjeeling (for the grandest mountain-views in the whole world), Seringapatam, Hyderabad, Madura, and the Caves of Ellora. With the exception of Mount Abu and the Ellora Caves, all these places are served by one or other of the network of railway lines with which India is now covered, so that all these varied and remarkable places can be comfortably seen in some six weeks or two months. For though 'India is a big country,' Tourist or Winter India is not of such vast extent as most people imagine, at all events in point of time.

At the beginning of the tourist season the hotels at Bombay and Calcutta are notoriously overcrowded, while the through express trains northwards and to Calcutta are equally congested, nine out of ten tourists hastening either north or to Calcutta on the arrival of the P. & O. boat at Bombay. If they do intend to extend this tour to South India—to Mysore, Bangalore, Madura, Madras, Trichinopoly—they usually leave this part of the tour to the last. Consequently, it is a good plan to reverse the time-honoured itinerary. Climatically, this course is preferable, while some comfort and a reasonable amount of privacy will be obtained on the railways. Therefore, the wise traveller who is not a slave to tourist routine will devote, say, a couple of days after landing in Bombay to attempting to assimilate India and Hindu city life, and to an inspection of the few sights the Liverpool of India has to offer—chiefly modern public buildings—and then proceed south to Madras and Ceylon.

In the matter of ways and means, if we allow a week for connections with the mail-steamer on leaving India, travel overland to and from Marseilles or Brindisi, and make Bombay both the port of arrival and port of departure, India can actually be 'done' almost as well as it is by the ordinary four months' holiday-maker in a little over two and a half months, at an expenditure in India of some eighty to one hundred pounds, allowing a reasonable margin for native servant (say fifteen to twenty pounds), cabs, horses, excursions, gratuities, and incidentals. Of course, travelling with a companion, who would share servant, carriage, &c., would reduce expenses considerably, and two could do the trip for about sixty pounds each. For the voyage out and home one hundred pounds should be allowed, including all extras and incidentals; or if the tourist were satisfied with second class, it could be done for some seventy-five pounds.

I have not included Bombay or Calcutta, as one of these two ports he is bound to visit whatever his route. As for Calcutta, it is perhaps in one sense the least typical and characteristic of any of the great cities of the peninsula. Indeed, unless the voyage is arranged for the traveller to land at

Bombay and leave from Calcutta (or *vice versa*), or he intends having a flying glimpse of Rangoon and Mandalay, I should omit Calcutta altogether, and devote the few days saved to a longer visit to Delhi, Agra, and Fatipur-Sikri. Nor have I allowed for a visit to that city of architectural freaks, Jeypore, although it is in every itinerary, as it is a bastard kind of capital, and of far inferior interest to Gwalior, Jhansi, or Udaipur.

The guide-books recommend a trip up the Brahmaputra, which is rather absurdly named the Rhine of India; one might equally appropriately, or inappropriately, call the Nile the Rhine of Egypt. But if the tourist has at least a fortnight left, it would be worth while to devote this extra time to an excursion in Burma. He would be able to visit Rangoon and Mandalay; only he would have to forgo the Irrawaddy route, and go by rail. Rangoon is only four days from Calcutta by steamer. If the tourist has all along decided to include Burma in his itinerary, it would be better to book a single passage from London to Calcutta, and return direct to England from Rangoon by the Bibby Line. By this arrangement ten days extra would suffice for a flying trip to Burma.

It is, however, possible to manage a holiday trip to India and back of about two and a half months' duration at a cost of no more than one hundred pounds. But of course this means second class by steamer, no native servant, and a very limited itinerary, keeping strictly to the railway during the fortnight's stay on Indian soil. Such a tour should, of course, be regarded mainly as a holiday voyage, the fortnight between steamers being utilised for a hasty glimpse of a few of the great sights of India easily accessible from Calcutta. The tourist will, at all events, be able to see something of Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, and perhaps Amritsar and Lahore; and, after all, the Taj Mahal alone is almost worth the voyage from England.

The Indian Government, with a view of encouraging tourist traffic, grants specially reduced rates for certain specified circular tours. The one which would be most suitable for a hurried tourist is the following: Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Agra, Jhansi, Gwalior, and back to Calcutta *via* Cawnpore and Allahabad. Fare, first class, ten pounds fourteen shillings.

The total cost of this flying visit to India would work out as follows: Second-class return by P. & O. intermediate steamer from London to Calcutta (allowing five pounds for incidentals on the voyage, tips, &c.), fifty-three pounds; railway fares, fourteen pounds; hotels and meals on train, eight pounds; sight-seeing, guides, carriages, and all incidentals, twenty-five pounds—say, one hundred pounds.

I will conclude these rambling remarks with a little negative advice: (1) Don't neglect to wear flannel or wool next the skin. (2) Don't omit to wear a flannel waistband (cholera-belt). (3) Don't take cold baths. (4) Don't take alcohol merely as a

beverage; soda-water, obtainable everywhere, is a good and safe thirst-quencher. (6) Don't drink unboiled water, especially at a railway station. (6) Don't buy fruit or sweets from natives, especially at railway stations. (7) Don't despise the *solac topi* (pith-helmet), although it may be the badge of the globe-trotter. Residents are more or less acclimatized; new-comers are not. (8) Don't implicitly believe the certificates (*chits*) of native servants

('boys'). They are often passed from hand to hand. (9) Don't treat constipation lightly; it is as dangerous as relaxation in a tropical climate. (10) Don't take long railway journeys by day. (11) Don't expect hotel accommodation at dak bungalows. (12) Finally, repress any inclination to 'hustle' natives; and, in railway travel especially, remember that the money of a native is as good as that of a sahib.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

By GEORGE FREDERICK TURNER.

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING my half-hour's wait in the Castle library I was the prey to what novelists call mixed emotions. To begin with, I was elated at the success of my mission. I felt that

I had acted up to the flattering estimate of my ability which the King must have formed in order to entrust this delicate service into my hands. On the other hand, I was not quite comfortable in my mind as to the rectitude of the means I had employed in achieving the desired conclusion. To begin with, I had pledged the King's word of honour that on his wife's immediate return he would forgive and forget her questionable behaviour—which I had not the slightest right to do. I had put into His Majesty's mouth the most horrible threats, of which he was quite incapable, and for which sooner or later his fiery spouse would inevitably demand an explanation. Thirdly—and this was the most serious of my delinquencies—I had, in order to ensure my success, adopted towards Her Majesty a tone of veiled sentimentality. She was a vain, foolish woman, and to her foolish vanity I had deemed myself justified in appealing. My success had been rapid and remarkable, and I only prayed that my doubtful methods might not recoil on my own head. She had accepted my rôle as the humble but ardent admirer. What an appalling thing if she started encouraging me! To be wooed by a Queen—a married Queen—was fascinating in theory, and in theory alone. Then I thought of poor old Karl—for I could not help regarding him as a personal friend rather than a monarch. If ever there was an *homme incompris* it was he. Because he was calm in the face of provocation the Queen thought him weak. Because he looked at life through humorous spectacles she thought him insincere and a buffoon. His love of sport and his taste for gaiety were in her eyes but symptoms of an inconstant, pleasure-loving disposition. It was true, of course, that in his way he was just as bad a husband as she a wife. But that was entirely the fault of his temperament. Most women would have cared for him. He was

humorous, good-natured, and, better still, good-hearted. He was a devoted, romping father, an indefatigable worker as he was an untiring sportsman. Unfortunately he had married one of those women who justified the bracketing of the sex with the dog and the walnut-tree in the popular adage. Had he bullied his wife she would have respected him; she would quite conceivably have loved him. Anyway, I reflected, they were an ill-assorted couple, and my sympathies—three-fourths of them at any rate—were with the husband.

When the Queen returned she was attired in a neat check travelling dress, and she brought the Fräulein von Helder in her wake. The latter favoured me with a stiff inclination of her unattractive head.

'Come, Mr Saunders,' said the Queen, 'we will start at once, please.'

On going to the door we found a pair-horse sleigh awaiting us. A smaller sleigh was attached behind, into which a couple of large boxes had been placed. Remembering Lane Peter's paraphernalia, I collected the various articles of my disguise and stowed them beside the boxes in the luggage-sleigh.

'Whatever are those things?' asked the Queen.

I explained briefly how they had come into my temporary possession, and, as the matter seemed to interest Her Majesty, gave a detailed account of my journey to Heldersburg.

'You behaved magnificently,' said the Queen, with suppressed enthusiasm. 'You displayed great resource and great courage. I am touched to think that it was for my sake you made those efforts.'

I felt exceedingly uncomfortable.

'I conceived it to be my duty to reach your Majesty somehow,' I replied, 'and the opposition offered to my mission piqued my pride. I only trust that my success may have good results both in its immediate and ultimate consequences.'

'I hope so, but I doubt it,' replied the Queen. 'That rests with my husband.'

The sun had gone down behind the mountains, and the fall in the temperature was very noticeable. It was very still and beautiful, and the sky was full of clear, cool greens and pinks and yellows. Sud-

denly I noticed the Queen bowing to right and left, and, looking out, I saw soldiers saluting at either side of the roadway. Then I saw Max, and I shall never forget his look of anger and astonishment as his gaze fell upon me. Smiling in spite of myself, I raised my cap, and in another moment we had passed through the Guardsmen who had barred my first attempt to get to Heldersburg. When we reached the main street of Weissheim the people were crowded in great numbers at the side of the road. Peasants in sheepskins, merchants and professional men in furs, soldiers in smart green cloaks, jostled one another at the edge of the white highway.

'The Queen! The Queen!' they cried. Hats were lifted and the sound of cheering began. The further we advanced the denser grew the throng, the louder swelled the noise of their acclaim. It was like a triumphal procession, and though I felt the exhilarating power of the situation, I was somewhat at a loss to comprehend its meaning. As for the Queen, she was transfigured into a beautiful, gracious woman; she bowed incessantly; her eyes sparkled; her red lips parted in a beatific smile. Of her popularity there was little doubt; of her love of popularity none at all. As we passed through the town the crowd gradually thinned, and the last stage of our journey was performed in silence. As we neared the Brun-varad the Queen's face grew set and hard again.

On reaching the Palace we three entered the hall together. The King was there, dressed in high leggings and wearing a brown Norfolk jacket over a woollen sweater. He was talking to a man I had never seen before—a clean-shaven, broad-browed man, with dark, piercing eyes and a restless manner. They rose as we approached, the stranger bowing.

'I trust you have enjoyed your excursion to Heldersburg,' said the King formally.

'I am rather tired, thank you,' replied the Queen.

'I shall go and rest before dinner.'

'Quite right,' said the King. 'Remember, there is Mrs van Troeber's dance at the Pariserhof to-night.'

'I shall not go there,' said the Queen curtly; and she and the Fräulein mounted the stairs.

'How did you do it?' asked the King the moment the ladies were out of earshot. I glanced involuntarily at the stranger, hesitating to speak freely before him.

'Oh, permit me,' said the King, 'to introduce to you Herr Schneider, the celebrated Vienna detective. He enjoys my fullest confidence.'

'Delighted to meet you, Mr Saunders,' said Herr Schneider, shaking me warmly by the hand. 'His Majesty has invited me here for purposes of investigation. It seems there is a certain amount of discontent here in Weissheim and in other parts of Grinland. It is my part to sound the depths of that discontent, to sort out the sheep from the goats, and to differentiate the black goats from the merely piebald.' He spoke very glibly, and I felt an instinctive dislike for the man growing up within

me. He was of medium height and rather stout, and his face was unmistakably a clever one. What I disliked about him was his restless manner. His large, dark eyes were never in repose; they were always searching, questioning, weighing. His hands, too—broad, fat hands—were never for a moment still. He gesticulated freely when he spoke, and when he listened fingered his face incessantly. He looked like a man who had seen much, and that mostly evil.

I narrated the circumstances of my journey to Heldersburg, and, knowing that the King had a keen eye for the humorous, dwelt as much as possible on the comic side of the affair, the quaint disguise I had been led to adopt, and the blank look of dismay on young Max's face when he saw me driving back in the Queen's sleigh. To my surprise, the King did not even smile.

'It was a fine piece of work, Saunders,' he said simply.

'Splendid, splendid!' murmured the detective, stroking his blue chin.

'Look here, Saunders,' pursued the King. 'I am immensely pleased with the result of your efforts. The Queen's return is a great relief to me. Rumours had been spread of a serious quarrel between us, and I am told an impromptu out-of-doors meeting was held in the town this afternoon to express sympathy with Her Majesty. To those rumours her return has given the lie. My wife understands the art of popularity, and as her husband I come in for some faint reflection of the popular favour. You perceive the high motives which made me dread even a temporary separation from the wife of my bosom.'

'They cheered us as we passed through Weissheim,' I said.

'They cheered the Queen,' corrected King Karl.

'They should have cheered you. You were the hero, the man who risked his life to do a service to his friend.'

'You are gracious, sire. In truth, I don't think I ran a very great risk.'

'I beg to disagree with you,' said the King, laying a kindly hand on my shoulder. 'Had the amiable Fritz suspected who it was that was inside Lame Peter's coat you would not be sitting here amusing us with the recital of your experiences. By the way, were they really firing at dummies across the ravine?'

'I did not hear any sound of firing.'

'I should suggest,' said Schneider, 'that your Majesty transfers his First Regiment of Guards to some other salubrious neighbourhood.'

'I used to be proud of my Guards once,' said the King bitterly. 'I was young and full of illusion, and I thought them a fine body of men. Now I know what they are—a fine pack of wolves. Still, I am fond of animals, and it would be painful to me to part with them.'

'Your Majesty will surely not hesitate on this point?' asked the detective.

'There are good men in the Guards,' said the

King pensively. 'There is young Drechsler and Major von Stromling, loyal men and true.'

'Your Majesty mentions two names,' sneered Schneider.

'I mention the first two that occur to me,' retorted the King sharply. 'No, if I cannot win the loyalty of the Guards it will be because I do not deserve it. The men were merely obeying their officers in stopping my messenger this afternoon. They were not to blame. The man who was responsible was my cousin Fritz.'

'Is it not possible to get rid of him?' I asked.

'You do not use the expression "get rid of" in an Eastern sense, I hope,' said the King.

'No,' I answered, laughing. 'I merely meant that his sphere of usefulness might be transferred elsewhere.'

King Karl shook his head with the air of one who had considered the matter and formed his opinion.

'No,' he said. 'The broad-shouldered little gentleman is a firebrand. If he is going to commit an act of incendiarism, I prefer to be within reach of the flames.'

'Your Majesty,' broke in Schneider impatiently, 'absolutely refuses to do anything! I must say that I call it a dangerous policy of *laissez-faire*.'

'And I,' retorted the King, 'call it a wise policy of masterly inactivity. Come, we will not quarrel over a phrase. I hope both of you gentlemen are going to Mrs van Troeber's dance to-night.'

'I shall be very pleased to go,' replied the detective, 'in the course of my professional duty.'

'And I in the course of my search for pleasure, if I am invited,' I said.

'You are invited right enough,' said the King. 'We do not attend the ordinary hotel weekly dances; but a party from the Brun-ward frequently graces private balls given by privileged individuals such as Mrs van Troeber. Thus, you see, my dear Saunders, snobbishness, like the *Pinus Alpestris*, flourishes at exceedingly great altitudes.'

So saying, the King rose, leaving me and Herr Schneider alone together.

'An extraordinary person,' said my companion, with a gesture in the direction of the departed monarch.

'In a sense, yes,' I replied. 'But of how few people could one say anything different!'

'True,' returned the detective glibly. 'Your reflection is commonplace, but proves that you have a discerning eye for character. We are all extraordinary in some particular, and doubtless in your eyes I myself seem far from ordinary.'

'I should say your ability was far from ordinary,' I replied, not from politeness, but because it seemed the natural thing to say.

'You are perfectly right,' he said easily. 'And I was perfectly right in saying that you have a discerning eye. We have evidently this much in common that we are frank in our speech and impervious to compliments.'

'I am afraid you have the advantage of me in the latter respect,' I said. 'I love compliments.'

'You are younger than I. When you are my age you will have seen deeper into things; you will know that a compliment—even a sincere one—merely means that a small portion of somebody's brain is momentarily occupied in favourably considering something you have said or done.'

'But I like to give occupation to even a small portion of other people's brains,' I objected.

'It may be useful in practice,' admitted Schneider, 'for one's career, for instance; but as a sentiment it is absurd. Fame, which is the amalgamated compliment of the multitude, is a surprisingly empty thing when you come to look into it. Put yourself into the position of an admirer. Who are your heroes: Napoleon, Washington, Bismarck? In what respect are you the better for their having lived, or they the better for your admiration? It is the pleasures and pains of life that really count, not the sentiment. A bilious headache or an aching tooth is a greater calamity than a lost battle of a century ago. A good dinner or an increase in one's income affords one greater happiness than a favourable notice in a time-serving newspaper.'

'I feel like that sometimes,' I said; 'when I do I knock off pastry and bitter beer.'

Schneider laughed.

'Ha!' he cried, 'you, too, are a materialist, though not quite such a good one as myself. Happiness, which is the one thing desirable, is a condition of the brain. The brain is part of the nervous system. Through the nerves one receives sensations, pleasant or the reverse. If one takes care that these sensations are uniformly pleasant, one achieves that condition of mind which spells happiness.'

'And you are happy?' I inquired.

Schneider's restless eyes concentrated themselves on me with a fierce stare, and he made a gesture of impatience.

'Happy!' he cried, with bitter inconsistency; 'there is no such thing as happiness. One cannot be happy without self-consciousness. Unless one analyses the condition of one's mind one merely leads the life of an animal, eating and drinking and pleasuring in a vague, unreasoning way, which is no more happiness than were the long-forgotten days of our undeveloped babyhood. And yet if we are constantly analysing our condition, if we are constantly asking ourselves, "Is this pleasure? Is my mind in a state of pleasurable activity or comfortable repose?" assuredly there is no joy there. Therefore I say there is no such thing as happiness.'

'It seems to me,' I replied, 'that it is desirable to hit the mean between unconscious animation and morbid introspection.'

'Perfection is always desirable,' he retorted. 'It is likewise invariably unattainable. A cup of hot coffee is pleasant, and so is a glass of iced champagne. The happy mean which you advocate would be a lukewarm drink—which is an abomination.'

'Pardon,' I replied. 'You are confusing the mean between two excellences, which is bad, with the mean between two evils, which is good.'

Schneider rose and walked rapidly about the room, apparently seeking for an answer.

'Mr Saunders,' he said abruptly.

'Yes.'

'You will, of course, mention my profession to no one. I am supposed to be one of His Majesty's ordinary guests.'

'I quite understand.'

'It is necessary for my success that my true vocation should remain unsuspected.'

'Naturally.'

'Unfortunately King Karl is so phenomenally indiscreet.'

'His indiscretion,' I interrupted, 'is mostly on the surface.'

My remark seemed to surprise the detective considerably.

'I wonder if you are right,' he muttered at length. 'You seem to have a fair share of perspicacity. Only, if you are right, my estimate of the King's character is absolutely wrong.'

'Most people,' I said gently, 'find it saves time and trouble to accept my statements without the trouble of verification.'

(To be continued.)

SOME TALKERS OF MY TIME.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.

FOR the conversation pitched in that gentle key which gives sweetness to cynicism and softness to satire the well-bred Englishwoman of brains stands alone.' The Parisian writer who said this might have had in his mind a lady whose talk and writings possessed a surviving vitality and charm far beyond the comparatively narrow circle in which she lived.

The Mrs Singleton who first clothed with distinction her pen-name of 'Violet Fane,' and who ended her bright and gracious life as Lady Currie, received at her death only a few newspaper paragraphs. A less severely stinted tribute seems due to her place, during the best part of two generations, in society and letters. The influences which produced and moulded the authoress of *Denzil Hall* and *Through Love and War* showed themselves also in the later as well as in the earlier work of the writer, who passed from poetry to prose, from the metrical metaphysics of *Antony Babington* to the piquant prose of *Sophy*; or, *The Adventures of a Savage*, with the same graceful and gracious ease that she exchanged the Court circle for the literary or artistic drawing-room. Better health than fell to her lot on her final return to England would no doubt have had its fruits in some impressions of Eastern experience worthy of comparison with her friend Kinglake's *Sothen*, or in Letters likely to be read more widely by contemporaries and to convey a truer picture of the Near East of her own time to posterity than those of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to whom in this connection it may be necessary presently to revert. The place, however, here given to Lady Currie is among those who made conversation a social art. Without the naïveté and the demure mockery of manner which added a charm to the words, Lady Currie's reported talk loses much of its point. I recall, however, a specimen of her lightness of touch in the word-pictures of everyday life: 'It was formerly quite a pattern of matrimonial happiness. But now, having killed, and

in some cases, I think, devoured, their wives, if not their offspring, the surviving gentlemen of the tribe have resolved themselves into a sort of bachelors' club.' To divest the remark of any cannibal associations, let me say it was made in the garden of her Hampshire country-house; the then Mrs Singleton, showing the grounds to a visitor, paused for a few moments before a guinea-pig cage, gave a humorous little sigh at the moral depravity of her pets, and went to salute a new arrival in the person of Laurence Oliphant, just returned from his Palestinian home, Haifa, brimful of new views on the ethics of respiration and of breathing as an index of spiritual health.

Edward Wortley Montagu represented Great Britain at the Turkish capital for two years in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Before taking up that position he had married the Duke of Kingston's eldest daughter, trained as she had been for her socio-diplomatic duties by doing the honours of her father's house. Five-and-twenty years less than two centuries were to pass before another Englishwoman, with literary aptitudes at least equal to those of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and without Lady Mary's vindictiveness, accompanied as his wife the English ambassador to the Sublime Porte. The one thing in common between the eighteenth and nineteenth century ambassadors now contrasted was that they each stimulated in their different ways the intellectual and social life of their time abroad and at home. The amazing Lady Mary imported to the West from the Near East inoculation for smallpox; Lady Currie achieved more than had been attempted by any of her predecessors in introducing Western fashions and even ideas into the home-life of Carlyle's 'unspeakable Turk.' The eighteenth century ambassadress at Therapia owes almost as much of her fame to her association with Alexander Pope as to her own beauty and wit, and, at the present day, far more than to her entertaining *Home Letters on Turkish Life*. The heroine of a story by Cherbuliez informs

a professor of chemistry that there are certain delicacies of sentiment not to be acquired by manipulating acids. To Lady Currie those qualities formed a natural endowment; they were never aspired to or attained by the gifted Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Her name is known to-day from her portraits in Horace Walpole's *Letters* and her curiously chequered relations with the poet whose successor in his Twickenham villa was to be Mr Henry Labouchere. On the other hand, Lady Currie will be remembered for gifts and for exploits, social or literary, that owed nothing to the reflected greatness of the many clever men in all departments who had sought and did not, through any fault or caprice of the lady, forfeit her friendship.

On Lady Currie's first arrival at Constantinople there lingered among the better sections of Turkish society a tradition of the personal grace and intellectual charm which, as nearly as possible sixty years earlier, had served the author of *Lothian* better than any letters of commendation brought by him from London. That, too, was according to the fitness of things. Kinglake's entire and perfect literary chrysolite not only gave him, as he himself humorously put it, a reputation which caused drawing-rooms to look at him as if disappointed that he did not propose elopement; it set the fashion of a literary style, reproduced more felicitously by 'Violet Fane' than by any other of the master's disciples, not excepting Laurence Oliphant.

With other great minds than those of Kinglake, Froude, and Disraeli had the future Lady Currie, as a girl, been brought into contact. At her father's house she had drunk in with the eager ears of childhood the best talk of George Borrow, the author of *The Bible in Spain*, and of Edward Fitzgerald, who translated if he did not create Omar Khayyam's *Rubáiyát*. There was a magnetism in the conversation of these men sure abidingly to convey itself to the receptive brain of Charles Montgomerie Lamb's rarely endowed daughter. The intellectual connoisseurs under whose eyes the childish intelligence began to develop lived long enough to witness the rich fulfilment of their fond anticipations, and to recognise in the brilliant, beautiful, witty, and meditative woman one of the first among the literary artists of her time, whether as actual writer or talker.

They who, like Gladstone and Disraeli, first knew this lady in her maturity appreciated her gifts not less than those who had watched her from childhood. The nineteenth century Mrs Singleton was the one person who could have succeeded in drawing from Disraeli an advertisement of a clever *jeu d'esprit*, among whose personages some detected in the fashionable poetess a modern Sappho, a portrait of Mrs Singleton herself. It happened in this way. The lady, as kindly disposed towards rising talent as she was quick in discerning it, wished to bring Mr W. H. Mallock, the writer of *The New Republic*, under the great man's

notice. She therefore arranged a little dinner in Grosvenor Place, where she was then living. 'I cannot,' was Disraeli's reply, 'dine with you on Sunday next, because I have to go to Hughenden. Would that I could take thither with me the bright creation of Mr Mallock's fancy.' *À propos* of the best talkers in the society of that day, Abraham Hayward remarked to the present writer, 'Lord Houghton's is really fine conversational intellect, a little spoilt by paradox. George Eliot talks as Vico's pupil or G. H. Lewes's "Egeria." Mrs Singleton is without a rival since, and then only at her exceptional best, Lady Strangford, before the latter had taken to politics.'

The last-named, indeed, richly deserved praise even higher than that of Hayward's rather grudging compliment. 'When a man has several firmans from the Sultan and unlimited pickaxes it would be hard if he did not dig up something;' in such bitter-sweet words, uttered in the gentlest and most shrinking tone, did the eighth and last Viscountess Strangford sum up Sir H. A. Layard's Nineveh discoveries. Lady Currie and the sometime Miss Beaufort, who made her mark with *Egyptian Sepulchres*, belonged to the same school; in their earlier days they had undergone a like training.

'The English country-house,' said the author of *Democracy in America*, Alexis de Tocqueville, during one of his visits here, 'supplies the best soil for the growth of conversation, as the charming art whose object is to touch and set in motion a thousand thoughts without dwelling tiresomely on any.' In the country-house the rudiments of conversation had been learned both by Lady Currie and Lady Strangford. The latter's father, Admiral Beaufort, a man of great taste and judgment, with a passion for self-culture, beneath his rural roof as well as in his London house brought together the best brains, literary, scientific, and political, of his day. The head of Lady Currie's family, by his hospitalities, gave his children even greater advantages. The Lamb country-house, Beauport, as regards its social gatherings, rivalled in intellectual fame the neighbouring Battle Abbey at its palmiest period. At Beauport Benjamin Disraeli, first meeting Colclough—then frequently at his birthplace, Midhurst—began to gather the personal materials for the Free Trader's portrait, displayed many years later in *Endymion*. Another guest was Adrian Hope, the destined father of a daughter famous as hostess and conversationalist, Lady Hayter. These were the days when an earlier chateleine than the Duchess of Cleveland of our own time reigned like a queen at the neighbouring Battle Abbey. She died, indeed, so recently as 1867. This was that great Lady Webster, who, with four other dowagers, the good Lady Webster and Grace Lady Webster being two of them, all together drew their jointures from the Battle Abbey revenues. They thus contributed to the impoverishment of the estate that ten years before the great Lady Webster's

death its sale to Lord Harry Vane, afterwards Duke of Cleveland, had become inevitable.

The Lambs and their friends were constantly at Battle in those days. Not infrequently a lady clad in a coachman's cloak of many capes was seen driving a very high dogcart with a mettlesome horse between the shafts up to the Abbey gates. This was the most pungently despotie of nineteenth century lady-talkers, the Miss Harriet Lewin of an earlier day, who in 1820 had become the wife of the Greek historian George Grote. 'For Heaven's sake,' whispered this charioteeress in the ear of a timid gentleman to whom she had given a lift, 'don't speak so loud, or you'll frighten the horse, and if he once runs away, Omniscience only can say when he will stop.' Whether the conversational venue might be Battle under the Websters, the Lambs' Sussex home, or anywhere else, the attitude found by Mrs Grote most conversationally inspiring seldom varied: one leg was always crossed over the other; both were held high in the air. 'Surely,' was the infatigable remark of the future Lady Currie, 'this must be some connection of Queen Christina of Sweden, sitting just as my history-book describes her.' In that posture Mrs Grote was equal, as afterwards she often did, to lecturing Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, on ecclesiastical history, Max Müller on Sanscrit epics, Count Saffi on Italian literature, Albert Pell or Clare Sewell Read on manuring turnips or forcing Southdown mutton.

Here, too, among the less unconventional lady-talkers, would be Mrs Duncan Stewart, who lived through the Victorian age at her little house in Sloane Street. That vivacious nonagenarian, herself or vicariously by her daughter, a lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Hanover, had been everywhere, talked to everybody, picked up a knowledge of everything. It was she who, in one's own day, having expressed a hope that he was quite well, drew from Lord Beaconsfield the oracular, 'No one is *quite* well. I am tolerably well.' At an earlier date she had remonstrated with George Sand the French novelist on the low ethical view of some of her *dramatis personæ*, only to receive the reply, '*Je ne suis pas moraliste, je suis romancière.*' The venerable Mrs Duncan Stewart, as she can be recalled by many still living, added to a wide, first-hand experience a rare accuracy of authentic reminiscence. She repeated herself far less than is common with ladies who have entered on their anecdotalogue. To exchange the acrimonious antithesis of Mrs Grote for the even, if occasionally rather tame, narrative of Mrs Stewart was, as Disraeli remarked to Lord Houghton, an alternative of which we all sometimes feel the need—the substitution of alkali for acid. A literary personage, formerly well known, supplied the link which united Lady Currie with one at least of the talkers who had preceded her. Mrs Grote was never more keenly entertaining than when she exercised her wit at the expense of Henry Reeve, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. 'Another

Grotius!' sarcastically exclaimed Reeve when put right by the lady on some point of international law. Quick as thought came the rejoinder, 'Bravo, Puffendorf!' in apt allusion to the great editor's portly presence and shirt-front like a pouter-pigeon. The editor of the Greville *Memoirs* lived long enough after this to exchange repartee with Mrs Singleton, and almost purr with pleasure at the happy mixture of badinage and compliment dealt out to him by a better-bred, a gentler, but not less vivacious critic than Mrs Grote had been.

Two Marchionesses of Waterford and at least one Lady Stanley of Alderley were equally remarkable for the skill with which, in the nineteenth century, they blended into an original whole the opposite qualities of Mrs Stewart and of Mrs Grote. Disraeli in *Vivian Grey* gives a recipe for 'tomahawk punch'—the great point being to catch the aroma of a pound of green tea. 'I never,' said Lord Granville, 'sit at the same table as Mrs Singleton without these words coming back to me, and thinking how she has caught so much of what was best in talkers of the old régime to combine it with the neat conciseness which was Hayward's first condition of conversational excellence to-day.' One of Disraeli's Lancashire supporters, having entertained him for some days, asked his visitor, on leaving, to give his boys some advice which they would remember. 'Do not,' said Disraeli to the elder boy, 'ever ask who wrote the Letters of Junius or they will think you a bore. Nor you,' addressing the other lad, 'who was the Man in the Iron Mask, or they will think you a bigger bore than your brother.' 'Avoid,' was Hayward's maxim, 'question and anecdote of every kind, unless you wish to close all doors against you.'

During the first week of 1906 there came the announcement that a requiem mass would be sung at the Brompton Oratory for Miss Mary Higgins. This daughter of 'Jacob Omnium,' Thackeray's particular friend, inherited the conversational gifts of her father, adding to them a clearness and delicacy of sympathetic insight all her own, which gave her words a charm, vitality, and inspiration, unconsciously it may be, but still appreciably operating in many drawing-rooms to-day. In the same company as Miss Higgins was habitually to be found Mrs Procter, the widow of 'Barry Cornwall' and the mother of the graceful and pathetic poetess Adelaide Procter, whose best poems might never have been written had not Charles Dickens discovered her for *Household Words*. To that epoch, and in some degree to that social circle, belonged also the Anglicised French lady born Pauline de la Peronnays, better known on her native as well as on her adopted side of the English Channel as Mrs Augustus Craven. A well-contrived selection from her still widely remembered table-talk would be the most interesting and originally instructive commentary on English society, politics, men, women, and manners, sketched from behind the scenes

during the most eventful years of the nineteenth century. The union of French wit and English wisdom and humour marked all the personal estimates of well-known men, which caused the drawing-rooms of Europe to hang on Mrs Craven's conversation. Mrs Craven's chief English friend and host was Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff. Beneath his roof she first learned to appreciate Mr John Morley as the personification of a good sense, firmness, and honesty almost proof against the Gladstonian seductions.

When the present writer began intimately to know the places at which nineteenth century English writers mostly congregated, those haunts were conspicuously affected by a powerfully made, middle-aged man, whose appearance suggested something between the smuggler of Surrey melodrama and a Yankee showman from the Far West. This was the author who fascinated the rising generation forty years ago, Captain Mayne Reid. He talked his own stories in the form of personal reminiscence, but he talked them so dramatically that, from the little Air Street tavern which was his chief house of call, his words seemed to bear fruit in a crop of newspaper correspondents who straightway scoured the world. Chief among these in personal bulk and enterprise was Frank Vizetelly, who, having lived through the American Civil War, and described it in many journals, went to the Soudan to become one of the Mahdi's first victims.

The one writer, in whose day I have lived, who seemed to put as much of his heart and soul into his talk as into his novels was Charles Reade. Systematically silent while the room had been crowded with guests eagerly waiting till he should open his lips, the company no sooner began to thin than his shrewd miscellaneous comments began, slowly at first, to trickle forth. Should it so happen that he found himself alone with a tolerably congenial host, impetuously rising from his chair, rapidly pacing up and down the room, refreshing himself at every turn from a large tea-cup, taken up full and put down empty, he pronounced judgment on all things and all persons in heaven or earth, especially upon his own contemporaries, of both sexes, of the pen. One only of these verdicts do I now recall. Among the lady-writers of fiction who helped to bring into fashion the green-eyed and sharp-tongued heroine was one whose theology he disliked. 'She is,' said Reade, 'a little minx who is impatient to her Creator.' Of other ladies whose influences as here described still live in the conversational currency of the time, there is certainly none to whom the novelist's censure could be applied.

Place aux dames!

Among the men-talkers, I have heard, however, one or two whose names have not yet become commonplace. As a conversationalist, Abraham Hayward belonged to the early nineteenth century school, and seldom exerted himself outside that portion of the Athenæum Club coffee-

room once especially dedicated to the memory of Theodore Hook and his convives, more recently set apart for Laurence Oliphant, A. W. Kinglake, Thomas Cheneroy of the *Times*, and of course Hayward himself. One used in one's boyhood to hear that the leading articles in the *Times* did little more than reflect the best talk of the day in select drawing-rooms and Pall Mall caravanserais on passing events. Such conversation may have belonged to a past which, like that of the Greek myths, was never a present. Whatever may be the case with the new journalism, the best of leading-article writers used not to rehearse the products of their pens across the walnuts and wine,

When the circle of diners is laughing with Fane, And Harcourt is capping the jokes of Delane.

Sir George Trevelyan's couplet must perhaps bear some responsibility for the idea just mentioned; but the man-of-the-world tone once uniformly characteristic of the Printing-House Square utterances resulted from processes more laborious than dinner-table discussion. The great newspaper had, indeed, formerly on its staff two of the freshest and most varied talkers of their day; these were respectively the musical and theatrical critics, Davison, who married the famous pianist Arabella Goddard, and John Oxenford, whose practical wisdom on all that concerned dramatic composition and effect was pronounced by Bulwer Lytton a condensation, amalgam, and epitome of the wisdom of ages since criticism began. The pair were well matched in point of knowledge, readiness, and a measured cadence of emphatic rhetoric that might seem old-fashioned now, but that was very effective then. 'Fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute,' rather than any variety of 'shop,' were the chosen themes of their dinner-table arguments. These took place not in mixed companies, but always at private gatherings, in club or tavern, of intimate friends. 'And now, Oxenford, I have brought your cosmic power to his last ethical fence.' Such was the first sentence ever heard by the present writer from John Davison's lips at the close of a discussion on the profoundest problem that can occupy the human mind. The duel of wise or witty words had been going on for some time before I entered the room to hear this characteristic summing-up of the argument by the shrewdest and most polished of Delane's miscellaneous writers. Both Davison and Oxenford lived in the pre-artistic age, and would have been accounted Philistines by the Maudslays and Postlewaitses of the twentieth century. For all that, they knew something of their subjects. The craft in those days possessed other workers whose neatness of expression, in talk as well as on paper, appreciably raised the standard of drawing-room criticism and of tea-table talk. The barrier of social separation between writers and their public had now disappeared. Edmund Yates, not in his capacity of a society journalist, but as a novelist and man of letters, when he was in the vein and in congenial company, could talk with humour, freshness, and

point. Here are some specimens: 'To throw, as a sop, to a tradesman to whom a long bill is owing, a five-pound note is like giving a wet brush to a very old hat; it creates a temporary gleam of comfort, but no more.' The starting of the *World* nearly coincided with the rise to fame of the first among the professional philanthropists from the United States. Importuned with advice about the conduct of his paper from volunteers at a dinner-table, Yates, with equal quickness of tongue and suavity of manner, replied, 'My dear —, you are, I think, engaged in commercial pursuits. May I recommend to you the example of Mr Peabody, who, we heard say in the City the other night, made an enormous fortune by strictly attending to his own business.' This was the same quickness exhibited on receiving a lawyer's letter with the signature 'Pike & Merriman.' 'This, written by your employers,' he said to the clerk who brought the epistle, 'savours more of the Pike than of the Merriman.' Another *littérateur* trained by Dickens had the same command of repartee. 'Sir,' said his landlady to G. A. Sala, 'you are no gentleman.' 'Madam,' came the retort, 'you are no judge.' When, towards the close of the sixties, the present writer began his acquaintance with the leading varieties of London life and its chief personages, from Temple Bar to the Marble Arch, the conversational smartness cultivated by those who passed for Douglas Jerrold's disciples had nearly gone out. This was the verbal word-play

which occasionally might have been effective, but soon began to be tiresome. The writers and talkers of the Victorian age just mentioned were really links in the conversational chain, at one end of which were the conversational punsters like Jerrold, and at the opposite extremity the conversational epigrammatists, such as Shirley Brooks, Abraham Hayward, and William Vernon Harcourt. Davison of the *Times* has been mentioned above. Since most of this paper was written there has died the last of Davison's assistants in the musical criticism of Printing-House Square. H. Sutherland Edwards, the first editor of the *Graphic*, wrote a novel—sharp, clear, antithetical in its literary style—entitled *The Three Louises*, and naturally winning for its author the sobriquet of 'Unlimited Lou.' His great work, however, was to have educated the musical taste of the English public before George Grove had planned his dictionary, to have promoted the earliest of St Cecilia's triumphs in the establishment of the 'Monday Pops.' As a conversationalist, Sutherland Edwards, both in epigram and variety, surpassed not only Davison, but nearly all the talkers in literary London of the Victorian age. These had generally modelled themselves after Albert Smith, of Mont Blanc and Egyptian Hall fame. It was Smith who, encountering Sutherland Edwards for the first time, said, after a few minutes' listening, 'Who is that young man making thin remarks through a ragged moustache?'

PROTECTION AGAINST MOSQUITOES.

By GORDON WILSON, M.A.I.M.E.

HAVING contributed a paragraph on how the mosquito pest is dealt with in Mexico (*Journal*, 1903, page 140), and having just read 'A Simple Protection against Mosquitoes' (1905), I make bold to offer the following further hints which I think will prove less disagreeable, requiring no preparation, and in my experience no less efficient than those described by Mr Walter J. Hammond. Certainly no remedy could be less injurious to the skin than the one I am about to recommend. It is simply common vaseline, rubbed lightly over all parts of the body which are likely to be exposed to the mosquito: face and neck, hands, arms, and feet.

The experiment has been tested and proved by myself and many friends with universally satisfactory results, no bites resulting after the application of the vaseline.

An amusing fact, and a most useful one, was discovered by one of my friends. In desperation, he anointed himself from head to toe, and thereby escaped all molestation from many other pests, especially of the 'bed-walking' type.

When the danger to health, the discomforts and annoyances, from these pests are considered, one

must admit that a little trouble in preventing their entrance into the dwelling, especially the sleeping-rooms, is worth considering. About and just after sundown the mosquitoes commence to make their appearance, increasing in force as darkness falls. Rooms with open windows, especially if these overlook any vegetation or trees, are immediately invaded. If just before sundown sleeping-room windows be closed, few, if any, of the pests will be found inside.

Lights prove a great attraction to them, as any person learns to his cost who may be seated within a lighted room with windows open. It is certainly advisable, therefore, not only to close sleeping-room windows, but also to exclude any artificial light in the room before retiring-time, and even then, if possible, retire without lights. Should any mosquitoes be in the room, a light left burning in an adjoining room or at a distant part of the balcony will invariably attract them from the room.

In Mexico, especially in the 'hot countries' (low lying), I have seen innumerable cases, and suffered not a little personally, from the aggressive little fly. Apparently, the 'hotter' and lower the country the more potent is the pest, as in the more temperate zones fewer cases of fever occur from

the bite. It is by no means uncommon for a person to retire at night sound and well, and next morning be burning and often raving with malaria.

On the Isthmus of Panamá, where at present the United States are engaged on the canal, a mosquito bite will result in death by yellow fever within four days during the fever season. Naturally, we must consider the fact that the climatic conditions in the torrid zones tend in a great measure to aggravate the effect of the bite; whereas in the cooler regions the blood is in better condition, physically one is more 'fit,' and fever has less opportunity to play havoc.

In the torrid zones sleep, owing to the heat, is at best difficult of acquisition. This difficulty, combined with the tormenting, distracting hum, affects the nervous system; a person already more or less exhausted by the heat during the day tosses about in bed, rising repeatedly to look for 'that little —' inside the net, until at last, towards morning, sleep comes through utter exhaustion.

Persons who have been bitten and have suffered from malaria seldom seem to rid themselves entirely of the germs; from time to time spells of chills and fever return, usually coming on daily or every second day, lightly at first, increasing in strength with each succeeding attack, until after a few days the sufferer is in bed in a strong fever, rising sometimes in a few hours, sometimes in one or two days, rather weak, but otherwise apparently little the worse of it.

A change of climate seldom fails to bring a bad spell of fever on such persons. After no little experience in doctoring many, and closely observing the results, I have found no medicine so efficient, both as a preventive and as a cure, as Warburg's tincture. If taken in weekly doses, or twice a week in specially bad districts, it acts not only as a preventive, but also keeps one fresh and fit in the trying hot climates.

At one place, in an extremely hot and therefore unhealthy part of Mexico, extra white workmen had to be kept in the employ of the company (a mining one) to fill vacancies continually caused by sickness. The manager finally tried Warburg's tincture. It was placed on the mess-table, and twice weekly every man took his dose. The effect was wonderful: no more swollen faces in the morning; no more complaints of disagreeable taste in the mouth in the morning; dysentery began to disappear. New arrivals taking the medicine kept wonderfully free of fever, and those who had been longer there were able to cure themselves on the first symptoms of an attack.

The tincture ought to be obtainable at any good druggist's. It is sold in liquid and capsule form, but is much quicker in action and more efficient in the former state. Capsules are handier to carry, and a solution of them may be made by breaking and dissolving in whisky, brandy, &c.

I have had an opportunity of proving the efficiency of permanganate of potash as a certain means for

destroying the larvæ of the mosquito. At a small and isolated mining camp in 'hot country,' malaria during the hot months just preceding the rainy season (April, May, and June) was exceedingly rife amongst the workmen and their families; so much so that considerable difficulty was always experienced in obtaining the necessary hands to attend to and carry on the work at its normal production. Having everything to myself, so to speak, and no fear of any interference, I decided to square my account with the mosquitoes, and turned my attention to the *arroyo* bed which wound through the camp, and in which existed various pools of semi-stagnant water in which the presence of larvæ was distinctly visible, as also in various old tubs of stagnant water around the well itself.

Dissolving about a quarter of a pound of potash permanganate in a bucket of water, I, accompanied by a 'boy,' treated the pools for about five hundred yards above and below the camp with said solution until a slight lasting colouration was produced.

Three days later the tint had entirely disappeared (an indication of the foul condition of the water), and I repeated the operation, the colouration this time lasting for fully a week.

My profession, meanwhile, carried me elsewhere, leaving me no opportunity to personally study the effects. However, the manager has since written me, stating that personally he treated the pools for a third time, that mosquitoes were conspicuous by their absence, that not a single case of 'off duty' was reported through fever, and that he had not even erected his 'mosquito-bar' that season as usual; rather a forcible argument in favour of said preventive, of which, I may add, the amount used was less than one pound, costing in all some sevenpence.

Irritation from most pest-bites is immediately relieved by a drop of strong ammonia water placed on the bite.

TO APHRODITE.

O DAUGHTER of green wave and sun-kissed air!

Glad Aphrodite, laughter-loving, born

Of tossing foam-s-f-kes in a glorious morn,

Old Ocean's gift to men, surpassing fair!

What honeyed depths of dim, mysterious sea

Fed thee with life and laughter, and what loves

Incarinate compass thee with happy doves,

Thou fairest spirit of joy and melody!

What though thine altars have grown gray and cold,

And men are turned to worship heavier things—

Sad toil of earth, and gold, the dross that clings;

Some know thee yet, whose love burns as of old,

A fire, fierce, leaping, dedicate to thee,

O Daughter of the insuperable sea!

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE CHARMING ORIENT.

By F. COWLEY WHITEHOUSE.

*Qui n'a jamais mangé le pillof au sof,
Qui n'a jamais frissonné au mangal,
Qui n'a jamais ouvert la paropline au tit,
Ne te connaît pas—Orient charmant.*



SO sang one who knew his East better than many of us. I do not pretend to a great knowledge of the charming Orient in spite of a nine years' residence in Constantinople; but although I have never been forced to open an umbrella over my bed, I can claim the partial knowledge which is said to be derived from eating *pillof* and shivering over a *mangal* (brazier). Until I read the above lines I had never speculated as to what constitutes an intimate acquaintance with the Near East; now, having considered the question, I am inclined to add certain desiderata to the above qualifications, and amongst them I would include the following: fires, robbers and brigands, earthquakes and massacres.

Fires are of frequent occurrence in Constantinople, and are due sometimes to incendiarism and sometimes to the fact that the houses in many quarters are built of wood. The first great conflagration I witnessed destroyed about sixty houses, and the second in the course of a few hours devoured nearly two hundred. Every one who has resided in Constantinople, if only for a few weeks, must have heard the *bechtchi* (watchman) of the quarter running through the streets at night, and listened to his stentorian, startling cry, '*Yangun var!*' ('There is a fire!'). A motley crowd of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and a sprinkling of Europeans quickly gather. The *touloundjis* (firemen) race past, carrying their hand-pumps in their midst. They are a sturdy set of ruffians, and as they run bare-legged through the streets it is as well to keep out of their way; they will knock you down without the slightest compunction, and snatch from you any valuables that you may be wearing. Arriving at the scene of the fire, the *touloundjis* demand a heavy *bakshesh* from the owner of a threatened house before they will make

any attempt to save the building. If the bargain satisfies them, they will work hard to stem the flames. The burning houses they enter and ransack at their will. It is strange that insurance rates in Constantinople are not higher, but the competition between the different companies possibly tends to keep the premiums low. I once witnessed a charming little scene at a fire which was raging in Kadiköy. A pair of storks had built their nest of dry branches on the top of a chimney-stack, and the mother-bird had two young ones to provide for. One May night a fire broke out at the far end of the street, and a strong wind drove the flames from house to house until the nest was threatened. In the brilliant glare of the burning street the mother-bird was seen standing over the nest with wide-outstretched, quivering wings. The cinders and sparks were flying all over her; but that mother-love which the beasts of the field and the birds of the air display in common with sentient human beings forbade her to desert her young ones in the hour of deadly peril. The crowd became quite excited, and there were calls for a rescue. This was a task that involved a certain amount of danger, for the house was already burning. Two Turkish soldiers, however, rushed into the building and made their way to the roof. We watched the plucky fellows approach the chimney-stack, and suddenly the stork disappeared with an awkward flounder and a prodigious flapping of the wings. One of the soldiers had seized it by its ungainly legs, while the other rescued the nestlings. The two men had just time to get out of the building without having their retreat cut off.

Robberies by men who do not hesitate to use revolvers and knives, if occasion arise, are frequent, and one always has an uneasy suspicion that the Turkish night-watchmen may be in league with the thieves. Some little time ago a series of thefts took place in Moda Kadiköy (ancient Chalcedon), a suburb of Constantinople on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. At last the muni-

cial authorities sent for all the *bectchis* of the neighbourhood, and gave them warning that if another robbery took place the *bectchi* of the street would be thrashed, dismissed from his post, sent off to his village, and never be allowed to return to Constantinople. No further robberies took place, which may be accounted for by the fact that the watchmen took extra precautions, or that they found it too dangerous to help the thieves any longer.

There has been no notable case of brigandage near Constantinople for the past nine years. In the early summer of 1896 Madame Branzeau, the manageress of the baths at Coury, and a young Armenian girl were carried off by brigands. The capture took place at a somewhat desolate spot on the road to Coury, the famous old baths of Helenopolis. Madame Branzeau was driving from Yalova to Coury, and was accompanied by an Armenian lady and her daughter, who were intending to go through the cure. Half-way to Coury the carriage was stopped by a band of brigands. The terrified ladies were roughly seized and carried off. The elder Armenian was crippled with rheumatism and quite unable to walk. After a hurried consultation the leader of the band ordered her to resume her place in the carriage, and bade the driver proceed to Coury and inform the authorities that Madame Branzeau and her companion would be put to death unless a ransom of twenty-five thousand liras was paid by the Sultan within a fortnight. Once the capture was effected the ladies were treated with great courtesy. Ponies were stolen from a village, but they were found to be useless in the wild country through which they had to pass, and the animals were returned to their owners by two or three of the brigands who stayed behind for that purpose. Considerable hardship had to be endured. The men did their best to obtain good food for their captives, but for the first few days they could only give them hard biscuits and water from the mountain streams. At night the brigands improvised a shelter of boughs, and gathered great armfuls of leaves to serve as beds, while several of them cheerfully gave up their sheepskin coats for a covering. Soldiers were out searching in all directions, and more than once Madame Branzeau had a revolver held to her temple to prevent her from calling out to the searchers who passed close by a cave in which the fugitives were hidden. In the meanwhile Monsieur Rouet, the dragoman of the French Embassy, had been entrusted with the task of carrying on the negotiations with the emissaries of the brigands. This he did most successfully, even succeeding in getting the amount of the ransom reduced to ten thousand liras. Madame Branzeau seems to have behaved throughout with considerable *sang-froid*, and experienced no ill effects from the hardships and exposure; but her companion was greatly injured in health, and suffered from a nervous disorder for a long time afterwards. The soldiers succeeded in getting on

the track of the fugitive brigands, and after the ladies were released came to close quarters with them, shot the leader and another of the band, and in the course of a week took ten other prisoners. Madame Branzeau told me that she pitied the men, and refused to swear to their identity; but that did not save them from torture and lifelong imprisonment. A sum of seven thousand liras was also recovered, so the brigands were not so fortunate as in the case of Miss Stone. The fate of this party has probably acted as a deterrent to others. Since this time the captures that have been made by brigands have usually been in the Smyrna vilayet, but in most cases the brigands have not got off scot-free.

Constantinople has also been visited by earthquakes. The shocks are not often severe, but there was a terrible visitation in July 1894. Those who experienced it still speak of it with bated breath. The evening before it occurred a visitor was expressing a wish to feel what an earthquake was like. His host bade him not wish for such a thing, but he persisted in saying that he desired to experience one. The next day his wish was gratified, and within twelve hours he had packed his bag and fled from the city. The great convulsion occurred a little after midday, and was heralded by a sinister subterranean rumbling. The crash that followed was appalling. The earth rocked, and a cloud of dust rose and hid the landscape from sight. The sea rolled back fifty yards or more from the shore, and men and women, believing that the end of the world was come, rushed from their tottering houses to fall on their knees in the middle of the street. One man told me that the sensation of feeling the stairs literally tumbling away from his feet as he rushed down from his bedroom was most horribly uncanny. Houses collapsed or had their front walls shaken bodily out of them, and some miraculous escapes were recorded. The members of a family residing on the island of Prinkipo were sitting on a balcony some five-and-twenty feet above the level of the ground. The gong sounded for lunch, and while they were on the way to the dining-room the earthquake commenced, and the balcony was precipitated into the garden—the balcony in which they had all been seated only a few seconds before. The chief damage was done in the quaint old bazaars which were so interesting a feature of Stamboul. They fell in like a pack of cards, burying hundreds, some say thousands, of people in the ruins. Shocks of less intensity were felt at intervals for a month, and the ground quivered so ominously that few people ventured to remain indoors. Fortunately the weather was so beautifully fine that the gipsy life in improvised tents was very pleasant.

I come to the last item: Armenian massacres. The events of the fourth week of August 1896 will assuredly never be forgotten by any Europeans resident in or near Constantinople at the time. No thought of danger or of trouble was in our minds, when, like a bolt from the blue, there came the news that the Armenians, hearing that a massacre of their

fellow-countrymen in Constantinople had been arranged, had taken the initiative by raiding the Ottoman Bank. The attack was as successful as it was daring. The desperate band approached the bank entrance, and when interrogated by the two guards, a Kurd and a Croat, promptly fired on them. The Kurd fell mortally wounded, and the other—a fine, handsome fellow—dropped also; but this was merely a ruse on his part, for as the band rushed past him into the bank he sprang to his feet and emptied chamber after chamber of his revolver after them. Three of the band fell, whereupon the Croat retired from the scene of conflict. The raiders took possession of the bank without further trouble. They closed all exits and prepared for a siege. The employés were warned not to interfere, and were told that they were safe so long as they kept quiet. At the same time, the leader showed them a number of bombs, and said that if he could not hold the bank, it was his firm intention to blow up the building. Turkish troops gathered outside and fired indiscriminately at the windows. They succeeded in killing a young clerk who imprudently exposed himself. Several of the soldiers were killed by the return fire, but the only other man who was killed was one of the band who came running rapidly down the wide flight of steps leading to the main entrance. He slipped and fell, and the bomb which he was carrying exploded. He was hoist with his own petard. The charge hit him full in the stomach and scattered him all over the walls and ceiling. The chief of the band—an Armenian who spoke Russian—must have resembled Byron's mild-mannered cut-throat, for he not only 'shouted' at the bank restaurant for all comers, but also, when he had agreed to surrender next day, courteously assisted the bank officials to re-store and lock up the bags of *medjidsiks* which had been used to blockade the big entrance-doors.

Why did the Armenians take possession of the bank? Because they believed that if they did so the Powers would be forced to intervene in their favour, and so put a stop to the unceasing massacres in the provinces. To the eternal shame of the Powers there was no intervention, and a slaughter of innocent Armenians commenced in the streets, and did not cease until thousands of the unfortunate creatures had been brutally done to death. The massacre was carefully organised. Military patrols directed and controlled the mob. The outbreak commenced at a fixed hour, and the slaughter ceased at a fixed hour. In the interim Armenians were ruthlessly murdered by gangs of men and boys armed with clubs supplied to them at the *caracoles* (military police-stations). All night Armenians were being sought out. In the morning orders were given for the attack to cease, and the mob docilely obeyed. A parley with the bank-raiders resulted in their surrender. They believed that their object was attained, and that the strong would help the weak. Their personal safety was guaranteed, and on their surrender they were conveyed, still armed with their bombs, on board

the *Gulnare*, a large yacht belonging to Sir Edgar Vincent, at that time the head director of the Ottoman Bank. The next day the raiders were transhipped to a Messagerie steamer, which landed them at Marseilles. The massacres recommenced in the streets. On the third day some of us who live on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus made an attempt to land in Galata. We were confronted on the bridge by cordons of soldiers, and an officer intimated to us that we should do well to return whence we had come. Just at that moment a hunted Armenian rushed across the road with a gang of youths hot on his track. A moment or two later the shouts and yells which broke out told us that another poor victim had been added to the thousands already slain. Very few of the Armenians made any fight at all for their lives. One man was knocked down on the bridge, and endeavoured, poor wretch! to protect his head with his hands, in which he held two fully loaded revolvers. Not one single chamber did he discharge, but pleaded piteously for his life, which in a second or two was bashed out of him. In Galata a soldier followed five fugitives to a roof where they had taken refuge, and coolly flung them down one after another to the yelling crowd below. None of them thought of flinging his arms round his assailant and taking the latter down with him. On the other hand, here and there Armenians offered a desperate resistance. Two young men, when their khan was attacked, defended it with the most resolute valour. The elder brother was killed on the first floor, but not until he had accounted for six or seven Turks. The younger then retreated to the roof, where he killed four more before he fell. All the other Armenians in the khan had hidden themselves. Seven were routed out and butchered like sheep, while five were fortunate enough not to be discovered, and so escaped with their lives. Early in the morning dozens of wagons full of dead Armenians rumbled across the bridge, and the bodies were shot into the Bosphorus, whose fast-flowing current quickly carried them into the open Marmora. Many a time in the days that followed were bodies encountered floating on the surface of the sea, and a gruesome sight it was. The day that the massacre ceased I walked about the streets, and more than once my feet slipped on a dark stain—the blood of murdered men.

Off and on for four days these horrible scenes were renewed, and yet Europe looked placidly on, and made no effort to save the unhappy Christians from the hands of the Moslem savages. Indignation meetings were held in London and elsewhere; foolish speeches were made about 'the turbaned tiger,' as the Sultan was alliteratively but incorrectly designated; protests were handed in at Yildiz; and then nothing more was done, and the Turk went his way, and treated the Armenian all the worse in consequence of what the world was saying of him. In writing this page of history it will find a clever apologist to explain away the inaction of Europe. If ever England, France, and Germany had a

summons they were bound to obey, it was at that moment. It was an awful time for the wretched Armenians, and it was an anxious time for us all. We knew not at what moment the mob might get out of hand and start an indiscriminate slaughter of Christians. Happily we were spared this; but if a few Europeans had lost their lives the war-fossils of the Powers would presumably have steamed through the Dardanelles and up the Marmora to the Bosphorus, and the lives of thousands of Armenians who have been butchered since would not have been sacrificed.

My tale has been so sombre that I will finish in a lighter key. During the massacres a Laz, one of those piratical ruffians from the Black Sea littoral, cast his evil eye on the booth of a *sarraf* (money-changer). The *sarrafs* are mostly Armenians and Greeks, for the Turk is forbidden by the Koran to follow any usurious trade. The Laz evidently thought that the *sarraf* was fair prey. He swaggered across the street, kicked over the money-tray, took off his waistband, and coolly proceeded to fill the frowsy rag with big silver *metjidihs*. He was making off with his booty, when a pasha who chanced

to witness the incident called him back, boxed his ears heartily, and forced him to disgorge every coin he had taken. This was a good action on the part of the pasha. Quite so! But I regret to say that the virtuous pasha forgot to restore the coins to the *sarraf*. In an absent-minded way he gathered up the silver and walked off home. This is a true tale, and indeed, in a country where Ministers of State do not disdain to hold out their palms to receive bribes from ten pounds upwards, it is not surprising to find other men descending to petty thefts of the above description. Russia and Turkey are much on a par with regard to their official corruption. Both have their Angean stables, and it is sincerely to be hoped that these stables will soon have a cleansing stream sweeping through them, for both of them at present stink in the nostrils of the world. Hitherto the world has been content simply to hold her aristocratic nose, and to say, 'Pugh, what an evil smell!' But the time is coming when the effluvia will be no longer endurable, and something will have to be done. May that time come soon, and may the cleansing be thorough and effectual, for indeed it is badly needed!

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

CHAPTER IX.

THE King, Miss Anchester, Herr Schneider, and myself furnished the Brun-varad contingent for Mrs van Troeber's ball at the Pariserhof that evening.

The Queen, who had refrained from putting in an appearance at dinner, pleaded fatigue and a slight headache as an excuse for her absence.

The King, whose digestion was as boyish as his spirits, insisted on an early start; and so informal were his tastes that he obtained our sanction to traverse the half-mile which separated the scene of the festivities from the royal dwelling on foot. Accordingly, we slipped on snow-boots over our pumps, donned warm cloaks and overcoats, and sallied forth into the starlit, silent night. It was extremely cold, but the air was dry and very still; and as the snow crunched and squeaked beneath our feet, I felt my spirits rising in a way they had never risen when journeying to a dance in London. Soon we were amongst the lighted streets of Weissheim, and an occasional passenger would recognise the King's burly form, and doff his hat with a low-groined '*Vivent! Majestat!*'

We entered the Pariserhof by a side door, and were conducted to the ballroom, where Mrs van Troeber, a handsome American lady, with a Parisian gown and a blazing wealth of diamonds, received us with the restrained cordiality due to the denizens of a royal palace.

The ballroom was a large and very handsome

apartment, and its normally rich decoration was augmented by a lavish display of flowers and greenery.

I never was a dancing man. To be quite frank, I always regard this particular form of entertainment as a deplorable waste both of means and energy. All the same, I was constrained to admit that the Pariserhof ballroom presented a spectacle which was well worth tramping half a mile of frozen snow to see.

The guests were mainly English and Americans, and a singularly healthy and pleasant-looking crowd. The women were as well dressed as at any function I have ever attended in London, and the jewellery displayed would have sufficed materially to reduce the National Debt of Grimland. Add to this an excellent band, a brilliant but soft scheme of lighting, an exceptionally high standard of dancing, and you will pardon the mildly voluptuous thrill with which I regarded the refined animation of the scene. I noticed the Grand Duke Fritz leaning his broad back against a gilded pilaster, his eyes following the dancers as if seeking for some one he could not find. I saw Max attired in faultless evening-dress, with an immaculate white waistcoat, conducting a splendid young woman with the shoulders of a goddess and an epoch-making ball-dress to a thickly flowered alcove, and—profanity of profanities—yawning with the shameless ennui of his gilded, blasé youth. I caught a glimpse of his sister, as she waltzed past me with the light earth-scorning energy of the perfect dancer, fresh, frankly raptur-

ous, the epitome of fearless, lovable girlhood; a figure to restore one's shaken faith in human happiness and turn to folly the unhealthy moralisings of Herr Schneider's morbid brain. I turned to Miss Anchester, who stood beside me, a tall, stately figure in white, a gray-eyed, self-possessed spectator, with a look of quiet enjoyment on her clear-cut features.

'Are you engaged this dance?' I asked.

'My programme speaks for itself,' she replied, handing me an unmarked card.

'May I have the pleasure?'

'Certainly.'

We had hardly started dancing when the music came to a stop.

'How typical of life!' I remarked.

My partner knitted her brows as if in annoyance. 'I do not follow your train of thought,' she said, after a moment's pause.

'Naturally,' I retorted; 'my thoughts have no train.'

'In other words, you speak without thinking.'

'Almost invariably. One thereby avoids grammatical accuracy and all suspicion of intellectuality.'

'The latter, of course, must be very difficult.'

'That reminds me,' I said.

'That reminds you of what?'

'Your caustic remark reminds me of a letter.'

'You are pleased to be cryptic.'

'If you will condescend to accompany me to a secluded spot, I shall be pleased to be explanatory.'

We walked in silence to an unoccupied settee in a palm-decorated recess.

'When we had that little tumble this morning,' I began as we seated ourselves, 'a letter fell out of your pocket.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Miss Anchester, 'I could not imagine where it had got to.'

'Have you read it?' I inquired.

'Yes.'

'So have I.'

At my admission her cheeks flamed red, her eyes glowered unspeakable contempt, her lips trembled to pronounce—I could swear—the word 'cad.'

'Was that in accordance with your usual habits, or merely a solitary instance of ungentlemanliness?' she asked icily.

'Will you condescend to hear my explanation?'

I countered, smiling in spite of myself at her bitter but perfectly natural resentment.

'I will hear what you have to say on the subject,' she said stiffly.

'When that letter fell from your pocket this morning you were in a state of unconsciousness. For safety, I put the letter into my own pocket, meaning to restore it to you at the first opportunity. Naturally, being a man, I forgot all about it. After lunch a letter from my mother arrived for me. I was interrupted in its perusal, and put it back half-read into my pocket. Later on I took out your letter under the impression that it was my own. The handwriting was the same, and I had read a

good portion of it before discovering that it was not intended for my eyes. I don't know whether that sounds very plausible; I went on, looking straight into her gray eyes; 'but whether it does or does not, it is the truth, and as such I must ask you to believe it.'

The high colour had gradually subsided from her cheek, and the look of wrath melted into one of disdain.

'Of course I believe you—implicitly,' she said. 'Still, it was not very—very intellectual, was it?'

'I suppose it seems very foolish,' I said; 'but it was the handwriting that caused the error—that and my own absent-mindedness. Still, I don't see that any harm has been done. My reading the letter has at any rate cleared up much that was difficult to understand.'

'I don't follow you.'

'I appear to be very unintelligible to-day. I mean that your conduct towards me has been explained.'

'My conduct towards you!'

'Yes; you cannot deny that, acting on my mother's extraordinary suggestion, you have adopted towards me a tone of brusque comment and critical acerbity which was hardly the normal behaviour of a young lady towards a man she had never met before, and who was some years her senior.'

'Indeed!'

'Take the case of that incident on the Kastel run. I was fortunate enough to render you a service—trivial enough, no doubt, but one which would have merited some slight expression of gratitude had you not so far fallen in with my mother's ridiculous request as to take up an unnatural and, I have no doubt, unpalatable rôle.'

'I humbly crave your forgiveness,' she said mockingly. 'At great personal risk you save me the certainty of a terrible accident. Had you not stood your ground like a hero, and exerted on my behalf the skill and energy of a finished athlete, I should have dashed over David to the certainty of a maiming, perhaps fatal, fall. And yet so callous is my heart, so devoid of the ordinary instincts of gratitude, that I maintain unmoved my slighting, snubbing rôle, and reward my noble preserver with no more thanks than a grudging admission that another might conceivably not have acted as he had done.'

The tone in which these remarks were delivered only just saved them from being a deadly insult. And yet, making allowance for rhetorical exaggeration, they were little more than the actual truth, and the manner in which she had turned to scorn my modest plaint for an unthanked service was almost brutal in its effective disdain. I know it made me very angry.

'Very well,' I said, rising, 'we will leave the matter there. It appears you rather misunderstood me. The fault no doubt was mine.'

The music had started again, and I offered my

arm to my companion with the intention of seeking the ballroom.

'One moment,' she said. 'I have heard your explanation. Hear mine. I met your mother some years ago in London—to be precise, in Bermondsey, where we worked together in a common charity. Since then I have visited your mother's house and dined with her more than once, but on each occasion you were away from home. When you decided to come out here, your mother, knowing that I was filling an engagement as governess to the royal children, and foreseeing that we should be, to a certain extent, thrown together, wrote to me giving her view of your character, and asking me to try and reduce what she considered your somewhat inflated opinion of your own abilities. I have a great respect for your mother, and I did, and shall do, my best to carry out her instructions.'

At the conclusion of her explanation Miss Anchester indulged in a merry and perfectly natural laugh. I concluded she was climbing down.

'My mother is a very good woman,' I said, 'and not in most respects an unwise one. Nevertheless, she has, to use a vulgarism, a bee in her bonnet, a large, fussy, disquieting bee. She is under the delusion that I am a mass of conceit, and to eradicate this hypothetical defect in my character she is prepared to go any length, even to the extent of imposing this extremely distasteful mission on you.'

'Who said it was distasteful?' queried Miss Anchester, with another laugh.

'I cannot imagine it to be otherwise,' I said. 'And now we have had this little explanation, I trust you will take an unbiassed and more favourable view of my character.'

'You value my opinion?'

'I value everybody's opinion. I do not care to appear before the world in the guise of a puffed-up braggart.'

'You are not conscious of being in any way conceited?' she inquired, still smiling.

I shrugged my shoulders.

'We are none of us perfect,' I replied. 'A good opinion of one's self is a prevalent fault, and not a bad one either. It is surely better than going through life with a trembling distrust of one's own capacities.'

'Delightfully put,' said the governess, looking me merrily in the face. 'Why, I can read you like a book.'

'You are the second person who has made that remark to me to-day,' I replied. 'I must be very legible.'

'Who else said so?' asked Miss Anchester, with visible surprise.

'The Queen,' I answered.

'The Queen!'

'Yes,' I said. 'I went to Heldersburg this afternoon with a message to her from His Majesty.'

'Oh, you were the King's messenger!' she ejaculated. 'King Karl told me the whole story

without mentioning names. I congratulate you on your success.'

'Now you are ministering to my conceit,' I remarked, laughing in turn.

'Come,' she said, looking away, 'we must return to the dancing.'

'May I take up the broken thread of Terpsichore?'

'You may dance with me again, if that is what you mean; but you must not talk like that.'

At the conclusion of the dance the King approached us. He had been dancing with Mrs van Troeler, and was very warm and short of breath.

'This rarefied air,' he said, 'is frightfully unsatisfying to a short-winded person like myself.—Miss Anchester, may I have the pleasure of a dance?'

I felt some one gently touching my arm, and looked round. It was General Meyer.

'You are an Englishman,' he said; 'you will not refuse to have a drink with me?'

'If you make it a question of upholding my national prestige, I cannot,' I replied.

'I want you to tell me all about your experience this afternoon,' he said as we sauntered off towards the refreshment-room.

I recounted my adventures, and he listened with palpable, albeit silent, amusement.

'That threat about the *Zauber-tisch* was a stroke of genius,' he said. 'The joke is, that the Queen, for the first time in her life, is thoroughly afraid of her husband.'

'It is to be hoped that the condition will be permanent,' I commented.

The commander-in-chief made an expressive gesture.

'It is not likely,' he said. 'King Karl is an excellent man—he is a brave man. Towards men, in spite of his easy manner, he can be stern—ruthless. Towards his wife he is weakness itself. The phenomenon is not an uncommon one.'

'Ah!' I said; 'if he would but bully her, frighten her, ill-treat her even, it would be the best possible thing for his own peace and that of the country.'

'True—perfectly true,' assented my companion. 'Unfortunately, human nature being what it is, we cannot expect the desired domestic revolution to be permanent. By the way, do you want a drink?'

'I would far rather not,' I replied.

'So would I. The habit of drinking between meals has no attraction for me, but it is sometimes necessary to conform to popular prejudices. What do you think of Schneider?'

'I think him clever,' I answered.

'He has a brilliant record. Do you think he is trustworthy?'

'I should say so. I frankly admit I do not feel disposed to like him; but he does not seem the sort of man to play a double game. I fancy his heart is in his work.'

'I am inclined to agree with you,' said my companion after a pause; 'but the King unfortunately has taken a strong dislike to him.'

'And you?' I asked.

'Oh, I—I like him well enough. The fellow has a fund of interesting reminiscences, and is no fool. The average Grimlander is.'

'You are a Grimlander yourself,' I said.

'I am a Jew,' he retorted. 'A Jew of Grimland if you will, but first and foremost a Jew.'

'It is to your credit to be proud of it,' I said.

'I am not proud of it at all,' he retorted. 'I admit the obvious; that is all. I would sooner be an adventurous swashbuckler like the Grand Duke, or even a reckless young detrimental like Max, than what I am—a cautious, scheming, uncourageous Jew.'

'Nonsense,' I said good-humouredly. 'A man

who has won his way to the position of commander-in-chief must not call himself uncourageous.'

'I have never been in action in my life,' he said, 'and I pray to Heaven that I never may be. I do not fear death more than other people, but I am incapable of the fighting lust which alone carries men through the terrors of the battlefield. I won my way to my present position not by nerve, but by brains. I invented a gun-carriage which was capable of being transported rapidly over snow, and the King, who has a good eye for ability, singled me out early in my career, and ever since has lost no opportunity of advancing me. Therefore I serve him with a whole heart, and my intelligence, such as it is, is at his service. More than that I cannot offer him, for I have not the instincts of a soldier.'

(To be continued.)

T H I R T E E N .

By E. J. JONES.



THIRTEEN enjoys among Numerals a dual position peculiarly its own. It is somewhat singular that a number regarded by some so sacredly as to be reverently venerated should have acquired in the eyes of others an unpopularity stigmatised by all that is evil, unlucky, and undesirable.

Passing swiftly from the remoter ages of superstition to more modern times of seemingly sounder reasoning, one finds it typical alike of good and evil according to the particular circumstances of the case. Superstition dies hard; and while the twentieth century, with its ripening intelligence, is wonderfully able to accept with alacrity what the revolution of ages has brought about in so many desirable directions, one sees it clinging here and there, like limpets to the rock, some persons even still going so far as to refuse to dine in a company of thirteen lest death should thereby claim too soon an unwilling victim. This notion is popularly supposed to have arisen through that memorable meal from which Judas rose to meet his doom.

Nothing is more surprising than the inconsistency and contrariety, at times, of the human race. Dr G. Russell Forbes has recently drawn passing attention to what is recorded in verse on the marble table in the chapel of the Triclinium Pauperum in Rome, adjoining the Church of St Gregory on the Caelian Hill—namely, that Pope Gregory the Great was in the habit of entertaining every morning twelve poor men. On one occasion Christ appeared as the thirteenth, and henceforth thirteen became 'lucky' for the time being. Here, as elsewhere in the numeral world, may be observed a strong tendency to let fancy take so powerful a possession of the mind that it appears to that abnormal

imagination no longer as fancy but as fact. Thirteen, however, was the symbol of Death considerably earlier even than the beginning of the Christian era. If the Tarot or Gipsies' Gospel be referred to, it will be found that the thirteenth card is represented by a skeleton with his scythe. This symbolism may be traced through ancient oral tradition to the thirteenth letter of that sacred word of the Hebrew Kabbalah, *Yod-he-vau-he*, a word never, it is supposed, uttered by the Israelites themselves, and only by the High Priest once a year. A number being attributed to each letter of the alphabet, every word in due course gained a numerical value; and so from this ancient conception of an occult meaning in numbers certain results were attained. As the principal doctrines of the Kabbalah endeavoured to portray not only the nature of the Deity, the divine emanations, the cosmogony, the creation, the nature of the angels and of men, but also their destiny, it can be understood how 'death' became associated with its 'own' number.

Sitting down as the thirteenth at dinner was, we are told in the old Norse mythology, deemed 'unlucky' by the Scandinavians, because, at a banquet in the Valhalla, Loki, the Scandinavian God of Strife and Evil, intruded himself on one occasion, making the 'thirteenth' guest, and succeeded in his desire to kill, with an arrow of mistletoe, Balder, the God of Peace. It is noticeable that in this instance the thirteenth guest was the emblematic embodiment of Evil. In the case of Pope Gregory the thirteenth guest was the symbolic omen of Good.

'Thirteen,' says Wynn Westcott in his treatise on Numbers, 'was the sacred number of the Mexicans and the people of Yucatan. The method of computation among the Mexican priests,' he

continues, 'was by weeks of thirteen days—their year being twenty-eight weeks of thirteen days and one over. Thirteen years formed an indiction—a week of years—the thirteen days over forming another week. Four times thirteen, or fifty-two, was their "cycle." In Yucatan there were thirteen *snake gods*.' He draws attention, too, to the fact that old authors speak of 'thirteen' as a number used to procure agreement among married people. Thirteen, it should be pointed out, is the number of the Hebrew word *achad*—unity.

We find from the old Julian Calendar that the feast known as *epulum Jovis* took place on the 13th November; and according to the Breviary of Salisbury, festivals were, before the Reformation, held on January 13th, August 13th, October 13th, and September 13th.

In opposition to this, the Turks, Russians, Italians, French, and English have all shown themselves more or less prejudiced, from time to time, against 'thirteen.' Moore in his Diary refers to a dinner of thirteen at Madame Catalini's, when a French Countess was hastily summoned to remedy the grievance. French prejudice, if report be true, has even gone so far as to delete the dreaded figure from their door-numbers; while individuals styled *quarantizennes* have held themselves in readiness to avert by their presence a supposed foreshadowing calamity. Yet prior to 1835 the Irish, superstitious in many ways though they be, could calmly carry about with them a coin worth just thirteence.

Thirteen—the 'baker's dozen'—is, of course, everywhere regarded as including a vantage loaf. 'Would you not,' pertinently asks Dr Forbes, in contending for the luck lurking in thirteen, 'rather have thirteen guineas than twelve?'

A Thirteenth Club at one time made itself conspicuous in a ludicrous endeavour to upset this widely spread prejudice and other ill-foreboding omens by boldly breaking mirrors and otherwise identifying themselves with skulls and skeletons, black cats, cross-eyed waiters, and coffin-shaped saltcellars, so that the *Spectator* in 1894 found itself unable to refrain from facetiously exclaiming, 'Who could have believed that there were one hundred and sixty-nine men in London so singularly lacking in humour?'

Mention might also be made of the celebrated 'Thirteenth Regiment,' of whom it was spoken: 'Gallant deeds in all parts of the globe for upwards of one hundred and eight years, combined with excellent conduct in quarters, have obtained for the regiment the respect of the country, and the Queen [Victoria] has graciously named it after her Royal Consort, in testimony of its many and varied services.'

Attention may now be turned to several lately revived instances in the annals of American history of 'thirteen' being felicitous rather than the reverse. The country of this ever-increasingly prosperous people was, it is contended, discovered on the 13th;

comprised originally thirteen States; and the national motto, intentionally or not, '*E pluribus unum*,' consists of just thirteen letters. The American eagle claims to have exactly thirteen feathers on each wing. General Washington, when raising the Republican standard, was saluted with thirteen guns. It might almost be styled the 'Land of Thirteen.'

A remarkable example in evidence of the influence which personal feeling may have over one's opinion is worth recalling. Bismarck is credited with holding in supreme veneration the number 3, but he had a particular antipathy to it when preceded by the figure 1, and would never, it is said, sit down to dine if he happened to be the thirteenth person at table. Pythagoras declared three to be the 'perfect' number, typical of 'beginning, middle, and end.' Bismarck's reasons for his predilection were briefly stated at the time of his death. He served three masters; he was responsible for and fought in three great wars; he signed three treaties of peace; he arranged the meeting of three Emperors; he established the Triple Alliance; in the Franco-German War he had three horses killed under him; he had three names (Bismarck, Schoenhausen, and Lanenburg); he acquired three titles (Count, Prince, Duke); the ancient arms of his family are a leaf of clover and three oak-leaves. His family motto, '*In Trinitate robur*'—Strength in Trinity—was surely in itself sufficient to give a leaning in this particular direction. So closely were his feelings associated with the triple number that the caricaturist represented him with three hairs on his head. He had three children. Under his administration the Conservatives, National Liberals, and Ultramontanes were formed. These circumstances considered, then, it is hardly to be wondered at that Bismarck should have had a penchant for 'three' rather than for 'thirteen.'

Richard Wagner the musician, on the other hand, preferred 'thirteen.' Born in 1813, Fate endowed him with a name of thirteen letters, and in course of time allowed him to compose thirteen works. His *Tannhäuser* was finished on April 13th, and was first performed in Paris on March 13th. He left Bayreuth on September 13th, and died February 13th.

Even in the present year of grace folks may be found firmly believing that there is 'luck in odd numbers'—not alone in three and thirteen, but in seven also. As shown in a former paper, like 'three' and 'thirteen,' 'seven' has played no inconspicuous part in the story of the past. Had Cobden been a man of constitution a little less matter-of-fact he might have dwelt with a sense of satisfaction on the number seven; for was it not owing to the power of seven men and the patience of seven years that those crushing Corn Laws were in the end so completely conquered and overthrown? 'Luck will come, *if it can*,' was, in substance, what Carlyle once tersely and soundly predicted; to which one ventures to add, Yes,

and in the train of three and seven and thirteen respectively, and in spite of rather than because of any particular number. The reflection carries with it an amazing amount of comforting consolation. But it should not be forgotten that while awaiting its appearance one may be actually speeding its advent in a calm pursuance of the Chelsea philosopher's sensible counsel: 'Work—work hard; work well.'

An instance in which this may be seen, and in association with the so-called 'unlucky' number, is in the time-honoured and still popular game of whist. Thirteen cards are dealt out to, and rigorously demanded by, each player. It depends

largely, of course, upon the player himself whether those thirteen cards are turned to his advantage or disadvantage.

One more remark anent thirteen. At roulette, quite recently, 'thirteen' was reported as having come up 'three times in succession,' losing the Casino, it was stated, no less than five thousand pounds—enough, one would think, to upset the prejudiced attitude of many a superstitious mind. The case strikingly bears out the contention advanced above. The winners found thirteen lucky; the Casino found thirteen unlucky. How, under these particular conditions, could it possibly be any otherwise?

A L A B O U R M E M B E R.

CHAPTER III.



WHIMSICAL idea took possession of Lanyon. He would look closer into this dark nether world, the seething foundry full of dreary noise and stir whence issued these curiously minted coins. He did not want to view it any longer from the outside, as an unimpassioned scientific observer, but to go down into it and for a time be of it. His plans were quickly made. The next day, through his confidential man-servant, he bought—ostensibly for acting—a seedy second-hand suit and a pair of broken boots. He disguised himself with a property-beard, found an old cap, and slunk out by the area steps that night with a furtive glance after a policeman, half-afraid of being arrested as a suspicious character and having to prove his innocence at the cost of his dignity. Falconer had enlightened him as to the haunts of the homeless, and by midnight he had joined a dismal band on a bench whereon to rest and keep as warm as might be on the early April night till the vigilant 'copper' dispersed them to wander once more. He tried to get into friendly relations with the gruff-voiced young tramp on one side of him, but failed dismally. The lad seemed to suspect a trap, and Lanyon's imitation of the low Cockney dialect was not a grand success.

Presently he found himself for the moment alone on the bench, except for a huddled-up female figure closely wrapped in a dingy shawl. He watched her furtively. She seemed to sleep; but her hopeless attitude—relaxed, limp, deplorable—might mark that stage of despair which preludes the sudden dash for the river-wall. If she roused at all he might speak to her—might be lucky enough to make her trust him. While he waited his chance he saw out of the dimness another woman approaching; but this one was of an altogether different type, though as plainly, more tidily garbed. As she came closer he noticed, first, that she wore the Salvation Army bonnet; secondly, with a start, that the face

under that headgear was familiar, was one that had printed itself oddly on his consciousness. He recognised the wonderfully mournful eyes, the thick, coarse, reddish hair, the hollow cheeks and sharp chin of Falconer's daughter. He was surprised. Surely she was not a Salvationist? He sat huddled in his corner, intently observant of her while she stooped over the back of the bench and spoke to the woman at the other end. He could not hear the low, muttered talk. It did not give him any impression of preaching, of exhortation; rather it seemed the quiet question and answer, the intimacy of common experience. The woman on the bench seemed first to shrug away, to resent the address of the other; then he saw that she roused a little, turned towards the other, and her manner changed, became human, interested. While he pretended to sleep his sharp ears caught a word here and there in a deep-toned, not unmusical voice, with a note of ineffable sadness in it.

'I know—I know, poor soul! I've been through the mill—I've suffered. Don't you think I'm not understanding. No, I don't want to preach. Life is so hard, one tries to drown the pain of it. You'll let me help you? I think I might.' Then, after a while, a little louder: 'Just wait for me a minute. I'll go there with you myself; only, I want just to say a word to that man there.'

Lanyon didn't know whether he felt more embarrassed or more interested when Margaret Falconer moved to his end of the bench and spoke to him. He kept his head down; he was perfectly sure that as soon as he looked up and spoke he must betray himself to this deep-eyed woman.


'Can I help you to a night's shelter?' the low voice said just above him, and she stooped.

How fearless hard life had made this woman, still but a girl in years! What should he do? Keep up the semblance of sleep, take no notice of her, or throw himself on her friendship and make her a comrade? After a moment's hesitation he decided on this plan. He threw back his head and

looked at her. In the dim light, though something in his glance surprised and confused her, she did not see in him anything different from what his clothes and position seemed to declare; but when he spoke she started back, and her face was flooded with painful red.

'Miss Falconer,' he said, 'don't be startled. I wanted to see something of this life. I'm Ivor Lanyon.'

CHAPTER IV.

H,' she said, gasping, 'you've startled me, Mr Lanyon!'

'Yes? Why should you be startled? I've just lived outside all of this, and I wanted to look in—that's all. Hence these clothes,' he added, with a smiling glance at his boots. 'As myself I shouldn't get hold of anything real. Please tell me what you were going to do about *her*.' He dropped his voice as he glanced towards the forlorn statue of misery near them.

'There's a place I know. I was going to take her there.'

'And me? What place could you have found for me?'

'There's the Salvation Army Shelter,' she began in a broken, hesitating voice. It was evident she was afraid of him, and he wanted to get on friendly terms.

'You're not really a Salvationist, are you?'

'No. I wear the dress at night; the Army lets me, because it's a sort of protection, and makes people listen to me sometimes. But all their ways are not mine.'

'I feel sure of that.'

'Why?' she asked quickly, a little fiercely. 'You think I'm not religious?'

'Hardly the Salvation type, are you?' he said coolly. 'Your father's daughter?—'

'Well, my father's daughter?—'

'Ought to have a little wider sphere. Oh, they're excellent folk; very likely they do more because they have a narrow outlook—don't miss details.'

'You don't know much of my father, do you?'

'No; but I hope I shall. I am greatly interested in him.'

'As a curious specimen—to examine and dissect scientifically?'

'Miss Falconer, what have I done to displease you?'

The calm question made her pause, drawing a deep breath. A moment ago she had felt all antagonism against the aristocrat masquerading who had caught her at a disadvantage; but this question touched the magnanimity of the woman.

'I—I don't know,' she said, and her voice dropped from its note of offence.

'I want you to be a friend.'

'A friend?' She looked at him, flushing again with surprise. 'Is it possible? Why—you and me!'

'Why shouldn't it be possible? I am not a man without a heart or a brain, I hope. I am wanting, as I said, to know—to understand your life—your point of view. To do that people should be friends. You don't, surely, believe that because your father beat me in an honest fight I should treat him as an enemy?'

'No, no,' she said, hesitating, confused. Then she looked at the woman, and her manner changed. She was once more the strong, self-reliant person he had conceived her to be. 'First, before I talk to you, I must see to this poor thing. She'll come with me, I think; she is so miserable, and I understand it. Another night—or if you will wait here?'

'I will wait—unless the bobby moves me on.'

'You can come back—that is to say, if you care.'

'I do care. You shall find me here.'

She nodded, and then, turning away, spoke again to the bundle of forlorn humanity that called itself a woman. She seemed quietly to coax the tired, sullen, reluctant limbs to action; she led her away with an arm under hers. They vanished into the dimness beyond the orbit of the lamp, and he sat down to think about her.

It did not seem very long before she returned, and after a moment's hesitation sat down beside him and began hurriedly to speak.

'Mr Lanyon, I really don't know what you think you'll gain by this masquerading, nor what you want. Maybe it's just a crank. Gentlemen have a fancy at times to know "what it feels like;" it makes going back again all the pleasanter.' She spoke bitterly, with a short, broken laugh.

'Don't be unfair,' he said very quietly. 'Yes, I've got to go back, I know. If there ever was a time when people "sold all they had and gave to the poor," that has gone by, and I don't purpose to try it (not that I'm abnormally rich, by-the-by); still, as far as I go, I'm genuine. I always was interested in finding out things about people not so well off as I am; but it didn't occur to me before really to try from the inside, and that's what I want you to help me to do.'

'What made you want?'

'Honestly, I think your father's personality.'

For the first time there was cordiality, friendliness in Margaret Falconer's manner.

'You like father?'

'Yes, and I admire him; he's a force. He has given me a new idea. There's such splendid vitality and grip in him.'

'You'd say so if you knew all about him—what he's been down to?—'

'From the look of him I should say he'd visited the nether world.'

'That's it! That's what he has. Everybody despaired about him. He despaired about himself. I suppose God didn't. Anyway, he came up—he rose from the dead.'

'And you—did you despair of him?'

'I!' she said. There was a curious, wild vibra-

tion in her voice. 'Oh, I was too sunk in despair myself to believe in any one—anything.'

'And you rose too?'

'Yes, I rose.'

'Are there many like you and your father?'

'Many—lots better; only, you see, we had brains to help us. I suppose people who sink and are stupid too are lost indeed. But about yourself, Mr Lanyon. What's the sense of dressing up only? How are you going to act the part?'

'I think I can. I have acted many a part. Will you show me where to go to find out how people live who have neither home nor hope. If I know more I'll try to see if I can put the knowledge to any good in or out of the House—if I ever get in again. But you must help me. Will you?'

She waited a moment, breathing deeply. Then she uttered a brief 'Yes.'

'With your whole heart?'

'Yes.'

'As friends—comrades?'

'You're in earnest? You want me to be your friend?'

'Upon my soul.'

She held out her hand. 'All right. It's a bargain. I'll help you all I can. What do you want to see? Where do you want to go?'

'Where men of my standing never do go—you know the places—to a doss-house, a casual ward, into the poorest place people call home. Then I want to come and see you and your father, and talk things over.'

'I'm seldom in. It's a bit rough on father. He and me seldom have a quiet hour together. Either he's got work he must do, or something whips me out to be looking after some one. I'm but restless.'

'Still, you have to go in and rest sometimes.'

'Yes, when I'm dead-beat—so tired I can't drag any more, or so sick at heart I just have to get a bit of comfort, and for that I've none to go to but my old dad. Mother died ten years ago; that was what broke him up and began all our worst days. Nothing'd ever been so bad if she'd lived. Mother was'—her voice trailed away and broke in a sob—'just a saint of God.'

Lanyon made a sympathetic sound; he was almost afraid of speaking. There was something wild and shy about this curious daughter of the people which he feared to scare, yet withal she had that odd touch of sudden confidence which he had noticed in her father, so strangely alien to the set amongst whom his groove of life had run.

After a pause, during which he could tell without knowing how that she was struggling to be perfectly calm again, she began rapidly to talk to him about the wretched people of the night. In graphic phrases, the rude eloquence that came naturally and was no growth of culture, she told him how she tried to help them, not from the far-off point of the missioner, not with any idea of religious salvation, but just to get at them, to be friendly, never to be shocked.

'They are dreadful!—yes, many of them. You and the ladies you know would think them outside all the possibilities; but it's different with me. I made up my mind never to be shocked. They haven't had their chances; nothing has been fair to them. I have to try and be so'—

'What makes you care? he asked curiously.

'What gives you this passion of pity?'

She turned her head and looked him straight in the eyes, and he read in the depths of hers so strange a story—as of some prisoner just released from torture of which the memory is so fresh that even liberty cannot breed forgetfulness—that he was fairly startled. Never in all his life, it seemed to him, not even in his young and ardent days, had he looked straight at a naked soul before.

'Why?' she said in a deep, stern, tender voice. 'Because I've been under myself. Deep calls to deep.'

Then, as if afraid of saying more, she got up quickly. 'If you want me to show you those places come now,' she said, trying to speak in an ordinary tone. 'It's getting late.'

He rose too, but instinctively held out his hand. 'Is it a bargain? Are you going to let me be your friend?'

'Yes,' she said.

(To be continued.)

THE TAVERN OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

A CAPE CENTENARY.

By L. E. NEAME.



HUNDRED years ago—to be precise, at 4 P.M. on 10th January 1806—the articles of capitulation were signed by which the Cape of Good Hope passed finally into the possession of Great Britain. Even at the time the event never aroused the interest its importance merited, and its centenary passed almost unnoticed. Stirring events in the great upheaval

of Europe a century ago overshadowed the brief struggle in the far-off extremity of the sub-continent. The French host gathered together for the invasion of England still camped on the Boulogne coast when Commodore Home Popham's armada crept stealthily down the Channel under sealed orders. Trafalgar was fought while it was yet not far south of Madeira. The expedition was an unqualified success, and the influence it had upon

British Empire in the East can hardly be underestimated. But the Tavern of the Indian Ocean was a spot too far off to rouse public enthusiasm at a time when there was a glut of sensations; and the neglect of a century ago has lived, and to-day no battle in English history is less known to the English schoolboy than the fight at Blueberg a hundred years ago. Perhaps some day, when history is taught in a different way, some of these almost forgotten milestones in the Empire's progress will be deemed of more importance than Continental engagements whose real influence on the fortunes of England was of the slightest.

The story of the old days at the Cape will never appeal to the imagination like the records of early English adventure in the East. The material is not to hand to draw such fascinating pictures as those which sketch the early days in Fort St George and the doings of the bold spirits who served some of the native princes in the days when British supremacy still hung in the balance. One misses the armed hosts and the glittering palaces, the gorgeously of Asiatic civilisation, and the grandeur of the struggle. The colouring of the Cape was but a rustic drab contrasted with the brilliance of the East. A century and a half of Dutch rule had produced only slow and painful settlement. The Garden in Table Valley had, it is true, expanded into the districts of the Cape, Stellenbosch, Swellendam, Graaf Reinet, and Uitenhage; but the town only contained some six thousand Europeans, and life beyond its limits was rough. The homesteads were but huts, and already there was apparent that love of isolation and rude freedom which thirty or forty years later was responsible for the Great Trek. The eyes of the chief officials still turned to the East for promotion and reward. At the time, however, the southern part of Africa was placid, and contained greater possibilities for trading than it did a few years later. The military movement among the Zulus which culminated in the horrors of Chaka's slaughterings had only just begun to make itself felt. It was only a few years before that Godongwana—afterwards known as Dingiswayo (One in Distress)—had returned from his mysterious exile in the Cape accompanied by a *mahangu* or white man, of whom strange things were whispered in the kraals: 'On his feet there were no toes, his heel was so long as to penetrate the ground, he was mounted on an animal of great speed, and carried a pole in his hand which spit fire and thunder, and killed all the wild animals he looked at.' In these days the country between the Cape and what is now called Durban was thickly peopled. The tribal fights were mainly things of show, like mine-boys' fights to-day. The stabbing spear and the regiments of the Scourge of South Africa had not devastated the land.

On the whole, then, it was a land of peace and rude plenty which Lieutenant-General Jan Willem Janssens took over from General Dundas on 20th February 1803. The English had held the Cape

for nearly eight years. The interval to the second capture was brief, but it seems to have sufficed to convince the English Government of the importance of the station; and it is now clear that when Commodore Home Popham's fleet sailed the Government had resolved to hold the Cape for good. The size of the expedition assured success from the first, unless the Dutch received assistance from some unexpected quarter. Major-General Baird, who was in command of the troops, had served at the Cape for a year, and was well acquainted with the fortifications. His force comprised six thousand six hundred and fifty-four rank and file. The transports and the warships sailed in two parties and united at Madeira, the first section sailing from Falmouth, and the second and stronger from Cork.

It must have been a stirring, if unpleasant, sight which met the gaze of the watchers from the lower part of Table Mountain on the morning of 4th January 1806, when the English fleet of sixty-three ships cast anchor between Robben Island and the Blueberg shore. A rough sea was running, and it was not till the morning of the 6th that disembarkation began under the shelter of Melkbosch Point, a low spit of rocks running some considerable distance into the sea. The landing was not resisted with energy. A few Batavian marksmen sniped the boats from the shelter of the scrubby sandhills; but the guns of the warships *Diadem*, *Leda*, *Encounter*, and *Protector* covered the beach. The Highland brigade landed first, and the entire force got ashore with the loss of only one boat of thirty-five men. Standing to-day on the sand-dunes which fringe the iron shore, and watching the long roll of the surf on even the calmest day, one wonders that the casualty list was so small.

In the meantime General Janssens had gallantly set about the task which he felt to be hopeless. He could only scrape up about two thousand men, and the composition of his force throws a curious light on the mixed population of the colony. His army included two hundred mounted burghers, four hundred German mercenaries, the crews of two French men-of-war, fifty-four Javanese artillerymen, a regiment of Hottentots and another of slaves, and some *Jagers* recruited from every nation in Europe.

The battle of Blueberg was soon over. The British had a march of sixteen miles from their landing-place to Capetown, and early on the morning of 8th January Janssens set out to oppose them. At five o'clock the British were seen descending the shoulder of the Blueberg towards Capetown. The Dutch commander spread his force out across the line of the advance of the invaders. The Highlanders fired at long range, and then, despite the tiring march through the sand under a sun which was every minute growing more fierce, they fixed bayonets and prepared to charge in the good old British way. The sight was enough for the German mercenaries, who promptly fled. Some of the defenders fought well, but the defending army soon crumbled away, and the British marched

into Capetown with a loss of fifteen killed and two hundred wounded. Janssens retired to the mountains, and Colonel Von Prohalow, who had been left in command at Capetown, surrendered Fort Knokke on the evening of 9th January, and signed the articles of capitulation on 10th January. Within a week Janssens also had to

surrender before the overwhelming superiority of the British.

Thus ended the fight for the Cape one hundred years ago; and on 6th March 1806, to quote the historian of the colony, 'the squadron bearing the last representatives of the dominion of the Netherlands over the Cape Colony set sail for Holland.'

AN INVOLUNTARY PLUNGE.

By Captain B. M. CHAMBERS, R.N.



T'S not so much the immorality of gambling I would urge as the fact that the man who gambles with another's money is a rogue.'

The speaker was an elderly gentleman, silver-haired and clean-shaven, whose appearance, not less than the solid appurtenances of his comfortably furnished office, proclaimed a successful business man.

The boy to whom the words were addressed—a good-looking undergrad.—winceed, but met his father's gaze with an honest, straightforward look.

'No, I won't allow that! I own I've been a fool; but when I backed Cataract I thought it was a dead cert. I had the money, and I thought if it came off I should be able to settle my debts at Cambridge without troubling you for a penny. I own to extravagance; but I needn't have said a word about the bet except that I knew you hated gambling, and I felt I ought to make a clean breast of it whilst I was about it. I couldn't have paid up everything even if I hadn't made the bet; and, after all, what's the difference between betting and mercantile speculation? I can't see why a man who at this minute is risking thousands of pounds speculating in a cargo of hides from the Argentine should look on it as a crime to risk fifty pounds on a race.'

The speaker paused as if in nervous apprehension as to the effect of the shot, and silence reigned in the office for a minute.

'Sit down, my boy,' said the elder man at length; 'I'll take back that about the rogue. I dare say you're not so very different from what your father was at your age. But you're wrong about speculation and gambling being the same. In that hide deal I am certainly backing my knowledge of the markets; but I know that at the worst I can only lose a mere trifle, whilst I may make a very good haul. I never go in for speculative ventures, and some day you will have reason to be glad that it is so. I hate any form of gambling, because it's a fool's game—indeed, fools often do best at it; but what really turned me against it was a fright I had some thirty years ago. I came mighty near losing the chance of a lifetime through the roulette-table, and that not from any love of the game, but simply from a moment's carelessness.'

'I dare say you'd like to hear the story. I never

told it you before, from some idea, I suppose, that it might act as a bad influence to know that your father had ever gambled. You know that I was the only son of a naval man, and that my mother, widowed early, had all she could do to make both ends meet on her pension and a small annuity. My uncle James generously paid for my education, and ultimately got me a post in the office of Jenkins and Company, the wine exporters at Madeira, and promised me that when a chance came of setting up on my own account there would be five hundred pounds at my service, but that I need not expect anything further.

'I had been six years in Jenkins's office. I liked the work. Jenkins, besides their wine business, had a general shipping and import agency. My imagination was able to gild even the dry details of a merchant's office, and make them not only endurable but positively interesting. I longed for the day when I should be able to set up on my own. I built castles in the air, which I have in part realised, of a business whose branches should reach to the very ends of the inhabited earth. At last my chance had come: Jenkins & Company were going to start a branch house at Teneriffe, and I was offered a junior partnership. Jenkins himself explained to me how he had himself carefully watched my career, and though he knew I could not put much beyond my energy and ability into the service of the firm, he was prepared to give me the appointment if I could raise five hundred pounds. I knew this was practically a gift, since Jenkins knew all about the five hundred pounds my uncle had promised to give me. The five hundred pounds were now lying to my credit in the bank, and the articles of partnership would be signed on the morrow.

'I felt that, since I was leaving the office, I must needs celebrate the occasion in some way, and I accordingly asked Jones and Coddington, my two fellow-clerks, to come and dine with me at Reed's Hotel. It was quite an informal affair, and when, walking up to the hotel, we overtook "the Count," I asked him to join us and make up the *partie carrée*.

'As the Count is such an important person in my story, I must here give you some idea of that gentleman. At this length of time I have quite forgotten what his other names were—we always

called him the Count, and Count I believe he was, to say nothing of sundry minor titles and orders which, when written down, filled half a page of close print. A regular cosmopolitan was the Count, and above all else a gambler to his very finger-tips. Money to him was merely a counter to be used at the green table for the purpose of procuring most delicious excitement, and time spent away from the board of green cloth was time wasted. Let it be clearly understood that the Count was no adventurer. He *had* estates *somewhere*, which he was not able to dispose of, and from which he drew a large income. One day he would be rolling in wealth, and the next penniless. When he had money no one was more generous than he, and when he had none no one could bear the stings of fortune with greater equanimity. Add to this the fact that he was a clever *raconteur*, telling his stories with an inimitable accent which in itself was a treat, and that he knew all the *chroniques scandaleuses* of Europe, and was withal—according to his lights—the soul of honour.

Such, then, was our party, and a merry dinner we had. Jones and Coddington were just average young business men—they are, I believe, cashier and senior clerk in the house of Jenkins to this day—both good enough young fellows in their way.

After dinner the Count suggested an adjournment to the Casino, then just inaugurated. The Casino stands, or stood, in the midst of charming gardens overlooking the sea. Neither of us clerks had yet been at the tables, and I was particularly anxious to see the game of roulette, of which I had heard so much in stories and novels. I won't attempt to describe the rooms: the monotonous call of the croupiers, the gleam of the gold and silver, the excited faces of the players; it was all just as one reads of at Monte Carlo, but on a smaller scale. We had not been watching long when the fever and lust for gold began to take hold of us, and when Coddington suggested that we should each subscribe a sovereign and get the Count to punt for our little syndicate there was no dissentient voice. We changed our four gold pieces into *crusados* at the cashier's table, and then the Count took a vacant place with the little silver piles in front of him. We asked him to play a cautious game, and he therefore only staked our money on the even chances and the dozens. At first luck went our way, and our little silver piles grew and grew. Then we urged the Count to increase the stakes; and he, nothing loath, began putting the big silver pieces on the numbers; then, as always happens, came a run of luck against us, and soon there was nothing left. "Shall I go on?" said the Count, putting his hand into his pocket and bringing out a handful of gold; and we—fools that we were!—picturing a change of luck, cried out, "Oh yes!"

"Luck now was more evenly divided, the Count sometimes winning a little and sometimes losing. He was working a system—a deadly dull thing to watch. Soon we got tired of watching, and strolled

out into the grounds, leaving the Count at the table, where he was delighted to remain.

'How well I remember that evening! There had been a slight fall of rain, but now all was bright, and the silver moon strewed the sea with flecks of brightness and illuminated the dark mass of the Loo Rock, with its winking red light, and showed us the angular sails of the tunny-boats reaching seaward from Camara de Lobos. How peaceful it all was! The band far enough away to soften its somewhat brazen notes, the scent of the fresh earth and the flowers, with the prospect of beginning a new and interesting life on the morrow, all made me feel that the world was a good place to live in, though at the back of my mind was the half-formed thought that things were going almost *too* well with me.

'We had been in the gardens perhaps half-an-hour when a perspiring messenger arrived from the office. A ship belonging to a company for which the firm were agents had put into the port unexpectedly, having sprung a leak, which would necessitate removal of the cargo without delay, and we were all wanted at once at the office. So urgent was the message that we left immediately, forgetting all about the Count and his commission. Not that it would have troubled us much had it crossed our minds; the loss of a pound or two would not have done much harm to any of us.

'We worked hard all night, and then turned in after an early breakfast for a well-earned sleep. I was down at the office again all the afternoon, and it was not until the evening that I was free to go for a stroll. Coddington was with me. In the Almeida we ran against the Count, who was in a great hurry. "How went the syndicate?" Coddington called to him. "Ver bad, ver bad," he shouted. "We did lose twelve hundred pounds." "You old sinner!" shouted Coddington, "keep it up. You'll probably win it back." "All ri," shouted the Count, and he was gone.

'There was something in the Count's tone which gave me a cold shiver. I did not feel, somehow, that he spoke as if in joke, though Coddington, to whom I imparted my fears, laughed them to scorn. The Count would know that clerks such as we were could not put up three hundred pounds apiece; but I was not so certain. I was not sure but that the Count fancied that we were partners in the firm instead of humble shipping-clerks, and we had certainly encouraged the belief that we held important positions. All foreigners have the idea that Englishmen are made of gold; and, as I have said before, the Count seemed to consider money merely in the light of a counter for use at the tables.

'My discomfort grew and grew. Supposing the Count really had lost twelve hundred pounds, were we liable? I had been party to the suggestion that he should go on playing. What a fool I had been! My very words came back: "Yes, go on playing. I expect the luck will turn." As an honourable man I must put the money up, since I had it. And

what of my partnership? What would my uncle say—what of my mother—when they heard that I had thrown away the chance of a lifetime at the gambling-tables?

‘Presently we met Jones, who, with a pallid face, informed us that a friend of his had seen the Count, bitten with the true gambling mania, dropping *rouleaux* of gold to untold quantity at the tables last night. There was nothing for it but to face the music, and, moreover, to stop the Count incurring further liabilities on our behalf. We hunted for him high and low, but no sign could we find of him, and then we had to return to the office. I am afraid it was but little work either of us did that evening.

“Ruin! Ruin! Ruin! You fool! you fool! you fool!” The words seemed to be bumping in my head with every beat of the pulse, and my companions in misfortune, if looks count for anything, were equally miserable. What would Jenkins say when he knew? Every moment I dreaded that he would come into the office and suggest that the agreement should be signed, and that I should hand over the cheque. What would Jenkins say to a gambling partner? Was I the kind of man to whom the interests of a great firm could be safely entrusted?

‘At last I was free. It was close on ten o’clock

at night; but the Casino would be open, and thither I wended my way in haste. I had little doubt but that I should find the Count at the tables, and I could at least prevent his making me bankrupt—at least I hoped so.

‘There was the room, bright and garish, to all outward seeming just as it had been last night, and yet how different! Then I had been a dallier with sensationalism, scornful of the weakness of those around. Now, hollow-eyed and trembling, I stood there a ruined gambler. There sat the Count at the table, debonair and imperturbable as usual, a giant regalia in his teeth, in front of him a great pile of notes and gold. As I entered the room he was facing the door. Looking up, he caught sight of me. Leaning across the table, he held out his hand with a smile. “Congratulations, my boy! I have won back that twelve hundred pounds, and fifty pounds also. Ver good—eh, no.”

‘The room seemed to swim round me. I was saved, and only then did I realise what I had gone through, and all its attendant misery. Can you wonder I mentally vowed never to risk another shilling again in a gamble? And I have kept that resolve. The Count paid me something over twelve pounds, which I sent as a thank-offering to the local hospital, and within a week I saw the last of Punchal for many a long year.’

TEA-DRINKING.



T only confirms previous knowledge to learn from official statistics that, of all the kingdoms of the earth, Great Britain is by far the largest consumer of tea per head of the population. We were, of course, comparatively late in taking to the habit of tea-drinking. Exactly how long it is since the first experimentalist lapped in a ‘dish of tea’ in this country nobody seems to know. Pepys’s well-known entry in his *Diary* for the 28th of September 1660 clearly indicates that, although he was pretty much at the centre of things, and liked to be in the fashion, he was some distance behind the times in this matter. ‘I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink), of which I never did drink before,’ he writes. It is quite evident from his expression, ‘a cup of tee,’ that he was not among the first to try the new beverage, for when tea was first drunk in England there were no cups. The infusion was no doubt made in the little silver porringers in use at the time, by pouring boiling water over the leaves, and the liquid was drunk out of these receptacles. There were at first no cups or saucers, and of course no teaspoons. When the practice of drinking tea had begun to establish itself in this country the crockery was imported from Holland.

Though there is no precise record, it seems probable that we have attained our lead of about

six pounds per head per annum in about two hundred and fifty years—in about eight generations, that is. How far other nations have had the start of us, how long ago it is since the peculiar qualities of the tea-plant were first discovered, nobody knows. The old story of the origin of the tea-plant is probably not to be implicitly relied upon. The ditty runs that in India, once upon a time, when there was no such plant, a good man, a famous saint, somewhat rashly vowed to spend the short remainder of his days in sleepless meditation. After a time, of course, he nodded off, poor fellow! and dreamed of a pretty woman he had known in his unregenerate days. When he awoke, so angry and humiliated was he over his weakness that he cut off his offending eyelids, and indignantly flung them from him. Next morning, to his amazement, the eyelids had disappeared, and where they had fallen there had sprung up two plants, the leaves of which, he found, had the blessed power of keeping the minds of mortals bright and vigilant. Thus was a whole world benefited by one man’s pious devotion and resolute self-sacrifice. It is a pity the story is not more satisfactorily authenticated; for there are few things upon which the whole world has been more generally agreed than upon the merits of tea, and if this account of its origin could be accepted as a matter of fact, and the plant proved to have been the special gift of the gods for a special purpose,

this world-wide popularity would in a sense be intelligible. But there are other legends which seem to render it doubtful whether we owe the tea-plant to India originally. As usual in all questions of origin, our old friend John Chinaman claims the lead.

Anyhow, we ourselves seem to have got it from Holland about the middle of the seventeenth century. Everybody has heard of the fabulous prices realised by the first few parcels sold here. They are said to have fetched from six pounds to ten pounds per pound—a price which would be equivalent to somewhere about forty pounds to seventy pounds in these days. The meaning of this probably is, not that the epicures and fashionables of the day bought pounds of tea at such prices, but that the fame of the strange beverage with such marvellous qualities had reached this country long before the arrival of the thing itself, and that when merchants opened their first parcels, little pinches of the precious stuff, just enough to taste, were sold at prices which would have figured out at so much per pound. We had, of course, popular refreshers in this country before the arrival of tea, but the new importation was received with avidity, no doubt for more reasons than one. Those were days in which people were only beginning to know anything of the world outside, and in which anything from foreign parts was received with eager credulity and unbounded curiosity. Then from the first it was patronised by the Queen of Charles II., Catharine of Braganza, which made the drinking of the strange beverage fashionable. The first tea-cups introduced were probably much smaller than ours are nowadays, and the infusion was much weaker than we are accustomed to drink it. This perhaps should be borne in mind when we read of the extraordinary feats of some of the old-fashioned tea-bibbers, such, for instance, as the achievements of Bishop Gilbert Burnet, who, it is said, would drink his five-and-twenty cups in the course of a morning. In the early part of the eighteenth century, a little later than Burnet's time, we read of the very prevalent habit of taking tea three and four times a day, and drinking ten and twelve cups at a sitting. Johnson, we all know, was a most immoderate tea-drinker. 'A hardened and shameless tea-drinker,' he has written himself down, 'who for years has diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating herb; whose kettle has had hardly time to cool; who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning.' That was in the later half of the eighteenth century, and we may be quite sure that if the worthy Doctor's cups were not large as well as numerous, it was because large ones were not to be had even then. The crockery of the tea-table has undergone many changes of form and size at different periods, and so have the spoons. At first spoons had perforated bowls and long, pointed stems, and at one period they were numbered. This fact is suggestive of some of the curious phases of the etiquette of the

tea-table, which has varied almost as much as the utensils. Many people now living can remember very well that it used to be the proper thing for the cups and saucers of a party of tea-drinkers to be all returned together to the presiding goddess at the head of the table to be replenished, and it was on account of this fashion that teaspoons were numbered so that each might be sure of getting back the right cup. The member of the party who did not wish for more used to signify the fact by putting his spoon into his cup; and wags have told many stories of unhappy mortals who had no knowledge of the usages of polite society, and who drank themselves into a serious condition of personal tension because they did not understand how to indicate that they had had enough, and the entertainer was too polite not to keep on refilling the cup that came back without the spoon in it. Such incidents may no doubt conceivably have occurred in times when it was the custom to sit round a table and drink ten or a dozen cups. Whether the fashion of intimating repletion by turning the cup upside-down ever had any vogue in good society we do not remember to have met with any evidence; but in country parts both the spoon-signal and the inversion of the cup may even now occasionally be observed among cottagers, and such things in rural nooks and corners are often mere survivals from fashionable society. Says one in Anderson's *Cumberland Ballads*, 'Nay, dunnot turn tea-cup down!' 'No more, no more!' says the other. 'I've drank twee cups.' 'That's nowt,' replies the first. 'What! I've tean fower!'

ROSES.

GLOIRE DE DIJON and Maréchal Niel,
Crimson Damask and Maiden's Blush:
All queens of beauty whose petals feel
Like silk or velvet or softest plush;
And yet I would give them all, heart knows,
For that hive of fragrance—a red moss-rose.

My hands are filled with these regal blooms,
And their scent is sweet; but my thoughts go far:
To a little garden of rich perfumes,
To a summer tryst 'neath the evening star.
For there in the dusk, from a certain tree,
Love offered a red moss-rose to me.

The spirit of gladness had touched that hour,
And a thrush still sang by his quiet nest;
The month was June and the earth in flower;
Pale fire gleamed under the opaline west;
But a moonbeam silvered the waning light
As we kissed in the shadow and said good-night.

Crimson Damask and Maréchal Niel,
Gloire de Dijon and Maiden's Blush:
All odorous blooms; but the scents that steal
From a little garden— Hush! memory, hush!
Only my heart and the honey-bee knows
What sweets may lie in a red moss-rose.

E. MATHESON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.



NEWSPAPER of much influence in Argentina has said, in relation to a new interpretation of the Monroe doctrine, that South American diplomats should study the words of President Roosevelt, and decide now

whether they agree with his new construing; that nothing new has occurred to justify his insistence on a broader view of that doctrine; that President Monroe said merely that the United States could not tolerate European conquest of any American territory; that South America has never recognised that doctrine, or conferred on the United States rights of any kind; and that Mr Roosevelt assumes that it is the duty of the United States to compel the South American nations to comply with their obligations, and that therefore the interpretation by him is a humiliation for Latin America.

So far as the public of the United States has been told, there may be cause for asking whether the feelings of the Latin American republics, in regard to that new rendering, have been considered with the courtesy due to them; but it may be no more than fair to assume that President Roosevelt knew the opinions of the statesmen of South America before he expressed the wider meaning read into the great American doctrine to meet the new needs of the day.

Comparatively recent events in Venezuela and in San Domingo, and in Brazil more recently, have led some to assert the belief that South and Central America are to-day safe from European force solely because the world knows that the Greater Republic has the intention and the power to prevent any seizure of American territory by any Old World nation.

But there is no apparent reason for doubting that the American people have come to see that if, for any reason and by any means, the United States should induce a creditor of a sister republic to forgo the use of peremptory means for obtaining settlement of demands, it should be done only on condition that the republic so favoured should not take advantage of such action to avoid proper

settlement of any claim. It seems not quite easy to see that there can be an honest objection to such condition. Should any Power so avert the use of the only ultimate means for compelling adjustment of proper demands, without requiring fulfilment of fair obligations, would not the effect be to prevent some Governments from borrowing so much as a dollar on terms they could afford? Would they not be treated as the lender usually treats borrowers who will give no good security, and who cannot be compelled to pay? If, on the other hand, all the Latin American republics should agree that the United States may guarantee payment of all just demands, would these countries not be able to get on easy terms capital with which to turn into available form their natural resources? Would they not be, to a very large extent, protected from such acts by their own agents, in collusion with men of other lands, as have put upon some republics burdens vastly heavier than were warranted?

One may perhaps justly question the correctness of the assertion that Latin America has not recognised the Monroe doctrine, or given the United States any rights in the case; for more than once it has welcomed the benefits that have come from that principle. It did this in Mexico nearly forty years ago; in Colombia, in Venezuela, and in San Domingo within very recent years. Can Latin America be in any way humiliated by frankly and formally admitting and endorsing the principle and the unwritten agreement by which they have profited willingly, as all the world knows?

It has been suspected that Europeans feel that the Monroe doctrine is a dog-in-the-manger policy; that while Americans themselves will not undertake the development of the natural wealth of Latin America, they are ready to prevent others from doing that work under conditions which would make it safe. It is not clear that one can honestly deny that cause exists for such belief. The people of the United States have been so busy with the task of opening up their own sources of wealth that they have only very recently given attention to the

opportunities offered by Latin America as a field for the investment of their energies and money. A short time ago capitalists of the United States knew little or nothing of these opportunities, and when asked to invest in neighbouring republics, objected that 'they are too far away.' On that ground they declined, for example, to put money into Central America, about two thousand miles from New York City and from Chicago, America's two great money centres, even while they were sending their capital to Oregon and Washington Territory, three thousand miles away, and even to Alaska, five thousand miles distant. Yet these men would object to any attempt by a European Power to set up control of any republic in the Western World in order to make it safer to do business with or in such republic.

Because better understanding leads to better feeling, good might come from consideration of certain beliefs, opinions, and facts that may be the main support of the Monroe doctrine in Latin America and in the United States—causes which might under possible conditions unite several, if not all, American republics for some purposes, if not for such political union as binds the States of the Greater Republic.

Among the causes which seem to make the term 'American doctrine' a name more suitable than 'Monroe doctrine' for that unwritten and not exactly defined law, seems to be an inherent distrust and dislike of European methods of governing conquered peoples. Such feelings were born of and are nursed by traditions of sufferings inflicted on the forebears of millions who now people Spanish America. Many a family there has its tale of long years of toil as slaves on plantation and in mine or as beasts of burden; of imprisonment that was not less dreadful to a people who had always been free; of centuries through which all were ground into the earth by merciless demands of the tax-gatherer; of dogs trained to hunt down and mangle unarmed men, defenceless women, and helpless babes; of torture by rack and fire. Even people in whose veins runs the blood of old and noble Spanish families inspire their children to-day by stories of false accusations, betrayal by spies of the Inquisition and of the Crown of Spain, of secret trials and of condemnations and confiscations without pretence of trial, of violations of the most solemn pledges of amnesty and immunity, of the robbing of generations that favourites of a corrupt Court might riot in licentiousness, of loyal petitions scorned, and of the imprisoning of the best of America's patriots because they dared offer the pleas of their suffering people; and many an evening hour is passed in reciting to eager children the story of self-sacrifice, of endurance of all these wrongs, and of death met bravely that their country might be freed from the shadow of Spain's banner of blood and gold.

Many in these lands probably believe that any European Power to-day would rule them even as Spain ruled their forefathers. The fact that, of her fifty-three possessions, Great Britain credits herself

with having bought only one is cited often as proof that if she could have her way now England would seize all desirable territory in America. The president of a republic of Central America said to me, 'We are well aware that this country would have been stolen by England long ago had not the United States prevented;' and millions believe that others of the Latin American republics would have been absorbed but for that restraint.

Not a few of even the better informed to-day refuse to admit that reform has come in the centuries in European management of colonies or of primitive peoples. As evidence, they talk of coolie labour in the South African mines, of slavery in Australian sugar-fields, and of famines in India; of brutality of Germans towards natives of German Africa, and of wrongs inflicted on the natives of the Congo; and they ask, 'What better fate would befall our own people were they to come under European control?'

Only a few seem to reflect that wherever England governs there all may live in security, labour in peace, and enjoy in quiet the fruits of lawful toil. Few remember that under her rule law and freedom reign where slavery and barbarism were; that she has stopped armed raids for booty and for slaves, professional robbery and assassination, the slaughter of babes and the burning alive of women—evils that were everyday occurrences; that prosperity and comfort are now the rule where a few naked savages lived on the animals, reptiles, or insects luck or skill put into their power. To many these changes are as ancient history, forgotten in the rush of events of the generation which has passed since England ended these evils.

Multitudes of the people of the United States are children of those who gave up home and friends in Europe because they had become impatient of the conditions of life and of thought there; other millions are later comers, eager to get a share of the abundance and the freedom of the rich new field. Naturally, few of these have much reverence for anything belonging to the old order or for most ideals of the lands they left. Some at least detest many of those ideals. Practically, all are intent on making the best of their opportunities, and the far-seeing are apparently determined to keep this field free for coming generations. There may be little cause for wonder if these men are jealous of everything which might help to bring upon America conditions like those they detest. Is it strange if such feelings have strongly moved journalists, politicians, statesmen, to incite earnest and steadfast support for the American doctrine?

These are some of the more widespread and commonly understood of the causes that give support to that principle. Among less generally comprehended causes is the fact that Americans are coming to think that the United States will have the goodwill of Europe and will enjoy immunity from attack by European rivals so long as she shall continue to give to Europe her daily bread, and no longer.

Goodwill, peace, and prosperity are greatly to be prized; therefore it would seem not unnatural if all Americans should object to any measure, to any and all movements, that might endanger such desirable conditions. It is well known by some at least that in the vast and prolific South America a colony fostered by a nation unfriendly to republican ideals might be quickly built up to a weight and power that would menace its neigh-

bours, and, by absorbing such neighbours one by one, overshadow all other Powers on the continent, or at least become a most dangerous rival of the greatest, and as a sharp thorn to the sides of all. Would it be unnatural if all Americans, Latin, Saxon, or other, should think that self-protection demands that they should stand together in support of a principle which is designed to avert such dangers?

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER X.



OW much truth there was in my companion's frank self-depreciation it was impossible to say. His manner, as always, was sarcastic and insincere, and a half-smile flitted perpetually around his mobile lips.

But a physically brave man does not call himself a coward, and I felt that the General's admission was probably true enough up to a point.

'Let us go back,' he said. 'Our absence will be noticed. Tell me, have you ever seen a finer widow than Mrs van Troeber?'

'A widow?'

'Yes; for the moment. Is she not magnificent?'

I hastened to give my assent. General Meyer's eyes were half-shut in contemplative rhapsody, and the effect was distinctly ridiculous. He had evidently been a very handsome man in his youth, and would certainly be a very ugly one in his old age. At the present moment he was on the border-line, a man such as middle-aged women admire and young ones laugh at, his own opinion undoubtedly coinciding with that of the former.

We strolled back to the ballroom, where a big square-dance was in progress.

'The cotillion!' whispered my companion. 'Is not Mrs van Troeber divine?'

'A graceful dancer,' I admitted; 'and the dance itself is very pretty.'

Suddenly the figure came to an end, and the dancers broke up into small, isolated groups. Then, before I was aware of what was happening, a young lady rushed towards me and thrust something into my hand.

'I beg to offer you a present,' said the Prinzessin Mathilde—for it was she.

Considerably mystified, I looked at the object she had forced upon me. It was a knife in an embossed leather sheath, its handle prettily enamelled in different colours after the fashion of the country's handiwork.

'I am much obliged,' I said, quite at a loss to account for the unexpected generosity.

'Now you must dance the next figure with me,' she said. 'It is hard on you, I know; but you must conform to the laws of the cotillion.'

'I begin to comprehend,' I said; 'the ladies have presents given to them, which they bestow on the men they want to dance with.'

'Exactly. Most of the girls are afraid to offer their presents to young men—see, there is Miss Anchester giving a meerschaum pipe to Mr Schneider—but personally I don't like dancing with old fogies.'

'I feel intensely flattered at not being included among the old fogies,' I said.

The Princess laughed gaily.

She was a beautiful little dancer, and, apart from the compliment of the thing, I was glad she had chosen me as a partner. At the end of the cotillion she made a frank demand for refreshment, and I led her to the region of lemonade and strawberry-ices.

'You know I am terribly offended with you?' she said, as I handed her some frozen abomination.

'I guessed so much from your manner,' I replied sarcastically.

'I refer, of course,' she went on, 'to your unmanly refusal to bob-sleigh this afternoon.'

I wondered whether, after all, her request might not have been made without the *arrière pensée* of decoying me from the path of duty.

'I fancy your brother would not have been able to help us,' I said dryly. 'I came across him farther along the road. He was on duty.'

'I know,' she said, laughing; 'he was trying to stop you getting to Heldersburg. So was I. How you outwitted him we can't guess. Both Max and father are in a fearful temper to-night.'

'And you are the only amiable member of the family?'

'I and my little brother Stephen, who is in bed and asleep by now.'

'I have not the honour of his acquaintance.'

'I must introduce you. He is a splendid little fellow, just eight years old, and a great friend of the King's children.'

'It seems a pity,' I said, 'that the friendship does not extend to the elder members of the respective families.'

The Princess's expression became serious.

'Oh, I like the Queen well enough,' she said.

'But you do not like the King—well enough?'

'Yes I do,' she said, after a moment's thought. 'Considering all things, I like him far too much.'

'Your remark calls for an explanation.'

'I mean,' she said, 'that he is genial, amusing, fond of his children, and very kind in his manners.'

'Is that a reason for tempering your affection?' I inquired.

'You do not understand. The King is a bad man, and, like many bad men, has certain very attractive qualities. It is very hard to help liking him.'

'Personally,' I said, 'I do not try. But, then, I am unaware of his particular wickedness.'

'He is very irreligious, to begin with,' said the Princess, 'and has quarrelled bitterly with the Archbishop of Weidenbruck. Then he treats the poor Queen abominably—his behaviour towards her is notorious. Again, he neglects his duties as King most disgracefully. He takes little or no interest in the army, and it is said, though I can hardly believe it, that he is in the pay of Austria.'

'Who told you all this?' I said.

'My father,' she answered simply.

'Then it is no use my trying to combat your belief.'

'My father is a truthful man.'

'Whereas I am—doubtful?'

'No, I don't mean that,' she laughed; 'but you don't know the King. How can you, when you have seen practically nothing of him? I don't blame you for taking his part. You are here as his friend, his guest. I respected you immensely for refusing

my invitation to bob-sleigh this afternoon, and still more for evading the Guards and getting your message through to Heldersburg. However did you do it?'

'If I tell you, it must be in confidence.'

'Naturally.'

I briefly related my method of passing through the guarded *Wald-promenade*, adding:

'I don't much mind if you do tell your people how I managed it, provided *Lame Peter* does not get into trouble. You see, the poor old fellow didn't realise he was playing an important part in a dynastic intrigue.'

The Princess laughed very heartily at my recital.

'How delicious!' she commented. 'Do let me tell Max. But won't you come bob-sleighb to-morrow afternoon with us? Come up to the *Marieucastel* at three o'clock, and I will introduce you to Stephen, who is devoted to the sport.'

'I will come with pleasure,' I replied, 'if you promise that it is not part of a scheme to lure the King's messenger to destruction.'

'I give you my word of honour,' she laughed. 'But, mind you, I don't guarantee a similar guilelessness to all my invitations. We are at war, you and I; and unless I specially stipulate a truce you must take it that hostilities are—on the tapis. Now, finish your lemonade and take me back to the ballroom.'

'You quite make me suspect the lemonade,' I said, gulping down my refreshment and offering her my arm.

EXPENSIVE ECONOMIES.

THE is far more precious nowadays than it was in the leisurely days of our grandfathers. Labour, too, grows more costly year by year. Proofs of how keenly these facts are appreciated can be seen on every side, but more particularly in the enormous sums which the great corporate bodies who control locomotion and production are willing to lay out with the object of future economies of these two commodities. So immense are these sums that the ordinary observer positively gasps at their magnitude, and vaguely wonders 'how it can pay.' Yet the practical business men who are at the head of these great companies would certainly not incur such expenditure if the prospects did not justify them. Evidently they have a healthy faith in the future; and those pessimists who croak over evils to come, especially those who prophesy the speedy decay of the British Empire, should observe what is going on around them, and take courage from what is before their eyes.

With railway companies the all-important problem is to shorten their train mileage. A striking example of the enormous sacrifices which a company

is willing to make for the purpose of reducing the length of a journey is afforded by the new route to Ireland upon which the Great Western has been engaged for more than eight years past. Hitherto travellers by the Great Western Railway to Ireland have travelled *via* New Milford and Waterford. The sea-journey in this case is ninety-eight nautical miles, and takes six hours to cover. No less than sixty years ago the company, realising the fact that the distance between Fishguard Bay and Rosslare was considerably less than that between the Irish coast and New Milford, obtained parliamentary powers to construct a line to Fishguard; but upon examination the scheme was found to be beyond the resources of the engineers of the time. It was not until 1895 that the company, having acquired the undertakings of the Waterford and Wexford Railway Company and of the Rosslare Harbour Commissioners, obtained the further power to run steamers between Fishguard and Rosslare, and began work in earnest.

It is no light undertaking, even for a wealthy corporation like a railway company, to construct two new harbours; and the Fishguard or Goodwick Harbour presents difficulties beyond the ordinary.

Where the present harbour-works are situated mountainous cliffs of the hardest vitreous rock dropped sheer into deep water, not even a footpath running between cliff and sea. Blasting had to be resorted to on the largest scale, and every day an average of fifteen hundred tons of rock are torn from the cliff-side and either used for the great breakwater, which will be two thousand feet long, or are crushed for screenings and ballast. Nearly five hundred men are constantly at work, and by the time that the harbour and breakwater are completed more than two million tons of the mountain-side will have disappeared. The magnitude of the undertaking may perhaps be better comprehended when it is stated that up to date the company has expended some three hundred and eighty thousand pounds on Goodwick Harbour alone. This sum does not include the money spent on building the new railway from Leath to Llangennech, on Rosslare Harbour, upon shortening the Great Western main line between Wootton Bassett and Patchway, upon the great improvements in the Irish service, or upon the magnificent twenty-two-knot turbine steamers which are being built for the new service.

When all is complete, which will be within another few months, the Great Western will be able to start passengers from Paddington at eight in the morning and land them at Rosslare at half-past five in the afternoon. The sea-journey will be only three hours, for the distance from Fishguard to Rosslare is but fifty-four knots as against the ninety-eight-knot crossing between New Milford and Waterford. Not only that, but the new Great Western Railway route will be considerably the shortest and most direct in existence between London and Cork, for from Rosslare to Cork the railway journey will occupy only four hours.

Another railway company which considers no sacrifice too great in pursuit of future economy is the North-Eastern. The North-Eastern justly boasts of the heaviest goods traffic of any line of its mileage. Now, goods traffic is the most difficult form of business that a railway company has to deal with. This is easily understandable, for goods traffic is not a constant quantity, yet the company cannot, of course, wait until they can fill a train before starting it; they must keep up a regular service. The consequence is that trains of forty to sixty half-filled trucks are running between the principal centres three or four times a day, and the resultant waste in coal, labour, and wear and tear is very considerable.

The North-Eastern determined that this sort of thing must be put a stop to, and their plan for so doing is a most interesting, ingenious, and—incidentally—an immensely costly one. It is no less than the construction of an immense sorting-station for the whole of their goods traffic. The place selected for this station is Northallerton, which is almost in the centre of the company's system, and lies just half-way between London and Edinburgh. Here the company have purchased a vast area of

land, a triangle three miles long and two and a half miles across its base, and have begun operations by building five hundred cottages for their workmen. To this collecting-ground will be brought trains from all the large centres, such as Newcastle, the two Hartlepoons, Darlington, and Middlesbrough in the north, and Leeds, Hull, and Normanton in the south; and here the trucks will be sorted and marshalled into proper order, and the newly-made-up trains despatched to their proper destinations.

The principle upon which this sorting is to be managed is beautiful in its simplicity. It is what is known as the 'gravitation' method, and entirely dispenses with the use of shunting-engines. As each train arrives it will be hauled by a steel rope worked by an electrically driven capstan up to the top of a long incline, technically known as a 'turtle-back.' When it has reached the top there lies before it a great number of sidings spreading out in an immense fan from a common centre. The train is then broken up, and as the trucks run by force of gravity down the far side of the 'turtle-back,' the men in charge of the points switch them one by one into whichever siding corresponds with that truck's ultimate destination. Thus, trucks from half-a-dozen different trains, but all bound for the same destination, will be made up into one train. Then an army of men will tranship the goods from half-filled trucks into large, well-packed ones, and off goes the new train straight to its proper destination. The immense economy thus effected will be apparent to every one. Lord Ridley, the chairman of the company, states that it will reduce train-mileage by two-thirds, save the upkeep of some hundreds of engines, and materially lessen the wear and tear of the permanent way. The cost of the new scheme is estimated at no less than half a million; but the money will be well spent if the result is, as expected, an eventual saving to the company of eighty thousand pounds a year.

The railway coal-bill of this country is about five millions a year. The employment of electric power on all our railways would halve this gigantic sum. Our companies know this; but as most of them are already staggering under excessive capital charges, they cannot afford to 'scrap' their present plant and go in for even partial electrification. In this respect American railways are ahead of our own. One of the wealthiest railway companies in the world is the New York Central; and this company, fully appreciating the immense economy of electric power, has recently adopted the most gigantic and costly electrification scheme on record. It has already carried its electric zone fifty to sixty miles out on almost every side of New York. Trains approaching the city are now picked up at that radius by electric locomotives of three thousand horse-power, capable of a speed of eighty miles an hour. The company also works all its suburban traffic by electricity, on the system that each suburban car has its own motive-power. This obviates the necessity of using a full-sized locomotive and a full train crew

to handle a small train with perhaps only a few dozen passengers. The cost of this transformation has been appalling in its magnitude. It approaches twenty million pounds. Such an expenditure speaks volumes for the company's faith in electricity as the motive-power of the future.

Before abandoning the subject of railway economics some mention must be made of the tremendous feat recently achieved by the Southern Pacific Railway. When the old Central Pacific Railway, now absorbed by the Southern Pacific, was first built, the engineers found that the Great Salt Lake of Utah lay directly in the way of the new railway. It is hardly probable that the idea of bridging this inland sea ever occurred to them. They carried the line round the northern shore. This added forty-three miles to the distance, and necessitated some tremendously heavy gradients. When the Southern Pacific bought the line they saw at once that the expense of taking trains over all these extra miles and of keeping the permanent way in repair was excessive, and they resolved to bridge the lake from Ogden to Lucin. The lake at this point is divided into two arms, one of which is nearly twenty-five miles broad. We have here no space to give even the barest details of this colossal undertaking. The Great Salt Lake is practically an inland ocean, subject to terrific storms. During the progress of the work, over which three thousand men toiled for more than three years, more than twenty thousand pounds' worth of material and machinery was lost by storm alone.

A pit was found in the bottom of the lake which swallowed two thousand five hundred tons of material a day for thirty days, and it took in all six months before the pit could be filled sufficiently to bear the foundations. The total length of bridge is thirty-four miles, and there are nearly ten miles of embankment besides. The cost was over two millions. The achievement is completely successful, and the resultant saving pays interest on the capital sunk at the rate of about 6 per cent.

The rapid increase in size of ocean steamers both for freight and passenger traffic is directly due to motives of economy; and monsters like the *Amerika*, the *Oceanic*, and *Celtic*, though each cost a huge fortune to build, rapidly repay the money laid out upon them. A twenty-thousand-ton ship pays better than two separate ten thousand tonners, because she needs less than two-thirds the crew and staff necessary to man the two smaller boats. She also shows an economy in coal consumption; while the saving in dock, pilot, and other similar dues is very considerable.

Among the most interesting object-lessons in marine economy are the new gigantic five, six, and even seven mast schooners which are once more bringing sails—not long ago considered practically extinct—back to the ocean. When the project of building these gigantic schooners—of which the American *Lawson* is perhaps the finest example—was first mooted there was a general sneer. Such a ship, it

was said, would be hugely costly to construct, would be unmanageable from sheer size, and could not possibly compete with steam. But Captain John Crowley, builder and owner of the *Lawson*, has shown how completely false were all these predictions. This seven-ton steel-built seven-master is provided with small steam-engines for hoisting and lowering sail, and with steam steering-gear. Although she can carry eight thousand tons dead-weight, she needs a crew of only sixteen men, including her master, engineers, and cook. With a good breeze she can do fifteen knots as against the average tramp steamer's eight. She has no coal-bill, and her builder's faith in her as an economical money-earning investment has been absolutely justified.

Mining companies are often called upon to lay out immense sums with a view to future economies. Perhaps the most astonishing instance of this kind is the gigantic engineering operation now being carried out at Cripple Creek, Colorado. Partly with a view to draining the great mines without the expense of pumping, but chiefly in order to get the ore out cheaply, a tunnel no less than fourteen miles long is being bored through solid rock. When this is completed, the ore will be run in trucks down a gentle slope on to the plain below, and thus will be saved the present excessive expense of transporting it over a lofty range of mountains. The cost of this undertaking will exceed a million and a half, which argues great faith on the part of the directors of the company in the resources of their mines.

Here in England we have a similar example of a very heavy expenditure being incurred by a mining company with a view to future profit and economy. This is no less than an alteration of the Cumberland coastline with the object of extracting iron ore lying beneath the sea-bed. In 1899 the Hodbarrow Iron Mining Company discovered that they had worked out all the veins on the land side; but when they began to cut rich ore under the sea a bed of quicksand was tapped and the works were flooded. Nothing dismayed, the company erected a mighty concrete barrier in the form of a bow seven thousand feet long, which has turned one hundred and seventy acres of sea into dry land. The difficulties incurred in building the wall, which is some two hundred feet thick at the base and eighty feet at the top, were enormous. In one place an acre of soft clay was found, into which steel piles had to be driven a distance of forty feet in order to secure a foundation. The work cost fifty thousand pounds, but the result is that the bold miners will be able to drive their workings six hundred feet seaward without danger, and to tap a mass of ore estimated at five million tons.

Scores of similar instances might be cited. In South Staffordshire it is proposed to spend no less than eighty thousand pounds in pumping dry the water-logged collieries in which experts declare lie forty million tons of coal. At the Dawdon Colliery, near Seaham Harbour, an immense sum will be expended to clear the mines of water. Here a

German firm is at work using a secret freezing process which makes the wet soil as hard as rock and keeps it so while the shaft can be tubed.

The American Standard Oil Company is spending sixty million dollars (twelve million pounds) in pipe-lines for the purpose of bringing their oil cheaply down from the oilfields to the coast, and so dispensing with railway transportation; while in South Russia an oil pipe-line four hundred and eighteen miles long, with a capacity of forty-eight thousand gallons an hour, has been constructed running from the Caspian oilfields down to a Black

Sea port. The eight-inch steel pipe used cost eight shillings a yard.

To give one last instance, the Edinburgh Corporation not long since spent nearly six hundred thousand pounds on the finest and largest gasworks in the world, which can carbonise a thousand tons of coal a day. The sum seems prodigious; but when one hears that the yearly saving over the old works amounts to fifty thousand pounds, and that therefore the new gasworks will pay for themselves within twelve years, no one can assert that the city fathers were not justified in their undertaking.

A L A B O U R M E M B E R.

CHAPTER V.



HE weeks that followed were amongst the most vivid and interesting of Lanyon's life. He had never been the man to find the whole satisfaction of his being in the well-ordered existence of a luxurious class. He had always had curiosities and discontents, phases and moods of mind which chafed at the bit in the smooth round of the days which surround well-bred, well-to-do men. He had wanted always to *know*, to get outside himself and into the lives of the alien crowd. Now, Falconer and his daughter had suddenly thrown open that locked door whose blank outside had both mocked and fascinated him. For the first time he felt as if he knew what real men and women were—not the mere polished shell, which is all most people show, covering it may be pearls, it may be mere corruption.

John and Margaret Falconer were passionately real: the man frank to a fault; the woman with more reserve, but at moments transparent—moments when the depths were touched. Their very deficiencies, limitations, were fascinating to the man who craved for a new interest in his life. His ordinary friends and associates lost sight of him; the club, the country-house, missed him. 'What on earth is Lanyon up to?' men asked each other. 'Has he gone out of his mind?' And the only answer was the shrugged shoulder, the indifferent, 'The Lord knows. He's taken some crank into his head.' The man who had industriously gleaned a little more information was eager to give it at last. 'D'you know, they say Lanyon's turned Rad.' 'Impossible! Why, he stood for — only the other day.' 'Well, he's going in for slumming, and has taken up with that fellow Falconer the demagogue, retired blacksmith or something.' 'Nonsense.' 'Quite true. He's turned philanthropist.' 'How absurd! Is there a woman in it?' 'Don't know. I believe there is a daughter—Salvation lassie or something.' The light, empty laugh followed, and the subject was dismissed.

Lanyon at that time would have laughed himself at such a suggestion. These people interested him;

the study of the fierce, throbbing, tragic, sordid life beneath the surface of society's sunlit sea was engrossing and stimulating to a somewhat jaded intellect. He grew to have a real, strong friendship for the rough-hewn, large-hearted, sincere nature of John Falconer, so piquantly unlike any one he had ever known. But Margaret—well, they were friends; but they often quarrelled, more often disagreed than not. The qualities he found endearing in the father he was inclined to blame in the daughter. That over-sincerity, that harsh statement of fact, was not womanly; she had no feminine allurements or charm. Besides, unlike her father, her frankness soon stopped. Behind it, wherever her past life, her own real inner self, were concerned, was a dead wall of partition he might not pass. He wanted to make her think more of her appearance; her neglect of what might have proved beauty irritated him. Beyond scrupulous neatness and cleanliness, she cared nothing for her looks. She would bundle up her splendid hair, the colour of a young horse-chestnut, into a tight knot under that vile headgear the Salvation bonnet; would wear an ill-fitting, dowdily coloured garment it was flattery to call a dress. He could not persuade her to admit that it mattered how she looked. One day, as they passed down the Strand on one of their expeditions in search of experience, they stopped by the theatre portico on a fashionable night. Broughams and hansoms were discharging their gay crowd. Lanyon looked on with a smile at this sudden glimpse back into his own familiar world—the world he had voluntarily deserted for a time. He knew one or two of the white-fronted men, the cloaked women with fair, shining heads, curled and coiffed with dainty care; the light, fine voices and gay laughs were familiar to his ear. Margaret looked on too, not uninterested but unsmiling, the depths of her brown eyes sombre and sad.

When they went on Lanyon said, 'Margaret, I should like to see you for once in grand evening-dress.'

She turned her face to him suddenly, and a bright, shamed colour flashed all over it.

'Me! Like them! Never! Why should you like it? What have I to do with *those*?'

'Why not?' he said coolly. 'I should like you, for once, to look as beautiful as you could look.'

She drew her breath quickly. 'Me beautiful! You're joking. I—I don't call it kind.'

And even as she spoke, with that flush on her face, that wild light, half-fierce, half-longing, in her eyes, he suddenly, for the first time, realised that she *was* beautiful, and that the cool friendship that existed between them was suddenly warmed into another feeling!

Her hand hung at her side. He took it firmly.

'Not kind? And why should it be not kind of me to call you beautiful?'

'Because—because'—she was struggling not to sob—because you can't mean it; and if you did—if you did—

'If I did? What then? For I *do* mean it, Margaret.'

'What has beauty to do with me?' she said in a strangled, passionate whisper. 'It is only a curse to women of the people. Those others—the women of your world—it's their privilege, their pleasure—pleasure's not for *me*.'

'But it might be. Better than pleasure—happiness might be for you.'

She shook her head vehemently. 'Never! never! never!' she murmured.

'Don't say it! don't say it! Let me show you you're wrong. Let me try and make you happy, dear; you—you've changed my whole view of life—made it bigger, broader, full of interest. Together we might do a great deal. We might be happy—make other people happy. It's not too late for either of us. We have both lived. Let's make a new life together.'

The words seemed hurried out of him. A week ago, if any one had told Ivor Lanyon that he should be proposing to spend the rest of his life with this strange woman he would have laughed, but he was in dead earnest now.

She did not say a word. Her breath seemed suspended as her eyes devoured him; her hand, no longer passive, gripped his. The tears were frozen in her eyes, and the vivid colour faded, leaving her dead-white. In a moment both of them were lifted above their surroundings into a mystic world of passion and regret.

'My God!' she said, 'and this has come to *me*.' They went on a few paces, utterly unconscious of the moving crowd of the street. Then it was the woman spoke again.

'I must go home now. I can't master myself; I can't think. Don't stay with me; don't say another word. I'm dashed—blinded. See here; to-morrow evening, when father's at the House, you'll come to our place. We can talk there; not now—not now.'

'As you wish. You'll think of what I've said—you'll think whether it can be? I'll come, dear, to-morrow. Till then, good-night, dear—dearest—good-night.'

She took his hand between both hers, and as she pressed it hard he looked at her dazzled, bewildered eyes and trembling mouth, and realised that whatever happened she loved him. Yes, loved him so fiercely that it frightened him, for with shame he told himself that he had no capacity for so strong a passion. The thousand frivolities of his life, its luxuries, its pleasures, had destroyed the power of feeling anything intensely. This curious phase of his life, which his associates called slumming, this new interest in the tragedies of the poor, would pass—was not burnt into the very substance of his being; the scar it left would be slight. And what would happen if Margaret would marry him? Was it not certain that she would? She loved him. She was not the woman to take any man without love, even if he could give her all her life needed. Did he at the bottom of his heart *wish* to marry Margaret Falconer? He had always meant to marry again some day, and his wife, he had resolved, should be no empty-hearted society girl, no bridge-playing, cigarette-smoking, pretty, slight thing, with a tongue that revered nothing, and a greed for pleasure that stopped for no duty; but a clever, unspoilt girl who should care for him and for his children, and make life sweet about him. But to have a wife like this Margaret—the woman who could absorb and fascinate but not charm, uncompromising, deeply tender to suffering but harsh to light sins, demanding so much from others, giving so much of herself—life with her would be a strenuous, a tragic thing. What had conjured the words out of his lips that he could not recall? What magic had been in the sudden, strong passion he had surprised in her face? He could not get rid of the thought of her, yet he tossed in doubt and uncertainty, and had no conviction of sure happiness whatever followed.

The next night he found Margaret alone in the shabby room, littered with books and papers, which was all she had to call *home*. She had used her waiting-time in forcing herself into a curious kind of self-possession. She was no longer flushed, trembling, and agitated, but quiet, pale, subdued; only there was a depth of tragic feeling in her eyes that lit them with an inner flame. He noticed that, with a pathetic touch of feminine weakness, she had taken pains to make herself look well in his eyes. Her plain black dress, it is true, boasted nothing of ornament but a bunch of violets; but her beautiful hair, well brushed and burnished, was carefully rolled into a coronet which gave her finely shaped head an extra distinction.

She let him take both her hands; but when he would have drawn her by them close to him she disengaged them and sat on the opposite side of the fireplace. Only a bare word of greeting had passed when she threw herself into rapid, nervous speech. It was evident she dared not trust delay.

'I have been awake all night thinking. It is very likely I was mistaken and you really did not mean what you seemed to say. It was my blunder,

or else I hardly knew what you meant. Every hour that passed I saw more and more plainly that if you *had* meant it'—

'I did,' he broke in with; 'I meant every word.'

'Oh, please stop!' she cried, lifting up her hand; 'don't repeat it. If you were in earnest it would only be worse. For, of course, it can never, never be.'

'What can never be?' he said doggedly. 'What is there to prevent it? Unless you can say you cannot care for me'—

'You know,' she said sadly, 'that is what I cannot say. I care for you—yes. I'm not going to deny it. I care for you, Mr Lanyon. The idea's preposterous. You've come down into my world—father's and my world—just for a freak. You don't belong to us; I could never belong to yours.'

'That's nonsense,' he cried. 'We must belong to the same world if we love each other.'

Again the same sad shake of the head.

'That's not enough. I love you, it's true. That wouldn't make you happy. I'm not the woman for love and happiness—all that's gone by for me. My life's mapped out for me now. I've got father, and I've got my work. There's nothing else for me.'

'Why—why, Margaret—why?'

'Listen,' she said, dropping her head on her breast. 'It'll shame me, but I've got to tell you just the naked truth. You've got to look into my past to see what I'm meaning when I say there can never, never be anything more between you and me. When my mother died I was a good girl—a child almost. She'd kept me strict. I didn't know the bad of life, like most of my age and class. She was a pure woman. My father was a good man too then; our home was poor, but it was clean and safe. With mother all the good seemed to die out of it. Father was broken-hearted; he didn't care for anything, and to deaden the pain he drank. You know all that—he makes no secret of it. A man can go down to the depths and come up—a woman can't. You don't know about me.' Her voice had got strained, hoarse, agonised; he saw the dull red rise to her forehead as she stooped lower and lower; he saw her hands grip each other.

'Margaret, don't!' he implored. 'My poor Margaret! it hurts you so.'

'Hush!' she said harshly; 'I *must*. I was left to myself. Nobody troubled about me. I worked at a factory, and went home to a lone house. I was only seventeen. I fell in love. I thought I should be married. You see—you know how it was'—

'I see,' he said, trying to spare her. 'It was the

man's doing—it's always the man's doing. You were deceived.'

Her absolute honesty would not take the soothing balm he offered. She struggled on. 'No. I didn't care. I just gave myself up to it. I loved him, and I went down, down, down. He left me. I tried to kill myself, but my father saved me. Finding me like that—just broken—pulled him together. He was good to me—oh, he was good! He made a home for me again; he stopped drinking; he worked hard; he never said a word of reproach. Folks said it might all be as if it hadn't been. I might hold up my head. But nothing could ever be the same. I seemed to belong only to my father in all the world. We'd both been down together into Hell. We'd got to see what we could do for folks who were there still. We took our work—you know what it is. You're just crossed our path, and now you'll go your ways and we'll go ours.'

She suddenly raised her head. The shame was gone; a beautiful self-abnegation and purified love lighted it. 'We'll be friends still, please God,' she said. 'I don't feel as if I'd bear to let *that* go all at once; but you'll go back into your life, and you'll find some one there that can love you without shame, and make you happy as you ought to be happy, for you're a good man. I'm glad I've had the strength given me to tell you the truth. It was bitter as death; but somehow there's nought so healing as truth, and there shan't be any lies between your soul and mine. I'm bold enough to confess that I love you. Yes, I love you dearly, and I shall go on loving you; but it won't hurt—it'll help me. It isn't the sort of love that hurts. That's burnt away out of me. I will step out of your way because I know—I *know*—it wouldn't be right for you and me to join. I'll keep your friendship in my heart. I hope you'll go on liking my father—ay, and me too. Your friendship's meant a deal to us. No one'll be gladder of your happiness than we shall.'

She had stirred him to the depths. He poured out passionately earnest words, pleading to her that she little knew what pasts men had; that he had never had any excuse for his sins; that they might make a good thing of life together.

She put his pleading aside with her sad, tender smile. She was fixed as the northern star to her resolve. They must never dream of any nearer tie than friendship. It was impossible for their two alien lives to join.

At last he gave up and urged her no more. They clasped each other's hands, and she looked in his eyes again with a pure, fearless gaze. He knew that she loved him, perhaps better than any other woman would ever love him; but he knew that he would never call her wife, and his reason assented, while desire rebelled.

'You've made me find my soul, Margaret,' he said.

She smiled. 'Don't lose sight of it, then, again,

dear. Go back to your world, but come at times and have a look through our windows. Don't let father and me lose our friend Lanyon !'

'Never—never.'

'That's right. I believe you. So good-bye, and God bless you !'

Then Lanyon raised her work-hardened hand to his lips, and a radiance that was hardly of this earth lighted up the woman's face. The man she loved and sent away had done her reverence, and her heart rejoiced within her.

THE END.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WILKIE COLLINS.

By WYBERT REEVE.



R WILKIE COLLINS attended the second rehearsal of the play of *The Woman in White* at the Olympic Theatre, produced on the 9th of October 1871. A short, moderately thick-set man, with a beard, moustache, and whiskers slightly tinged with white; a bent figure, caused a great deal by his suffering from gout and neuralgia; a full, massive, very clever head and forehead; and bright, intellectual eyes, looking out of strong glasses mounted in gold.

The rehearsals of the play were tiresome and very annoying—from ten o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon, sometimes from six or seven o'clock in the evening to one and two o'clock in the morning. Endless arguments arose about crossing the stage, the position of the several characters, of a chair, a sofa, or a table, chiefly attributed to the indecision of Mr George Vining, who was playing 'Fosco' and arranging the production of the play. Wilkie Collins attended often, and looked through it all 'perplexed in the extreme;' but he was gentlemanly, patient, and good-tempered, always ready with a smile if a chance offered itself, or a peaceful word kindly suggesting when a point was to be gained. I marvelled at him, for authors as a rule are naturally the reverse of patient when attending the rehearsals of a piece they have written. They form their own conception of characters they have created, and object to have their ideas differently interpreted by an actor or actress.

The drama was a decided success. On its production the newspapers pronounced it the best drama and the most interesting written of late years, and likely to be the forerunner of a new and better school. It continued to be played until the 24th of February 1872. I then started with a company to produce it in the provinces, and continued doing so for some years, under the most liberal and friendly terms with the author.

When in London we invariably arranged to dine together at his house in Gloucester Place, and during these pleasant evenings we chatted over many men and things.

Of Charles Dickens he spoke in terms of the strongest affection; they had been friends for years. He described to me the meetings when the idea of Dickens reading his own works was first proposed. Collins was greatly in favour of his doing so.

Other friends thought it *infra dig.*, and strongly objected. As all the world knows, the good advice at length prevailed, and thousands of people rejoiced in listening to his marvellous power of individualising his own characters at the reading-desk. That the continued exertion shortened his life Wilkie Collins felt certain. Before any new reading he invited a few friends to dinner, and in the evening rehearsed it for their opinion and advice; and Collins told me he could never forget the Nancy and Bill Sikes scenes. The effect upon Dickens was remarkable and painful in the extreme, both at the first and ever afterwards; every nerve in his sensitive temperament was wound up to such a pitch of excited energy. At the first rehearsal he fainted, and always afterwards when he read these scenes in public he suffered from exhaustion. Friends strongly advised him not to continue; but, seeing the effect they had upon the public, he persevered. 'This reading,' said Collins, 'I am quite sure, did more to kill him than all his other work put together.'

To John Forster's *Life of Dickens* he took great exception. He and other friends of the dead author were most desirous of suppressing many things Forster had written in the book which might have been omitted with no loss to the public. As Collins said, we all have our weaknesses; and however great a man may be, he is not exempt from them. Why parade them? Why tell of family matters with which the public had really nothing to do? Forster was not to be advised or controlled. His own identity with all Dickens's works and actions is so persistently put before the reader that John Forster is as prominent as Charles Dickens throughout. More particularly did Collins condemn Mr Forster's references to the trouble between Dickens and his wife; entering into so much detail was unwise, unnecessary, and a mistake. As usual in such misunderstandings, there were faults on both sides. That Mrs Dickens unfortunately was a very unsuitable lady to be the wife of a man of his nature was known to all his friends; and every one who knew the circumstances deeply regretted them.

During my friendship with Wilkie Collins I only met Charles Dickens twice. From his strongly marked, expressive face, so full of character, his eyes beaming with good-nature and kindness, and his persuasive voice and manner of speaking, so graphic in description, so direct and to the point

in the exposition of his thoughts and arguments, I could very well understand all the appreciation and love existing between the two friends.

There was another friend of both authors I knew: kind-hearted, eccentric Charles Reade. I remember going with Collins and a lady friend to call upon him. It was my first visit. As we entered the room I saw a big, burly, carelessly dressed man, with a fine head, good features, rather long, straggling, and uncut hair. He was cutting the pictures out of various periodicals and sticking them in a large book open before him. The study was exactly as described in *A Terrible Temptation*. As we entered he looked up with a genial smile, shook hands, then thrust both hands deep down in his pockets, and, walking to the fire, turned his back to it. His language was strong, but his heart was as tender as a child's, with almost a child's vanity.

'You will see,' said the lady to me, 'how I will please him.—Oh, Mr Reade, pardon me, do forgive me,' she said, laughing and fixing her eyes upon him. 'I like looking at you; there is something in your face so good and so manly.'

'My dear Mrs —,' replied Reade, 'you flatter me. Upon my life, I should be angry if I did not know you were a woman of judgment;' and the next minute he turned to the glass, brushing up his hair with his hands, evidently as pleased as possible.

His great ambition was to be a theatrical manager, and he was never happier than when rehearsing one of his pieces. He was a great stickler for reality. On producing a play at the Princess's, the first act of which was a farmyard scene, he insisted on having a real stone wall built, the stones all the same size. It was an immense amount of trouble, and did not look half so effective as a painted one. Amongst other things, he insisted on having a live pig on the stage. The property-master raised an objection, and Reade lost his temper, drove to the market, and bought one. He brought it back in triumph to the stage-door, when an officious super, seeing who it was, quickly opened the door of the cab, which Reade was unprepared for; out jumped the pig, and away it scampered down the street, Reade after it, calling out, 'Stop my pig!' to the amusement and surprise of all the young ruffianism of the neighbourhood. Collins delighted in telling this story and in imitating Reade and his pig-hunt.

To return to my recollections of Wilkie Collins, we were one day talking of the plots of celebrated novels, and the characteristics of some of the people as drawn by certain authors. He spoke of the singular faculty Dickens had of seizing hold at once of any peculiarity in persons he met—the way in which he made notes of it for after use; the same with scenery, places, and streets, names of people on shop-fronts or on tomb-stones—and how they often compared notes together when walking or travelling. Nothing escaped him. In speaking of his own works, he said nearly all his plots were founded on facts, on

some incidents he had heard of or read, or on his desire to expose or correct in the shape of a novel some abuse, as in *Man and Wife*, in which he protests against the abuse of over-training, the evil of athletics when carried beyond the dictates of common-sense. When speaking of the charge brought against him, that in some of his books, as in *The Woman in White*, he was too sensational and exceeded the bounds of all probability, he said, 'It has angered me, and shows how much some of the critics know about it. I wish, before people make such assertions, they would think what they are talking or writing about. I know of very few instances in which fiction exceeds the probability of reality. I'll tell you where I got many of my plots from. I was in Paris, wandering about the streets with Charles Dickens, amusing ourselves by looking into the shops. We came to an old-book stall—half-shop and half-store—and I found some dilapidated volumes of records of French crime, a sort of French *Newgate Calendar*. I said to Dickens, "Here is a prize!" So it turned out to be. In them I found some of my best plots. *The Woman in White* was one. The plot of that has been called outrageous: the substitution and burial of the mad girl for Lady Glyde, and the incarceration of Lady Glyde as the mad girl. It was true, and it was from the trial of the villain of the plot—Count Fosco of the novel—I got my story.'

In August 1882 he wrote a letter to me about a new story he was at work on, in which he says:

'I am getting on with it. I am striking a blow in this new story at the wretches who are called vivisectioners.'

On the production of *Man and Wife* as a play by the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales Theatre, dramatised by himself, he wrote me the following interesting account:

'It was certainly an extraordinary success. The pit got on its legs and cheered with all its might the moment I showed myself in front of the curtain. The acting was really superb—the Bancrofts, Miss Foote, Hare, Cogan, surpassed themselves; not a mistake made by anybody. The play was over at a quarter past eleven sharp. It remains to be seen whether I can fill the theatre with a new audience. Thus far, the results have been extraordinary.'

He quotes the receipts as over one hundred pounds a night, and in a letter on another occasion he writes: 'They actually accommodated over one hundred and thirty-one pounds in that little place. Does not that surprise you?' I was up in London during the run, and he arranged for a box, that we might go together. On arriving at his house to dinner, I found him in extremely low spirits. His brother was very ill, probably dying, and he was unable to go to the theatre, but a friend staying in the house accompanied me. I promised to return to supper, and tell him what I thought of the play and the performance. When I got back

his brother was dead, and he had just returned, terribly broken down. The death seemed to have made a strong impression on him, and led him to speak of a future state of existence, in which he had little belief. He was a Materialist, and urged that death meant a sleep of eternity; it was the natural end of all living things.

I received a letter on the production of his dramatized version of *The New Magdalen*, in which he says:

'The reception of my *New Magdalen* was prodigious. I was forced to appear half-way through the piece, as well as at the end. The acting took every one by surprise, and the second night's enthusiasm quite equalled the first.' 'We have really hit the mark,' later on he writes. 'Ferrari translates it for Italy, Regnier has two theatres ready for me in Paris, and Lambe of Vienna has accepted it for his theatre. Here the enthusiasm continues.'

On 10th March 1873 he says in a letter:

'I have had a great offer to go to America this autumn and "read." It would be very pleasant, and I should like it if we could go together. I am really thinking of the trip.'

The trip was decided on, and it was arranged that we should go together as he desired; but later on circumstances prevented my leaving England. Before starting, an event occurred at Scarborough perhaps worth notice as showing how small a world it is with some people. A friend of mine, a doctor, was one evening visiting a patient, a large cotton-spinner from one of the Lancashire towns, and asked me to go with him. Two Manchester merchants who had just returned from the Exhibition at Vienna, friends of the patient, were there. It was the first time the Manchester men had been on the Continent, and they were comparing the places they had seen to Manchester, deciding with full conviction that there was not a place to compare with it. Tall chimneys, manufactories, and huge warehouses formed in their eyes the acme of all that was necessary to beautify the world.

'So, Mr Reeve,' said the patient, 'the doctor tells me you are off to America?'

'Yes, in a few weeks' time,' I replied.

'Going by yourself?'

'No, with a friend.'

'Mr Reeve is going with Mr Wilkie Collins,' said the doctor.

'Oh, indeed,' replied the patient, and the name was passed round the three merchants.

'Collins,' said one, thinking, 'Wilkie Collins,' said the other, evidently trying to recall the name.

'Never heard of him,' said the patient.

'Nor I,' 'Nor I,' the others replied.

'Mr Reeve,' asked one of the gentlemen, 'Wilkie Collins—what Manchester house does he represent?'

I afterwards joined Collins at the Westminster Hotel in New York, and found him comfortably settled in the same sitting-room and bedroom that

his friend Charles Dickens had lived in. Every one knows the extent to which interviewing is carried on in America, and of course Collins was interviewed. It was the pest of his life for the first two or three weeks. One thing greatly amused us. Before leaving England he found himself in want of a rough travelling suit of clothes, and driving through the City, he turned into Moses' great emporium and bought a cheap shoddy suit. The *New York Herald*, in describing Collins, gave an elaborate account of his person. He was wearing at the time the slop suit, and the description wound up with the statement that Mr Collins was evidently a connoisseur in dress. He had on one of those stylish West End tailor's suits of a fashionable cut by which an Englishman of taste is known.

A circumstance occurred in New York which is a very good illustration of what American housekeepers had then to put up with. One Sunday we were invited out to dinner at a large house in Fifth Avenue. Arriving there, we were received by the host and hostess. They both seemed very uncomfortable, and I had noticed that a young lady opened the front door to us. At length the hostess asked us to excuse the want of servants and the dinner, which consisted of a piece of cold meat, some fruit, and cheese. She explained that the servants objected to guests in the house on Sunday, as they wished to have that day to themselves. They had been humbly asked by their mistress to permit it on this occasion, and they graciously acknowledged they might have done so if they had had a week's notice to make their arrangements; but as it was the thing was quite out of the question, and accordingly they had walked out of the house.

A dinner and reception was given at the Lotus Club, at which Mr Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador to London, presided; and in welcoming Wilkie Collins to America he spoke of him in the most gracious and flattering terms as a writer. It was a delightful evening, ending, indeed, when morning was breaking. As we walked back to the hotel, I remember discussing a singular story we had both been told. At a reception given by the club to Stanley on his return after the finding of Livingstone, he gave an account of his journey and the famous meeting; but hardly a member of the club believed him. The story was laughed at as Stanley's 'bunkum.'

An amusing circumstance occurred to Collins at an up-country town. He arrived in the afternoon to give a reading in the evening, and was washing himself, after a long railway journey, when a nigger servant in the hotel opened the door of his bedroom without knocking, and asked:

'Are you the Britisher as is come down 'ere to do a bit o' reading?'

'Yes, I suppose I am the man.'

'Well, 'ere's some o' the big bugs and bosses o' this 'ere town come jist to see you.'

Some of the chief men in the town had come to pay their respects and welcome him.

'That's awkward,' replied Collins; 'I am just dressing.'

'I guess they'll wait till you've scrubbed your skin and put on your pants. Jist say when you're ready.'

With that he coolly walked to the window, opened it—it was a very cold day—and, leaning out, commenced leisurely spitting into the yard below. He was chewing tobacco.

'My friend,' said Collins, 'when you have done spitting, would you mind closing that window?'

'Well, I don't see the harm it's a-doing you.'

'Perhaps not; but if you will shut it, and tell the gentlemen below I will be with them directly, it will do me more good.'

'You'd better tell 'em yerself, I guess. If you objects to my spitting 'out o' this window, I objects to yer trying to boss this establishment. So jist you tell 'em yerself;' and, putting his hands in his pockets, he leisurely lounged out of the room.

One afternoon, during our sojourn in New York, to our surprise the famous reader and preacher the Rev. J. C. M. Bellow arrived to say good-bye on his return to England; it was at the end of his second tour. We were shocked to see the man so changed. He was in very low spirits, his second tour not having proved a success. He looked ill and broken. It will be remembered he had left Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, in 1868, and joined the Roman Catholic Church, devoting himself to reading and lecturing, in which he had few rivals. He seemed to think he was returning home to die; and it was so. He lingered only a short time, and Collins was home and able to attend his funeral, with Edmund Yates, Mr Frith the artist, and other old friends. They had raised the money to pay the expenses of his last days and funeral.

Wilkie Collins's readings were not so successful as he anticipated. I was not surprised at this. I never had an opportunity of hearing him; but I am quite sure he lacked the necessary dramatic power to make them acceptable to general audiences. Charles Dickens was an actor, and a very good one.

The following printer's error amused us very much. The *Boston Advertiser*, in speaking of his readings, said his 'London pronunciation was apparent in the flattening of his vowels.' This was copied into a Western paper—I forgot the name of it; but it said: 'Our contemporary in Boston says Mr Collins is decidedly a Londoner, which is apparent in the flattening of his vowels.'

In America he willingly gave me permission to rewrite and alter some part of the drama of *The Woman in White*—alterations which certainly appeared to greatly increase its effect on the public and its strength as a drama.

He had dramatised *No Name*, and, wishing to provide me with another character than 'Fosco,' suggested 'Captain Wragge;' but he was most dissatisfied with his work, and asked me if I would write another play, and then we would compare

the two. I did so. The only fault he found was that I had in the last act kept too closely to his novel, which I had done purposely, so as not to hurt his pride in his work. To my surprise, he gave me *carte blanche* to do as I liked with the characters in the last act. The result so pleased him that he did not allow his own version to be played. I know no other author who would have been so unselfish.

His health was continually bad; his letters always refer to it. 'I am only just recovering from a severe attack of gout in the eyes.' 'I am away in France, so as to get the completest possible change of air and scene. God knows, I want it!' Another time he is in Venice, trying to shake off this continuous suffering; or, 'I am cruising in the Channel, and getting back my strength after a long attack.'

From my first knowledge of him in 1871 he had been in the habit of taking opium in considerable doses, and had frequent injections of morphia to relieve the neuralgic pains he suffered from, besides gout. His diet was singular. At dinner he would sometimes take bread soaked in meat gravy only. In the night he was fond of cold soup and champagne. For exercise he often walked up and down stairs so many times by the aid of the balusters. Frequent suffering made his habits a little eccentric, perhaps; and I am quite certain the frequent use of opium had its effect upon his writing in later years.

At Christmas 1883 I received a card from him in Australia: a picture of English oaks, on which was written:

'A little bit of English landscape, my dear Reeve, to remind you of the old country and the old friend.'

In 1886 he writes me:

'My new novel, now shortly to be published in book form, has appeared previously in various newspapers, and the speculator purchasing all serial rights in England and the colonies has given me the largest sum I have ever received for any of my books before.'

I cannot better close these random memories of one whose friendship I valued than by quoting the last words of this letter:

'As for my health, considering that I was sixty-two years old last birthday, that I have worked hard as a writer (perhaps few literary men harder), and that gout has tried to blind me first and kill me afterwards on more than one occasion, I must not complain. Neuralgia and nervous exhaustion generally have sent me to the sea to be patched up, and the sea is justifying my confidence in it. I must try, old friend, and live long enough to welcome you back when you return to be with us once more.—Always truly yours,

'WILKIE COLLINS.'

He died not very long after this letter, and when I returned to England I missed his friendly hand and welcome.

VANESSA STRIATA.

By HOWARD ASHTON.



SUPPOSE, as one grows older and comes more into contact with the facts of life, it is as well that those sudden enthusiasms which have spurred one on in hot youth to sentimental foolishness should drop away as useless encumbrances, in the same way as the pupa-case is left by the emerging cicada. One even—I speak for myself—becomes a little bored, a little nervous, in the presence of any unguarded emotion exhibited by others. The sight of a lover's caress shakes my nerves all to pieces, and I am inclined to agree with Schopenhauer that youth is too crude, too raw, to be really beautiful. I myself am always more at home with men like Fulham and Trevethick and Courtney than with even my own sons, of whom, by the bye, I am both fond and proud. But men that sit over a pipe and liquor in well-weighed judgment upon a question of really vital importance—the auditory organs of a cricket or the slave-making ant—these be the friends for me. The young men, bless your heart! talk of women, of horses, of cricket-matches; they can tell you the name of each man who has made a century for his county, but they do not know the difference between the *Diptera* and the *Hymenoptera*. It is really strange what a lot of useless knowledge they pick up; and, stranger still, that of all those they studied profoundly, I have found none to like so well as those six-foot youngsters who can bang a loose ball out of the ground or work from the leg upon a perfect wicket (whatever that may be). But—Trevethick and Courtney never become sentimental; wherefore have they the advantage in my heart.

My wife—for I will admit at one period of my life to as great folly as most of them—tells me that I, I who speak to you now, am sentimental. But, then, women never do understand men. And Lily, who has never seen me vivisection insects, declares that her dad is the most tender-hearted man upon earth. Lily was named after a large family of estimable plants by no will of mine. Even now my wife cannot see the absurdity of such a name for a healthy female specimen of our species—is man a distinct genus?—who can drive a golf-ball with the best of them. People say that she is like her mother. Perhaps: she shows signs of an equal tyranny at times over her poor old dad; and as to the young men, she has a whole herd of them so tame that they will eat out of her hand.

Now, I dare say you have noticed that a man looks upon his daughter's suitors as so many robbers. When one has been finally chosen, and consent given, he turns out a very nice young fellow; but before the fall of the fortress he is classed with the rest, an impudent impostor who would beguile, in a

nasty, underhand manner, a treasure which you suddenly discover in your house. It is surprising what a difference in one's valuation of any possession occurs when it dawns upon the owner that others covet what he holds carelessly as a matter of course.

So, on these general principles, I was fully prepared to snap out 'No' to any such offers. But—Lily is a sensible girl—these things never got so far as me, until the arrival of Mr Carter-Goring.

Apart from the attention he paid to my daughter, I disliked this young man intrinsically. It was a matter even beyond his hyphen, though that jarred upon me. He was clever, handsome, sincere. He did not talk cricket or other nonsense; neither did he drink or gamble. Yet he had a way of successfully dogmatising upon matters ethical; there was no compromise about him. He told old Trevethick that the Church was a dying institution, a relic of superstition; and Trevethick is the father of two ministers! And he tackled Sir Harry Percival upon the folly of killing one fox by such ponderous means as sixty dogs, illustrating with an image of one scout annihilated by a battery of artillery. He had no tact. Sir Harry has never forgiven him; for which, to do him justice, he cares not a jot.

One morning, as I was working upon the auditory organs of *Gryllus Campestris*, he came into my laboratory, his face big with things unuttered. He began by informing me that the vital things of human life were not to be found in dissections of 'miserable grasshoppers'; that was his exact phrase, a phrase one whole family away. I corrected his confusion of the *Achetidae* with the *Acerididae*, and explained to him that the dissection he had interrupted might shed some light upon the evolution of that ear which he happened to wear; and that, in fact, though man's greatest study is, no doubt, mankind, yet a deal might be learned about man himself by observing the other equally futile, and sometimes more beautiful, insects which crawl under high heaven. The argument then developed into a sort of mental scuffle as to Man's place in Nature. The boy got very indignant at my statement of the facts as they appealed to me. Man, he held, was more than a species of Primate; he had a soul, which the *quadrumanus* in general had not; his feelings were nobler, more elevated, than the orang's. More in the same strain, ending with a fierce attack on the teachings of Charles Darwin. Now, if there be one thing calculated to make me lose my temper, it is the amount of ignorant prejudice which this, the greatest of our countrymen, has had to endure from his compatriots; and I was about to reply with some heat when he broke suddenly away from the

subject in hand. It was not to discuss matters biological that he had intruded upon me that morning. A subject more personal claimed his attention. And then he left me gasping at the novel proposition of his candidature for the position of my son-in-law. For it was, I think, sufficiently astounding, this attack upon his lady's father, capped by a point-blank demand for her hand. I temporised unskilfully—I am not versed in the art; he as foolishly pressed for a decisive answer.

'As man to man, sir, yes or no?' he said, in the tone of a Russian ultimatum.

Naturally, after this there was but one course, which I took, much to his dissatisfaction. He was dashed a moment, but at length informed me that, as their love was mutual, he would never give up hope.

I replied that hope is a fine thing to have, but unsubstantial in essence. I cautioned him, put him on his honour, against paying his addresses to Lily in future. Not that I wanted him absolutely to shun her presence, I went on, softening a blow which, though he had brought it upon himself, I could not help in some measure regretting. But, upon his honour, no more love-making.

He took it well, shook hands, and prepared to depart, turning again, however, at the door. 'I shall ask you again, sir,' he declared, 'and again. For, at all events, I know she loves me; and I will not accept this as final.'

'In a way,' I answered, 'you are right; there is no such thing as finality. But please wait until I have got these notes upon the "Evolution of the Ear" off my mind. And, even then, I fear that persistence is of that type of virtue which is its own reward. Good-morning, and shut the door after you, my lad.'

I expected to hear much of this little interview from my daughter. I prepared with growing dismay for tears and prayers. But Lily is not that kind. She made no sign; in fact, I began to think that young Goring had overestimated the case when he had said that she loved him.

About a month after these happenings came the invasion of the new *Vanessa*. An extraordinary affair it was. For a couple of weeks an absolutely unheard-of species of this fine butterfly hovered in great numbers about the highest tree-tops of three counties. Then came a wind from the east, and all save a few poor specimens were blown into the Irish Sea. It was a beautiful insect, *Vanessa Striata*, beautiful and mysterious, springing from nowhere, and extinct in an incredibly short space of time, leaving no descendants to decorate the following summers.

It was Trevethick who first showed it to me; and while we were gloating over it came Courtney with two more, one of which, a very imperfect male, he gave to me. Now, Trevethick soon obtained a huge number of specimens; but I would trust no boy like Harry Trevethick to catch them for me, since he mangled half of those he got for his father. In

any case, even were this not so, I infinitely prefer doing my own *shikar*; and as I am not as active as I once was—as, moreover, these insects flew about the tops of the tallest trees—you may imagine my difficulty in securing specimens. I got two females, fine ones; but my male collection was limited to the tattered being aforesaid. I tried exposing the females in glass cages, but the males would not come down to them. And the swarms were thinning; the purple flicker of wings about the tree-tops became rarer and rarer. I was in despair. Of course Trevethick would have gladly given me some had I asked him; but what a humiliation! I had almost rather have gone without them.

But one afternoon I saw a number of the butterflies about an elm down towards the river, and resolved to have another try for them. A fine tree it was, thick in foliage, and with a seat beneath it, close to the trunk. By standing upon this seat I managed with some difficulty to swing myself upon the lowest limb. The rest was comparatively easy. In five minutes I peered out from the rustling green of the crown, and a *Vanessa* fluttered from a leaf six inches from my nose. I made a wild sweep of my net as he flew; but these insects, as I had good reason to understand, dodged incredibly. So I sat and waited. My range with the net was about twelve feet, and it seemed that these butterflies were accurate judges of the danger-zone. Now and again one would flutter lazily into range as if to put heart into me, but his painted wings carried him into safety as the net fell. It became rather monotonous; twenty feet away *Vanessa* flirted and coquetted while my body became one huge cramp. A whole hour I spent in this way, and at last my patience gave out. I would, I decided, hire some youngster to catch these irritating *Vanessas*. I began to descend. And then, forty feet below, I heard the murmur of voices, low voices, a man's and a woman's, and in hers a hint of tears. I realised that a lovers' quarrel was working itself out beneath my perch, and climbed back to consider.

I would, I thought, let them settle it without any embarrassing interruption from above; such a thing would only make me nervous, and I could perhaps in the meanwhile catch some of my purple friends. Besides, I did not wish to appear ridiculous, and the spectacle of a portly man of fifty-six clambering down a tall tree in the manner of his anthropoid progenitors certainly held some element of absurdity.

But lovers' quarrels are slow of settlement, slow and very sweet. A suggestion of eternity crept into the murmur below. I thought of Tennyson's 'Brook,' of the beat of surf upon a seashore, of the brevity of life, and finally of the need I had of those *Vanessas*. And the afternoon was wearing on. Perhaps to-morrow the butterflies would be gone!

Resolved, I coughed loudly to warn the lovers of my presence. And then it occurred to me that

these foolish young people, whoever they might be, would most certainly look upon me as a mean eaves-dropper. This gave me pause. Below, the voices ceased a moment, and I heard some one moving. My cough had evidently been heard, but not located; I thanked Heaven for that. And it was just as the lovers began their talking again that *Vanessa* chose to settle in such a position that I could hardly fail to capture him.

Then began a battle between fear of ridiculous discovery and scientific desire. If I moved, those confounded lovers would almost certainly hear me. On the other hand, there was my prey flaunting his bars and ocelli within two feet of my head. Perhaps if I waited—and *Vanessa*'s wings quivered towards flight. Over-eager, I bungled the stroke; the butterfly escaped by a bare inch, and my net slipped from my hand, falling upon the lower branches with a swish and a scurry of broken twigs and leaves, and coming at length to rest between the lowmost boughs.

Below, the voices stopped suddenly. I heard a scrambling rush and snapping of smaller branches, and the young man's head emerged from the leafy screens earthward. He climbed quickly, looking up as he came. Then he saw me and stopped. Dimly it must have been, for though I, at first sight of his face, had recognised him, he certainly failed to do the same with me.

'Come out of that, my man,' he said quietly.

I made no reply.

He climbed towards me again. 'You won't, eh? You want me to throw you out, you eavesdropping hound? Very well; you shall have it, eh? Good Lord! Mr Blair!'

'Yes, sir,' I said, 'Blair is my name; and that young lady, Mr Carter-Goring, is perhaps my daughter?'

He looked me full in the face. 'Your method of finding out such things, sir, puts any possibility of denial away from me.'

'I assure you'—I began hotly.

'I accept your assurance,' he answered, in a manner which showed just how plainly he did not.

Fool that I was, I fell into the position assigned me. I, who should have sat in judgment, went voluntarily into the dock, stammering out explanations which sounded almost like excuses. He listened with the air of a Chief-Justice; his nerve in no way failed him. That young man will indeed go far in his profession.

But of course it could not last.

'If we go down,' I said, 'you will find my net.'

'After you, sir,' he replied, with a wave of the hand.

'Along there,' I pointed, after two-thirds of the descent had been made. 'You see? If you will have the goodness—'

He followed me with the net to the ground. And then came my turn. I reminded him of my

conditions; he listened gravely with downcast head. I lectured him severely upon the enormity of his conduct. I pointed out that his accusation of eavesdropping only aggravated his offence. To accuse me of such dishonour was hardly the way to change my answer when he judged the time ripe to ask, as he had said he would, a reversal of my decision. And I finally suggested that perhaps he had known all the while that I was in the tree, and had climbed up to me for that very purpose of the second asking. Or, would he ask me now?

He lifted his head. When I see an honest man's eyes I can usually recognise them. 'I have broken no conditions,' he said simply. 'I have not spoken of love to her, though God knows how hard it was.'

I frowned.

'Why, if you were going to ask me again?'

'I will never ask you again,' he answered, turning his head towards a shimmer of white muslin down by the river-bank. 'I have been a fool—worse than a fool. The only thing that grieves me is that—she cares.'

'She does care,' I agreed. 'I can see that now. Why, I can't say.'

'Nor I,' he said humbly. He dropped his head again. 'Nor I,' he repeated.

'Look here, young man,' I said, 'I am not so young as I'd like to be, and those butterflies are very active. I was going to hire help when you forced me back into concealment. And you are a clever climber—I noticed that. Perhaps if you would try—'

He turned to me quickly.

'You mean'—he said, and his eyes were bright with hope.

'That,' I replied, smiling, 'is for you to find out. Here is the net.'

Three minutes later five specimens of *Vanessa Striata* lay in my killing-bottle, and I straightened out my fingers as Mr Carter-Goring's back disappeared through the tangled coverts which led down to the river.

THE SHIP.

THE salt sea-waves my bulwarks kiss;
Beneath me yawns the night abyss.
Behind my path, by the light and morn,
The fierce wind blows his hunting-horn.
I am not daunted, for I feel
My Steersman's hand upon my wheel.
Where I shall sail and whither go
I know not: He doth surely know.
Through all the terrors of the night,
Through all the sparkling day's delight,
By looming rock, by isle of palm,
I fare afar, in storm and calm.
Though buffeted and tempest-tost
I shall not evermore be lost.
There is a haven of repose—
But when? But where? He knows. He knows.

AGNES S. FALCONER.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

SUMMER BY THE SAND-DUNES.

THERE are few tracts of coast scenery more unique and interesting than that of the west coast of Jutland. It possesses a wild, sad beauty which cannot fail to charm the lovers of bleak nature. The coast-line is much broken, and the northern part of the peninsula is invaded by arms of the Limfjord, an inlet of the Cattegat which in 1825 broke through the frail barrier separating it from the North Sea, thus making Vendsyssel, the northern extremity of Jutland, into an island. The coast is destitute of rocks, but it is skirted by steep sand-ridges, and beneath these crumbling cliffs stretches a beach of fine white sand so firm that it forms an excellent surface for cycling, driving, or walking, and it is used as a road in calm weather in preference to the soft, sandy inland thoroughfares. On the north-west coast, which is washed by the Skager-Rack, there is no tide, the sea only rising and falling with the wind. Consequently there is some risk in using the sea-road, as it is difficult to calculate the movements of the deep, which may rise unexpectedly and endanger the safety of the wayfarer.

This shore, which looks so smooth and fair, is in reality treacherous, as the sea flows over three submerged sandbanks on which many a good ship has been stranded in the wild storms of autumn and winter. Indeed, one bay bears the significant name of Wailing Bay. A terrible Christmas Eve is still remembered when fifty merchantmen were driven ashore. There are numerous lifeboat stations at short intervals down the coast, and tales of heroism are told of the gallant men, many of whom have perished in their work of rescue.

Behind the bare sand-cliffs are the sand-dunes or dawns, a pigmy range of mountains cast in grotesque forms and covered with blue-gray grass. These are the dunes described by Hans Christian Andersen. In former ages they were shifted and blown about by the rough sea-winds, and not infrequently a tempest would raise the sand, and cottages and farms would be buried beneath the drifts. The

children's poet tells the pathetic story of one of these sand-storms which engulfed a village and a church. The steeple of the latter may be seen raising its head above the surface of the soil close to Skagen, where the calamity took place in 1775. Modern science has, however, removed this terror by planting the dunes with a coarse lyme-grass or sea-reed, which binds the loose soil in its place by the interlacing of the long, sinuous roots. At the foot of the sand-ridges may be seen slabs of brown coal, giving the key to a condition of vegetation which existed before the age of the sand-dunes, when Denmark was covered with primeval forest. These woods were cut down by the then rulers of the country, and the coast was left unprotected from the rude winds, which raised the masses of sand washed up by the sea and whirled them inland, forming a band of sand-dunes extending in some parts to four miles in breadth. History repeats itself; at intervals along the coast there are large fir-plantations, many miles in extent, which are being laboriously raised at the expense of more enlightened generations.

Near the most northerly point of Jutland there is a stretch of two miles of naked sand-dunes, left in their bareness as a relic of a former state of things. In summer sunshine the sight is beautiful and unique—an undulating plateau of dazzling white sand sparkling like snow against the blue sky, the shadows showing purple in the sunlight. Over all broods an intense stillness. No bird or beast is to be seen, and there is no vegetation except stunted heather and crowberries on the tongue of low, marshy moorland which lies between the Cattegat and the Skager-Rack. In the distance is the promontory of Skagen, or the Skaw, with its great lighthouse-tower which marks the point where the two waters meet. There are two villages at Skagen, one a fashionable watering-place with hotels and modern cottages, and the other a fishing-hamlet, which is infinitely more picturesque, with its straggling row of rude huts thatched with seaweed, and surrounded by mud walls or palisades often six feet high to keep off the clouds of flying

sand. Skagen, like Scheviningen in Holland, was formerly a Bohemian paradise for artists and literary men attracted thither by the bleak grandeur of the scenery and by the handsome types of rugged fisher-folk, many of whom have been immortalised on canvas or on printed page. It is alleged that the natives have learned no good from the artistic tribe, for the simplicity of the seafarers has been spoiled, and they now regard themselves as picturesque and interesting objects, valuable either as copy for the journalist or as a model for the artist.

Brøndum's, a homely inn, was formerly the headquarters of the Bohemians, and there Holger Drachman the poet, Mylius Erichsen the novelist, and painters such as Otto Bacche, Exner, and Michael Ancher spent happy days and convivial evenings of unrestrained liberty. But the Philistine has now discovered the charm of the spot, and Brøndum's has become a fashionable hotel, with improved cooking and domestic arrangements. Holger Drachman and several others of the artistic company have consequently deserted their old quarters, and have either built villas or have sought remoter resorts.

At intervals down the west coast are large *pensions* and hotels, which in the bright summer weather are filled with visitors from Copenhagen and other towns, overworked professional men and nervous women seeking new life in this so-called sanatorium of Denmark from the invigorating breezes and sea-bathing. Holiday visitors, whose minds are on pleasure bent, there are in plenty, young men and maidens full of the exhilaration of youth and stimulated by the bracing air. They amuse themselves all day long with picnics and excursions, and often carry on music and dancing,

accompanied by cigarette-smoking, until late at night, sometimes to the disturbance of older guests. On the whole, however, every one enters heartily enough into the social recreations, for the Danes of to-day do not belie their historic character for conviviality. Each *pension* seems to contain a large and happy family, suddenly brought together for a few weeks in summer, and then as suddenly dispersed.

There is a subtle charm about these bleak seaside places, with strong salt air continually blowing and the brilliant blue of sea and sky, which draws those who have once come under its spell to return year after year. Very beautiful are the summer sunsets on the wide horizon, broken only by the gray sand-hills, with the waving grass standing out against a background of sky aflame and sea like a translucent turquoise; while the long, low beach is toned to a dull purple, with here and there a pool which has caught some of the glory of the heavens. A glamour of poetry hangs around the 'light nights,' when the sunset glow does not fade from the sky until the pale gold of morning breaks behind the cool, gray landscape; then it is sweet to wander, oblivious of time, in the soft twilight and listen to the rhythmic splash of the waves.

The summer visitors seldom see the west coast in its wilder mood, when the sea is lashed by gusts of wind from a dirty gray, flecked with angry white foam, to a seething mass of green water, with great waves which dash over the high sand-cliffs, and are driven inland in thick clouds of spray; when the wind whistles round the little fishing-cottages, making the church towers rock; and when old men and anxious women gather round the high beacons, and strain their eyes for a glimpse of a well-known sail.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XI.



NEXT morning I awoke at nine o'clock with the pleasant consciousness of having enjoyed a deep and dreamless slumber. Leisurely I rose and made my toilet, meditating the while over the crowded incidents of the past twenty-four hours. Was life at the Brun-varad always like this, I asked myself, a confusing round of gaiety and intrigue, of sport and danger, a disquieting medley of feminine ungraciousness and feminine amenity? Did these things constitute a normal state of affairs at the Winter Palace, or had I by chance happened on a peculiarly eventful day in this delightful and salubrious locality? I came to the conclusion that though Weissheim was a more exciting neighbourhood than South Kensington, I had nevertheless arrived at a juncture which, if not particularly remarkable for its unstable kingdom, was at any rate raised slightly

above the ordinary importance of the country's daily round.

Curiously enough, the person who commanded the largest share of my thoughts was neither Miss Anchester nor the Princess, the King nor the Queen, the uncourageous commander-in-chief nor the truculent Grand Duke, but the broad-faced, piercing-eyed detective. The personality of Herr Schneider fascinated me; though why, it was hard to say. I neither admired his personal appearance nor felt the slightest respect for his moral qualities. He was rather ugly than otherwise, and I felt perfectly certain that his character was the reverse of noble. His restless manner irritated me, and the mere fact that he possessed undoubted ability in his profession was quite insufficient to account for the way in which his individuality had taken hold of my imagination. I fancy the real reason lay in a certain resemblance which his trains of thought

seemed to bear to my own. It appeared to me that in his mental outlook, gloomy, pessimistic, analytic as it was, he was but an exaggerated likeness of myself. But he was a man of forty, whereas I was but eight-and-twenty. What if in another dozen years I should develop into a morbid, disillusioned being such as he was, without the record of a distinguished career behind me such as he had? I shuddered, for the possibility was unattractive in the extreme.

Having completed my toilet, I stepped into my sitting-room with the express determination of evicting my gloomy meditations with the assistance of hot coffee and rolls. As a matter of fact, the desired eviction was effected by a somewhat more refined agency. On my plate, and tied together with a bright-blue ribbon, were some carnations. An inspection of the ribbon disclosed some writing in ink capitals, which had spread so much as to be almost indistinguishable. A careful scrutiny at length revealed the word *Gedächtniss* (remembrance). I smiled involuntarily; my second day at Weissheim was opening well. My immediate desire was to find out the author of this delicate little attention, and the process of discovery seemed to offer little difficulty, for my acquaintances at Weissheim were not numerous, and it was obvious that the male portion might be at once set aside. Next, continuing my process of elimination, I struck out the *Fräulein* von Helder. She, I argued, would never dream of sending any one flowers. Had she fallen in love with me she would, as likely as not, have presented me with a dough-cake.

There remained—but a sudden illuminating thought caused me to alter my method. Miss Anchester had been wearing some carnations in her bosom the previous evening, and though, man-like, I had failed to be impressed by that charming addition to her simple but effective attire, the remembrance of them came back to me as I gazed at the pretty blooms which adorned my solitary breakfast-table. Of course it was the governess who had sent them! Who else could have had any object in doing so? Miss Anchester and I had had a slight misunderstanding, and this was her gracious method of admitting that she had been in the wrong. *Gedächtniss!* Remembrance of what? Of that incident of the Kastel run, of course, which I had alluded to somewhat tactlessly on the previous evening, and of which doubtless she retained a pleasant and romantic recollection. Remembrance of the acerbities, the explanations, the reconciliations, of the past day. She could read me like a book, could she? Certainly I could read her like one. Womanly, despite her pronounced athleticism; sentimental, despite her calm, unemotional, critical exterior. I liked the type, and determined, now that the foolish misconception due to my mother's quaint request had been brushed aside, that we should henceforth be the best of friends with each other.

Downstairs I met the King and Herr Schneider chatting quietly over an early pipe.

'I propose taking you on to the curling-rink this morning, Saunders,' said the former, who was evidently in excellent spirits. 'A strong fellow like you, with a good eye, ought to make a fine curler.'

'Does curling need strength?' I inquired. I had seen the game played at Wimbledon, a sort of glorified bowls on the ice, in which 'stones' of polished granite were propelled towards a wooden 'jack' standing in the centre of a series of concentric rings.

'Sometimes it requires strength,' replied the King. 'When there is a little snow falling or when the ice is sticky from the force of the sun, it takes a considerable amount of strength to knock an opponent's "stone" out of the "house." Every one begins by despising the game, and ends in succumbing to its fascination.'

'One comes to scoff, remains to play,' I remarked. —'Are you coming too, Herr Schneider?'

'No, thank you,' replied the detective. 'I have seen "curling" played before. I should certainly start by scoffing, but I do not possess the capacity for enthusiasm necessary for the potential convert. Miss Anchester has promised to give me a lesson in tobogganing, and I am looking forward to a most enjoyable morning with her.'

The curling-rink into which the King conducted me was a flooded piece of level ground which in summer did duty as a lawn-tennis court. A number of visitors from the *Pariserhof*—English, Scotch, and American—were standing in groups on the ice waiting for the church clock to strike eleven, at which hour lots were drawn to decide which pitch the various players should curl upon. All wore snow-boots on their feet, and most of them carried brooms in their hands. As the clock struck there were general movements towards the secretary, Colonel Stuart, who held in his hand a small bag containing counters for the prospective players to pick from.

'Numbers on the first pitch; blanks on the middle; reds on the third,' called out the Colonel in the tones of one addressing a battalion.

I drew a plain white counter, which put me into the same game as the King; while Colonel Stuart also was one of the eight who were destined by the draw to curl on the central pitch.

The King and the Colonel picked up, and I was selected by the former to play first for his four. This I took as a great compliment till I discovered that the worst player was always chosen to play first, the better performers being reserved for the more difficult situations which occurred later.

'Now then, Saunders,' said the King when I had selected a couple of big gray stones out of the lockers, 'tie these pieces of red ribbon on to the handles, and get ready to start.'

The No. 1 of the other side and myself took up a position at one end of the pitch, the two

'skippers' at the other. The No. 2's and 3's of the respective sides lined up on opposite sides of the track, broom in hand, ready at the word of command to polish the ice in front of the stone if it appeared to have been delivered with too little strength.

'Now then, No. 1,' sang out the King. 'You begin, please.'

I knelt down on the 'crampet,' grasped my stone firmly by the handle, swung it back forcibly, and 'delivered' it.

The direction was excellent; it went straight for the 'tee,' knocked it spinning over, and sailed gaily through the 'house,' as the series of concentric rings are called, finally finishing up abruptly against the banked-up snow at the edge of the rink.

'Too much breakfast,' was the King's brief but expressive comment.

It was now the turn of my opponent, the other No. 1, to send down his stone.

'Keep your eye on my broom,' shouted Colonel Stuart to him, 'and play with the "in handle."'

I watched with attention. The man swung back much as I had done, but he put his 'stone' down far more lightly, and as he did so turned his elbow in, imparting a left-to-right spin to his projectile.

'Scoop!' yelled out the Colonel when the stone had traversed about half the requisite distance. 'Scoop, lads, for all ye're worth. Scoop, I tell ye! Bring the beast along, and he'll be a dandy shot yet.'

Gradually the stone, which had been aimed somewhat to the left of the tee, curled round, spinning the while on its own axis, till it was fairly in the centre of the pitch. Meanwhile the 'scoopers' plied their brooms with demoniac energy till the stone died, as far as I could judge, about a couple of feet this side of the outermost circle.

'Not enough breakfast,' I remarked audibly and perhaps ungenerously. My verdict, however, was not that of the opposing 'skip.'

'Well played, Barker,' roared out the Colonel; 'that's a perfect No. 1 shot.'

'You want to play your stone just short of the "house,"' my opponent condescended to explain. 'If it is short, it may get promotion; if it is too far, every rub it gets makes it worse.'

I grasped the point with the readiness of one who has attained a fair measure of skill at a great variety of games, and set down my next stone with far less expenditure of force.

'Sweep!' yelled the King at once. 'Sweep it all the way. Up besoms! it's no good.—Man, you're a hog!'

This last expression, delivered in a tone of infinite sadness and reproach, sounded in my ears a rather unnecessarily violent piece of obloquy.

Mr Barker once more vouchsafed me a piece of instruction.

'They're shunting your stone out of the track,' he said, 'because it's a "hog." There's a line there scratched on the ice some yards in front of the

"house," called the "hog-score." If you don't get your stone over that it isn't in play.'

I was humiliated by my conspicuous ill-success, though relieved in my opinion of the King's manners.

After the No. 1's had sent down their two stones the respective No. 2's took up their position at the 'crampet' end, while the instructive Barker and myself took our places opposite each other among the sweepers.

When the 'skip' bade me sweep I swept with the energy of a strong man desirous of doing his share of the side's work. Inwardly I scoffed at the puerility of the whole thing. The game seemed to me childish or senile according as one considered the trivial nature of its intention or the very moderate amount of strength and energy necessary to achieve success. Nevertheless, I was far from being bored. The conditions were so perfect that the uninspiring nature of the game was quite forgotten in them. The bright sun, the keen air, the majestic view, were things to oust boredom from the dulllest mind, while the extraordinary keenness and enthusiasm of the other players were in themselves a source of constant, albeit somewhat contemptuous, amusement to me. I watched with mild interest the manner in which the No. 2's and 3's sent down their stones; how the opposing No. 2, following Colonel Stuart's stentorian directions, succeeded in establishing his stone in the very centre of the 'house'—'a pot-lid,' as they called it; how the King commanded his side to oust this stone from its proud position by straight, forcing shots, and how the Colonel bade his men lay short guards for his 'pot-lid' and protect it from these dastardly attempts.

When it came to the 'skippers' turn to play, they walked down the pitch to the crampet end, while the respective No. 3's took up their position in the 'house,' the situation affording the keenest excitement to every one but myself. In spite of our efforts, the 'pot-lid' still remained in the centre of the 'house,' and the approach to this successful stone was guarded by two other stones about two feet apart, which protected it from assault either by the 'in-curl' or the 'out-curl.'

The King's first shot struck away one of the guards, but stopped in the place which the dislodged stone had itself been occupying, leaving matters precisely in the *status quo*.

Colonel Stuart then tried to block the post between the two guarding stones, but, being afraid of doing more harm than good, sent down a gentle shot which failed to get over the hog-score, and was accordingly swept ignominiously to one side.

Then the King played his second stone, the final shot for our side. By a combination of skill and good luck, it curled between the two guards, edged up to the winning shot, and quietly shoved it out of the way, stopping dead itself at the moment of contact in the proud position of 'winning stone.'

I was prepared for some expression of approval, but I certainly never anticipated the wild ejaculation and ecstatic gestures with which our No. 3 greeted the King's fortunate essay.

'Man, ye've done it!' he yelled at the top of his voice. 'You for a curler! *Sehr gut gespielt!*' and with this, the Weissheim curler's concentrated essence of all praise, he hurled his besom high into the air and gave vent to a fearsome and inarticulate yell.

The King beamed all over his sunburnt countenance with obvious pleasure in his success, and patting me on the back, chaffed me humorously about my failure to get a stone in play, and offered me a little practical advice as to the method of delivery.

The last shot, however, had yet to be played. It was possible that Colonel Stuart might repeat the King's successful performance of 'drawing the port' and substituting his own stone for the winner. As a matter of fact, what he did was to strike one of our short stones, promoting it to second, and making us two stones 'in,' to the huge delight of our side and the pathetic disgust of our opponents.

At the conclusion of this 'end' we began again, playing the other way of the pitch. My second effort was much more successful than my first. Both my stones were 'in play,' and one of them was eventually promoted into the proud position of being the winner. Gradually a little of the prevailing enthusiasm began to affect me. I 'scooped' no longer with the perfunctory energy of the good-natured scoffer, but with a little of the true curler's zeal. I took considerable pains with my own shots, and was rewarded with a fair amount of success and my 'skipper's' commendation. On one occasion, indeed, when I succeeded in striking a good shot of the opposing No. 1's out of the 'house,' I was awarded a '*Sehr gut gespielt!*' Finally, at the last 'end' before lunch, I sent down a couple of stones which the King informed me were 'two perfect No. 1's.' My heart swelled within me, and I looked round to note the expression of admiration which I felt sure all faces would be wearing for such a rapidly improved novice. My glance fell on Miss Anchester and Herr Schneider, who were standing behind me watching the game. Their rakes and elbow-pads, as well as their flushed countenances, proclaimed that they had been tobogganing. They waited, watching till the conclusion of the 'end,' when the King and I, victors in the encounter, joined them, and together we trudged back in the direction of the Brun-varad. The King, taking the detective by the arm, walked on ahead, leaving me with Miss Anchester.

'How do you like curling?' asked my companion.

'It seems to me a game for old men—or ladies,' I remarked.

'That is gallant, but hardly an answer to my question.'

'The answer is implied. I prefer something a shade more strenuous.'

'You find it a trifle too subtle?'

'No,' I replied. 'I think I mastered the difficulties pretty quickly. My last two shots left little to be desired.'

'Of course,' said Miss Anchester calmly, 'any one can play a No. 1 shot. If you practise patiently you may work your way up to be a No. 2, or even conceivably a No. 3 should there be a scarcity of good players on the ice. You will be better able then to appreciate the niceties of the game.'

'You are encouraging,' I replied. 'When you suggest the possibility of my one day playing as No. 3 you fairly dazzle my imagination.'

'Please don't be sarcastic,' said Miss Anchester dispassionately. 'Sarcasm is a weapon which requires very delicate handling to be effective. Seriously, though, I give you credit for the necessary ambition and patience to make a strong bid for success on the curling-rink.'

'Are you aware,' I said, laughing, 'that you are lecturing me? Is it an unwitting continuance of your schoolroom methods, or are you still determined to carry out my mother's policy at all costs?'

'If I seem to lecture,' she replied, 'it is because you lay yourself open to rebuke. The truthfulness of your mother's opinion of you is borne in on me more and more every time I speak with you.'

'I thought we had done with all that nonsense,' I said.

'Why?'

'I am wearing a very charming flower in my button-hole.'

'So I perceive.'

'I took it as a token of reconciliation.'

Miss Anchester opened her gray eyes. 'What on earth do you mean?' she asked. It was impossible to doubt the genuineness of her mystification.

'You do not deny that you were wearing carnations in your dress last night?' I inquired.

'Why should I? You mean that you are wearing the same kind of flower to-day as a mute appeal to me to mitigate my severity. It is very touching of you.'

'Do you mean to say,' I asked, considerably nettled, 'that the bunch of carnations which I found on my plate at breakfast this morning was not?'

'Sent by me? Really, Mr Saunders, you might spare a little of your abundant self-respect for other people.'

'But the blue ribbon—*Gedächtnis*,' I blurted out. Miss Anchester smiled involuntarily.

'Now you are becoming indiscreet—painfully indiscreet,' she remarked.

'On your word of honour,' I said, 'was it really not you who sent them?'

'I have denied it by implication,' she retorted coldly, 'and that is quite sufficient. I don't know

why you should consider me the most foolish woman in Weissheim.'

'But who'—

'I do not consider myself qualified to unravel the fascinating mystery. Perhaps it was all a mistake.'

'Fräulein von Helder,' I muttered. 'The Prinzessinn Mathilde, the—— Good heavens!—the Queen!'

Miss Anchester laughed audibly, and then turned her head away to hide her mirth.

Personally, I saw nothing to laugh at. A chill, a sinking fear of vague but dishonourable possibilities, struck at my heart. If matters took the turn I dreaded I should have to leave Weissheim in haste; and that, for several reasons, I was unwilling to do.

(To be continued.)

A TRAMP'S LESSON-BOOK.

By the Rev. ARTHUR NEVILLE COOPER,

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ABOUT thirty years ago a musical friend of mine patented an invention he called 'Notes without Tears.' He hoped that it would be the means of young people learning the pianoforte without those troubles and difficulties which too often end in tears. The invention fell quite flat upon the market, a sure proof that it failed of its purpose, for the number of people who would be willing to learn music without taking trouble is enough to have ensured its success. The truth is, as Euclid remarked to his prince as they traversed the royal road to the palace at Alexandria, there is no royal road to learning.

That may be so, but still no one will deny there is a pleasant and an unpleasant way of eating of the tree of knowledge. Sometimes the pleasant way is the more profitable. Brought up as I was at Christ's Hospital, in the sixties, on the old-fashioned diet of 'book and stick,' I left at fifteen years of age to make my way in the world with scarce a single accomplishment I could put to any practical use. I could not speak French, I did not know a note of music, I could not write a good hand, and did not know enough Latin, history, grammar, &c. to enable me to teach others. At the end of his life Bishop Creighton acknowledged how little there is to be learnt from books: The true teachers are one's fellow-men. Wordsworth spoke of the untold value of what he had learnt from a boy; and though I feel a hesitation in referring to myself in the same sentence with the men I have named, yet I may say whatever I have acquired has been from contact with men and things. The object of this paper is to point out that others whose education was neglected may improve themselves—not by a royal road, but if there is a primrose-path, why should not one choose that in preference to the steep and thorny way, if both lead to the same end?

I have educated myself by walking over the greater part of Europe. Without going out of the way to find them, my walks have taken me over such historic ground, as the battlefields of Waterloo

and Bannockburn, of Sedan and Badajoz. I have stood on the spot where John Huss was burnt, where Columbus was buried, where Napoleon signed his abdication. I have seen the spot where the Roman Emperors sat as they watched the Christian martyrs fight with the wild beasts, and I have knelt where St Paul once knelt to receive his death-stroke from the executioner. I think it impossible for a man with the average mind to view such scenes unmoved, or to fail to acquaint himself with the historical facts connected therewith. At all events, I am thankful to think I am not made that way. Then I have crossed the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Apennines; I have been by the side of rivers like the Danube, the Tiber, the Rhine, and the Guadalquivir, all of which may be said to have acquired historical fame. I have eaten oranges in Seville and potatoes in Ireland, and have drunk the Moselle wine where it was nearly as cheap as, and more easily procured than, water, and the Rhine wine on the very ground which Charlemagne looked on as it reddened in the morning sun, and called it Rudesheim (the red place). I have seen sights so varied as the Corpus Christi procession in Munich and the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo. I have seen such interesting persons as the Emperor Napoleon and the ill-fated Prince Imperial. I have walked on the promenade with the Crown Prince Rudolph, and breakfasted at the adjoining table to his father, the aged Emperor Francis Joseph. In the streets of Rome I ran to the assistance of the King of Italy in a carriage accident, and—tell it not in Exeter Hall!—I have received the blessing of the Pope.

Just now great efforts are being made to induce our young men and women to continue their education. Technical schools, evening classes, and the old and new universities are lending themselves to this most laudable purpose, but with only indifferent success. In Denmark I came across a high school where for the five months in the winter, when work is slack, young artisans go at their own expense to improve themselves. When March comes and work is more plentiful the school is occupied by servant-girls who leave their situations and go there to

study for three months. Why such things should be impossible in England, at all events at present, I will not enter upon; but, suffice it to say, they are. The habits and genius of the people are altogether against adopting such a course. They can understand working up in an examination which will advance them in their profession or raise their wages; but to give up their holidays or even their evenings, to forgo the chance of earning ready money for the doubtful advantage of cultivating their general intelligence, is a thing they are not yet prepared for. Any one with the slightest acquaintance with such movements for the improvement of the people as University Extension Lectures, choral and instrumental societies, and the like will know how hard it is to keep their heads above water, and how little success they achieve among the classes they were specially designed to benefit.

That being so, what is to be done?

In days gone by it used to be the general custom for young men of fashion and fortune to make the grand tour of Europe. As Pope wrote of such an one:

Led by my hand, he sauntered Europe round,
And gathered every vice on Christian ground.

It is true that the grand tour is associated in our minds with a round of Courts, gambling, gallantry, and the like; yet, still, when we remember the remarkable statesmen who were produced by little other education than what they picked up on the grand tour, we must judge of the tree by its fruits, and confess that the effect of opening a man's mind more than atoned for the incidental mischiefs in the process. Who can estimate the value of the lesson of how to take care of one's self? And how can a man fail to learn it when thrown upon his own resources on the Continent?

Rich people can learn their wisdom, if they care to learn it at all, by any means they please; but I write for those with slender purses; and if they cannot run through Europe, they might take a country. I have walked through a large part of Belgium in a week's holiday, and have walked round Holland in a fortnight. I have tramped across Denmark in three weeks, and walked the entire length of France from Dieppe to Monte Carlo in a month. The only time I was able to take a six weeks' holiday I walked to Rome. Nine out of ten of my readers will be limited as to the time at their disposal, and I am of opinion that even the shortest term may be made a means of education, and serve the purpose of a grand tour in miniature.

1. 'Behind the mountains there are people.' The German proverb is intended to teach that, go where you will, there are human beings of the same flesh and blood and feelings as at home. It also teaches that, as it requires all sorts to make a world, behind the mountains there will be people of differing speech, habits, religion, and views of life. One of the objects of the grand tour was to qualify our future statesmen to deal with all sorts and condi-

tions of men; for a political party embraces every shade of opinion, and those who were yesterday your opponents, to-day may be your friends. Not many of my readers will be destined to be statesmen; but all have to live in the world, and possibly do not know what they lose by living only with one set of people. One great advantage of a tour in a strange land is that it brings out the best side of you. At home, if you are sufficiently rich or bad-tempered, your every whim may be studied; among strangers you will be treated for just what you are. Perhaps it is just because a foreigner is more accustomed to strangers that his manners are so much better, and he knows how to behave himself in whatever society he may be. How often we may notice Englishmen who seem 'out of it' at a party or gathering because they do not know what to do! I once came across a French play in which a milliner acted the part of a queen for a day, and her imposture was not detected, for she was sensitive, simple, and generous, and a queen can be no more. I never yet knew a travelled man whose manners were not improved by his wanderings. If this is so in ordinary cases, how much more so in a walking-tour, where several times a day you will be dependent on strangers for information, and you have to frame your words and manners so that you may get an answer! Wordsworth's schoolgirl paid a penny a week, and twopenny to learn manners, and certainly for getting on in the world they are a vital part of education.

2. The people behind the mountains will be human enough to take advantage of you if you will let them. He who speaks the language carries a double purse; and though I have heard of people who have been abroad without knowing a word of the language, I could not advise any one to follow their example, though I am not denying that it might be done. There are those who say that money speaks all languages, and a member of Parliament once told me he had been all over the Continent on the strength of a single sentence: 'Are the beds well aired?' These lines, however, are not written with the object of showing what it is possible to do in the matter of ignorance, but how it is possible to carry on one's education and increase one's knowledge. I know of no pleasanter way of learning a language than by means of a walking-tour.

A successful lawyer laid it down that the best way to begin at the Bar is to be without a friend. He meant that then a young man would be obliged to work. So on a walking-tour you are obliged to talk. Directly you pass outside the gates of the town from which you start you must either talk or starve. If I am any judge, people make a great mistake as to the prevalence of English on the Continent. In my walk to Rome, a journey of some nine hundred miles, I only once met a man on the road who could speak English, and he was the only man who begged of me. I was near Modena, in Italy, and had not heard a word of my native

language for a week, when I heard that well-known formula of introduction, 'I beg your pardon, sir.' I looked round. 'Who are you?' I naturally asked. The man told me he was a clown, and had been in Italy with a circus, but had fallen ill, and been left behind by his company, and had to make his way home as best he could. Besides this man, I did not meet another who could speak English, and so could have told me whether I was on the right way, how far I was from a town, if there was a restaurant near, or given me any other information I might want. Even in towns, unless visitors resort there—say, like Dieppe, Rouen, and so forth—it is not likely you will find even a waiter who speaks English. Why should they? People do not generally possess what they do not want and is of no use to them. Dismiss from your mind, therefore, the hope that you are sure to meet some one on the road who can understand you and will put you right if you go wrong.

The walker must have a vocabulary. Before he starts he will do well to learn the names of all common things he is likely to want, such as a bedroom, luncheon, as well as such sentences as 'How far is it?' 'How much does it cost?' and 'Please speak more slowly.' Having once started, the walker will be constantly adding to his vocabulary on the road if he keeps his eyes open. The same sort of people advertise everywhere, and you ought soon to know the name for soap, clothing, and boots. I remember once coming to the rescue of a lady who told me she had lived two years in France, and who was in a grocer's and wanted some soda for softening water. 'What is the word?' she soliloquised. 'Crystaux, madame,' I said, giving her the benefit of an advertisement I had been reading.

Then there are the notices to cyclists, which, though expressed in somewhat military style, can be mastered easily, such as: 'Cyclists, attention! Descente Rapide. Tournant Brusque.' Besides these, there will be notices by the Government or commune, which are worth reading for the nouns they teach; and, of course, there will be the quack-doctors' advertisements, but as a walker is never ill, there is no need to load your memory with the fact that pills are *pilules* in French, and *malades* are the people out of health.

Always pass the time of day with every one you meet, and ask as many questions as possible. The answers will show whether you have been understood, and will be a lesson to you in pronunciation. If you have mispronounced a word, very probably the foreigners will correct you. As a rule foreigners never read, and therefore are all the more ready to talk, and their politeness will make them ready to assist you in your acquisition of their language. No one is so welcome abroad as the Englishman and his money; and as they cannot have the money without the man, they do their best to make him welcome.

Open churches are the rule in all Roman Catholic countries, and delightfully cool they are kept; so

the pedestrian may be glad to enter them for the purpose of rest and shade, if for no better reason. There is always so much to be learnt in them about the life of the people, so many objects to excite interest, and every evening there is a sermon to be heard which will afford excellent practice in listening. The history of every people centres largely round their church. Last year I was in Denmark, and one Friday the church bells began to ring for service, a most unusual event on a weekday. I was told it was the *Store Bedag* (the Great Fast-day). As I could not think of any place in the Christian Calendar where it would fit in, I learned that a former Prime Minister, Count Struensee, had thought the people had too many holy days when they were off work, and so had abolished several and lumped all their penitence on to one day, the fourth Friday after Easter. I also learned how this Struensee had brought an English princess, sister of our George III., who was married to an imbecile king, into disrepute, and ended his days on the scaffold. Churches, to a man who takes an interest in things, may be a vast storehouse of information.

3. Besides its language, the walker may so easily learn something of the history of the country he is in and the characteristics of the people, who are to some extent the product of their history. What a difference there is between the chivalrous behaviour of the Spaniard, with his *mañana* (to-morrow) way of doing things, and the blunt, downright Dutchman! Yes; and what a difference, too, between the history of the two countries: the one with its past conquests, heroes, and saints; and the other with its persecutions, and its struggles with the sea, which ever threatened to overwhelm it! I have seen the Spaniard pouring down the mountain-side the superfluous wine with which Providence has blessed him. I have seen the Dutchman labouring at his dikes and dunes that he might be able to exist at all. If we were Dutchmen, probably we should be as stern, phlegmatic, and distrustful as they.

The statues in a town will not only tell you the names of its most illustrious citizens, but also may tell you something of its story. You learn how Erasmus lived at Rotterdam, and Haarlem claims a citizen of that town, who lived some years before Caxton, to have been the inventor of printing. What a lesson is inscribed on the walls of the University of Leyden! After its long siege in the wars of the Spanish persecution, its prince offered Leyden the choice of twenty years' remission of taxes or a university. The citizens reflected that money is round and rolls away, but knowledge is a power for ever, and so they chose the seat of learning. What a lesson there is in that for some father in doubt whether it is worth while to spend money over the education of his son! For the reputation of Leyden is world-wide. How much French history may be learnt from the story of the statue of Joan of Arc, of the Bastille Monument,

and the Vendôme Column; still more by the view of the vast, extravagant palace of Versailles! There is a little republic of Andorra between France and Spain which has maintained its independence since the days of Charlemagne. Though it has a population of ten thousand, it has not had a criminal in its jail for sixteen years; and when I was there the prison stood open, the windows broken, and the place full of cobwebs. Has the millennium arrived for Andorra, or does it profess some religion which makes every one good? No; but the soil of the country is so sterile, and such labour is necessary to extract a living, that every one is obliged to be industrious, and there are no idle hands, and consequently no mischief. The pauper comes with the millionaire, and alongside the palace stands the workhouse.

'This hotel would be worth a visit if only for the waiter.' I remember seeing such an entry in a visitors' book at a hotel in Roquefort, and I can truly say what a blessing an intelligent waiter is to travellers. I remember a waiter at Pisa telling me much about Lord Byron's doings when he lived there, and another at Fontainebleau who dilated on the difference a monarchy or a republic made in the production of great men. But among curious historical facts I never should have known of but for an intelligent waiter I would mention the bucket at Modena which caused a war. The waiter told me of the tower where it was kept, and the custodian related to me its history: how

some soldiers took it from the camp of the Duke of Parma; how it was recovered and lost again, the Duke's only son being taken prisoner in the mêlée; how the Duke offered a gold chain which would encircle the cathedral for his ransom; and how victory and the bucket finally remained with the Modenese. Nearly every town in Italy has its own story, and most of the picturesque history of the world lies hidden in the heads of custodians, vergers, and such small fry.

So the man on a walking-tour plucks the fruit of the tree of knowledge as he goes along, and I have called his road a primrose-path. It has been so to me; for, my profession compelling me to spend a considerable part of my time indoors, I take to the open air as a bird takes to the woods. One great advantage a walking-tour has is that it gives time to think and reflect upon what has been seen. One reason why a long railway journey tires is because one sees too much, more than eye and brain can take in. When one walks, one travels at the speed intended by nature.

Our King Edward VII. was once taken a walking-tour through the south of England by his tutor, Mr Tarver. He has been heard to say how much he enjoyed it, and how much he learned as to the flow of rivers, the size of towns, the frontiers of counties, and so forth. I do not know if His Majesty would have described a walking-tour as a royal road, but he evidently considered it a primrose-path to the acquisition of knowledge.

A BRIDGE OF FANCIES.

By C. J. LLOYD-CARSON.

CHAPTER I.



OW pleasant it was, lying back in a deck-chair and dreaming day-dreams as I gazed across the wide expanse of ocean, while Her Majesty's transport *Dolphin* ploughed her way through the rolling waves of the broad Atlantic! We had left the equator far behind us; but still, occasionally, diminutive shoals of flying-fish would rise from their watery home, and, as though frightened by the strange leviathan rushing through their seas with bold intrusion, would speed away across the foam and disappear into the crest of a friendly wave. The surging of the waters, the regular thud of the engines, the rattle of deck-quoits, the laughter of the players, and other familiar sounds fell drowsily on my ears as I lay, with half-closed eyes, verging on the borderland of slumber. I felt happy, and yet sad.

We were going home to England! Most of us were invalids—sick or wounded—who had played our part in the early stages of the Boer campaign; but the fortnight of luxury and ease, of good food and ocean air, had put new life into our shattered

frames. We had marched and fought and starved with feelings akin to hopelessness. Oh, those long, weary trudges across endless stretches of desert veldt—with the blazing sun scorching one's very soul away, only varied by ghastly sand-storms with their attendant hailstones the size of walnuts—or long night-watches on the lonesome kopjes! We had longed for fighting as a welcome reprieve from the everlasting monotony.

Then came that awful night at Blankfontein, when a Mauser bullet put an end for the time to my stage of misery. Still, I was sorry to leave the regiment at such a time, and tried hard to be allowed to rejoin; but the surgeons were obdurate, and willed it otherwise, no notice being taken of my numerous appeals. The regiment was my home; I had no other, and I possessed no near relative in all the world, being, as I was, the last of my name. Hence my conglomerate sensations of joy and sorrow.

I was awakened from my reverie by the sound of a cheery voice: 'Only another week, and we shall be home! Just think of it!'

The speaker was a good-looking young fellow in

ragged khaki who hobbled along with some difficulty on crutches. He balanced himself against the railing, and gave me a dig with a crutch. 'Thank God, say I! Thank God!' he continued fervently.

'Yes, it's something to have got away from that awful hole,' I admitted.

'Something! I should rather think so. What a good time we shall have! In a month, or less perhaps, Allan says I may be able to walk; and then—— By the way, where are you going when we get to England? Where is your home?'

'My home is the wide universe in general; or, to particularise, wherever the authorities at Pall Mall decide to send Her Majesty's ——th Regiment of Foot.'

'What a chap you are for chaffing! I mean, where do your people hang out?' he explained.

'Haven't any people. Sole survivor of the house of Morne! Haven't a relative that I can remember.'

'Poor old chap, I am sorry! But what do you propose doing?' he persisted.

'Diggings in town, with meals at the club as a treat, if I am fit enough by the time we land.'

'What a prospect! What a home-coming!' He hobbled away on his crutches, whistling softly to himself.

Morton was a subaltern in the cavalry, and was serving under French when he got laid by the heels. Fate had thrown us together in adjacent cots at an up-country field-hospital, where, after weeks of mutual misery, we had become fast friends. I had done what little I could to help him when he had been obliged to undergo a serious operation, and his gratitude was boundless.

A few days later we reached Madeira, and after coaling, continued on the last stage of our voyage.

One morning Morton came and sat on the arm of my chair.

'I say, old chap,' he began, 'would you care to run down with me to our place in Warwickshire? It would be such fun to be together at home, and they would be so glad to have you. The governor and the mater are such real good sorts, and I don't think you would be bored much. Do come!'

'Very kind of you to think of it, dear boy,' I answered; 'but I couldn't inflict myself on your people in this state.'

'They would be delighted to have you. I have often mentioned you in my letters, and they know what a lot you have done for me. We have a huge barrack of a house; a few people more or less would make no difference.'

'It's awfully nice and thoughtful of you; but I really couldn't do it. Later on, when I am able to get about again, I should like to pay you a visit; but not in my present condition. It would never do.'

He appeared somewhat hurt at my persistent refusal, and presently he moved off.

At last we reached Southampton. The whole morning had been spent in scanning the distant

white cliffs and endeavouring to distinguish the old familiar landmarks as we steamed at half-speed up the Solent. Then the pilot came on board, and we realised to the full that this was England indeed. As the great vessel closed up to the docks all was excitement and bustle. Handkerchiefs were waved frantically by the people on shore, whilst those on board waved back again and shouted as they recognised friends and relatives who had come to meet them.

Morton and I were side by side, leaning over the rails of the promenade-deck.

'There they are! There they are!' He pointed with his crutch to a group of three: an elderly gentleman and two ladies. The former was scanning the vessel with field-glasses, while his companions were eagerly attending to his words as he endeavoured to locate his son.

'That's the governor with the field-glasses, and mother, and Phillis.'

'Here I am,' he shouted to attract them. 'Hi! Hurrah!' He was full of boyish delight at home-coming.

The gangway was slipped across, and a stampede of people boarded the steamer.

What meetings there were! What laughter and joy, with here and there a tear—eyes dimmed from excess of happiness, or maybe from memory of some absent one, missing, never to return! Mothers and sisters, sweethearts and wives, welcoming the dear ones who were safe with them once more! Wounded and stricken they might be—ay, almost beyond recognition in some cases; but what of that? They were home again. Thank God! Thank God!

As there was no one to meet me, I collected my goods and chattels, and, lighting a cigarette, sat down to await the departure of our 'special' to town.

As I sat, idly watching the busy crowd, Morton came hobbling along.

'Where on earth have you been hiding?' he inquired. 'I have hunted for you everywhere to present my people.—Father, this is Captain Morne; my mother, my sister.'

I rose and shook hands.

'So glad to meet you, Captain Morne,' said Mrs Morton. 'We have heard so much of you from Reggie's letters.'

'Yes, we have to thank you most sincerely for all your kindness to him,' chimed in her husband.

'Really, I have done nothing to merit such thanks,' I endeavoured to explain; but my protestations were unheeded.

'It's no good your denying it,' insisted Reggie.—'Why, he carried me about all over the place, and coaxed me back to life almost, when he himself was a mere wreck, and now the old humbug pretends he did nothing at all!'

'How good of you!' remarked Miss Morton, who, I noticed, was a very pretty girl with a strong likeness to her brother.

Again I disclaimed credit, and tried to explain that my friend's gratitude had magnified the case; but they would take no denial.

'Reggie tells me he has asked you to stay with us while you are in England,' Mr Morton began. 'We should be delighted if you will honour us,' he added in his courtly fashion.

The ladies, with persuasive kindness, added their invitation to his; but, thanking them heartily for their cordiality, I refused to inflict them with my presence until I was more convalescent, when, I stated, I would gladly avail myself of their hospitality.

We lunched together on board—such a merry party—and it was with feelings of considerable regret that I parted from them; they travelling into the Midlands, whilst I journeyed on to London with our special train.

This happy reunion of young Morton and his family caused my thoughts to drift into a comparison of my lonely lot with that of others; and as I lay back in the railway carriage, gazing over the green fields, the familiar homesteads, and pretty English hamlets past which we sped, the longing for a home and dear ones of my own was strong within my heart. My parents had died when I was quite a child, and their memory was vague and indistinct.

'Now, if only I had a sister like Phillis Morton, what a difference it would make! What a pretty girl she was, what hair, and what glorious eyes!'

With such sentiments passing through my mind I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was back in Africa, lying in my blanket on the sun-baked veldt, with naught above me save the blue dome of heaven with its brilliant starlit canopy. Presently a cloud appeared. It formed itself into the face of a woman with masses of waving hair tinged with gold as by the setting sun, and through her tresses the bright stars gleamed and glittered like moonlight shimmering on a troubled sea. The face was that of Phillis Morton!

There came a distant roar as of thunder, and I awoke with a start to find the train rumbling over a viaduct, and in the place of the stars of Africa I beheld, through the quickening twilight, the myriad lights of the Metropolis of the World. We were in London.

A fortnight in London worked wonders in me; and, beyond the natural weakness consequent to a protracted ailment, I felt but little inconvenience from my wound, and was soon able to get about again much as usual.

I corresponded regularly with Reggie Morton, and in each letter he urged me to pay them a visit—a request I was willing enough to comply with, for, with me, a keen longing for fresh air and life in the open invariably follows upon even so short a period as a fortnight of town life. I decided to go down the following week, and a couple of hours' run on a Great Western express

brought me to Avontou, where a hearty welcome awaited me, and I was speedily ensconced as an honoured and pampered guest.

Brook Morton, the home of the Mortons, is a charming specimen of the old English manor-house, standing in its extensive park and surrounded by magnificent old oaks and stately forest-trees, under whose sheltering branches the deer roamed hither and thither, reminiscent of woodland England of medieval days.

The time passed pleasantly away among the pheasants and partridges, with occasional drives to the meets of fox-hounds. I was still unable to risk the severe exertion of following on horse-back; but any regrets I might have experienced were more than counterbalanced by the pleasure I derived from being driven about by Phillis Morton, who sacrificed herself on my behalf. My visit was extended to a somewhat lengthy period, as every suggestion of departure was waved aside by my kind host and hostess.

The happiness of those winter days will never be forgotten. The country lanes, winding over hill and dale; the broad, undulating pastures; the thickly wooded coverts—where the great trees stretched across our pathways, forming natural archways of boughs and branches—through which we passed, while the timid rabbits and startled pheasants scampered away at our approach. How well I see it all, and the deep-gray eyes of Phillis look out from the vista of my memory as I dream of those happy, happy days! How I longed for the impossible—the things which might have been, yet could not be! I think it must have been a case of love at first sight; if not, I know not when or how it came about, for it seems to have always been, and I feel that it always will be. I used to ask myself a thousand times if she returned my love, and at times I dared to hope that she was not indifferent. I could not ask her—I, a poor man, a mere soldier of fortune, with little beyond my meagre pay. What could I offer her? To share the hardships and privations of a soldier's life abroad—an Indian bungalow—an African hut! What else except my heart's love, that counts for little?

It was my last evening at Brook Morton, and I had gone to my room to write a few letters. The light was fading fast, and I was deeply engrossed, endeavouring to finish before it became too dark. Suddenly I became aware of some other presence in the room, which was an exceptionally large apartment, with a dressing-room opening out from it at the farther end from where I was sitting. I had not heard the door open, or the sound of any movement; but an inexplicable feeling that I was not alone came over me. I looked round, and was astonished to see Phillis Morton standing by the fireplace. The flickering shadows played upon her features, which bore an intensely sorrowful expression as she gazed in-

tently into the firelight's glow. I was about to rise and make my presence known, when a man in evening-dress appeared from the dressing-room. He was a remarkably handsome man, very dark, and without doubt a foreigner. He went up to Phillis, and before I had time to realise what was happening he raised a dagger and stabbed her. I sprang to my feet with a cry, and rushed towards them; but ere I could reach the spot they both had vanished from my sight.

I rubbed my eyes. I was bathed in a cold perspiration and trembled violently. It was some time before I recovered from the shock, and then I carefully examined every corner of the room and the dressing-room beyond, but could find no vestige of explanation for my extraordinary experience. My nerves were exceptionally good; I was not subject to hallucinations. Spiritualism and ghosts and all such 'twaddle' I considered beneath my serious consideration, being exceptionally sceptical on such subjects. If a man told me he believed in ghosts, I either disbelieved his statement or categorised him as imbecile. Yet what was this strange thing that had happened to me?

I left the room and joined the others in the drawing-room, and must own to a feeling of profound relief at discovering Phillis there, as well and as lovely as ever. She was seated at the piano, her fingers wandering carelessly over the keys as she extemporised some dreamy melody. She smiled a welcome as I crossed the room.

'Sing something, please,' I entreated, drawing a chair to her side.

A song chained to be open in front of her, and she began it:

I built a bridge of fancies: it reached from earth to heaven,

Yet scarcely ere completed its slender chains were riven.
So many shadows crossed it, in colours decked so bright,
No wonder that they broke it, although their weight was light.

When next I gazed with longing—in one short summer's day—

All I had loved had vanished, my bridge was swept away.

It was an old song, though new to me. Some airs teem with association and become linked with incidents of bygone days. How this one has vibrated through the chords of my memory since that night, hummed—an accompaniment to thoughts of Phillis—on many a weary night-watch on outpost kopjes or cheerless ride across the trackless veldt! I hear it now, and as I close my eyes in reverie visions of that fair face, with its sweet gray eyes, gladden my day-dreams.

That night, when the others had retired, Mr Morton and I sat smoking in the library, and I took the opportunity of relating to him the story of my curious adventure of that afternoon. He was greatly impressed, and I had to repeat every detail two or three times, especially as regards the description of the man I had seen. I was able to do this accurately and minutely, as it had left a vivid impression: above the medium height, very dark, a foreigner of *distinguee* appearance, and a man I would recognise again anywhere. Of this I felt quite convinced. Mr Morton was sure that they knew no such person, and added that he was extremely glad of it. He begged me not to mention the matter to the rest of the family. 'Should you by any strange chance ever come across any one answering to this description, I wish you would let me know,' he continued; and, from his earnest manner, I knew that he was somewhat disturbed over the incident.

Next day I bade adieu to Brook Morton and returned to town. A week or two later I was passed fit for service by a Medical Board, and returned to my regiment, which formed portion of a column operating in the Transvaal in vain endeavours to outwit the Boer commandos.

(To be continued.)

SOME EXQUISITES OF THE REGENCY.

By LEWIS MELVILLE.

PART I.



HEN Almack's Club, composed of all the travelled young men who wore long curls and spying-glasses, was in 1778 absorbed by Brooks's, the day of the Macaronis was past. Then, as Wrazall records, Charles

James Fox and his friends, who might be said to lead the Town, affecting a style of neglect about their persons and manifesting a contempt of all the usages hitherto established, first threw a sort of discredit on dress. 'Fox lodged in St James's Street, and as soon as he rose, which was very late, had a *levée* of his followers and of the members of

the gambling club at Brooks's—all his disciples,' Walpole wrote. 'His bristly black person, and shaggy breast quite open and rarely purified by any ablutions, was wrapped in a foul linen night-gown, and his bushy hair dishevelled. In these cynic weeds, and with epicurean good humour, did he dictate his politics, and in this school did the heir of the Crown attend his lessons and imbibe them.'

The young Prince of Wales might study statecraft under Fox; but in the matter of dress he fell in line with the new race of *beaver*, bucks, or, to use a word that came into general use at this time,

dandies. The most famous of the latter were Lord Petersham, Lord Foley, Lord Hertford (immortalised by Thackeray in *Vanity Fair* as the Marquis of Steyne, and by Disraeli in *Coningsby* as Lord Monmouth), the Duke of Argyll, Lord Worcester, Henry Pierrepont, Henry de Ros, Colonel Dawson Damer, Dan Mackinnon, Lord Dudley and Ward, Hervey Ashton, Gronow the memoirist, Sir Lunley Skeffington, and Brummell.

These exquisites were disinclined to yield the palm even to an Heir-Apparent with limitless resources. The Prince of Wales, however, contrived to hold his own. At his first appearance in society he created a sensation. He wore a new shoe-buckle! This was his own invention, and differed from all previous articles of the same kind, inasmuch as it was an inch long and five inches broad, reaching almost to the ground on either side of the foot! This was good for an introduction to the polite world, but it was not until he attended his first Court ball that he did himself full justice. Then his magnificence was such that the arbiters of fashion were compelled reluctantly to admit that a powerful rival had come upon the scene. A contemporary was so powerfully impressed by the splendour of the Prince's costume that he placed on record a description: 'His coat was pink silk, with white cuffs; his waistcoat white silk, embroidered with various coloured foil, and adorned with a profusion of French paste; and his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, five thousand in number, with a button and loop of the same metal, and cocked in a new military style.'

The laurels won in early youth he retained all the days of his life. Expense was no object to him, and, indeed, it must be confessed he spent money in many worse ways than on his clothes. Bachelor, his valet, who entered his service after the death of the Duke of York, said that a plain coat, from its repeated alterations and the consequent journeys from London to Windsor to Davison the tailor, would often cost three hundred pounds before it met with his approbation! He had a mania for hoarding, and at his death all the coats, vests, breeches, boots, and other articles of attire which had graced his person during half a century were found in his wardrobe. It is said he carried the catalogue in his head, and could call for any costume he had ever worn. His executors, Lord Gifford and Sir William Knighton, discovered in the pockets of his coats, besides innumerable women's love-letters, locks of hair, and other trifles of his usually discredited amours, no less than five hundred pocket-books, each containing small forgotten sums of money, amounting in all to ten thousand pounds! His clothes sold for fifteen thousand pounds; they cost probably ten times that amount.

Lord Petersham was a Mæcenas among the tailors, and the inventor of an overcoat called after him. He was famous for his brown carriages, horses, and liveries, all of the same shade; and his devotion to

this colour was popularly supposed to be due to the love he had borne a widow of the name. He never went out before six o'clock in the evening, and had many other eccentricities. Gronow has described a visit to his apartments: 'The room into which we were ushered was more like a shop than a gentleman's sitting-room. All around the wall were shelves, upon which were placed the canisters containing congou, pekoe, souchong, bohea, gunpowder, Russian, and many other teas, all the best of their kind; on the other side of the room were beautiful jars, with names in gilt letters of innumerable kinds of snuff, and all the necessary apparatus for moistening and mixing. Lord Petersham's mixture is still well known to all tobaccoists. Other shelves and many of the tables were covered with a great number of magnificent snuff-boxes; for Lord Petersham had perhaps the finest collection in England, and was supposed to have a fresh box for every day in the year. I heard him, on the occasion of a delightful old light-blue Skyes box he was using being admired, say in his hipping way, "Yes, it is a nice summer box, but it would not do for winter wear." Queen Charlotte had made snuff-taking fashionable in England, but the habit began to die out with the Regency. George IV. carried a box, but he had no liking for it; and, conveying it with a grand air between his right thumb and forefinger, he was careful to drop it before it reached his nose. He gave up the custom of offering a pinch to his neighbours, and it was recognised as a breach of good manners to dip uninvited into a man's box. When at the Pavilion the Bishop of Winchester committed such an infringement of etiquette, Brummell told a servant to throw the rest of the snuff into the fire. When Lord Petersham died, his snuff was sold by auction. It took three men three days to weigh it, and realised three thousand pounds.

Another eccentric was Lord Dudley and Ward, sometime Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who eventually lost his reason. His absence of mind was notorious, and he had a habit of talking aloud that frequently landed him in trouble. Dining at the house of a *gourmet*, under the impression he was at home, he apologised for the badness of the *entrées*, and begged the company to excuse them on account of the illness of his cook! Similarly, when he was paying a visit he imagined himself to be the entertainer, and when his hostess had exhausted her hints concerning the duration of his call, he murmured, 'A very pretty woman. But she stays a devilish long time. I wish she'd go.' Still more amusing were his remarks in the carriage of a brother-peer who had volunteered to drive him from the House of Lords to Dudley House: 'A deuce of a bore! This tiresome man has taken me home, and will expect me to ask him to dinner. I suppose I must do so, but it is a horrid nuisance.' This was too much for his good-natured companion, who, as if to himself, droned in the same monotonous tones, 'What a bore! This good-natured fellow

Dadley will think himself obliged to invite me to dinner, and I shall be forced to go. I hope he won't ask me, for he gives d—d bad dinners.' These stories recall another related of an absent-minded Royal Duke, who, when during the service the parson proposed the prayer for rain, said in a voice audible throughout the church, 'Yes, by all means let us pray, but it won't be any good. We shan't get rain till the moon changes.'

Sir Lumley Skeffington distinguished himself by dressing à la Robespierre, and by painting his face, so that he looked like a French toy. He hankered after literary fame, and produced a drama entitled *The Sleeping Beauty*, which attracted the attention of Byron, who immortalised him in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*:

In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize:
And sure great Skeffington must claim our praise,
For skitless coats and skeletons of plays,
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs;
Nor sleeps with 'sleeping beauties,' but anon
In five facetious acts comes thundering on,
While poor John Bull, bewild'rd with the scene,
Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean;
But as some hands applaud—a venal few—
Rather than sleep John Bull applauds it too.

Like that of many of his comrades, Sir Lumley's expenditure was not regulated by his income, with the result that he was imprisoned for debt, and disappeared for some years. When he was released his old friends avoided or ignored him; and Alvanley, asked who was that solitary, splendidly dressed person, replied, 'It is a second edition of *The Sleeping Beauty*, bound in calf, richly gilt, and illustrated by many cuts.'

After Brummell left England, it was to William Lord Alvanley that all the witty sayings of the day were attributed. The son of the famous lawyer Sir Pepper Arden,* he began life in the Coldstream Guards, of which the colonel was the Duke of York. He achieved his earliest success as a wit at the expense of a brother-officer, Gunter, a scion of the famous catering-house. Gunter's horse was almost beyond the control of the rider, who explained that his horse was too hot to hold. 'Ice him, Gunter; ice him,' cried Alvanley. Thrown into such company, it was not perhaps unnatural that Alvanley should be extravagant; but his carelessness in money matters was notorious. Though very wealthy, he soon became embarrassed in his circumstances. He persuaded Charles Greville, the author of the *Journals*, to put his affairs in order. The two men spent a day over accounts, and Greville found that the task he had undertaken would not be so difficult as

he had been given to understand. His relief was not long-lived, however, for on the following morning he received a note from Alvanley saying he had quite forgotten a debt of fifty thousand pounds!

Alvanley was famous for his dinners, and indulged in the expensive taste of having an apricot tart on his table every day throughout the year. As he was beloved by his friends and vastly popular, society was enraged when O'Connell in the House of Commons spoke of him as 'a bloated buffoon.' A challenge was sent at once, but the Liberator refused to go out. He had been on the ground once, had killed his man, and had vowed never to fight another duel. Alvanley could not forgive the insult, however, and threatened to thrash the aggressor; whereupon Morgan O'Connell met him in place of his father, when several shots were exchanged without result. 'What a clumsy fellow O'Connell must be, to miss such a fat fellow as I!' said Alvanley calmly. 'He ought to practise at a haystack to get his hand in.' Driven back to London, he gave the hackney-coachman a sovereign. 'It's a great deal,' said the man gratefully, 'for having taken your lordship to Wimbledon.' 'No, my good fellow,' the peer laughed; 'I give it you, not for taking me, but for bringing me back.'

Beyond all question the greatest dandy of his day was George Bryan Brummell, generally called Beau Brummell. This famous personage dominated all his rivals, and even the Prince of Wales accepted him at least as an equal. It is not known with any certainty how his acquaintance began with the Heir-Apparent. Brummell's aunt, Mrs Searle, who had a little cottage with stables for cows at the entrance, opposite Clarges Street, of the Green Park, in which she had been installed by George III., related that it was one day when the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the beautiful Marchioness of Salisbury, stopped to see the cows milked that he first met her nephew, was attracted by him, and, hearing he was intended for the army, offered him a commission in his own regiment. Gronow gives another story, which on the face of it is more probable. Brummell made many friends among the scions of good family while he was at Eton, where he seems to have been regarded as an Admirable Crichton: 'the best scholar, the best boatman, the best cricketer.' He was invited to a ball at Devonshire House, became a great favourite, and was asked everywhere. The Prince sent for him, and, pleased by his manner and appearance, gave him a commission. In his seventeenth year he was gazetted to a cornetcy in the Tenth Light Dragoons. He resigned soon after because the regiment was ordered to Manchester!*

He threw himself heart and soul into the social life of the Metropolis, and soon his reputation extended far and wide, until no party was complete

* Sir Pepper Arden was a man of very violent temperament. One day, when he was haranguing a jury, a Frenchman who was paying a visit to the Law Courts asked who was the intransigent advocate. His companion translated the name literally, '*Le Chevalier Poivre Ardent*.' '*Parbleu!*' replied the other, '*il est très bien nommé.*'

* At a grand review at Brighton he was thrown from his horse and broke his classical Roman nose.

without him, and his presence was regarded as the hall-mark of fashion. He was the very man for the part he had set himself. Tall, well made, with a good figure, he affected an old-world air of courtesy, picked up probably from the French refugees, as he had never been out of England until he left it for good. His affectation of *velite cour* showed itself in the use of powder, which distinguished him in the days when the custom was dying out among civilians. His grandfather was a tradesman, and let lodgings in Bury Street, St James's. His father, by the influence of a lodger, was presented to a clerkship in the Treasury, became private secretary to Lord North, made money by speculation, was High Sheriff of Berkshire, and settled down at Donnington, where he was visited by Fox and Sheridan. Though of no rank, Brummell lived with the highest in the land on terms of equality. His acquaintance was sought, his intimacy desired; and, so far from requiring a patron, it was he who patronised. His influence was unbounded, his fascination undeniable, his indifference to public opinion reckless. He was good-natured and rarely out of humour; neither a drunkard nor a profligate. He had bright and amusing conversation, some wit, and a considerable power of *persiflage*, which, while it enabled him to laugh some people out of bad habits, only too frequently was exerted to laugh others out of good principles.

He revived the taste for dress. 'Clean linen, and plenty of it,' was an important item of his creed. His great triumph was in connection with the cravat. Before he came into his own they were worn without stiffening of any kind; as soon as he ascended his throne he had them starched!* A revolution would not have attracted more attention. Thereafter his sway was undisputed, and his word law in all matters of fashion. The Prince of Wales used to call on him in the morning at his house in Chesterfield Street, and, deeply engrossed in the discussion of costume, would frequently remain to dinner. 'Brummell was always studiously and remarkably well dressed, never *outré*; and, though considerable time and attention were devoted to his toilet, it never, when once accomplished, seemed to occupy his attention; said one who knew him well. 'His manners were easy, polished, and gentleman-like, and regulated by that same good taste which he displayed in most things. No one was a more keen observer of vulgarity in others, or more piquant in his criticisms, or more despotic as an arbiter *elegantiarum*; he could decide the fate of

a young man just launched into the world with a single word.'†

The tastes of the Prince of Wales verged on the florid, but Brummell's efforts tended to simplicity of costume. Under Brummell the dandy's dress consisted of a blue coat with brass buttons, leather breeches, and top-boots; with, of course, the deep, stiff white cravat which prevented you from seeing your boots while standing. Gronow relates that while he was in Paris after Waterloo trousers and shoes were worn by young men, only old fogies favouring knee-breeches. On his return to England in 1816, receiving from Lady Hertford an invitation to Manchester House 'to have the honour of meeting the Prince Regent,' he went dressed *à la Française*—white neckcloth, waistcoat, black trousers, shoes, and silk stockings. He made his bow, and almost immediately afterwards Horace Seymour came to him: 'The great man is very much surprised that you should have ventured to appear in his presence without knee-breeches. He considers it as a want of proper respect for him.' Gronow went away in high dudgeon. A month later the Prince adopted the dress he had censured!

All the world watched Brummell to imitate him. He made the fortune of his tailor, Weston, of Old Bond Street, and of his other tradesmen. The most noteworthy of these was Hoby, the St James's Street bootmaker, an impertinent and independent man who employed his leisure as a Methodist preacher. Many good stories are told of him. It was he who said to the Duke of Kent, when the latter informed him of the issue of the great battle at Vittoria, 'If Lord Wellington had had any other bootmaker than myself he would never have had his great and constant successes, for my boots and my prayers bring him out of all his difficulties.' When Horace Churchill entered his shop and complained in no moderate words of a pair of boots, vowing he would never employ him again, Hoby quickly turned the tables. 'John, close the shutters,' he cried to an assistant, affecting a woebegone look. 'It is all over with us. I must shut up shop. Ensign Churchill withdraws his custom from me.' Sir John Shelley once showed him a pair of top-boots that had split in several places. 'How did that happen, Sir John?' 'Why, in walking to my stable,' the customer explained. 'Walking to your stable!' Hoby exclaimed, not troubling to suppress a sneer. 'I made the boots for riding, not walking.'‡

† The Duke of Bedford asked his opinion of a new coat; Brummell looked at it carefully in front and, telling him to turn round, at the back. Then he asked earnestly, 'Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?'

‡ Hoby died worth one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. He was the first man in London to drive a Tilbury.

* A visitor to Brummell met the great man's valet on the stair, having on his arm a number of crumpled ties. In answer to an inquiring look, the latter explained, 'They are our failures.'



A NIGHT INVASION BY THE TRAVELLING ANTS OF NORTHERN NIGERIA.

THE following occurrence is, no doubt, the experience of every one who has ever spent any length of time on the West Coast or in the interior of tropical Africa; but still it may prove of interest to those people who have been fortunate enough not to have had to earn their living in that part of the world. It happened to be my lot some time ago to be living in Northern Nigeria, in which Protectorate, as elsewhere, numerous species of ants exist—black, red, and white; large, small, and medium. It is usually in the wet season, which lasts approximately from May to November, that the 'travelling' ants, black and of a medium size, travel about the country, disturbed and driven, doubtless, from their habitations by the immense amount of rain that falls and floods them out.

It is quite common to see thousands upon thousands in one long stream all travelling in the same direction, looking for food and dry quarters; and any insects or reptiles that may be in their path, and not able to make a quick escape, soon fall a prey to these wandering hordes.

I was living at the time in a grass house—that is to say, the roof was of the latter substance, the walls composed of mud, and the rooms open to the roof without any ceiling. One night I had been sitting up rather late writing, and on retiring to my bedroom my attention was attracted by a curious pattering noise, as of rain falling on the tarpaulin I had erected over my bed, which covering was very necessary in the wet season, as the natives in this part of the world are incapable of making roofs impervious to the rain. On looking to see the cause of this noise, I perceived hundreds and hundreds of black ants dropping from the roof, climbing down the walls, and coming through the aperture called by courtesy a window.

Presently a scurrying noise arose from the grass mats on the floor and walls, and there appeared all manner of innumerable and loathsome insects running and creeping down the walls out of every crevice, their starting-point evidently having been the roof, their usual home and resort—spiders of many species (large and small, hairy and otherwise), lizards, crickets, cockroaches—all fleeing before a mutual foe, to say nothing of a scorpion with its deadly sting, which is said to bring on tetanus. The latter I speedily exterminated, and in a few seconds the ants were responsible for its remains.

By way of digression, I may say that the natives of those parts use the tail and body of the scorpion as an ingredient in a mixture they make for poisoning arrows, pounding the body up with poisonous leaves and smearing their arrow-points

with it. Of course this is only one of the many ways they have of doing that.

The cause of all this commotion lay in the fact that the ants had climbed up into the roof, and once there, had instituted a drive through it, searching for food, and all its occupants had fled downwards towards the light in my room, as if there they could secure safety. The next object I saw was a small snake, the colour of whipcord, said to be very poisonous, executing a tight-rope performance upon the rope of my tarpaulin. It I quickly knocked down and killed, and by the morning nothing remained except the backbone. By this time the room was pretty full; and not having anywhere else to go, I climbed on to my bed inside the mosquito curtains, which, being well tucked in at the bottom, sufficed to keep the ants out. From my post of vantage I was able to see and hear all that passed. At intervals an unfortunate lizard would rush across the floor covered with ants, who were gradually devouring it, and make frantic efforts to climb the farther wall, but, being too weak, would fall down exhausted, never to rise again, and speedily was demolished. It was slightly gruesome, to say the least of it, in the middle of the night to see these thousands of ants noiselessly descending and crawling about everywhere, the stillness only broken by the insects and reptiles trying without avail to escape their relentless pursuers, many of them covered and half-eaten by the ants. These invaders remained for over three hours in my room, and then, to my great relief, began to leave.

The next morning I found them massed on the posts supporting the roof, waiting for the sun to warm them before departing, which they presently did in a most curious formation. A number of them appeared to join hands, so to speak, the whole length of the post, while the main body passed downwards underneath, and in some cases over the heads of those stationary. It was not till 7 p.m. of that day that the last detachment departed, watched anxiously by myself, as I was not much inclined to pass another night in their company. These pests will clear out a kitchen or larder in no time, and eat up everything in the way of meat. It is said that it was the favourite punishment of the Emir of Kano to place his captives taken in war (those he did not want as slaves), and all malefactors, upon ant-heaps, bound and helpless, and to leave them there until they were devoured. The ants that made these mounds of earth full of holes are a larger kind, black in colour, and have a power when touched of emitting a most unpleasant smell.

But the subject of ants out in that country is well-nigh an inexhaustible one.



Chamber's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE RUIN OF THE SARDINE TRADE IN BRITTANY.

By F. G. AFLALO.

PERIODIC crisis is a condition of the fishing industry of all lands and ages. These commercial upheavals, which for the time paralyse whole villages and throw the fishing population on the charity of their sympathetic countrymen, are in part due to the incalculable operations of Nature and in part to the artificial processes of man. In our own seas, where we are not without our troubles—the decay of line-fishing on the Scotch coast, the plague of dogfish in Cornwall, the stagnation of Irish fisheries—a crisis of this nature is rarely acute; but in Brittany the sardine industry was a couple of years ago brought to the verge of ruin and to such a pass that recovery looked impossible. I shall show in the course of the present article how both man and Nature were to blame for their respective shares in the commercial cataclysm that overwhelmed a hundred thousand toiling Bretons; and a brief review of the circumstances which led up to the paralysis of the industry should be of interest to English readers, not merely in memory of the temporary suspension of the *sardine à l'huile* from the breakfast-table or *hors d'œuvre*, but also out of sympathy for a brave class of men who have much in common with our own fisherfolk on the opposite coast. Indeed, between Cornouailles and Cornwall, both important fishery centres, there is more ethnological and geographical affinity than the mere analogy of name.

The French sardine-fishery, which has its chief centres at Camaret, Douarnenez, Concarneau, Lorient, Roscoff, Port-Louis, and Le Croizic, supports, or supported in its palmy days, a population which, including those who actually fished in the boats, those who prepared the sardines for market, and their dependants, could not be reckoned at less than a hundred thousand. The ruin, threatened or accomplished, of such a community could not fail to constitute a grave industrial problem for our neighbours; and many thoughtful scientific and commercial men gave much time to its study, among them M. Gustave Toudouze, to whose articles, as

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also to official French publications, I am chiefly indebted for the material used in this article.

The trouble arose from two causes. The first, and perhaps the most important, lay in the capricious and irregular movements of the sardine itself. This puzzling aspect of the subject was referred to by Duhamel de Monceau as far back as 1772; and it cannot be said that we are much nearer a knowledge of the truth to-day, for the utmost uncertainty prevails as to the causes and extent of these wanderings. The herring, and even the mature sardine which in Cornwall we call the pilchard, are, compared with the erratic little fish that once spelt wealth for Brittany and Manche, as regular as clockwork in their comings and goings. Year after year you may find the herrings littering the quays at Yarmouth in November, or the larger scales of the pilchard covering everything at Mervagissey in August; but the Breton sardine has been known to desert those shallow waters off Douarnenez as absolutely as if it had gone for a cruise in the China Seas. As marine biology probes deeper into the secrets of the ocean, it may be—we can but vaguely speculate on such results—that changes in the temperature and condition of the water, acting not so much directly on the sardines themselves, but rather on the minute organisms on which they feed, will be accounted the determining factors in all this unrest. It is difficult to believe that the agency of man, to which some of the blame has been attached, can be responsible for a more than merely local and temporary disturbance of the equilibrium. Gunfire and torpedo practice at Bertheaume and elsewhere are regarded as prejudicial to the peace of this susceptible fish, and the vibrating progress of the motor-boat has also not escaped criticism; but I cannot believe, from analogies in our own bays, that such disturbing influences can be enduring in their effect.

The sardine, like all its tribe, has a host of natural enemies, for it has not been left for man to discover what excellent food it makes. The 'sea-pig,' and more particularly the white whale, or beluga, among mammals, the gamnet and the cornmorant among

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birds, the tope and spur-dog among fishes, are among the unrelenting rivals of the fishermen. The French authorities do not, like ourselves, encourage the destruction of the cormorant, nor do they see any serious menace in the dogfish. Even the porpoise, they say, is a great aid in locating the whereabouts of the shoals; and if one is by chance entangled in the nets, it is quickly drowned and does comparatively little damage. The beluga, on the other hand, is their *bête noire*, for it frequently falls foul of the nets, which are then rent beyond repair by its frantic struggles to make good its escape from the toils. Owing to their representations, the naval authorities at Brest have during the past two summers undertaken a serious, though not very successful, campaign against these cetaceans, sending torpedo-boats to patrol the fishing-grounds with gunners to fire at the intruders with 37 mm. guns and also with the Lebel rifle; but, even to naval gunners, plunging whales are no easy target for bullets, and in the absence of properly equipped harpoon-boats the majority of the marauders got off scathless. I have named the beluga out of deference to the official reports of the French Government, for it is thus that they call the cetacean responsible for the damage. Nevertheless, I doubt whether what we call the beluga, or white whale, a creature of cold northern waters, is ever a regular visitor to the warm seas off Brittany.

So far, we have seen how the fantastic wanderings of the sardine—in respect of which the jury of marine biologists has hitherto returned an open verdict—and also to some extent the depredations of the 'beluga,' are responsible for damage to this great industry. There is another important factor in the ups and downs of the trade, one which takes us for the moment from the congenial study of natural causes to the more sordid and artificial operations of the market. The Breton mode of catching sardines—which is, for all that has been said, or that can be said, in criticism of it, probably better suited to the local conditions than any other—consists in attracting the shoal within reach of the net by the use of cod-roe, or *rogue*, which is flung on the waters like seed in the furrows, yielding immediate harvest, and coming back to the sower with its value many times increased. It has sometimes been asked why our Cornishmen do not also use *rogue* when pilchards are scarce. This is the sort of question invariably propounded by those who see good only in the methods adopted in other countries, and to it I would reply that Cornishmen very well know their own business. As a matter of fact, the pilchard of the Cornish coast is a mature fish, bent on spawning, and the Bretons know it also as *sardine de dévot*, absolutely indifferent to the attractions of *rogue*, wherefore they distinguish the smaller and more hungry race as *sardines de rogue*.

Now, the cod-roe used in this fishing has to be obtained from Bergen and elsewhere in Norway. In less sophisticated times, as much as was wanted

for the season could be had at Bergen for about two pounds a barrel. Then came the inevitable speculation and cornering of the market, the curse of the fishing industry wherever its influence is felt. That which was bought at Bergen for forty francs was sold for not much less than one hundred and forty francs at Bordeaux. But such vast profits as 250 per cent. could not long be left to the enterprising middleman; and in 1902—be it observed, just a year before the great crisis—Norwegian salesmen got wind of the commercial robbery, and at once took steps to divert some of the gain to their own pockets. The cost of a barrel at Bergen rose at once, by common agreement, from forty to one hundred francs, and market prices in the Breton ports increased in proportion until the unfortunate fishermen could no longer afford to buy it in anything like the necessary bulk. They were compelled to make a quantity that had formerly lasted them only three days do duty for a fortnight, and the result was that the sardines, educated to expect greater generosity, resented such short commons and refused to come within reach of the nets. There are even some people who hold that the insufficiency of *rogue* used in this famine-time sent the shoals permanently elsewhere; but in this extreme view I cannot concur, as so concerted a movement could be determined by nothing less than an interruption in their natural food-supply, and would not result from a mere shortage in bait. So stubbornly, indeed, were all the ordinary operations of supply and demand stifled by those who held *rogue* for a rise that even when stock accumulated, owing to the fishermen being too poor to purchase supplies at the already immense figure of one hundred and twenty-five francs a barrel, the price continued to rise until it touched the ridiculous margin of one hundred and fifty francs. But these market-riggers overreached themselves, and in the ensuing panic prices fell so rapidly that by the early days of 1903 the cost of a barrel of *rogue* was down to seventy francs. It was too late. The fishery, such as it had been, was over for the year, and the fishermen and their families were starving.

This necessarily brief outline of the baneful speculations that operated so fatally against the fishermen is perhaps sufficient. As a remedy for future trade conspiracies of the kind it has been suggested that *rogue* might be altogether dispensed with, some other mode of fishing less subject to the wiles of the speculator being substituted. These departures from established custom are often proposed in all good faith, but they are exceedingly difficult of consummation. It is not, for instance, probable that the same pattern of net would continue to catch the sardines without the accompanying use of bait, and this introduces the need of some totally different apparatus to which the fishermen of that coast are strangers. The trawl would not serve the purpose, and indeed steam-trawlers are already looked askance at and forced to keep outside these bays. The seine, as used at St Ives, would

also in all probability fail to work satisfactorily. There remains the ancient madrague, a net used by Mediterranean nations for all manner of fish, from the sardine to the tunny. But this complicated and costly apparatus, which consists of a number of compartments leading into a death-chamber, the whole constructed of coco-nut fibre, and costing not far short of two thousand pounds, is not suited to all coasts. For instance, it answers perfectly with the tunny of the Mediterranean bays, but I found that in Madeira a Portuguese syndicate had in vain considered plans for its employment in the tunny-fishery of that island.

In such cases, before rashly attempting the introduction of foreign nets or other engines of fishing, a thorough survey of the fishing-grounds, a proper appreciation of what I may call submarine orography—an understanding, in short, of the ups and downs of the bed of the sea—is of first importance. Here and there, as on the bed of the Pacific Ocean between California and the Sandwich Islands, it is possible to find three or four hundred miles of unbroken flatness; but such equality is the exception, and mountains alternating with gullies may be regarded as the rule. A net that does its work admirably on level ground may fail utterly amid great contrast of heights and depths; and before lightly advocating the suppression of methods in local vogue for a century or more, well-meaning amateurs should make themselves acquainted with those hidden portions of the earth's crust on which these nets have to catch their fish.

Nor are the Bretons in ignorance of such foreign modes as have been recommended as the solution of the difficulty. Camarat, for instance, a port which has for years fitted out one crabbing-fleet for the Seven Stones and Scilly, sends another to the Spanish fishing-ports, where the crews have ample opportunities of seeing for themselves the *cedazo* and other native nets.

One more aspect of the commercial crisis which

overtook Brittany three years ago remains for consideration. The sardine is of little value in the fresh state. Like the pilchard of Cornwall, it keeps so badly and loses its freshness so quickly that it can only be eaten fresh in the immediate locality of its capture. This means that the catchers cannot afford to chaffer with the buyers, but must sell the catch each day at their price. This was never higher fifteen or twenty years ago than fifty-two shillings per thousand, and has, with a glut in the market, touched as low a figure as one shilling and three-pence; but average prices at the present day lie between a maximum of thirty-two shillings and a minimum of ten shillings. Now, each boat's crew consists of from five to eight hands, including a boy; and the value of the boat, nets, and all would be not far short of eighty pounds, representing a big interest in the profits. Taking one consideration with another, it is doubtful whether the average earnings of a Breton sardine-fisherman can be put much higher than a shilling a day. That this dole leaves no margin for thrift, even in a Frenchman, goes without saying. That it means untold misery the moment any influence, biological or economic, disturbs the industry is equally clear. Hence the pitiful straits to which the entire coastal population of Brittany and the neighbouring districts was reduced by the great industrial crisis, of which an attempt has here been made to indicate the chief causes determined, and the remedies suggested, by those who, under the Comité Consultatif des Pêches Maritimes, made a special study of the subject. Fortunately, the best customers for these sardines were always ourselves, and they therefore found their way from the sea to the breakfast-table free of duty. Would that the same fiscal immunity were assured to our unfortunate Cornishmen, on whom the iniquitous reimposition of the pilchard-tax by the Italian Government, in prompt recognition of the return of a party pledged against measures of retaliation, cannot fail to press very heavily.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XII.

HAVE you any plans for this afternoon, Mr Saunders?

It was with these words that the Queen broke the pathetic silence she had hitherto maintained during our midday meal. Her expression was that of a martyr, and the cadence of her voice suggested deep sorrow.

'I have promised to go bob-sleighing with the Prinzessinn Mathilde, your Majesty,' I replied.

'Perhaps,' she went on sadly, 'you will permit me to drive you to the Marienastel. I am paying a visit to the Groszherzog this afternoon.'

'It would give me very great pleasure,' I replied, with unhesitating menacity. I had purposely

removed the carnations from my button-hole before sitting down to lunch, and the last thing I desired was anything in the nature of a *lèche-à-lèche* with their donor.

'We will start at three,' said Her Majesty, rising at the conclusion of the meal. Miss Anchester darted a humorously scornful glance at me, and followed her royal mistress from the room.

'How did you get on at tobogganing, Herr Schneider?' asked the King.

The detective's bright eyes shone brighter than ever at the question.

'It was magnificent, sire,' he replied, with a florid gesture. 'I told Herr Saunders yesterday that I doubted the existence of human happiness.

I was wrong, for I have found it on the toboggan run.'

'Did you have many spills?' I inquired.

'Several,' he answered; 'but a fall into soft snow is one of the most delicious experiences I have ever tasted. It is as pleasurable as the swift rush down the smooth track with the wind whistling in your ears, the white banks flashing past you, and your heart singing with the ecstasy of tremendous speed. I have only tried the children's run so far; but I long to go on the Kastel run, to race down the straight, to spin round the corners, to take Jonathan and David perilously high, with the certainty that an error of judgment would send one spinning through a thousand feet of space to a glorious death on the Nonnenses.'

For a second the King's eyes and mine met. Herr Schneider's countenance bespoke extraordinary excitement. His big mobile face was twitching painfully, and his eyes gleamed with an exhilaration that was hardly sane.

'And how are your professional inquiries progressing?' asked the King coolly.

Herr Schneider shrugged his shoulders and gesticated with both hands. 'One must have time, sire,' he replied. 'In a delicate business such as this it is necessary to become familiar with one's surroundings by degrees. At present I suspect every one but your Majesty—even your good friends here, General Meyer and Herr Saunders. I must look into people's souls, and that cannot be done in a day, though my eyes are keen and practised. Your Majesty need not fear my devotion to my task.'

'If you propose looking into my soul,' said General Meyer slowly, 'you will find the process considerably duller than tobogganing. I occasionally direct a glance that way myself, and the view is very dreary.'

'To the psychologist all souls are interesting,' retorted Schneider; 'there is so much evil even in the most virtuous of men.'

'"There is some soul of evil in things good,"' I remarked, "would men observingly distil it out," as our greatest poet might have said if he had been an international detective. Still, I am glad you like tobogganing, Herr Schneider; a love of sport is a necessary characteristic in Weissheim.'

Herr Schneider rose. 'Sport!' he said, snapping his fingers contemptuously. 'The word has no meaning for me. Excitement! danger! speed!—those are things to live for and to die for. But with your Majesty's permission I will withdraw. I have your Majesty's business to attend to.'

'I don't remember ever disliking a man so thoroughly in my life,' said the King as the detective closed the door behind him. 'I infinitely prefer my unprincipled cousin Fritz.'

'I find it difficult to dislike a man who takes so little trouble to conceal his unpleasant disposition,' said General Meyer. 'I fancy your Majesty has in him an excellent servant if not a particularly agreeable companion.'

At three o'clock I started out for the Mariencastel in the company of Her Majesty the Queen. The coachman, a broad-shouldered man with a big red beard, I took at first sight for the man who had driven me on the previous afternoon. At a second glance my observant eye discerned a difference in the shape and angle of the nose, and I presumed, naturally enough, that he was a relation of my former driver.

'I am keenly looking forward to being taken on a bob-sleigh, your Majesty,' I began by way of starting conversation. As a general rule I addressed the King in English, a language he understood and spoke with perfect ease. The Queen, however, who did not share the Anglophile tendencies of her husband, preferred to be addressed in German, and it was in that tongue that I had made my commonplace remark.

'Let us speak English,' said Her Majesty, sniting the action to the word. 'It is more agreeable to feel one is not being listened to by a menial.'

My objections on that score were non-existent, but it was necessary to comply with the royal desire.

'Is it always fine like this at Weissheim?' I inquired.

'Good gracious, no!' replied my companion; 'but the weather looks pretty settled just at present. You see that long wisp of fog hanging over the far end of the Nonnensee? We call it "the fish." When "the fish" creeps up the valley towards Riefinsdorf it means that the weather is going to change. Our bad weather comes from Austria, and we watch for it through the gap between the Klauiberg and the Tran-altar. An Austrian wind means snow—one day's, two days', a week's snow—silent, dark, depressing. Ugh! I hate Weissheim!'

'But you do not hate it now that the sky is clear?' I asked.

'The sky clear!' she repeated sadly. 'Yes; but how can clear skies cheer a woman whose husband is a tyrant—a weak, vacillating, irreligious tyrant? Were his tyranny the oppression of a strong man it might be tolerable; but to be bullied and threatened by a man one despises, could anything be more humiliating to a woman of spirit?'

'Has the King bullied you since your return?' I asked, mindful of my unauthorised promise that by-gones should be by-gones.

'I questioned him as to his threat about the *Zauber-tisch*,' replied the Queen, 'and he did not deny having uttered it. The man is a monster—and a weak monster.'

'Is it not a case of the iron hand in the velvet glove?'

'No,' she replied curtly; 'it is a case of a palsied hand in a glove of mail. Some one has been stiffening his feeble spirit. I suspect that man Schneider. Who is he? The King says he is an Austrian physician. Personally, I believe he is a detective. What do you think, Mr Saunders?'

'My knowledge of Herr Schneider is of the slightest,' I answered evasively. 'He seems very enthusiastic on the subject of tobogganing.'

'Ugh!' said the Queen, 'I hate him. He has the eyes of a serpent—they fascinate one by their utter absence of pity. But tell me,' she went on, laying her gloved hand lightly on my arm, 'what on earth is a woman in my position to do? Grinland is the country of my adoption, and as a conscientious woman I put its welfare before everything. I see the State tottering for want of firm government, the Church neglected, the army slighted and openly resentful. The nation cries out for a strong, God-fearing man, and in the Marienastel such an one is to be found. Because I have taken counsel with the Grand Duke I have been called disloyal. Disloyal, forsooth! I who risk position, fame, everything in my loyalty to the people of Grinland! I know the Grand Duke well: how loath he is to raise a hand against his cousin, how reluctant to take a step which may lead to bloodshed and temporary disorder. But he is a man whose watchword is Duty, and he will not shrink from a distasteful task if the hour calls him.'

And this woman had said she could read me like a book! Assuredly, if ever a human being had laid bare her heart and mind, the Queen had done so before me. She loved the Grand Duke Fritz—unconsciously no doubt—and she accepted the lofty estimate of his character which he himself had offered her. The man was ambitious, unprincipled, and a hypocrite, quite unworthy to be mentioned in the same breath as her lawful husband. Obviously, it was no good my saying so. When a wife of many years' standing is thoroughly dissatisfied with her spouse, it is of little use for a comparative stranger to say that she ought to know him better. The right course was to dissillusion her on the subject of the Grand Duke; but though I was quite sure my estimate of his character was the correct one, I had remarkably little with which to back my opinion. His bluff, uncultured manner she took for straightforwardness; his calculated friendliness to the Church and his lofty religious utterance appealed to her narrow, unintelligent spirituality. To destroy her idol was a difficult, and at the best a thankless, task. To strive to usurp his place was to juggle with honour and to supplant one unsatisfactory situation with another. And yet my instinct bade me resume the tone of vague sentimentality I had adopted the previous afternoon at Heldersburg.

'I found some carnations on my plate at breakfast this morning,' I said.

'I know,' said the Queen simply. 'I sent them.'

'I prized them much,' I went on; 'but I prize the ribbon which bound them more, because it spoke of remembrance.'

'It was remembrance of your noble conduct in forcing your way to Heldersburg,' she said.

'That,' I retorted, 'is your remembrance. Mine is of a noble woman, misunderstood, slighted, con-

temned, but faithful in the face of great provocation; true to her country and her honour, true to herself.'

I was rewarded for this hypocritical utterance by a tender pressure of the arm.

'It is good to be understood,' she sighed.

'You have deigned to ask my advice,' I continued.

'Such as it is, I offer it. There is discontent in the country. The Church is offended, the army restless, the people expectant. There is a fever on the land. Around are Russia, Germany, Austria, alert, greedy, prepared. The body politic is sick, and the eagles are gathered together. To bring the fever to a head is simple; to keep off the birds of prey from the enfeebled frame is by no means so easy. Our duty, your duty especially, is to exercise a soothing influence, to allay irritation, to seek peace at the sacrifice of all personal considerations, to ensure it at the price of everything but self-respect. I know your difficulties; I know your proud, sensitive heart; and I know, too, the high honour that is your guiding star. That you will put up with domestic misery, that you will sacrifice your private happiness to the general weal, is my belief, because it is also my belief that I know your royal nature.'

To my surprise and not a little to my dismay, my companion burst into tears.

'Oh, Mr Saunders!' she cried, 'I used always to dislike Englishmen. It seemed to me that they had no temperament, that they were mere animals, delighting in sport and the gross pleasure of the table. Either I have been much mistaken, or else you are a great exception to the generality.'

'It is the fate of my countrymen to be misunderstood the world over,' I replied sententiously.

The Queen applied her handkerchief to her streaming eyes with the effective daintiness of the practised weeper.

'Please stop the coachman,' she said, still sobbing.

'I cannot visit the Schattenbergs with red eyes.'

'Is it necessary to visit them at all?' I asked.

'What do you mean?'

'Simply this,' I answered. 'Because your popularity throughout the country is great—deservedly great—your attitude is watched, your movements noted. The ambitions of the Grand Duke'—

'Ambitions?'

'Legitimate aspirations,' I substituted hastily, 'are well known. If it is generally believed that you so far despair of King Karl's capacities as a ruler as to favour these "legitimate aspirations," it will do much to precipitate that fever which we have agreed would be so dangerous an affliction for Grinland at the present juncture.'

'Then you advise me to see less of the Schattenbergs in the future?' she asked.

Her confidence was almost touching in its readiness.

'In the immediate future,' I replied. 'Remember, we are giving the King a chance. If any one can bring home to him the seriousness of his

position, the sacred nature of his charge, it is you. Your task is a difficult as well as a distasteful one; but I, for one, do not despair of its success.

'It is strange how your advice agrees with that of Father Bernhard, and how it differs from that received in a letter yesterday from the Archbishop of Weidenbruck. Assuredly, Providence has set me in a position of overwhelming difficulty.'

In spite of my contempt, I pitied her. Hypocrite that she was, she had quite deceived herself into the belief that she was a noble martyr. How could I, who had fostered that delusion, blame her for it? The coachman, in obedience to my command, had pulled up his horses. Before us rose the rectangular mass of the Mariencastel, and on its right the wooden crow's nest which overlooked the Kastel run. The sun shone brightly in the heavens, and the royal conveyance cast a crisp blue shadow on the snow-carpeted roadway. All was silent till, with a jingling of bells, a peasant-sleigh swung past us, with its bronzed occupants and a close-packed burden of wine-casks. There was a low-murmured salutation to my exalted companion, and the vehicle disappeared round a bend in the road, leaving us to ourselves and our agitating dilemma.

'When doctors disagree in a matter of physical health,' I said, 'one must rely on one's own common-sense. When friends give divergent advice on a moral question, the only thing is to rely on one's conscience.'

The Queen, who had been gazing straight in front of her with a far-away look in her eyes, turned her glance upon me.

'Is that the only guide?' she said. 'May not the heart speak also?'

Her eyes were wet with tears, and there was pleading in her voice. It seemed, then, that her affection for the Grand Duke was genuine, if misplaced, and her appeal to me as a sort of moral counsellor was flattering in the extreme.

'The heart is an unruly organ,' I replied. 'No one, not even the Archbishop of Weidenbruck, would advise you to let your affections for the Grand Duke—'

Again a hand was laid on my arm. 'I was not thinking of the Grand Duke,' she said.

In a second I had leaped from the royal sleigh and was standing in the snow of the roadway. I

was in a dream, and my brain swam as the incredible but unmistakable purport of her words forced themselves on my staggering senses. If I needed confirmation of my unpleasant conclusion, I could read it in the Queen's shamefaced but appealing glance. A great wave of disgust swept over me. This woman, whose knowledge of me was of the slightest, whose acquaintance with me was of the briefest, had laid her sickly, shallow soul at my feet to pick up or trample on as my fancy dictated. True, I had been to blame; but the moral obliquity of a gallant bachelor compared to that of a disloyal wife is as the summer dew to the torrential thunder-shower. Not, I fear, that it was her sinfulness that disgusted me so much as the miserably fickle nature it suggested. I looked at the red-bearded coachman on the box. He sat bolt upright, looking straight in front of him; but to my excited fancy his ears seemed strained to catch my answer to those monstrous words.

'You are not thinking of the Grand Duke,' I said sternly; 'then of whom are you thinking?'

'Of you,' she murmured almost inaudibly.

For the moment I had it in my heart to strike her.

'I thought,' I said coitemptuously, 'that you were a religious woman.'

'You misunderstand me,' she said quickly. 'Before Heaven, I am a virtuous woman; but my heart cries out for sympathy. You, who know my wretched fate, who understand me so well, why should you deny me your sympathy? The soul purifies all things.'

'Even the infidelities of the heart?' I sneered.

'Ah! you are hard.'

'As hard as steel,' I assented, 'and as true.'

For a moment she looked me full in the face, and I met her glance without a shadow of weakening. Her eyes pleaded, questioned, and received their silent answer. If I anticipated a culminating burst of tears I was wrong. There was a hardening of her expression, and her eyes glinted with anger.

'Coachman,' she cried harshly and in German, 'drive on to the Mariencastel.'

For a moment I stood there watching the departing sleigh. Then I remembered myself, and took off my hat.

(To be continued.)

SOME EXQUISITES OF THE REGENCY.

PART II.

IT is but a step from boots to blacking, an article to which the dandies devoted much attention. Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, of the First Foot-Guards, was famous for his well-varnished boots. After his death, which occurred in a fire owing to his efforts to save his favourite boots, all the men about town

were anxious to secure the services of his valet, who alone knew the secret of the blacking. Brummell found the man and asked his wages. The colonel had given him a hundred and fifty pounds a year, but now he required two hundred. 'Well, if you will make it guineas,' said the Bean, 'I shall be happy to attend upon you!' Lord Petersham spent a great deal of time in making a particular kind

of blacking which he believed would eventually supersede all others, and Brummell declared, 'My blacking ruins me; it is made with the finest champagne.' But Brummell must not be taken too seriously. He was a master *poseur*, and many of his critics have fallen into the error of taking him literally. Thus it has apparently never occurred to his biographers to think he was joking when, in reply to a lady who inquired what allowance she should make her son who was about to enter the world, he assured her that, *with economy*, her son could dress on eight hundred a year. They merely comment upon his terribly extravagant ideas. Again, when the Beau, speaking of a boy, said with apparent earnestness, 'Really, I did my best for the young man; I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's'—about a hundred yards—they discuss his enormous conceit!

There are several accounts of the cause of the rupture of the intimacy between Brummell and the Prince. It is certain, however, that the story of 'Wales, ring the bell,' has no foundation. 'I was on such intimate terms with the Prince that if we had been alone I could have asked him without offence to ring the bell,' Brummell said; 'but with a third person in the room I should never have done so. I knew the Regent too well.' The story was true in so far as the order, 'Wales, ring the bell,' was given at the royal supper-table by a lad who had taken too much to drink. The Prince did ring the bell, and when the servants came, told them, good-humouredly enough, to 'put that drunken boy to bed.' One authority says the quarrel arose because Brummell spoke sarcastically of Mrs Fitzherbert, another because he spoke in her favour when the Prince was bestowing his smiles in another quarter. The Beau believed it was because of remarks concerning both Mrs Fitzherbert and the Prince. There is no doubt Brummell did allow himself considerable license of speech, and having a ready wit, was not inclined to forgo its use.

A curious tale was told by General Sir Arthur Upton to Gronow. It seems that the first estrangement did not last long. Brummell played whist at White's Club one night, and won from George Harley Drummond* the sum of twenty thousand pounds. The Duke of York told the Prince of the incident, and the Beau was again invited to Carlton House. 'At the commencement of the dinner matters went off smoothly; but Brummell, in his joy at finding himself with his old friend, became excited, and drank too much wine. His Royal Highness—who wanted to avenge himself for an insult he had received at Lady Cholmondeley's ball, when the Beau, looking towards the Prince, said to Lady Worcester, "Who is your fat friend?"—had invited him to dinner merely out of a desire for

revenge. The Prince, therefore, pretended to be affronted with Brummell's hilarity, and said to his brother, the Duke of York, who was present, "I think we had better order Mr Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk;" whereupon he rang the bell, and Brummell left the royal presence? As Sir Arthur was present at the dinner, there can be no doubt as to the facts; and, knowing the character of the royal host as we do, there is no reason to doubt that he invited a guest to insult him. That is quite of a piece with his conduct on other occasions; but it seems certain that the motive that spurred the Prince on to revenge was not that attributed to him. Of all the versions of the 'Who's your fat friend?' episode, that given by the General is the least likely. Inaccurate, too, is Raikes when he tells of Brummell asking the famous question of Jack Lee in St James's Street, after the latter had been seen speaking to the Prince.

The true story is the following: A dandies' ball was to be given by Lord Alvanley, Sir Henry Mildmay, Henry Pierrepont, and Brummell to celebrate a great run of luck at hazard. The question of inviting the Prince was mooted, but it was negatived because all felt sure it would be declined, since he was not on friendly terms with Brummell. The Prince, however, sent an intimation that he desired to be present, and of course a formal invitation was despatched. The four hosts assembled at the door to do honour to their royal guest, who shook hands with three of them, but looked Brummell full in the face and passed on without any sign of recognition. Then it was, before the Prince was out of hearing, that Brummell turned to his neighbour and asked with apparent nonchalance, 'Alvanley, who's your fat friend?' †

After this there was war to the death, and Brummell, who was a good fighter, did not lose an opportunity to wound his powerful antagonist. He was passing down Pall Mall when the Regent's carriage drew up at a picture gallery. The sentries saluted, and, keeping his back to the carriage, Brummell took the salute as if to himself. The Prince could not hide his anger from the bystanders, for he looked upon any slight to his dignity as rather worse than high-treason. The foes met again later on in the waiting-room at the opera. An eye-witness has described the *rencontre*: 'The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was waiting for his carriage. Presently Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends, and, not seeing the Prince or his party, he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed out, Brummell was gradually pressed backwards, until he was all but driven against the Regent, who distinctly saw him, but of course would not move. In order to

* Drummond was a partner in the great banking-house of that name, and the episode caused his retirement from the firm. This was the only occasion on which he had played whist at White's Club!

† The late Lord Houghton stated that this occurred at the fête given by the three most fashionable clubs to the Allied Sovereigns in 1815, when the Prince shook hands with all the members of the reception committee with the exception of Brummell.

stop him, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the Prince's suite tapped him on the back, when Brummell immediately turned sharply round, and saw there was not much more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales's. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move; they looked straight into each other's eyes, the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail, or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince.*

Brummell contrived to hold his own until he took to card-playing. His patrimony of thirty thousand pounds was insufficient to justify him in entering the lists with his companions. It was the case of the earthenware pot and the iron pots. At first he was unsuccessful, and as he was not then addicted to games of chance, his depression was very great. Walking home from a club with Tom Raikes, he was lamenting his bad fortune, when he saw something bright in the roadway. He stooped and picked up a crooked sixpence. 'This,' he said to his companion with great cheerfulness, 'is the harbinger of good luck.' He drilled a hole in it and fastened it to his watch-chain. The talisman worked, and he won thirty thousand pounds in the next two years.

Fortune deserted him; but he did not lose even a third of his winnings, and Raikes, in his *Memoirs*, remarks that he was never more surprised than when in 1816, one morning, Brummell confided to him that his situation had become so desperate that he must fly the country that night, and by stealth. He had lived above his income, had got into debt, and then had fallen into the hands of the notorious usurers, Howard and Gibbs. Other money-lenders may have had claims upon him; for when it was said to Alvanley that if Brummell had remained in London something might have been done for him by his friends, the witty peer made a *bon mot*: 'He has done quite right to be off; it was Solomon's judgment.'†

He went no farther than Calais. 'Here I am *resistant* for the present, and God knows solitary enough is my existence; of that, however, I should not complain, for I can always employ resources within myself, was there not a worm that will not sleep, called *conscience*, which all my endeavours to distract, all the strength of coffee, with which I constantly fatigue my unhappy brains, and all the native gaiety of the fellow who brings it to me,

cannot lull to indifference beyond the moment; but I will not trouble you upon that subject.' He wrote to Tom Raikes on May 22, 1816, soon after his arrival: 'You would be surprised to find the sudden change and transfiguration which one week has accomplished in my life and *propreia persona*. I am punctually off the pillow at half-past seven in the morning. My first object—melancholy, indeed, it may be in its nature—is to walk to the pier-head, and take my distant look at England. This you may call weakness; but I am not yet sufficiently master of those feelings which may be called indignant to resist the impulse. The rest of my day is filled up with strolling an hour or two round the ramparts of this dismal town, in reading, and the study of that language which must hereafter be my own, for never more shall I set foot in my own country. I dine at five, and my evening has as yet been occupied in writing letters. The English I have seen here—and many of them known to me—I have cautiously avoided; and with the exception of Sir W. Bellingham and Lord Blessington, who have departed, I have not exchanged a word. Prince Esterhazy was here yesterday, and came into my room unexpectedly without my knowing he was here. He had the good nature to convey several letters for me upon his return to London. So much for my life hitherto on this side of the water.'

At first he put up at the famous Dessin's, but soon he went into apartments at the house of M. Ledetx. His friends came to the rescue—Alvanley, Worcester, Sefton, no doubt Raikes too, and others—and sent him a good round sum of money. But his habits had grown upon him, and he could not live economically. If he saw huhl or marqueterie or *Sèvres* china that he liked he bought it; and he could not accustom himself to the penny-wise economies of life. He would not give way to despair, and, naturally high-spirited, he fought bravely against depression. He wished to be appointed consul at Calais, and his friends' influence would have secured him the position, but no vacancy occurred.

He had a gleam of hope on hearing of the accession to the throne of his old companion. 'He is at length King,' he wrote; 'will his past resentments still attach themselves to his Crown? An indulgent amnesty of former peccadilloes should be the primary grace influencing newly throned sovereignty; at least towards those who were once distinguished by his more intimate protection. From my experience, however, of the personage in question, I must doubt any favourable relaxation of those stubborn prejudices which have, during so many years, operated to the total exclusion of one of his *élèves* from the royal notice; that unfortunate—I need not particularise. You ask me how I am going on at Calais. Miserably! I am exposed every hour to all the turmoil and jeopardy that attended my latter days in England. I bear up as well as I can; and when the mercy and patience of my claimants are exhausted I shall submit without

* Moore, in the *Two-penny Postbag*, commemorated the quarrel in his parody of the letter from the Prince of Wales to the Duke of York, in which he says:

I indulge in no hatred, and wish there may come ill
To no mortal, except, now I think on't, Beau Brummell,
Who declared 'to-day, in a superlative passion,
He'd cut me and bring the old King into fashion.

† Solomon was a well-known money-lender.

resistance to bread and water and straw. I cannot decamp a second time.*

The new King made no sign. But soon came the news that he was going abroad, and would stay a night at Calais. The pulse of the exiled dandy must have beat quickly. It was the time for forgiveness; and, after all, his offence had not been very rank. If there were generosity in the heart of the monarch, surely he would hold out the right hand of fellowship to the vanquished foe. The meeting came about unexpectedly. Brummell went for a walk out of the town in the opposite direction to that on which the King would enter it. On his return he tried to get across the street, but the crowd was so great that he remained perforce on the opposite side. The King's carriage passed close to him. 'Good God, Brummell!' George cried in a loud voice. Then Brummell, who was hat in hand at the time, crossed the road, pale as death, and entered his room.

George dined in the evening at Dessein's, and Brummell sent his valet to make the punch, giving him to take over a bottle of rare old maraschino, the King's favourite liqueur. The next morning all the suite called except Bloomfield, and each tried to persuade him to ask for an audience. Brummell signed his name in the visitors' book. His pride would let him do no more. He had taken the first steps; would the King send for him? George left without a word. Afterwards he actually boasted he had been to Calais without seeing Brummell! So the men went their ways, never to meet again. The King had won. He had seen his old friend, his old foe—which you will—his old comrade, beaten, bankrupt, humbled, and he had passed him by. The King had won, yet perhaps for once it was better to be the vanquished than to win at such a price. Perhaps in the last years of his life George thought once more of Brummell, as himself, half-blind, half-mad, utterly friendless, he went down to the grave unwept and unhonoured.

Others were more generous than the King. The Duke of Wellington invited two successive Ministers for Foreign Affairs to do something for the exile. Both hesitated on the ground that His Majesty

might disapprove, whereupon Wellington went to Windsor and spoke to the King, 'who had made objections, abusing Brummell—said he was a damned fellow and had behaved very ill to him (the old story—*moi, moi, moi*); but after having let him run his tether, he had at last extracted his consent.' Still, nothing was done until after Charles Greville was at Calais in 1830: 'There I had a long conversation with Brummell about his consulship, and was moved by his account of his own distresses to write to the Duke of Wellington and ask him to do what he could for him. I found him in his old lodging, dressing—some pretty pieces of old furniture in the room, an entire toilet of silver, and a large green macaw perched on the back of a tattered silk chair with faded gilding—full of gaiety, impudence, and misery.'

The consulate at Caen, to which a salary of four hundred a year was attached, was secured for him. Brummell arranged that part of his income should be set aside to pay his debts (which amounted to about a thousand pounds), and his creditors allowed him to leave Calais. He had not long been installed when he wrote a formal letter to Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, stating that the place was a sinecure and the duties so trifling that he should recommend its abolition. It has never been made clear why he took this remarkable step. Was it in the hope of being appointed to a better position? Was it in the desire to evade the payment of his debts? Was it honesty? Whatever the cause, his action recoiled on himself. Lord Palmerston was regretfully compelled to take the consul at his word, and the place was reduced.

Brummell continued to live at Caen; but, being without resources, he sank deeper into debt, and in 1835 his creditors put him into prison. For the last time his friends came to his assistance. William IV. subscribed a hundred pounds. Palmerston gave twice that amount from the public purse. Enough was obtained to secure his liberation and to settle upon him an annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds. Soon he sank into a state of imbecility, and he ended his days in the asylum Bon Sauveur. He died on March 30, 1840.

A moral can easily be drawn from the story of this unfortunate man, and many writers have dwelt upon the lesson it furnishes. Yet there were many worse than he in the circle of which he was the arbiter. He lived his life: he paid the price. Let him rest in peace.

* Brummell still interested himself in fashion. He wrote in 1818 from Calais to Raikes: 'I heard of you the other day in a waistcoat that does you indisputable credit, spick and span from Paris, a broad stripe, salmon colour and cranoisi. Keep it up, my dear fellow, and don't let them laugh you into a relapse so Gothic as that of your former English simplicity.'



A BRIDGE OF FANCIES.

CHAPTER II.

TWO years later, hostilities having terminated, the regiment was ordered home, and I found myself in London once again.

In the meantime fortune had been kind to me. I was mentioned in despatches, received a brevet-majority, and cleared over five thousand pounds by a somewhat hazardous speculation. This latter windfall was due to my friendship with a colonial gentleman who was interested in a diamond-mine, and who urged me to invest in it. I bought a thousand shares at twenty-five shillings, and before the end of the war was enabled to sell at six pounds ten shillings. It was fortunate that I did so, as they afterwards fell, in sympathy with other South African investments.

I had heard nothing of the Mortons for some months. Reginald had not returned to Africa, as his wound proved much more serious than had been anticipated, and complications set in, which resulted in his never very strong constitution breaking down and reducing him to a state of confirmed invalidity. We had corresponded frequently at first; but, like most correspondence, it gradually dwindled away.

I was standing on the steps of my club one day, idly watching the passers-by, when a hansom drove up, and, to my astonishment and delight, Mr Morton alighted. He advanced towards me with outstretched hand, undisguised pleasure lighting up his handsome features.

'My dear Morne, I am glad to meet you once again,' he began, slaking me warmly by the hand.

I thanked him for his kindly greeting, which I assured him was reciprocated heartily.

'I heard by chance this morning that you were in town,' he went on, 'and decided to hunt you up. It is most opportune my just catching you at the door like this, as I return home to-morrow, and might have missed seeing you.'

He had one or two commissions to transact, and suggested my accompanying him, so we walked off together, chatting affably.

In the course of conversation he informed me that Reggie's health had been a source of grave anxiety. The cleverest physicians had been consulted without avail. They all agreed that, although he might live for many years to come, he would never be other than an invalid.

'He bears up bravely, and is always cheerful,' Mr Morton explained; 'but I would willingly give up the remaining years of my life if by so doing I could restore to him his health and strength.'

There were tears in the old gentleman's eyes, and he blew his nose violently to distract attention.

I endeavoured to console him as best I could, though well aware that no words could adequately convey sympathy to such heart-felt sorrow.

Presently I discovered that his chief reason for calling on me was in order to persuade me to return with him to Brook Morton.

'It would be such a pleasant surprise for Reggie,' he pleaded. 'He is devoted to you, and is always talking of you.'

Very little persuasion was necessary, and my heart—which I thought trained to submission—leaped with joy at the mere prospect of seeing Phillis once again.

Moths will flutter round a candle, oblivious of the disastrous consequences! My joy was short-lived, for I received a shock at Brook Morton which neither the hearty welcome which greeted my arrival, nor even the longed-for presence of her I loved, was able to dispel.

We arrived in time for tea, and the ladies were in the drawing-room. With them was a stranger whose appearance struck me as being familiar, although I could not recollect having met him before. He was a tall, dark, handsome man, and his bow, when introduced, would have proclaimed his foreign nationality even had Mrs Morton not mentioned his name.

'Count Heinrich von Henzel, my future son-in-law,' she explained, in introducing us.

It was some few seconds before I was able to grasp the ominous intelligence which her words conveyed.

Future son-in-law! Phillis's future husband, that was what it meant! I drew in a deep breath and recovered sufficient self-possession to say something polite. Well, why should I be affected by this news? It was nothing to me. And yet, somehow, the salt of my life had lost its savour. An undefined something, far above me, quite unattainable, but nevertheless looked for with longing, had been in a moment swept ruthlessly out of my life, leaving no interest in the present and nothing to hope from the days to come.

Had I followed the course of my inclination I would have returned to London next day; as it was, however, I was forced by circumstances to remain, and the pleasure which my presence appeared to afford Reggie and his father compensated me in some small measure for the heart-burning to which I was daily exposed.

Long illness and suffering had left their mark upon poor Reggie, and it was hard to recognise in the delicate invalid the handsome, merry boy I had known in South Africa. He never left his room, which was the one I had occupied on my previous visit to Brook Morton; and of late he had seldom even left his bed, owing to an unaccountable relapse.

I devoted myself almost entirely to his amusement, and spent hours each day reading aloud or spinning long yarns about my adventures in Africa and India—a subject of which he was never tired. Sometimes Phillis would come and sit with us, and listen to my stories with as much attention as her brother; and then, for the time, a feeling of comfort and solace would steal into my aching heart, only to leave it sorer when I was alone again.

One afternoon I had been reading to Reggie, when he fell asleep. I closed the book and lay back in the cosy arm-chair by the fireside, and from gazing into the burning embers in the grate must have dozed off also. I must have slept for some time, for when I awoke it was dark, except for the flickering firelight. Phillis was sitting by the bedside, talking to her brother. I did not realise that they were unaware of my presence, and in my half-awake condition unintentionally overheard their conversation.

‘I wish you were not going to marry the Count,’ Reggie was saying; ‘he is not half good enough for you, Phillis.’

‘Reggie dear, you have too high an opinion of me. I don’t think you would consider any one good enough,’ replied his sister gently.

‘I know one man who would satisfy me; but he is so wrapped up in his soldiering that I don’t believe he ever thought about a woman in his life.’

‘Oh! And who is your wonderful Prince Charming?’ inquired Phillis, laughing.

‘Why, Major Morne, of course. Who else? If I were a girl, that’s the kind of man I should like. Do you know,’ he went on, ‘I used to think you rather liked him once, when he was here before. But girls are so fickle.’

‘Fickle! Why, he never cared for me. He never spoke.’

‘But supposing he had cared, supposing he had spoken, would you then have preferred your foreign Count?’

‘Oh, Reggie! Reggie! what is the use of supposing? Nothing in this world ever does go right;’ and the girl burst out sobbing.

I could remain silent no longer, so I moved my chair to attract attention to my presence.

‘Oh, how you startled me!’ exclaimed Phillis. ‘We had no idea you were in the room.’

‘I was reading to Reggie, when he fell asleep—rude, wasn’t it?—and then I suppose I must have followed suit,’ I explained, rising and crossing over to the other side of the room.

Phillis moved over to the fireplace and stood leaning on the mantelshelf, looking into the fire.

I was thinking what a pretty picture she made, with her graceful figure and her bonny hair haloed by the firelight’s glow, when the Count entered the room through the anteroom and walked towards her.

There was something strangely familiar about the scene which arrested my attention. I felt as though I had seen it all before. Then, like a flash

across my memory, came the remembrance of my ghostly experience two years before in that same room. The Count was an exact counterpart of the man I had then seen. That explained my familiarity with his appearance, which I had often thought over without solution. The situation was uncanny, and I suggested that we had better have lights, and soon afterwards left the room.

When I was alone I pondered deeply over my extraordinary discovery. I was unable to decide whether I ought to inform Mr Morton of it or not. Eventually I decided to await the result of my more mature consideration, and say nothing for the present. Why worry the old gentleman with imaginary evils when he had trouble enough in reality with his anxieties over Reggie? For that evening a further relapse took place, and the doctor was sent for. He prescribed some medicine which was to be administered every few hours, and said he would call again next day.

Before retiring for the night I looked in to see Reggie, and found him in a restless, nervous condition.

‘Do you know, major,’ he said, ‘I am almost ashamed to own it, but I don’t half-like being left alone to-night. My nerves are all wrong; and somehow, lately, I have had the most ghastly dreams and fancies. I haven’t said anything to the others, as it would worry them, and’—

‘My dear boy, don’t say another word,’ I interrupted. ‘I’ll stop with you. I can easily rig up a shakedown on that sofa, and you can wake me up, if necessary, any time.’

He gave a sigh of relief at my decision, and poured forth a torrent of gratitude and apology.

I procured a couple of rugs and a pillow from my room, and, wrapping myself up in a dressing-gown, was soon comfortably established on the couch in my new quarters, while the steady breathing which shortly afterwards proceeded from the bed gave satisfactory evidence of the soothing effect of my presence—and the doctor’s draught—upon poor Reggie.

The sofa upon which I was lying was in one corner of the room, and was partially concealed by a large screen. It had evidently been intended for the use of a nurse at some time or other.

As a rule I can sleep anywhere and under almost any conditions. I have slept soundly with my company in quarter-column awaiting the order to advance, or in the trenches and sangars with the distant thunder of the guns booming in my ears; but that night, in spite of comfortable quarters and a cheery fire, it was some time before I settled off. Vague hauntings and unpleasant fancies ran riot in my brain, but nature eventually asserted itself and I fell asleep.

I could not have been asleep long when I was disturbed by the sound of muffled voices in the room. I sat up in a half-dazed condition and listened, hardly recollecting where I was or how I came to be there. On peering round the edge of the screen

I observed Phillis and the Count engaged in violent discussion.

'I demand your silence,' commanded the Count in a hoarse whisper.

'And I refuse to obey you,' came the muffled reply.

'You must! It is a matter of life and death. Besides, it was for your sake—for our happiness'—

'For my sake! For our happiness!' she echoed. 'How can you say such a thing?'

'It is true. Listen to me for one moment. I have lost—almost—my fortune. Racing, cards, speculation, everything with me has gone wrong. Unless something happened I could never marry you. The thought was madness. He,' continued the Count, pointing towards the bed, 'is a cripple, his life almost a burden. A few years more are nothing to him, and yet that existence stands between you and the vast fortune which would secure our happiness'—

Phillis gave an exclamation of horror, and hid her face in her hands.

'I appeal to your love,' entreated the Count, drawing his arm about her.

She shrank from him.

'Don't touch me. Oh, how I despise you! My love was a delusion, a fascination—not love at all. I never really loved you, and now—now I hate you!'

'What do you intend to do?' he hissed.

'I shall tell my father what has occurred.'

'If you do such a thing I shall be arrested as a criminal.'

'It is what you deserve.'

'Then I must take other means to silence you,' he growled savagely, seizing her by the wrist. 'I give you a last chance. Swear you will never reveal my secret. Swear it! Swear it!'

'Never! Let go my wrist.'

For reply the Count raised his arm, and I beheld in the firelight the glint of steel.

With a cry of horror, I sprang across the room and closed with him, too late, however, to avert the blow, which penetrated Phillis's shoulder, and with a scream she sank to the ground.

Then a struggle ensued between the Count and myself which required all my attention and strength.

He was a powerful man, armed with a stiletto, which he endeavoured to use; but although I received a few scratches, I succeeded in retaining my grasp of his wrist, and we wrestled together, locked in a close embrace.

The noise had, of course, awakened Reggie, who pulled the bell-rope violently and shouted lustily for help.

The Count, finding it impossible to free his wrist, endeavoured to bite my hand, and in so doing turned the point of the dagger towards himself. His eyes glared at me with savage ferocity, and he raved with all the fury of madness. I felt that he would kill me if he could, and the knowledge

spurred me to a final effort. Gathering all my strength, I forced him backwards, and he tripped over a footstool. We fell with a heavy thud, the Count beneath me. He gave a ghastly groan, the struggling ceased, and he lay quite still.

As we fell the door of the room was opened, and Mr Morton, with some of the servants, entered with lights.

Without waiting to give any explanation, I rushed to where Phillis was lying, and picking her up, laid her gently on the bed.

She was as white and still as death, and I feared the worst. The sight of her beautiful pale face, added to the shock which I had already experienced, caused me to break down utterly.

'My love! my love! The villain has killed her,' I moaned as I knelt beside her and pressed her lifeless little hand to my lips. The secret which I had meant to keep for ever locked in my breast escaped me now that I thought her dead.

Mr Morton came to me and laid his hand kindly on my shoulder.

'How has all this come about?' he inquired. 'Can you explain?'

In a few words I told him how I had come to sleep in Reggie's room, and how I had awakened in time to witness the Count's attack upon Phillis. Beyond that I was as mystified as himself.

In the meantime Mrs Morton and the house-keeper had applied restoratives to Phillis, and, to my infinite joy, she showed symptoms of returning vitality, and presently she opened her eyes.

'She must be taken to her room at once,' Mrs Morton decided.

I lifted her in my arms and followed Mrs Morton along the corridor.

On my return I was met by Mr Morton, whose face bore a most serious expression.

'The Count is dead,' he informed me.

'Impossible!' I ejaculated, crossing over to where the Count lay, surrounded by a group of frightened, inquisitive servants.

But it was true enough. The stiletto was buried in his breast, the hilt still grasped in his hand. I remembered how he had turned the point towards himself in his endeavour to bite my hand. As we fell the weight of my body must have forced the stiletto into his breast. I shuddered at the thought of it.

When the doctor arrived he stated that death must have been instantaneous.

Phillis's wound was, fortunately, not very serious, and in the morning she was able to give an explanation. She stated that she awoke during the night and went to see if her brother was all right. She entered the room very quietly through the dressing-room, and was surprised to notice that both the outer and inner doors were open. On entering, she discovered Count Henzel pouring some liquid from a small phial into the medicine-bottle at Reggie's bedside. He was so startled on seeing her that he dropped the phial, and she picked it up. It was

labelled 'Poison.' She accused him of attempting to poison Reggie, and when she refused to keep silent about the affair he attempted to stab her.

Of course the motive was clear enough. Phillis, who was to have been his wife, would be heiress of Brook Morton if Reggie were out of the way. Subsequently it transpired that there was a taint of hereditary insanity in the Count's family, and it is only charitable to infer that some such in-

fluence must have been responsible for the nefarious designs which I was so providentially enabled to frustrate.

Had I not been in Reggie's room that awful night, he would, in all probability, have succumbed from the effects of the drug, and his sweet sister would have been doomed to a cruel death.

As it is, she is now my wife.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CELLULOID TOYS.



WHEN children play with fire—and all children do at some time or other—they are in very serious danger from the ordinary inflammable nature of their clothing and general surroundings. When, however, they are surrounded by toys made of celluloid these conditions are aggravated to an appalling extent, for celluloid is little short of an actual explosive. It burns with very great violence, and produces an immense amount of intense heat; the combustion, once started, is almost impossible of extinction, for it is independent of the oxygen in the air, and will go on burning merrily in an enclosed space. Owing probably to ease of manufacture, a large variety of celluloid toys have recently been placed upon the market, and in the form of a doll or some other childish delight, enough celluloid can be purchased for one penny to turn an insignificant little flame into a dangerous conflagration. To demonstrate the explosive nature of celluloid, the writer tried the experiment of enclosing about half an ounce of the substance in a tin box furnished only with one small hole in the lid by which the celluloid inside could be ignited. Even in these circumstances, deprived as it was of all outside air, the material burned with great violence, emitting immense clouds of suffocating and inflammable smoke. The box became nearly red-hot, and was driven several yards along the floor by the force of the escaping gas. The same amount of celluloid burned in an unconfined space produces, instead of this volume of gas, an intensely hot flame capable of inflicting fearful burns or of immediately setting fire to any woodwork in the close vicinity. Owing to numerous more or less serious accidents, a good deal has been heard of the danger which lurks in buttons and hair-combs made of celluloid; but it would appear that this latest introduction of small toys is of a still more serious nature.

MOTOR-SKATES.

The application of the gasoline motor to all sorts and conditions of hitherto undreamed-of uses goes on continually, and one is ceasing to be surprised that almost any new use may be found for the

ubiquitous prime mover; but roller-skates which are nothing but miniature motor-cars are a novelty which must appeal to the most case-hardened of observers. According to the Paris correspondent of the *Scientific American*, who substantiates his report with excellent photographs of the new device in use, these motor-skates are an accomplished fact. They are the invention of M. Constantini, who is well known in Paris for his various carburetters and other automobile accessories. The invention has been applied in two ways. In the earlier patterns each skate of the pair is essentially a tiny motor-car weighing about thirteen pounds, complete with motor carburetters, battery, and sparking-coil; the whole being on four rubber-tired wheels. The gasoline tank is carried on a belt hung round the waist of the skater, but it is a very small affair, and is easily hidden beneath his coat; and a branched rubber tube conveys the vital fluid to the two motors. The wearer of these modern seven-league boots controls their behaviour by means of a pair of wires leading from the sparking device to a switch in his hand. When he wishes to start on his journey he gets up a certain amount of speed in a manner familiar to roller-skaters, and then clasps the little switch which he carries, with the instant result, probably, to a beginner of throwing him on his back. It is said, however, that the tendency of the skates to run away and leave the skater sprawling is easily overcome after a little practice, and then a speed of from three to twenty-five miles an hour can be obtained and maintained. In the second and more modern form of the invention, one skate contains the motor which forms the driving-power for both, while the other carries the impedimenta in the shape of sparking-coil, battery, &c. The motive-power is transmitted from the one skate to the wheels of the other by means of a shaft with universal joints, which performs also the incidental service of maintaining the correct distance between the skates, and preventing the feet from spreading in the horribly disconcerting manner which even the ordinary unsophisticated roller-skates will indulge in when mounted by beginners.

WASHABLE DISTEMPERS.

The artistic possibilities of a very flat paint such as distemper in the decoration of walls has come to

be recognised to an ever-increasing extent, and many are the forms of durable and washable water-paint with which the public has been made acquainted by advertisement and otherwise. Particulars are to hand of a new series of colours placed upon the market by Messrs Morse & Sons, whose calcium washable water-colours are stated to have stood the test of time. Many of the new colours, actual samples of which are to hand, are of beautiful and delicate tints of sufficient variety to meet all likely demands, and the appearance of the surface and its waterproof character alike leave nothing to be desired.

ARTIFICIAL ALBUMEN.

Best known in its familiar form of white of egg, albumen is the principal nourishment for the maintenance of the human body; and as it is, indeed, believed to be the source of all muscular strength, the vast importance of its artificial production will at once be recognised. Chemists have for a long time interested themselves in the analysis of this complex substance, and it is now reported that Professor Emil Fischer has successfully accomplished the first analysis of natural albumen; and, having established the composition of the various ingredients, he has succeeded in producing many of them artificially. The substance which he has obtained as the result of his process he has called 'polypeptid,' and it is said to possess most of the characteristics of natural albumen. The discovery is of vast importance; for if it proves all that is expected of it, it will practically do away with the necessity for meat-foods, and will probably effect a complete change in the present system of human nourishment.

GOLD EXTRACTION.

An interesting review of the present state of the art of extracting gold is given in a synopsis of an address before the British Association in the *Bulletin of the American Institute of Bank Clerks*. In the early days of gold-mining the precious metal could be easily obtained by crushing the ore and flooding with mercury, as the quicksilver readily entered into combination with the gold and sucked it up from the baser material with which it was surrounded. The operation was comparatively easy, and required no great expenditure or elaborate organisation. Later, when the upper ore deposits had been worked out, more costly appliances were required to bring the ore to the surface, and the gold was in a more refractory or combined form, which gave much more trouble in its separation; elaborate stamping and grinding machines became necessary, and it was found that the amalgamation process only recovered a portion of the gold, while the remainder passed over with the 'tailings' into the adjacent creeks and rivers. Many and elaborate devices were tried for the more satisfactory recovery of the precious mineral, until the use of dilute cyanide of potassium was tentatively proposed in 1859. The proposal was received with anything but favour at first, for the reagent was expensive,

was dangerous from its exceedingly poisonous nature, was slow in action, and presented other difficulties, which, however, have all been swept aside; until at the present time this method of gold-extraction has spread to all the gold-producing countries of the world. Fifteen years ago the world's consumption of cyanide of potassium was about fifty tons per annum; it is now not far short of ten thousand tons, of which the Transvaal goldfield alone consumes about three thousand. Large cyanide works have been started in various countries, and the price has dropped in the last ten years from two shillings to eightpence a pound.

HEAT BY INCANDESCENT MANTLE.

Several years ago a device was placed upon the market which was said to do for fires what the incandescent mantle does for gas-lighting; but in this connection the use of the word 'mantle' was quite a misnomer, for the device was nothing but a system of tiny clay tubes whose function it was to convey air to the heart of a coke-stove, and thus by facilitating ventilation produce a bright and glowing fire. According to *La Nature*, a genuine mantle for heating apparatus has been produced by a French inventor, and is said to give very satisfactory results. The mantle is composed of various earths, of which cerium is believed to be the principal. The mantle is heated by a gas-burner exactly as in the case of that for incandescent gas-lighting; but instead of a brilliant light it gives merely a dull-red glow, while it radiates an intense heat which is said to be nearly twice as much for a given consumption of gas as that yielded by the most efficient of the present devices. As a complete stove may consist of any number of burners and mantles, each with an independent tap, so that it can be lighted or extinguished separately, it follows that any required amount of heat may be obtained within the limits of the apparatus without impairing its efficiency by burning at an uneconomical rate.

THE TELHARMONIUM.

From America come very glowing descriptions of a new musical instrument of peculiar construction and quite novel effects. According to the *Outlook* of New York, it has a keyboard and stops like an organ, mechanism like a big electric lighting and power plant, while its visible portion consists of a horn like that of a huge phonograph. In the conflicting verbosity of untechnical description, dyed deep with such admiration as a child gives to a steam organ at a country fair, it is impossible to arrive at an understanding of the invention. It would appear, however, that each musical note is produced by the magnetic action of an intermittent electric current upon a metallic disc or diaphragm. As is well known, the *pitch* of a note depends upon the number of vibrations per second, and its *quality* upon the number and distribution of the harmonics or overtones which are produced by shorter vibrations grafted upon those which constitute the funda-

mental note. Thus a violin-string beating the air so many times a second produces sound-waves of a certain length, which we describe as a note of a given pitch. But the string, besides vibrating as a whole, divides itself up into segments which all throb on their own account, and, casting as it were ripples upon the waves, give to the resultant sound that quality or timbre which can only be described as that of a violin. Other instruments distribute the harmonics differently, and so each has its own peculiar quality. In the telharmonium the qualifying ripples are ingeniously added to the waves of the fundamental note by a separate contrivance of such a nature that their number and arrangement can be varied at the will of the player. Thus it is said that a skilful performer can imitate the quality of any musical instrument, and wonderful orchestral effects are obtainable at his command. The compound electrical impulses may be conveyed by wires to any distance—whence, presumably, the name, telharmonium—and made to operate any number of sound-horns in different places.

COAL IMPROVED BY SEA-WATER.

It has often been asserted that coal intended for the production of steam is greatly improved in calorific value by being submerged for some time in sea-water. With a view to testing the truth of this idea, an experiment was started two years ago at Portsmouth Dockyard. Six large square crates filled with steam-coal were sunk in one of the basins of the docks, and at the same time a similar quantity of the same coal was set aside for comparison. The experiment has now been concluded by burning samples of both coals in the presence of experts, who noted the heat-values yielded. The result demonstrates the complete truth of the assertion that the value of the coal is enhanced by soaking; but it is doubtful whether the gain is sufficient to compensate for the extra labour involved in sinking and subsequently raising the coal, and for the time and space necessary for drying the coal afterwards, before it can be stored in the ships' bunkers.

ELECTRICITY IN THE HOME.

The many and various uses to which electricity is being put in American homes are surveyed in a recent issue of the *Scientific American*. The servant question is a keener problem in the United States than it is even in Britain, and the new handmaiden electricity is more in evidence. But even there the labour-saving devices are mostly in use in the various hotels, from which, one may suppose, they will gradually be transplanted in slightly modified forms into the private houses. In one of the hotels a complete electrical cooking-plant is installed in the centre of one of the restaurants, which it keeps supplied with well-cooked viands without any of the usual accompaniments of smoke, heat, and smell. Here is one hint for the kitchen-dining-room of the future. But to take the things in a more appropriate order, we find that there is an efficient

potato-paring machine, which, under the influence of a small electric motor, delivers potatoes cleanly pared and ready for cooking except that the eyes must be cut out by hand; while another little motor is engaged in chopping cabbages. Over the cooking apparatus already mentioned is an electrically driven suction-fan, which draws off all the odours created by the stewing foods. After dinner the plates and dishes are washed by an electric machine, which drives three changes of heated water all over their surfaces and afterwards dries them by a fan apparatus. The knives are cleaned by passing them between rapidly revolving buff-wheels, and the steel blades may be ground sharp at the same time if desired. To obviate the storing and handling of ice, a small electric refrigerating plant is a perfectly practicable apparatus. In the smoke-room above is an electric cigar-lighter, while in my lady's room may be found electrically heated curling-irons and an ingenious hair-drying machine, which blows a continuous blast of hot dry air through my lady's tresses so as to dry the most luxuriant hair in a few minutes.

THE HEART OF RAMESES II.

Attention has been drawn to the identification of the heart of Ramses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, after preservation for more than three thousand years in soda and resinoid antiseptics. The council of the National Museum of the Louvre had the four vases in blue enamel which contain the viscera and heart of Ramses II. examined. They bear large medallions representing the names and attributes of the king. M. Lortet and Professors Hugonniem, Renaut and Rigau made a careful physiological examination. Three of the vases contained bandages of linen tightly compacted and hardened by the carbonate of soda and aromatic resinous substances of reddish colour which had been employed as antiseptics, and had probably contained the stomach, intestines, and liver of the great king. These viscera, however, were only found to be represented by a quantity of granular matter mixed with a large proportion of powdered carbonate of soda, and so could not be identified. The fourth vase, which was fitted with a lid or cover adorned with the head of a jackal, proved to contain the heart. This organ was found transformed into a kind of oval plate eight centimètres long and four centimètres wide. The substance of the heart was horn-like, and a saw had to be used in obtaining sections of it for examination, and finally a razor so as to reduce these sections to the attenuation necessary for microscopic examination. Under the microscope these sections gave unmistakable evidence of the muscular fibres peculiar to the heart, especially characterised by being arranged in bundles of such fibres crossing each other. Since this special muscular arrangement is not found in any other part of the body except the tongue, and as the mummy of Ramses II. which is preserved at Cairo contains the tongue

intact, the experts have no doubt whatever that the vase actually contained the heart of Rameses II., flattened and transformed into a horn-like substance by its long sojourn in the soda preservative. King Rameses II. died one thousand two hundred and fifty-eight years before the Christian era.

RELICS OF ROMAN BRITAIN.

The series of Rhind Lectures delivered in Edinburgh by Dr F. Haverfield on 'Roman Britain' has been of great interest and importance; and it is to be hoped these lectures may soon be published, as they gather in convenient form the best available information upon the subject. Dr Haverfield uttered a plea for the universities doing something in the way of furnishing students to be trained in practical archaeology where excavations were in progress, and in giving the necessary funds for carrying them through. It had been left to a few societies and museums to keep alive the scientific and continuous study of the subject. Archaeology with some had become a mere form of picnicking. In Scotland he thought they should go and dig up other stations, such as Comrie, Abernethy, Inveresk, and Cramond. Meanwhile the excavations of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland at Newstead, Melrose, have resulted lately in some important finds of ancient armour and all the usual characteristic relics of Roman occupation. In the barrack-quarters have been found the foundations of one hundred and thirty-two stone huts. The articles found, mostly in the rubbish-pits, include a bronze vessel with handle decorated with the head of a bacchanal; coins of Mark Antony and Marcus Aurelius; an urn-shaped bowl of Castor-ware (made at Castor, Peterborough), decorated with a frieze of animals; an iron hammer; a human skull cleft by the blow of a weapon; two chariot-wheels; an iron sword with blade two feet in length; a battered helmet with the owner's name (Lucani) scratched upon it; two chisels; a pick with one end broadened out like a spade; a quern from Andernach; an iron sickle-shaped knife; an iron helmet with visor in the form of a human face; nine pieces of thin bronze for soldier's breast-plate, with small nuts to be fastened to cloth and leather; four pieces for shoulders and arms; and a helmet of brass decorated with embossed figures. The constant appearance of building-stones in the fields at Newstead had no doubt led to the assumption that some ecclesiastical building had stood here. Old writers called it Redabbey Stead; research has proved it a Roman fort. The three Biddons, under the shadow of which Newstead lies, may have been the Trimontium of the Romans.

A CANADIAN ON BRITISH FRUIT-GROWING.

Mr W. T. Macoun, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, gives in the last *Report of the Fruit-Growers' Association* his impressions of fruit-growing in Britain. British methods are characterised as slow but thorough. He noticed much improvement in Ireland, which may yet be a formidable com-

petitor of the Canadian apple-grower. In Armagh he found that young orchards are being set out in sections of ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five acres. The practice is to grow apples on a dwarf stock, by which means an earlier crop is secured. The method adopted is to plant the trees very closely together, with small fruits between. The strawberries are grown under the hill-system, which permits of abundance of light and sunshine, and the price was from twopence to sixpence per box. There is the great advantage of cheap labour. At the Girls' Horticultural School in Swanley, Kent, there were sixty-four students, who were being thoroughly grounded in all branches of horticulture. They take positions as assistants in gardens, green-houses, and nurseries. He saw a young lady directing the operations of two men in the Botanical Gardens in Dublin. The finest experimental farm Mr Macoun had seen was that of the Duke of Bedford, and he did not know any station in America that compared with it for thoroughness of methods and range of experiments.

THE SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD.

There is one of Nature's spiritual ditties which has not yet been set to music: the 'Call of the Open Road.'

—R. L. STAVENSON.

Early the winds are calling, sweeping inward from the bay,
Where the long white line of breakers meets the sky—
line far away;
And the great, gaunt, ghostly heathlands rise so naked,
bare, and brown,
With the mighty sweep of moorland and the splendid reach of down;

Golden gorse and purple heather, shining stretch of yellow sand;
Call of petrel far to seaward, cry of bittern from the land;
Wilderness of thorn and thistle, wind-swept dune and stunted tree;
Flash of white wing, cry of sea-fowl, breath of blossom, hum of bee.

These and thousand thousand voices call me forth, and I must rise,
Wander out upon the moorlands underneath God's naked skies;
So I lay aside my burden, daily work and daily land,
And I hearken to the voices calling to the open road!

TOM QUAD.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of indigibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.*
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Chamber's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE LEARNING OF A LESSON.

By ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.

PART I.

HOW am I to teach her to love me? Over and over again the problem recurred insistent to the man's resolute questioning brain. It had ached at his heart for days. Never was the need for solution keener than that night off the Aland Islands of the Baltic, as he paced the heaving bridge of his yacht, which was threshing her way through the darkness and the rising gale. And this is the story of the lesson learned.

The reception at the British Ministry was thronged. All the great world of Stockholm mounted the wide stairways, overflowed the brilliant salons, and crowded the long corridors of the stately Embassy building. The scene was a blaze of colour, in which the gorgeous uniforms of the men were mingled with the radiant dresses of the ladies. A Swedish band was playing a softly swinging waltz, while the murmur of talk and laughter drifted ceaselessly from the slow-moving groups under the crystal lights amid the gilded mirrors. The chatter of the rapidly filling supper-room at last gave Major Asheton the welcome hint that he could slip away.

He was a tall, fair Englishman, in the sombre tunic of the Rifles of the British army, bronzed and keen-eyed, with that look of tolerant experience which the free seas and open skies alone produce. At the moment he was frankly bored. He did not know many of the gay people present, and he did not particularly want to be introduced to them. He felt that he had done his duty in attending, and now that this was accomplished, he was above all things anxious to escape undetained. In this, however, he failed.

Just as he had succeeded in threading his way doorwards with the quiet ease of a man familiar with such functions, a sudden greeting arrested him.

'Major Asheton!' said a voice with unfeigned surprise of tone, 'I did not imagine to find you in Stockholm. I am charmed!'

The Englishman scarcely displayed reciprocal delight. But the two men shook hands with scrupulous politeness and even some show of warmth.

'Rather a different scene this from our last meeting!' remarked the Major lightly. He felt that he must stop to say something, though the check was annoying.

The Russian bowed and smiled. 'And but for your gallantry on that occasion I should not now enjoy the pleasure of your Minister's hospitality here,' he observed with emphasis. 'Accept again the assurance that Baron Vordomsky can never forget the debt that he owes to his preserver.'

'Ah, yes. Don't mention it, I beg you.' The said preserver drawled a little, and seemed by no means impressed by the importance of the announcement of gratitude. He fidgeted with his eyeglass, and cast around for a commonplace for conversation. 'The music of the band would not be so bad,' he opined, to change the subject, 'if it were not for the noise it makes. You can hardly hear yourself speak, Baron—can you?'

The Russian agreed readily to this undeserved condemnation of the painstaking musicians. The two acquaintances formed a curious contrast typical of their respective nationalities. Baron Vordomsky was a stout, thick-set man, closely buttoned up in a tight uniform, with a row of decorations adorning his broad chest. Both moustache and beard were heavy and carefully trimmed. The eyes above them were very still eyes, such as could be very hard and unsympathetic when the mask fell, as it often did, across those handsome features. That contempt for other less important people which is bred by centuries of authority over helpless motijks stamps its never-absent expression in the faces of the Russian ruling class. Instinctive antagonism divided the

two men in that brilliantly lighted salon. The mutual knowledge that neither of them quite understood the other did not lessen this consciousness of constraint.

Yet Asheton had saved Vordomsky's life only a few months before that chance meeting in the Stockholm Embassy. To both men the encounter brought swift remembrance of the past. The stream of smiling faces, the flashing of feminine jewels, the warm scent of hothouse flowers, faded. Instead, to both, there came the vision of a far-away, sullen river, which swept sluggishly around the sand-dunes in a desolate, war-torn land.

Under a hurricane storm of Japanese shells the Russian engineers were striving with desperate haste to construct a pontoon bridge. The air was rent with the whip and patter of the bullets; the water of the river was torn by the crash of scourging shrapnel. Amid the tornado of fire the soldiers laboured with a furious gallantry, while the covering batteries struggled in vain to beat back the onset of their exultant enemy. The fate of a division of the army of His Imperial Majesty the Czar hung on the efforts of the bridge-builders to complete their task in time. Splinters were flying from the pontoon planks; men were collapsing from the rocking timbers into the seething torrent; jagged slits were being rent in platforms and raft-lashings, only to be replaced with dogged perseverance by other workers and other work.

Imperturbable to the shrieking death around him, a grim chief-officer directed and controlled. Just as the bridge neared completion a great projectile thundered overhead. It burst with a mighty roar, and flung its iron missiles thudding viciously into wet wood and eager, straining human bodies. The smother of spurting water and ping-pong bullets appalled. The pontoon swayed sickly.

Shot through the shoulder and stunned by the concussion, the Russian officer was hurled from the lurching framework into the whirl of water, and carried away in its eddying tide. He was borne helplessly past a sand-heap where one of the foreign attachés was crouching for shelter from the storm of fire. With prompt pluck the Englishman plunged to the rescue.

And it was the memory of that wild morning on the banks of the Manchurian river which made the Baron Vordomsky repeat, 'I am under a great obligation to you, Major, which I trust one day to repay.'

Yet, from some indefinable cause, each man trusted the other with a completeness which he would have found it hard to explain.

'How is the beautiful Miss Nita?' asked Baron Vordomsky suddenly.

John Asheton's blue eyes flashed into quick alertness. 'Quite well, I believe,' he answered briefly.

'You are not engaged to be married to her yet?'

'No.'

The Russian waved an apologetic hand.

'I understood you were infatuated,' he explained confidentially.

'But what will you understand to-morrow?' queried the Englishman coolly. His little smile was not cordial.

'That I must beg of you a thousand pardons for my mistake,' laughed Vordomsky, with a deprecating shrug. 'I too shared that infatuation once in Boston. But you would do well to avoid her, my friend,' he said more gravely.

'Why?'

The monosyllable was curtness itself. The speaker was examining with deceptive indifference the extreme tip of his plumed busby. The Russian turned aside to bow in low respect to a passing ambassadress. The waltz music stopped.

'The pretty Nita attempts to be a politician,' Vordomsky reverted to the matter in hand with airy assurance. 'In America, where she was educated, and where we met her—you and I—this is permitted. They are curiously tolerant of their women, those Americans. But with us it is different. She was born in Finland; her father was a subject of my Master the Czar. Did you know this?'

Asheton blinked impassively.

'Amuse yourself with her if you will. Marry her if you are very unwise. But keep her away from Russian territory. In all camaraderie I say it. Will you remember?'

For a moment the Major met the full, still eyes searching his so significantly.

'I shall remember,' he said, unmoved. 'And you, my dear Baron?'

'I return to my post to-morrow across the sea there.' He nodded in the direction of the distant Baltic. 'I have the honour now to rule a district in Finland. Visit me there some day; I shall be much gratified. But—do not bring Miss Nita with you. Now, my salutations and adieus.'

John Asheton swung out into the open street with some relief, muttering unsparing denunciations on foreign diplomatists and their ways. The keen air of the autumn evening was sweeping from Lake Mälaren over the white granite bridges and down the emptying streets. There was a touch of the oncoming of the hard Northern winter in the air. He glanced at his watch. Then he quickened his steps as if to try to shake off the disagreeable impression left by Vordomsky's words and manner. If the former were full of warning, the latter was equally of menace. What did he, Asheton, care about Finnish politics? Nothing. But Nita—that might prove another matter!

Across the broad, silent quays glimmered the lights of vessels at anchor. Among them was Asheton's yacht. It was time the *Petrel* was sent home, he reflected, before the grip of the frost descended on the Baltic. His friends sometimes

told him chaffingly that he ought to have been a sailor, not a soldier. He was never happier than when on the sea.

The café at the end of the Moningatan was closing as the Major turned sharply at right angles into the little narrow side-street beside the Holmenkyrka. His spurred heels rang under the quaint gabled roofs. At the end of a devious old alley is an equally old-fashioned square. The houses are all alike and very silent. He skirted the quadrangle swiftly and knocked at the corner building beyond.

He had stopped with such abruptness that a man who was following him stealthily had no time even to shrink back into the shadow, but was forced to walk on with unconcealment. Asheton stared at him as he passed, and the man muffled his cloak about his chin. The stranger displayed none of that curiosity at the sight of the foreign uniform which might have been expected from an ordinary citizen. Sombre suspicion seized the Englishman, who had all the ready observance of trifles which marks the soldier. That face was becoming familiar to him; he had encountered it in the street unexpectedly more than once in Stockholm of late.

Next moment he forgot everything save that a girl was welcoming him with a bright smile, and was saying in a musical voice, 'So you really have arrived after all.'

'Rather!'

He divested himself of his coat and sword, and followed her indoors. He explained at length that he had been detained. He liked explaining things to Nita Lornsen, because he happened to be in love with her, and this is the manner of men in love.

The room was small and scrupulously neat. The heavy oak panelling was darkened by time, and the shaded lamp threw deep shadows over the fading furniture and dim engravings on the walls. An old-world glamour of bygone years pervaded the whole interior.

The fire was burning low, and as they drew their chairs before it the darkness seemed to close behind them, while only its ruddy gleam lit on their faces. The girl's was a very sweet one. It could never be anything but gentle and womanly, though the strong lines round the small curved lips betokened a capacity for undaunted dealing with the serious matters in life did the need arise. Her plain gray dress, with the white fur collar and cuffs at her delicate throat and wrists, fitted the slender figure with dainty exactitude and emphasised the beauty of the girlish form it clothed.

'You are more bewitching than ever to-night,' he said impulsively.

She laughed with frank amusement.

'To how many great ladies have you just paid that compliment?'

'To none,' he answered earnestly; and the girl did not controvert the assertion.

'This is very dreadful,' she remarked. 'I suppose I ought to be embarrassed, only—I'm not.

Though in another ten minutes I should have locked up and gone to bed.'

'Would you really?'

'No,' she answered, with candid soberness. 'I wanted to see you again to say good-bye.'

'Nita!' he protested.

'I have got the passport business arranged at last; it will take me to Helsingfors. I sail early in the morning.'

'And then?'

'Then I am to be smuggled through somehow to my brother—the brother I scarcely know.'

There was a short silence. Then Asheton spoke again in a carefully guarded voice.

'Will you not tell me now what makes it necessary for you to go?'

'Perhaps I will directly. Though, why should I?'

There was no coquetry in the words with this maiden. Instead, there was something almost defiant in her tone.

'Because I want you to marry me,' said John Asheton simply. 'I have told you so before.'

The girl stirred restlessly. She moved her eyes to watch the dancing firelight, which glinted on the gold of her hair.

'Why shouldn't I hope to win you?' he questioned steadily. 'Is it so impossible to make you care for me? Is it that I am so old and uninteresting, or is there—another man?'

'There is no one else whom I like—as I like you,' said Nita Lornsen with quiet truthfulness. 'It is only that—somehow'—

'You do not love me.' He finished the halting little sentence with wistful appeal.

'No.' She shook her head slowly. 'Not in the way which I ought to do if ever I became your wife.'

She paused a moment. Then her soft voice added with gentle conviction, 'Not in the way which I think it is in me to love.'

'Dear,' he said—and he bent forward to take her strong little hand and twine her fingers into his—'men and women's feelings do not stand still. As they see more and more of each other in the manner in which we have done, they either come to love each other nearer or to—hate. Which is it with you?'

He watched her intently with that unmistakable look which women who are loved alone have seen. Her breathing quickened nervously.

'I cannot make myself love you or—any one. It will come or not just as it is ordained for us both. Till then'—

'I will go on waiting,' Asheton avowed bravely, with that rare patience which is bred of skilful tenacity of purpose. 'You are the only woman I have ever cared for, or ever shall. Some day I may teach you to love me; some day I may be able to prove this if any need ever comes into your life for me, as I have need of you. Then you, too, might respond. Meanwhile, we are friends, you

and I. This is better than wandering alone, Nita. Don't you agree?'

She smiled at him in fearless, swift acquiescence. He bent and kissed the fingers that he held. At heart the girl was aware of a sudden warmth of pride in him and in his resolution which nothing even she would say could cause to swerve.

'If ever I can serve you, will you let me try?' he queried matter-of-factly.

For a minute she sat so motionless that he wondered if she had heeded at all. Then she answered, with a strange little ring in her clear voice, 'Do you mean that?'

'Of course.'

'It might be sooner than you think.'

'The sooner the better,' laughed Asheton gaily. 'Shall I take you across to Finland in the yacht?'

'Oh, no!' Then she asked abruptly, 'Are you going to send her back to England yet?'

'Not if you want to use her,' said the *Petrel's* owner promptly.

The girl hesitated. Then she lifted her long, fair lashes and glanced at him doubtfully. The perplexity in her eyes died away as she met his self-reliant gaze. For when a man loves a woman she can, if she will, read him very straightly, and decide where to put her trust.

'I don't believe you know in the least who I am,' began Nita Lornsen in a tentative change of mood.

'I know you well enough to marry you,' interrupted her hearer with an alacrity which was, however, ignored.

'You met me first in Boston, and you—you liked me very much, or said that you did,' she continued, demure for a moment, and then sobering into earnestness again. 'I was living with people who were very kind to me; but they were not my people. I have only one real relation, a brother, who is much older than I. Our father was a noble in Finland; our mother was an American lady. My brother, whom I can only just remember as a child does, was a brilliant scholar, and obtained a professorship at the University of Helsingfors. My father was exiled from his native country for political reasons, and when he died, three years ago, he made me solemnly promise that if ever Osmo needed me I would go to him. Now that time has come.'

'My brother has been driven from his Chair at the university under the letter of one of those cruel ukases which are depriving Finland of all its former freedom. Oh!—and the girl's bosom heaved in stormy indignation—'you English have no idea of the oppression of the Government there, and the tyranny of our rulers! Osmo had angered the authorities by the courage of his advocacy of our ancient liberties guaranteed to us again and again in constitutions which are being violated of set purpose. He has been forced to hide to save

himself from arrest and from some horrible imprisonment in a fortress, or even deportation to Siberia. This fate is befalling the wisest and the best of the Finlanders every day. There is no trial, no pretence of justice often; all is done secretly in the name of the Czar. And now my brother is very, very ill.'

As Asheton watched the pure oval face of the speaker, with the angry colour flaming into the white cheeks at the recital of the wrong, he was thinking how commonplace all other women were as compared with her. He pulled at his short moustache savagely. It might almost be worth while being a persecuted professor to earn such sympathy, he cogitated with grimness.

'My last news of Osmo was very serious,' the girl resumed. 'Another of these bitter Arctic winters in the dreadful little village on the coast where he is concealed will probably kill him altogether. I am going to nurse him, and to see if I cannot arrange his escape; but this will be terribly difficult, even if he is sufficiently strong for the attempt. Now you have put an idea in my head'— She stopped in sharp constraint.

'Go on.'

'I—I don't know how to say it. I am afraid.'

'Of what?' he pleaded, expectant.

'Of what you will think of me,' she answered openly, 'for daring to suggest so—mad a thing.' And again she wavered in indecision.

'If you tantalise me much longer I shall swear,' observed Major Asheton in parenthesis.

'Well, then,' she asked desperately, 'if I can make my brother consent to leave the country will you fetch us both away in your yacht?'

'Yes, most certainly.'

'You do not fear the consequences?'

'Of course not.'

'But do you understand?' cried the girl eagerly. 'There is no law on that coast except the will of the Russian. It will be just as dangerous for you as for any one else to assist in the flight of a political suspect who is wanted by the police. Are you willing to take the risk?'

She had sprung from her seat in her excitement, and now stood fronting him, her back to the fire, one tiny foot advanced, her large eyes dilated with challenge. He rose too. He put his arm through hers with tender insistence, and drew her closely to him. She was intensely conscious of the masterful thrill of the man who was offering her his whole impetuous service. Many women have had such offers; many women have rejected them. This girl accepted this man's with characteristic determination.

His clean, hard-cut face was very near to her soft one as he pressed her to his side. A stray lock of curly hair brushed his forehead and set his heart beating hungrily.

'What a forlorn big baby you are, sweetheart!' was all that Major Asheton said, with complete irrelevance.

The last doubt was struggling in her mind. Intuitively he read the trouble. Quiet men such as he are quickest to understand.

'And when we have succeeded, I shall not de-

mand immediate marriage in grateful repayment. You can trust me as much as that,' said the Englishman, with the love-light in his eyes.

(To be continued.)

TIBBIE SHIELS AND THE VISITORS TO HER COTTAGE AT ST MARY'S LOCH.

By the Rev. J. SHARPE.



HERE are few places in our Scottish Borderland better known or more frequented than the unpretentious yet cosy inn which is situated among the hills at the head of Yarrow vale, on the narrow neck of land which separates St Mary's Loch from the Loch of the Lowes. It is known to the angler and the tourist as the cottage of Tibbie Shiels—that having been the maiden name of its landlady for upwards of fifty years—and it stands in the centre of historic and classic ground. Not far off is Henderland, famous in Border history as the stronghold of Piers Cockburn the freebooter, whose execution in 1520 forms the theme of that exquisite ballad, 'The Border Widow's Lament'; by the side of St Mary's Loch are the ruins of Dryhope Tower, the home of Mary Scott, traditionally known as the Flower of Yarrow, and the lonely burying-ground where stood in former days the ancient Kirk of the Forest or St Mary of the Lowes; and a little farther down the vale is Altrive Lake, the residence of James Hogg, who was known as the Ettrick Shepherd.

Tibbie Shiels, whose married name was Richardson, was a celebrity in her time, and many a story she had to tell, as she sat in later years by the ingle-neuk in the kitchen-end of her cottage, of the literary men who sought and enjoyed the hospitality of her roof. Sir Walter Scott was one of them; James Hogg was another; Professor Wilson was a third; whilst among the lesser lights were Lord Cockburn, author of the *Life of Jeffrey* and *Memorials of his Time*; Thomas Aird, poet and journalist, the lifelong friend of Carlyle; Professor Aytoun, 'Christopher North's' son-in-law, also a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*; Henry Scott Riddell, poet and preacher, whose last days were spent in the parish of Teviothead; and Thomas Tod Stoddart, an enthusiastic disciple of Isaac Walton, who has left us some excellent fishing-songs. Tibbie knew the Ettrick Shepherd long before she became acquainted with any of those who have been named. In her younger days she was a servant in the household of the Shepherd's mother, and in regard to Hogg, she was wont to say that 'he was a gey sensible man in some things, for at the nonsense that he wrote.' Tibbie remembered well the occasion when Scott visited Ettrickhall, under the guidance of Willie Laidlaw, to make the acquaintance of the Shepherd, and the eagerness

with which he listened to the talk of the Shepherd's mother in regard to old Border songs and ballads, of which she had a goodly store. As a neighbour, Tibbie watched by the sickbed of her friend; she was present in the room at Altrive Lake when the Shepherd breathed his last; and no one was more interested than she was in the proceedings of that day when his statue, overlooking her home, was inaugurated. Long ago, when Tibbie's name was known only to a few, Edward Irving, the celebrated preacher, then at the height of his fame, spent a night beneath her roof, and in the morning before he left, as Tibbie loved to tell her friends, he invoked the Divine blessing on the members of her household. Among others who visited St Mary's Cottage in the early days of Tibbie's reign were John Gibson Lockhart (the biographer and son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott), William Laidlaw (Scott's friend and amanuensis), Sir David Wilkie, Sir David Brewster, Dr Robert Chambers, and the Rev. Dr Thomas Chalmers. In after years, when the name of Tibbie Shiels had become more widely known, clergymen of all denominations received a kindly welcome to her home; and if they remained over night one or other was always asked to conduct the family worship, at which all the guests were expected to be present—a rule not always relished by those who had come simply for recreation.

The writer's first visit to St Mary's Cottage was upwards of thirty years ago. It was made on a lovely day in June, in the company of a friend. The previous night was spent at a farmhouse in the upper part of Ettrick vale, not far from the place where the Ettrick Shepherd was born. In the morning we set out to walk across the hills, taking the usual bridle-path which leads from the one valley to the other; and as we descended the hill-side a little below Riskenhope, where Renwick the Covenanter preached one of his last sermons in 1688, we obtained our first glimpse of the Loch of the Lowes and the cottage of Tibbie Shiels. On informing Tibbie's son that we were a couple of students from St Andrews who had come to worship at St Mary's shrine, we were ushered into Tibbie's presence, who, after extending a kindly welcome to her home, inquired as to the health of the Principal of our College, whom she respected and honoured as much for his own sake as for his poetic love of her native hills and glens. John Campbell Sharp—for

it was he who was then the head of the United College of St Salvator and St Leonard—had, notwithstanding that he was a West Lothian man by birth, a dash of Border blood in his veins, his great-grandmother having been Anne Scott of Harden, a descendant of the Flower of Yarrow. Shairp was justly proud of his descent, and we are told that it was the dream of his youth to become a sheep-farmer in Selkirkshire. He was a frequent visitor to the cottage of Tibbie Shiels, and it was his boast in later years that he had wandered over almost every part of Yarrow and Ettrick vales, that he knew every stream and glen, and had sought out the sites of every one of their long-vanished peels. On Shairp's first visit to St Mary's Loch his wife was along with him. That was in the month of July 1856; and it was then, at the entrance to Tibbie's cottage, on his return from a ramble among the upper hills and the moss-hags where the Covenanters lay, that he met for the first time a spirit kindred to his own in the person of Professor Veitch. Shairp's second visit to St Mary's Cottage was in 1857, and on that occasion he was accompanied by his friends of Oxford days, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley (who became Dean of Westminster in 1863) and Godfrey Lushington (Permanent Under-Secretary in the Home Office from 1885 to 1895). A third visit was made by him in 1866, when he wrote after his signature in Tibbie's book: 'Weather stormy, with blinks of sunshine. Happy to find the hostess in better health. Long may she be spared to welcome us to her cottage!' Shairp's final visit to Yarrow vale, which he knew and loved so well, was in 1884, twelve months before his death, and with him were his wife and son and a daughter of his wife's brother, the late Bishop Douglas of Bombay. They spent the night under Tibbie's humble roof, and next morning they wandered down to visit the ruins of Dryhope Tower—where Harden wooed and won the Flower of Yarrow—on which Shairp could never look without something of a family feeling.

Through the kindness of Mr James Scott, the present landlord of St Mary's Cottage, we have been permitted to examine the visitors' books from 1848 down to the present time. It is not an easy task to wade through the heaps of names which are contained in these books; but our toil and patience were rewarded by finding, as we expected, the signatures of well-known poets and philosophers, of leading journalists and publishers, of senators in our College of Justice and professors in our universities. In the oldest book still existing, which covers a period of five years from 1848 to 1853, the second signature in the list is that of Arthur Gordon, uncle of the present Earl of Aberdeen, who was created Baron Stanmore in 1893, and who drove from Moffat House to Tibbie Shiels's with his cousins the Hope-Johnstones of Annandale on the 23rd of June 1848. His lordship, who is now the only survivor of the party, writes to say that he has a distinct remembrance of his visit. The

next name of note which we meet with in the list is that of William Chambers, Lord Provost of the city of Edinburgh in 1865, to whom Scotland was indebted for the restoration of the Cathedral Church of St Giles, but better known perhaps to his countrymen as the founder, in conjunction with his brother, of the *Journal* which still bears the family name. The date of his visit is given as 5th July 1848, and along with him were Mrs Chambers and Robert Chambers, junior. Then follow the signatures of Robert Story, the able and popular minister of Roseneath, and the friend of Edward Irving and Macleod Campbell of Row; of Story's son Robert Herbert, who was appointed to the Principalship of Glasgow University in 1899, upon the death of Dr Caird; of the Right Hon. George Young, the well-known judge and senator in the College of Justice, who but recently retired from the Bench after a lengthened service of thirty years; of Captain Charles Hope, R.N., a son of Charles Hope, who was Lord President of the Court of Session from 1811 to 1841; and of Major-General Sir James Russell, cousin of Sir Walter Scott, and proprietor of Ashiestiel, where Sir Walter, according to his own confession, spent the happiest days of his life.

In 1850 there appear the signatures of Dr Grant, Dr Guthrie, and Dr Andrew Thomson, well-known ministers in the city of Edinburgh; and these are followed by the name of Alexander Russel of the *Scotsman*, who came with rod and line to try his luck on St Mary's Loch and in the lower waters of the Meggat. Two years later, in the month of June 1852, Russel seems to have spent a week-end under Tibbie's humble roof. It would appear that on that occasion he enjoyed but indifferent sport, for after his signature in Tibbie's book, in the column set apart for angling and other remarks, he wrote: 'The less said the better.' Russel's name appears again in Tibbie's book on 1st August 1868, and following it are the names of the members of his family. For several years Russel rented the cottage of Thirleadan, on the Philiphaugh estate, and afterwards the mansion-house of Ettrickbank, now the property of the laird of Sunderland Hall. Fishing was Russel's favourite pastime; it was his chief recreation; and we are told by one still alive who was in the habit of fishing along with him that he knew and had fished every pool from St Mary's Loch and Ettrickhead to the junction of the Ettrick and the Yarrow, a little above Selkirk Bridge.

Among the visitors to St Mary's Cottage during the years from 1806 to 1860 were Professors Veitch and Campbell Fraser; Dr John Cairns, of the United Presbyterian Church; Dr Bruce, of the Free Church College, Glasgow (then minister at Cardross); Robert Carruthers, of the *Inverness Courier*; Robert Wallace, who succeeded Alexander Russel in the editorship of the *Scotsman*; Andrew Lang, one of the best-known and most voluminous writers in our time; and Robert Louis Stevenson,

who was accompanied by his mother and a young English friend. Stevenson, who was then a young man studying for the Scottish Bar, seems to have spent a couple of nights under Tibbie's humble roof. The date of his visit is given as 20th September 1867. In later lists we find the names of the Dowager Lady Outram, Professor Flint of Edinburgh University, Professor Mitchell of St Andrews, Archdeacon Sinclair of St Paul's (London), Dr Matthews Duncan, John Skelton, Marcus Dods, Sir James Balfour Paul, Stevenson Macadam, and Sir John Murray of the *Challenger* Expedition, most of whom expressed themselves as delighted with everything—with the weather, with the scenery, and above all with Tibbie's scones. On the 2nd of September 1875—the year previous to his death—there appears the signature of Lord Amberley, eldest son of Earl Russell, a young man of good literary talent and of much political promise. Amberley was then staying at Yarrow Manse as the guest of Professor Campbell Fraser, and on the date mentioned he accompanied the Professor and the members of the Professor's family on a visit to Tibbie Shiels. That was not his first visit to the home of Tibbie Shiels. Some years previously he had visited St Mary's Cottage in the company of his wife, who was a daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, but unfortunately the book in which their signatures were recorded has disappeared.

Professor Blackie's is another name that appears often in Tibbie's books. The Professor was so fond of St Mary's Loch and the hills and glens around that for several years, during a month or two in summer, he rented a farmhouse in the district. Jamie Tait, long a familiar figure in the upper part of Yarrow vale, was in the habit of describing the Professor as 'a man who knew a thing or two, notwithstanding his peculiarities.' Jamie's mother, who was a nonagenarian at the time of her death in 1882, was an early acquaintance of Tibbie Shiels. The intimacy began in 1824, and continued without break or interruption till the time of Tibbie's death. Blackie's last visit to St Mary's Cottage was in 1889. At that time he was staying at the farmhouse of Kirkstead. That same summer a party of four were encamped for a fortnight on the Bowerhope side of St Mary's Loch, and they expressed themselves as delighted with the homeliness and geniality of the Professor, who sometimes rowed across the loch in order to have a chat with them. One afternoon, when Blackie arrived at the camp, he was in a playful mood, and full of the story of Sandy Cunningham, a former tenant of Bowerhope farm, who, after walking across the hills

from Ettrick Church, where the minister had been descanting upon the glories of a better world, quietly remarked to a friend as he came in sight of his home by the margin of the lake: 'Ministers may talk o' the New Jerusalem as they like. Commend me to Bowerhope. I cud tak' a tack o't to a' eternity.'

But there was one family in particular who were greatly attached to Tibbie Shiels. That was the Napier family, who had built for her the little cottage at the head of 'lone St Mary's silent lake,' and in whose employment her husband was up to the time of his death. Often during the summer months, when staying at Thirlestane, did the Napiers pay a visit to the home of Tibbie Shiels, and on these occasions they were accompanied by one or other of their friends, such as the Hopes of Hopetoun House, the Dalrymple Hays from Glenluce, and Mr and Mrs Egerton Hubbard, who became Lord and Lady Addington in 1887. Tibbie enjoyed the friendship of the Napier family throughout the whole of her life, and numerous were the friendly letters, as well as tokens of remembrance and regard, which she received from them when they were far away. They even sometimes spoke of Tibbie as one of themselves, for on their estate she was born, and on their estate she lived to the day of her death.

In the month of July 1878 Tibbie Shiels passed away, at the advanced age of ninety-five. Her funeral was attended by rich and poor, by the farmers and the shepherds for many miles around, a worthy tribute to the memory of a saintly and kind-hearted woman. In Ettrick Churchyard she was buried beside the dust of her kindred, not far from the spot where she first saw the light, near to the grave of the shepherd-bard who was her lifelong friend, and near also to the grave of him whose memory she revered, the author of *The Fourfold State*. On the Sunday following Tibbie's death, the funeral service was conducted on the bleak and bare hillside overlooking St Mary's Loch by the minister of Yarrow parish, whose friend she had been for upwards of sixty years, and in his sermon Dr Russell, who published *Reminiscences of Yarrow*, spoke of her as a woman who had ruled her household well, as a devoted Christian, as a staunch Presbyterian, who would not permit on the part of those within her gates any infringement of the sacredness of the Sabbath. Tibbie's place in the little inn is now occupied by another; but her name is not forgotten, as the hostelry among the hills is still known as the Cottage of Tibbie Shiels.



THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

By GEORGE FREDERICK TURNER.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOODILY I walked on up the hill in the track of the royal sleigh. I was annoyed, partly by the turn events had taken, and partly because I could hardly, in view of the Queen's presence at the Mariencastel, carry out my intention of calling there. And yet I was unwilling to be disappointed of my bob-sleighing, unwilling to miss an opportunity of developing my relations with the Princess, and exceedingly unwilling to fail in an appointment I had made. Fortune, however, delivered me out of my dilemma. Just as I halted before the castle gates, within which the royal sleigh was now waiting, the sound of voices and laughter met my ears. Looking round, I saw issuing from a side-door the Princess Mathilde, Max, and a small boy of about eight or nine years of age attired in a miniature replica of the ordinary tobogganer's costume. The Princess hailed me with unaffected enthusiasm.

'Hurrah! you *have* come,' she cried. 'Come and help us took the "bob" out.'

Max took a cigarette out of his mouth in order to yawn more freely, and favoured me with a nod and a drawled 'Good-afternoon.'

'Oh, this is Stephan,' went on the Princess.—'Stephan, shake hands with Mr Saunders.'

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'It's only the soldiers firing at the ice-target on the Nonnensee,' replied Max in answer to her look; and the elaborate yawn which followed his remarks would have convinced me that his prosaic explanation was the true one had not something occurred to re-arouse my latent apprehension. There was a sleigh drawn up by the roadside, and as we passed it the emblazoned panels of the door attracted my attention. Looking up, I saw that it was the identical vehicle in which I had journeyed towards the Mariencastel that afternoon, and, what was more, that the Queen herself was in it, standing up and gazing steadfastly in the direction from which the sound of firing proceeded. Her face was pale, her expression one of tense anxiety, and as a spluttering series of shots rang out in quick succession her lips moved with the involuntary utterance of extreme agitation. I looked at the red-bearded coachman. To my surprise, he seemed as agitated as the Queen herself. His body was twisted on the box, his dark eyes seemed starting from his head, while his right hand clutched the brake-lever as if in an agony of apprehension. The whole thing was absolutely incomprehensible to me.

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THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

By GEORGE FREDERICK TURNER.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOODILY I walked on up the hill in the track of the royal sleigh. I was annoyed, partly by the tarn events had taken, and partly because I could hardly, in view of the Queen's presence at the Mariencastel, carry out my intention of calling there. And yet I was unwilling to be disappointed of my bob-sleighing, unwilling to miss an opportunity of developing my relations with the Princess, and exceedingly unwilling to fail in an appointment I had made. Fortune, however, delivered me out of my dilemma. Just as I halted before the castle gates, within which the royal sleigh was now waiting, the sound of voices and laughter met my ears. Looking round, I saw issuing from a side-door the Princess Mathilde, Max, and a small boy of about eight or nine years of age attired in a miniature replica of the ordinary tobogganer's costume. The Princess hailed me with unaffected enthusiasm.

'Hurrah! you have come,' she cried. 'Come and help us took the "bob" out.'

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frosty air? A sharp curve of the road brought the whole range of the Klausberg before us, a dazzling trinity of mighty summits piercing the violet sky. What a pity it was, I reflected, that such a beautiful country should be spoiled by the reckless machinations of insignificant men! If the snow-clad peaks that faced us had any lesson for mankind, it was assuredly peace and stability they preached. I could understand the men of the desert being fierce, the northern seafarers cruel, the dwellers about the Mediterranean sensuous and slothful; but here, if nature can at all affect the minds of men, the people should have been calmly virile, steadfastly loyal, stainless of crime as the unblemished snows of their towering hillsides, pure in their affections as the clear, sweet colours of their chastely glowing sunsets. I thought of South Kensington, with its red-brick terraces, its stucco crescents, its formal abhorrence of nature and natural objects, and I reflected that there was greater virtue and more effective energy behind those pseudo-classical porches, within those imitation walnut doors, than in the whole range of this unmarred country-side. It was not till we came to the straight bit just beyond Riefinsdorf that I regained a normally cheerful outlook, the extra bit of speed driving the moody thoughts out of my head and forcing me to realise that there are worse things in the world than tearing down a snow-slope at forty miles an hour with a young and beautiful Princess steering you to a safe termination. As we came to a stop the Princess looked round at me and laughed.

'You look very red in the face,' she said.

'We all wear a good colour,' I replied—which, with the exception of Max, was true enough.

'I did not say you were a good colour,' she retorted. 'I said you were very red. I don't admire red men.'

'I should be glad to know your idea of manly beauty,' I said. 'Is it something white, with spots on it?'

'Don't be horrid!' she said, as we turned our

steps again towards Riefinsdorf, where we counted on getting a horse to drag the bob-sleigh back to its home at the Marienastel. 'I like men with aquiline noses and big black moustaches. There is a magnificent creature who teaches skating on the Pariserhof rinks whom I am desperately in love with.'

'All girls go through that stage,' I said quietly; 'you will get over it.'

'Oh, I hate you!'

'You will get over that too.'

'I suppose you think I shall fall in love with you.'

'That,' I said more calmly than ever, 'is one of the things you will not get over.'

The Princess raised her arm as if to strike me in mock anger, but, remembering that we were almost strangers, restrained herself.

'I wish it would thaw,' she said.

'Why?'

'Because then I could make snowballs to throw at you.'

I laughed at the whimsical connection of ideas; and the Princess, to whom laughter was as necessary as air and food, laughed too. She ceased abruptly, and of a sudden the twinkling black eyes grew fixed and apprehensive.

I followed her gaze, and what I saw swept out the merriment from my heart in an instant, and brought back the dark and gloomy meditations with a rush.

A small sleigh was being pulled along the road by a couple of peasants, and on it lay something covered, but not concealed, by a white sheet.

Beside it walked a group of high-booted, sombrely clad police officials, and I noticed that people who passed the sleigh cast a glance of curiosity and pity on its burden, and doffed their hats.

We stood aside to let it pass, and as Max and I removed our caps the Princess took Stephan's woollen covering from his head.

(To be continued.)

A NEGLECTED BRANCH OF WOMAN'S WORK.

By MAY MARTIN.

HOW utterly impossible it is, in these twentieth-century days, to fully realise what an important part embroidery played in the lives of our ancestors! To-day it is treated more as a graceful diversion or accomplishment, and there is little diligence in the pursuit of it as a great art; whereas in former days many women spent their whole time working, and the earliest historical events, instead of being painted with the brush, were 'painted with the needle,' for embroidery took precedence of painting as a means of decoration.

What a pity it is that so few of the very earliest

specimens of embroidery remain! For though it is said that the Phrygians invented the art, it is chiefly from studying the sculpture of ancient vases and monuments, and observing the elaboration of the costumes depicted thereon, that we know that the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, Babylonians, and Assyrians were as skilled in embroidery as in other arts. Indeed, it was from the Egyptians that the Israelites learned the art during their captivity, and put it to the best use afterwards by embroidering the hangings for the Tabernacle and the priests' garments, thereby starting that branch of embroidery which, from that time forth down to the present day, has had

more time, money, and thought spent on it than any other.

The majority of the earliest specimens left to us are ecclesiastical, not the least famous of them being the Syon Cope, as much on account of its remarkable history as for its excellent workmanship. It dates from about 1250, and is supposed to have been worked at a religious house in Coventry. It was presented to the Syon House Monastery, and remained there until the time of the Reformation, when, with the suppression of the monasteries, it was taken by a party of nuns to the Continent. These nuns settled in a convent at Lisbon, which was severely injured by earthquakes, and they were again forced to remove, taking the cope with them. It was moved from place to place, until, in 1825, we hear of it being presented to the Earl of Shrewsbury by some nuns of this same order, and it now hangs in a dark corner in South Kensington Museum, from which it was taken for a short time nearly four years ago to be worn at the Coronation of our King.

In Greece embroidery was held in the highest honour, and its invention ascribed to Minerva; and the Romans as well as the Greeks considered embroidery and spinning the most fitting employments for women; for not only was the loom a very conspicuous article of furniture in their houses, but very often there was a room or 'studio' set aside to their devotion. The Grecian dress alone afforded ample scope for the display of skill, the women's veils in particular being very elaborate.

The constant allusions to embroidery that we find in the classics alone serve to show us the great esteem in which it was held. Penelope threw over Ulysses on his departure to Troy an embroidered garment whereon she had depicted incidents of the chase. Shakespeare tells us that the sails of Cleopatra's barge were made of the richest material and very highly ornamented; and Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astalot, surely must have been initiated into all the mysteries of needlework, for she took Lancelot's shield and

Fashioned for it
A case of silk, and braided thereupon
All the devices blazoned on the shield,
In their own tinct.

The art of embroidery was introduced into Europe from the East, and for a long time England stood at the head of the countries which were renowned for their needlework, the excellence thereof being such that it gained for her the titles of 'A Garden of Delight,' 'A Well Inexhaustible,' these being bestowed, it is said, by Pope Innocent III. As a matter of fact, she had no formidable rivals until the fifteenth or sixteenth century, when we find, from specimens belonging to this period, that Italy, Spain, and Flanders far surpassed us in beauty of execution and detail; and in France, too, though the art developed there much later than with us, the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were renowned for the richness of their embroideries, the most

eminent designers being employed to prepare cartoons for the Queen and her Court to work.

Nearly all our Anglo-Saxon queens have gained reputations for being good workers: among others, Queen Edgitha, wife of Edward the Confessor; Queen Emma, wife of Canute; and Athelstan's four sisters. In fact, from the seventh to the tenth century the work of English embroideresses was celebrated throughout the whole of the civilised world; and we find, too, from inventories of the possessions of noble families, that most of these embroideries were of sufficient value to be regarded as 'property.'

The introduction of Christianity gave workers new scope for their skill, and hangings for churches, and vestments for priests, were embroidered by those women whose chief work before had been battle-standards for their warrior-lords. The nuns especially devoted the greater part of their time to this pursuit, and it is little wonder that William the Conqueror was eager to acquire England, for the abbies, churches, and palaces abounded in beautiful needlework, besides being rich in illuminations, plate, &c. Certainly, if we can take the Bayeux Tapestry as a type of the work executed in France at that time, any specimens of work we have left far surpass it in beauty and skill. It always has been called the Bayeux 'Tapestry,' and no doubt always will be, though it is really quite wrong to do so, as it is embroidery pure and simple. The material on which it is worked is a cross between linen and canvas, and the greater part of it is worked in wool. The reason that some authorities consider it English work is, perhaps, because it delineates the events of English history from the time of Edward the Confessor to the Norman Conquest. It is traditionally supposed to have been worked by Matilda, wife of the Conqueror; but considering the size of the work, which is two hundred and twenty feet long by twenty feet wide, it is impossible to believe she really worked it herself, the general opinion being that she merely ordered it to be executed. The amount of work it contains, and the insight it gives us into the dresses, architecture, and customs of the times, constitute its chief interest. The attitudes of the figures, too, express a great amount of life and energy; but the drawing of the houses, figures, and other details is primitive in the extreme.

During the Wars of the Roses England lost her high reputation for embroidery, though even then the churches and monasteries continued to add to their treasures. If it were not that so many beautiful pieces of work were destroyed by iconoclasts at the time of the Reformation, we should no doubt have a much greater knowledge of the kinds of work executed; but the few specimens that escaped destruction were taken to the Continent by nuns or monks, so that consequently our knowledge is limited.

Nearly all of Henry VIII's wives were expert needlewomen, several of them introducing varieties

of design and methods of working which they had learned abroad. Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots were also skilled workers; the latter, no doubt, finding comfort and solace in her needle during the weary hours of her confinement, and hoping perhaps that the presentation of some of her own work might soften her hard-hearted cousin.

The Court of Charles I. was luxurious and extravagant; but the Civil War hampered all peaceful pursuits, and during Cromwell's austere protectorship only plain needlework was the fashion. William and Mary introduced a taste for Dutch needlework; some of Queen Mary's own work was preserved until quite recently at Hampton Court.

Sets of hangings still in existence show the style of work executed in Queen Anne's reign; but it is a great pity that England was so little influenced by the beautiful Continental work of the same time. The palaces and convents of Spain, Portugal, and Italy were filled with most lovely embroidery; but not only was English workmanship inferior; the designs, too, were often overcrowded and lacking in beauty.

The first exhibition of needlework was Miss Linwood's in the time of George III., though her work was more an exhibition of patience than skill. The early part of the nineteenth century was so hampered by wars that the progress of all arts was arrested, and as far as embroidery is concerned, Berlin-wool work seems to have been the only kind executed. Alas, how are the mighty fallen! It

was not until the latter half of the century that there was a demand for something better; and in spite of the great difficulties that had to be overcome, such as the manufacture of suitable materials, the dyeing of proper tints and shades, and the learning of old stitches, the embroidery of to-day has again reached a very high standard among the arts, though it by no means holds the position or has the influence of former times.

Still, we are once again on the right road; and though advocates for the higher education of women have openly stated that they hoped a day would come when a needle would be an unknown weapon to a woman, it seems hardly necessary that this branch of education should be neglected on account of others, when we consider that some of our most highly educated women have also been skilled embroideresses. Lady Jane Grey was the master of eight different languages, yet found time for quantities of artistic work; and Harriet Martineau supported herself by the work of her fingers and needle long before she sold her first book. 'She died at a good old age, having wrought the whole Bible in tapestry;' 'She excelled in needlework, she painted in water-colour; of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,' were considered ideal epitaphs in the eighteenth century; and though we have no desire to see these repeated, it surely does seem a pity that a little more time in a girl's education is not devoted to what is most essentially a woman's occupation.

A LOST VELAZQUEZ.



THE recent interest manifested over the exhibition of a famous work of Velazquez recalls an incident which took place nearly sixty years ago, and for a time had the effect of attracting special public attention to the great Spanish artist and his paintings. In the month of January 1849 there was exhibited in Tait's Hotel, Edinburgh, a picture purporting to be a portrait of Charles the First painted in Spain during his famous visit when Prince of Wales, and said to be the work of Velazquez. The owner and exhibitor was a certain Mr Snare, a bookseller in Reading, who had previously exhibited the picture in that town, where a special room had been built for its accommodation, and also in London. Attention was being further called to the picture through a controversy of art critics on its merits and claims to be genuine, which had got into the press and taken shape in pamphlet literature. Advertisements and large posters invited the special notice of the Edinburgh citizens to the presence in their midst of 'the long-lost Velazquez.' Tait's was visited by quite a number of them; but on the 31st of January this exhibition was in a very sudden and unexpected manner interrupted. More than sixty

visitors had come that day, and while several of them were still in the room they were surprised by some men rushing in, accompanied by sheriff-officers, and armed with a Sheriff's warrant, who seized the picture, and, in spite of the protests of its owner, bore it away through the streets of Edinburgh to the County Buildings. This action was at the instance of a body known as the Earl of Fife's Trustees, representatives of an Earl who had died some forty years before, and who had created the trust still administered by them.

What connection, it may be asked, had these trustees with Mr Snare's picture? It arose in this way. Snare had, as his hobby, a taste for pictures, and in particular for portraits. He bought a number of them. At Radley Hall, in Berkshire, he purchased in 1845 the picture in question, said to be a portrait of Charles as Prince of Wales, and to be the work of Velazquez. If genuine, Snare certainly got a bargain, for the price paid was only eight pounds. Having become the owner, he set about to trace its antecedents. The result of his investigations he gave to the public in the form of a pamphlet. Briefly stated, the conclusion to which he came was this: that his picture was identical with one appearing in the catalogue of a deceased

Earl of Fife who died at the beginning of last century, and who resided at Fife House, London. This Earl was also a portrait-collector. A considerable part of his collection may still be seen on the walls of Duff House, the Banffshire seat of the family. In Lord Fife's catalogue of 1807 the picture was thus described: 'Charles I. when Prince of Wales—three-quarters, painted at Madrid, 1625, when his marriage with the Infanta was proposed.—*Velazquez*. This picture belonged to the Duke of Buckingham.' Buckingham, it will be remembered, was Prince Charles's companion upon the occasion. There was, therefore, a great historical interest attaching to the portrait, apart from its merits as a painting. Snare, as we have seen, did not conceal his discovery. He not only wrote about it, but he exhibited the picture in London and elsewhere over a considerable period of time, during which the Fife family and trustees took no action. It was only when the exhibition was transferred to Edinburgh that the latter—acting upon what turned out to be very bad advice—applied to the Sheriff-Substitute for a warrant to have the portrait delivered to them, basing their application upon the assertion that it must have been stolen or surreptitiously abstracted from their possession, although during forty years they had never discovered their loss. The picture was, as already stated, carried off and placed in official custody. But Snare also took advice. An appeal to the Sheriff was successful; an order for restoration was granted. Now its English owner was to learn something of the devices of Scottish law. The trustees went to the Court of Session by way of suspension and interdict against the restoration of the picture. Interdict was at first granted, but afterwards recalled by the Lord Ordinary when he knew more of the facts. The weak point in the trustees' case was obvious: there was no satisfactory statement as to how the picture had ever left Lord Fife's possession. Snare was next carried to the Inner House, in which the doctrine of the complainers was held to be a most hazardous one, and the Sheriff's action commended. As if anxious to instruct the Englishman in every form of Scottish procedure, an advocacy from the Sheriff Court was attempted, and a multiplepoinding started in the name of the Sheriff-Clerk; but all in vain. Snare got back his picture, and the trustees had only heavy lawyers' bills to pay.

Now came his turn. On the 28th of July 1851 a jury was called before the Jury Court in Edinburgh to try an action at the instance of Snare against the trustees, in which he claimed damages arising out of their conduct in laying hold of his picture and interfering with his exhibition. Lord Cowan, a recently appointed judge, presided. The

late Lord President Inglis and the present Lord Young were counsel for the pursuer, while the senior advocate employed for the Fife family was George Deas, who was shortly afterwards to close a distinguished career at the Bar and begin an equally famous one upon the Bench.

Although Lord Cowan, we think rightly, doubted the relevancy of such evidence, much was led on both sides bearing upon the value of the picture, and it is this fact which lends such interest to this very peculiar and now forgotten case. The irony of fate led the defenders to disparage a portrait which, it seems to have been admitted on both sides, had originally belonged to them. A glance at the evidence will satisfy most people that the trustees were right, and that, after all, Snare had not made a wonderful bargain. The subsequent history, or rather obscurity, of the picture confirms this view. Snare brought a picture-restorer, a dealer, and an engraver all from London to swear to its value. One of them pronounced it 'the long-lost Velazquez,' and all agreed that it was a splendid portrait, and in all probability the work of Velazquez. It is interesting, in view of the price recently paid for the Rokeby picture, to notice that the value of this Prince Charles was not, in 1851, placed higher than from five thousand pounds to ten thousand pounds.

When we turn to the other side of the case and read the evidence for the defence the contrast is very striking. Sir John Watson Gordon, at that time the most famous Scottish portrait-painter, was certain that the work could not be claimed for Velazquez, and pointed out its defects. This was also the opinion of Mr (afterwards Sir George) Harvey; while Mr Donaldson, a dealer, pronounced it 'a picture got up by some dancier for sale,' and worth about fifteen pounds. Another dealer thought it was a copy from a print of Vandyc's, and placed its value at five pounds. Thus do artists as well as doctors differ.

After a charge from the judge very favourable to the pursuer, the jury returned a verdict in his favour, and awarded him in name of damages the substantial sum of one thousand pounds.

We do not know for certainty what was the subsequent history of this particular portrait; but a picture of Prince Charles attributed to Velazquez, while looked upon as doubtful, used to hang at Duff House, and has been often seen by the writer there.

It has been stated that the Fife Trustees discovered that, after all, the picture in Lord Fife's catalogue was still in their possession, and had been merely overlooked by them. This at least seems to be certain, that neither the trustees nor Mr Snare ever possessed 'the long-lost Velazquez.'



OUR VILLAGE BY THE SEA.

By EMILY PEARSON FINNEMORE.



OUR village proper consists of seventeen houses, inhabited by less than sixty souls; for, with the parsimony of the ancient architect, where land is plentiful the dwellings are both small and clustered together, with tiny gardens a table-cloth almost cover. But a quarter of a mile away is the village, with a main street and byways crowded with houses of various sorts, and inhabitants nearing a thousand in number. Here you can buy your dinner if you wish; there are meat to be had, and bread, and groceries, and vegetables and fruit occasionally.

But these are mundane matters, and mere human needs can be satisfied well enough either with or without the sum of these trifles of daily commerce. The thing that pervades the whole as spirit tenants flesh, as water in a sponge, as ether the atmosphere, is that restless half of natural phenomena, the sea. It is the one presence that is never absent, the thrilling force that touches the lesser life of man with its greatness and its mystery, leaves its mark on souls and lives and characters as well as on faces and hands.

The dwellers are mostly seafolk, and the dignity of a family is not complete without a 'captain' among its members. There is caste here, and grades of progress too. There are retired captains of steamers: these are of the 'marine' aristocracy, the larger portion being master-seamen in charge of small trading-vessels, coasters perhaps; while others take berths as mates on far-sailing craft, and can tell of San Francisco, the big colonial ports—Sydney, Melbourne—or, again, of the Far East and Bible lands.

The sea casts the glamour of its light on the white-faced village houses, but also its tragedy into the lives of the folk. One goes forth to return no more: 'he died of fever in a foreign port'; 'his ship sailed the tropic seas, and was never heard of again.' But they are gay fellows, these sea-going men, with the glow of the ocean in their eyes, the brown stain of sea-winds on their skins, rich, full-toned as ripened nutshells; and they are cheery and tender of heart, and nurse a neighbour's baby between voyages as they ramble the old nooks smoking pipes and 'swapping yarns.'

They are absent long spells, and many things happen. Sometimes they reach home to gather a harvest of sorrow or, it may be, of joy. One returns and a little daughter has gone to the churchyard; another, and a son has come to town while his father, all unknowing of the baby's advent, plied his labours in the China Sea.

The other day there was a wedding—a brown-visaged captain and a dark-eyed girl; and within a score of days of the marriage he sails on a year's

voyage, and who shall say what may come to pass ere the dark-haired girl looks into his blue eyes again? Will her heart be overfull because her arms are not empty as he left them? One wonders if the slim little figure in its pretty white wedding-frock holds a stout heart? Can she compass the big virtues in her small round of duties in 'our village'? Will she lie sleepless when the winds blow, or bide her time in the strength of a great calm?

It is in the women's faces that we read of the stress of existence. The men's eyes are merry, but the women's retreat darkly into their sockets. It is so much easier to face danger and win through it than to dwell in silent dread and hope and despair.

The men fall easily into their classes: the retired ones still in the prime of middle age, those in active service, and then the elderly derelicts whom the sea seems to have cast forth as flotsam when they could no longer battle with its humours either in the summer fishing or the taking of voyages. These are humorous or pathetic. They tell of past dangers, of far lands, and deeds of courage, or their old brains wander amid scenes that to the home-stayer smack of romance and mystery. Old John tells of the excitement of getting one of the cubs from the streets of Constantinople aboard their vessel: how the sailors chained it up 'and give him bones,' but despite this bewildering luxury the thankless creature broke his chain and offered incivilities to his captors. And John speaks haltingly, and says at intervals, 'I can't tell you; I can't make you understand; I then rambles on, 'Yes, I know the Mediterranean. There's the Bosphorus, and Mount Etna, and the Isle of Patmos—with the Greeks—I know it very well; and Etna goes high up—and the top is fire, and in the sea a big rock—my! you take the ship careful or you come to a wreck.' (Evidently his version of Scylla and Charybdis.) 'And there's the Sea of Azov, and the Black Sea, and the Sea of Marmora,' he wanders on; 'and you can find the names in the book. No, I can't make you understand. The cargo was linseed.'

And John is very old, and even dirtier than his years warrant. When he waves his hand to indicate far reaches of distance the palm shines with a dark enamel, and it is not pleasant when his person intervenes between the wind and your dignity. If you slip a sixpence 'for tobacco' into that dark palm his cries of gratitude rise to shrillness, for John now takes his meat through the medium of the relieving-officer. Yet he should not be penniless; he is a wronged man, and in brighter days invested sixty pounds in a loan which a scheming debtor now quietly ignores. In moments of pride he tells that he is 'of good

family,' and at some angle of relationship there is a college professor with whom he claims kinship.

John is indifferent to present appearances, and might hire himself profitably to neighbouring farmers as a living scarecrow; for long he has worn a weather-green shovel-hat, a sometime gift of the clergyman, and often his trousers are much too ample for his shrunken figure. But concerning his last resting-place he displays keen anxiety, and announces that he must have a good coffin and a fine funeral. In the dusk of a summer evening he may be seen roaming amid his neighbour's tombs, presumably with a searching eye for his own particular corner.

He is ever on the prowl. Sometimes one meets him with a clean new loaf, guiltless of wrapping, tucked under his arm, and the white-brown bread shines in sharp contrast to his grimy tweeds; or he strays in at the back-door with a jug whose spout does duty for handle, and suggests in the friendliest way that a little milk, or butter-milk, or *anything*, would be acceptable as ballast for the jug. He receives a rebuff with perfect amiability, and comes again to-morrow to see if the stores are more plentiful or the housewife's humour less querulous.

He lives alone in a dark cottage whose windows are not allowed to admit either light or air, and a small lookout seawards, a few hand-spans in area, is blocked with straw and cast-off raiment as a substitute for glass. But John takes his fill of air abroad, and between dawn and dark spends little time under a roof. His pottering steps are ever treading down the 'slangs' to the cliffs' brink, and he settles himself in cosy positions in full sunlight, and blinks contentedly at the rolling waves.

Occasionally he and a neighbour are to be seen with their old heads together. But Captain — is John's social superior; for John was never more than a deck-hand, whereas his crony has been captain of many ships, was once part-owner of a vessel, and since his retirement has lived in the largest house in our village, and his wife and daughter have fowls and pigs and a cow, and several acres of land on the 'slangs.'

While John is humorous, the captain is pathetic. He is seventy-seven, and limps about upon his stick, and the salt-water has washed all colour out of his eyes, and the wanness of decay has settled on his weathered face. He is to be seen against a wall with a twenty-five-year-old nautical almanac in his shaking hands, and he lifts his head, with a feeble gladness in his countenance, to tell you he is finding the declination of Venus, and—'I saw it once in a clear sky at noon. I was on deck, and there it was in full sunlight, as plain as possible.'

You are properly astonished for the sixth time at such phenomenal wonders, and say, 'Really, captain, at noon!'

And he is pleased at your amazement, and tells

you again three days later, and you are astonished for the seventh time.

Sometimes the ancient nautical almanac is exchanged for a text-book on logarithms, and he explains with pride that he made certain vital calculations in navigation himself, and found the logarithm later. On brilliant days he takes temperatures with an antiquated ship's thermometer.

'What is it to-day, captain?'

'A hundred and two in the sun. I remember it a hundred and twenty once, and, I think, a hundred and thirty; and I recollect for six weeks it was never less than eighty-five in my cabin day or night.'

'Was that in the tropics, captain?'

'Yes, yes.'

Heavy weather turns his thoughts to storms, and—'I recollect once never having my sea-boots off for six weeks, and only a snap of sleep at intervals lying on the cargo. 'Twas a small vessel, and we were six weeks getting round the coast from King's Lynn to Newport.' Or—'I saved my ship once. We were in foul weather, and labouring along with difficulty, and I went down for a turn-in, and had just fallen asleep when a squall burst. The first-mate rushed down and shook me awake. "She's heeling over; we can't save her!" he shouts. I jumped out of my bunk, and was up on deck like a shot; and clutching a hatchet in my hand, with one blow I cut through the halyards. Nothing else would have saved us. The mainsail swung free, and she righted herself.'

'You were a strong man then, captain.'

'Yes, yes.'

He brought weapons from far lands—a boomerang among other things, and a native wooden sword which had to be cut in two in order that it might go into his cabin.

One day he came with a letter just received from an old mate of his. Presenting the envelope, he said, 'Look what's inside.' It hailed from the barque *Serena*, then loading a cargo in a port with an unpronounceable name in Norway.

'I haven't seen him for twenty-two years. No, no,' he explained, his colourless eyes shining with pleasure.

It was a sea-letter, and told of the ships the sailor had served on since he left the *Polly*, twenty-two years before; of the times when he had wished himself again on the good little *Polly*. He had been four and a half years on one barque, and two years on another, and so on; and then he got his certificate as master-mariner, and was a captain in his own right. He was well content with the *Serena*, though she was not to be compared with the stout-timbered *Polly*, being an iron vessel, and these 'are like porpoises—they go down to swim, and only come up to blow.' He had been married 'these many years,' and had a daughter seventeen years' old, whom, like another skipper, he had taken with him 'to bear him company.'

Like every other centre of human life, our village

has its rising generation at the one pole as well as the passing one at the other. 'Tis very true here that

We see the children playing on the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore;

for the small fry find endless occupation and amusement in the fringe of ocean rolling and receding on the shingle. On warm days their naked little bodies gleam in the sunlight as they 'wash themselves in the sea,' and their shrill cries mingle with the notes of the sailing or feeding gulls. The mothers have a worrying time of it, and fail utterly either by threats or punishment to keep these amphibious young creatures out of the most fascinating of all the elements. Even at sunset they may be seen stripped, wading out from shore, the red-gold light shedding glamour on the waters and halos of soft radiance about their pink bodies. There is little Tommy, round as a dumpling, merry as a cricket, eyes bright and brown, and mouth ever in smiles; and he strives sturdily to keep pace with the elder ones, whose greater slimness of limb and added years give them the power of more lissome movements. Tommy tumbles many times, but always comes up smiling. Then there is 'the little mason'—he lives with a grandfather whose trade is that of a mason—but he is of another mould, and differs diametrically from Tommy. For 'the little mason' is dour of countenance and rarely seen to smile, has big dark eyes with inscrutable depths, and displays a devotion towards his great companion the sea which must touch deeper strata of his nature than in the case of his fellows. Should they be lured to land enterprise, he alone remains faithful, and on chilliest days, with knickers pushed well up his thighs, wades out and to and fro, cuts little capers, ducks, runs, and talks to himself. As an interlude he strays ashore and seeks a patch of sand amid the pebbles, and draws wonderful craft with a finger-tip or a stone as stylus. There must be a mystic knot that ties 'the little mason' to his dearly beloved element, or his small compass of body—he has a height of three feet perhaps—could never hold such wondrous capacity. Every sail is belying to the breeze in these outlines, and there is a small boat in tow, and the tiller is in place, and the anchor either looped alongside or flung into deep water at the end of a rope. One laments that the tide should wipe his slate clean so ruthlessly.

A picturesque portion of the community is the winklers. They are the poorest women, either without husbands or wedded to those ne'er-do-wells of the sea who find a need for all their pay to provide for personal comfort and pleasure in foreign ports. The winklers don oldest raiment, and wear clogs on their feet, for 'tis rough, wet work on the rocks, wading in the salt pools, slipping on the patches of seaweed, and perhaps bearing the brunt of hot sunshine or driving rain. Their bowed backs move slowly over the surface of a reef as some weird animal might do, and they are rarely or never seen to assume an upright pose as a relief to weary backs.

Patiently, but with deft speed, one by one, they gather the winkles and fling them into old tins, from which they are transferred to sacks. The carrier bears the load away to town and the railway station, and dwellers in dingy and far-away London buy the tasty morsels as tea-time delicacies.

Sometimes these same women gather seaweed—presumably the dulse of the Scotsman's fancy. Its silky ribbons with the dainty crinkles are very beautiful to look at, especially when the tide sweeps the first ripples over the reefs and spreads each delicate frond in wavering loveliness. To the taste of one not a connoisseur the flavour is scarcely appetising, merely briny and leathery. It is collected and sent away to make a kind of bread which possesses invigorating qualities, it is said, for jaded digestions.

On dull days the figures of these toilers dot the gray-brown reefs as objects scarce distinguishable from their picturesque environment; only a fluttering remnant of clothing or a hardly discernible movement as they crawl forward reveals the living presence. At sunset they creep amid red-gold pools and tangles of russet weed, and their straying forms become the denizens of enchanted isles which the jealous sea claims as its own twice a day. As its first iridescent eddies swim to their feet they retire before it, and steer shorewards, and then along the rough shingle, with bent shoulders supporting their spoil. The last gleams irradiate the dun tones of their garments and shoot flame-tints into the windows of the farther village, lighting up with mellow glow the interiors of 'Ontario' and 'Ceylon,' 'The Dauntless' and 'The Marion,' of 'Convoy' and 'The Vigilant' and 'The Isle of Bryn;' for the retired captains build houses and name them after the vessels they have sailed.

The children are fond of singing, and often cluster together on the cliff's brink in the evening-time and blend their voices in school hymns. The sweetness of the clear tones floats away over the waters:

Throw out the life-line, throw out the life-line,
Some one is drifting away;
Throw out the life-line, throw out the life-line,
Some one is sinking to-day.

MAIRIE.

THE blackbirds are asleep among the bushes,
The sea-fires light the whales across the bay;
The seamen—who, 'midst perilous reefs and tempests,
Defied the morning star when dawn was gray—
Have heard her twilight song on the dim hill,
As angel's voice that bade the seas be still.

The stars give all their tribute to the night,
The winds are sleeping under the moon's wine,
The sea turns in its sleep to hear the song
She sings where still she keeps the languorous kine;
The weary seamen listen in their ships:
Hush! 'tis pure incense rising from her lips.

J. M. HAY.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

SOME EXQUISITES OF THE REGENCY.

By LEWIS MELVILLE.

PART III.

WITH the departure from England of Brummell the cult of the dandy began to decline. Count D'Orsay the Magnificent, however, galvanised it into fashion for a while. 'He is a grand creature,' Gronow described him; 'beautiful as the Apollo Belvedere in his outward form; full of health, life, spirits, wit, and gaiety; radiant and joyous; the admired of all admirers.'

He had an amusing naïveté in speaking of his personal advantages. 'You know, my dear friend, I am not on a par with my antagonist,' he said to his second on the eve of a duel. 'He is a very ugly man, and if I wound him in the face he won't look much the worse for it; but on my side it ought to be agreed that he shall not aim higher than my chest, for if my face should be spoiled *ce serait vraiment dommage*.'

The dandies of a later day were but poor things—pinchbeck. Captain Gronow, in his youth a beau of no mean order, pours contempt upon their pretensions in no measured terms. 'How unspeakably odious—with a few brilliant exceptions, such as Alvanley and others—were the dandies of forty years ago [1822]! They were generally middle-aged, some even elderly, men, had large appetites and weak digestions, gambled freely, and had no luck. They hated everybody and abused everybody, and would sit together in White's bay window or the pit-boxes at the opera weaving tremendous crammers. They swore a good deal, never laughed, had their own particular slang, looked hazy after dinner, and had most of them been patronised at one time or other by Brummell and the Prince Regent. . . . They gloried in their shame, and believed in nothing good or noble or elevated. Thank Heaven, that miserable race of used-up dandies has long been extinct! May England never look upon their like again!'

The prayer may well be echoed. The bad
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influence of the dandies can scarcely be over-estimated; and the effect upon their own class of society was terrible. Their morals were contemptible, and they were without principle. Prodigality was their creed, gambling their religion. The list of those who died beggared is not much longer than the list of those who died by their own hands. They indulged in no manly exercises, and devoted their days to their personal decoration and to the card-table. Extravagance of all kinds was fashionable. Clothes, canes, snuff-boxes, must be expensive to be worthy of such distinguished folk, whose sole aim it was to outvie each other. A guinea was the least that could be given to the butler when dining out; but this was an improvement upon the day when Pope, finding it cost him five guineas in tips whenever he dined with the Duke of Montagu, informed that nobleman he could not dine with him in future unless he sent him an order for the tribute-money.

There was Wellesley Pole, who, after the opera, gave magnificent dinners at his home at Wanstead, where rare dishes were served and the greatest luxury obtained. He married Miss Tynney Pole, who brought him fifty thousand a year; and he died a beggar. There was 'Golden Ball' Hughes, with forty thousand a year, who, when the excitements of the gaming-room were not to be had, would play battledore and shuttlecock through the whole night, backing himself for immense sums. He married a beautiful Spanish *danseuse*, Mercandotti, who appeared in London in 1822. Whereupon Ainsworth made an epigram:

The fair damsel is gone, and no wonder at all
That, bred to the dance, she is gone to a Ball.

The honeymoon was spent at Oatlands, purchased from the Duke of York. It was thought to be a foolish investment; but when Hughes fell upon evil days he was able to sell the estate for a large sum, as the new railway skirted it, and speculative builders

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were anxious to acquire the land, and so some of his old prosperity returned. There was Lord Fife, an intimate friend of the Regent's, who spent forty thousand pounds on Mademoiselle Noblet the dancer. A chapter would not suffice for an account of the vicious and foolish habits of these men.

The clubs were then a far more important feature in social life than they are to-day. They were accessible only to those who were in society, which in those days was exclusive, and consisted of a comparatively small body in which every one knew every one else, if not personally, at least by name. There were then no clubs for professional men save those of the first rank, or for merchants, or for the *hoi polloi*.

In more or less direct rivalry with the clubs were some of the hotels, and men such as Wellington, Nelson, Collingwood, and Sir John Moore used them as a meeting-place—at the beginning of the eighteenth century about fifteen in number, not including, of course, the large coaching inns, coffee, eating, and the *à la mode* beef houses, most of which had beds for customers. First and foremost of these, kept by a French *chef*, Jacquiers, who had served Louis XVIII. and Lord Darnley, was the Clarendon, built upon a portion of the gardens of Clarendon House, between Bond Street and Albemarle Street, in each of which the hotel had a frontage. This was the only place in England where a French dinner was served that was worthy of mention in the same breath with those obtainable in Paris at the *Maison Doré* or *Rocher de Cancalle's*. The prices were very high. Dinner cost three or four pounds a head, and a bottle of claret or champagne was not obtainable under a guinea. A suite of apartments was reserved for banquets, and it was in these that the famous dinner, ordered by Comte D'Orsay, was given to Lord Chesterfield when he resigned the Mastership of the Buckhounds. Covers were laid for thirty, and the bill, exclusive of wine, came to one hundred and eighty guineas.

Limmer's was another well-known hotel, the resort of the sporting world and of rich country squires. It was gloomy and ill-kept, but renowned for its plain English cooking and world-famous for gin-punch. The clergy went to Ibbetson's, naval men to Fladong's in Oxford Street, and army officers and men about town to Stephen's in Bond Street. Most of these hosteleries had their regular frequenters, and strangers were not, as a rule, encouraged to use them as a house of call.

Clubs were few in number. There was 'The Club' of Johnson; the Cocoa-Tree, which arose out of the Tory Chocolate House of Anne's reign; the Royal Naval Club, a favourite haunt of the Duke of Clarence; and the Eccentrics, which numbered among its members such well-known men as Fox, Sheridan, Lord Petersham, Brougham, Lord Melbourne, and Theodore Hook. Graham's was second rate; nor was Arthur's in the first flight. When Arthur died, his son-in-law, Mackreth, became the proprietor. He prospered, became a

member of Parliament in 1774, and was afterwards knighted. His name is preserved in a very good epigram:

When Mackreth served in Arthur's crew,
He said to Rumbold, 'Black my shoe!'
To which he answered, 'Ay, Rob.'
But when return'd from India's land,
And grown too proud to brook command,
He scorn'd answered, 'Nay, Rob.'*

An institution of a somewhat different class was the Beefsteak Society, which flourished so long ago as the early years of the eighteenth century. The Prince of Wales became a member in 1785, when the number of the Steaks was increased from twenty-four to twenty-five in order to admit him; and subsequently the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex were elected. The bill of fare was restricted to beefsteaks, and the beverages to port-wine and punch; but the cuisine on at least one occasion left something to be desired, for when, in 1830, the English Opera-House was burnt down, Greville remarked in his diary: 'I trust the paraphernalia of the Beefsteak Club perished with the rest, for the enmity I bear that society for the dinner they gave me last year.' Charles Morris was the bard of the Beefsteak Society, and he has come down to posterity on the strength of four lines:

In town let me live then, in town let me die,
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall!

In spite of his prayer, he spent the last years of his life in the rural retreat of Brockham, in Surrey, in a little place presented to him by his fellow-Steak, the Duke of Norfolk. He lived to the great age of ninety-two, and was so hale and hearty and cheerful that, not long before his death, Curran said to him, 'Die when you will, Charles, you will die in your youth.'

The greatest club of its day was Almack's, at 5 Pall Mall, founded in 1740 by Macall, a Scotsman. This institution was nicknamed the 'Macaroni Club,' owing to the fashion of its members; and Gibbon remarked that 'the style of living, though somewhat expensive, is exceedingly pleasant, and notwithstanding the rage of play, I have found more entertainment and rational society here than in any other club to which I belong.' The high play, which was the bane of half the English aristocracy, ruined many members. The club fell upon evil days, and was absorbed by Brooks's.

White's and Brooks's took the place of Almack's. The former, established in 1698 as 'White's Chocolate-House,' five doors from the bottom of the west side of St James's Street, became a club in 1755, when it moved to No. 38, on the opposite side of the street. It was owned successively by

* Sir Thomas Rumbold was originally a waiter at White's, obtained an appointment in India, and rose to be Governor of Madras. Arthur was at this time the proprietor also of White's, and Mackreth was his assistant.

Arthur Mackreth, John Martindale, and in 1812 by Raggett, whose son eventually inherited it. Brooks's was founded by a wine-merchant and money-lender of the name, who has been described by Tickell in verses addressed to Sheridan, when Charles James Fox was to give a supper at his rooms near the club :

Derby shall send, if not his plate, his cooks;
And know, I've bought the best champagne from Brooks,
From liberal Brooks, whose speculative skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.

Both clubs, although more or less instituted for the purpose of gambling, were at first political. White's, however, soon took down the Tory flag and received members without reference to their political opinions. Brooks's, on the other hand, remained true to its Whig traditions; and it was to counterbalance the influence of this institution—the 'Reform' of that time—that the Carlton Club was organised by Lord Clanwilliam and others. These, with Boodle's, were the great resorts of the dandies; and the bay window at White's, when Brummell was the lion, was one of the sights of the town. The Prince of Wales was a member of Brooks's; but when his boon companions Tarleton and Jack Payne were blackballed he withdrew, and on his own account founded a new club, of which the manager was Weltzie, his house-steward.

Watier's, the great macao gambling-house, was founded in 1807; but play was very high, and it lasted only for twelve years. According to Gronow it came into existence in a somewhat curious way. When some members of White's and Brooks's were dining at Carlton House, the Prince of Wales asked what sort of dinners were served at these institutions. One of the guests complained: 'The eternal joints and beefsteaks, the boiled fowl with oyster

sauce, and an apple-tart. This is what we have, sir, at our clubs, and very monotonous fare it is.' The Prince sent for Watier, his *chef*, and asked if he would take a house and organise a club-dinner. Watier was willing. The scheme was carried out, and the club was famed for its exquisite cuisine.

Another and more circumstantial account of the founding of the club is given by Raikes. He says it was originally instituted as a harmonic meeting by the Maddochs, Calverts, and Lord Headfort, who took a house in Piccadilly, at the corner of Belton Street, and engaged Watier as master of the revels. 'This destination of the club was soon changed. The dinners were so *recherché* and so much talked of in town that all the young men of fashion and fortune became members of it. The catches and glees were then superseded by cards and dice; the most luxurious dinners were furnished at any price, as the deep play at night rendered all charges a matter of indifference. Macao was the constant game, and thousands passed from one to another with as much facility as marbles.'

The Duke of York was a member of Watier's, and so too was Byron, who christened it 'The Dandy Club.'

Another member was Robert Bligh, whose eccentricities were already verging upon insanity. One night, at the macao-table, Brummell was losing heavily, and in an affected tone of tragedy he called to a waiter to bring him a pistol. Thereupon Bligh, who was his *vis à vis*, produced from his coat-pockets a pair of loaded pistols, and laying them on the table, said, 'Mr Brummell, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter.' The feelings of the members may be imagined when the knowledge was forced upon them that in their midst was a madman who carried loaded firearms.

(To be concluded.)

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

CHAPTER XIV.



W I walked as far as the Palace in silence. The Princess was obviously dejected, and I myself the prey to a depression I could neither analyse nor understand. The mute, rigid thing on the sleigh had seemed a terrible rebuke to my ill-timed flippancy. In the midst of danger, and passionate hatred, scheming, and sudden death, I had indulged in those frivolous inanities which are in place, if anywhere, only in the environment of a trebly secure and overpolished civilisation. Here, face to face with nature and the primitive passions of violent men, I felt ashamed of myself for my levity, and, true to Miss Anchester's opinion of me as a man of unstable mind, fell into a train of unnecessarily pessimistic reflection.

At the gates of the Brun-varad we parted with a curtly spoken farewell; and ringing the great bell, I was admitted into the Palace. In a corner of the hall Miss Anchester was engaged in giving the young Prince of Weissheim and the Princess a lesson in English grammar. Leaving her charges at my entry, she crossed the hall to meet me.

'The King would like to see you, Mr Saunders,' she said quietly. 'He is in the *Schweigenkammer*.'

A distinct feeling of relief swept over me at her words. My host, at any rate, had not suffered from the lawless violence of the day, and my joy at his immunity caused me to realise that much of my depression had been a sub-conscious anxiety for the royal person.

'Thank you,' I said simply, preparing to

mount the stairs in the direction of the 'silent chamber.'

'I hope you enjoyed your drive with the Queen this afternoon,' pursued the governess in an undertone as I half-turned away to accomplish my errand. I looked inquiringly into her countenance, but searched in vain for a malicious twinkle in her eyes.

'Very much, thank you.'

'And I trust,' she went on severely, 'that you have disabused your mind of the foolish fancies which were troubling it.'

I laughed gently. 'Quite,' I answered. 'The mystery of the carnations is explained, and if the explanation wounds my vanity it is because my vanity was so puffed up that a prick was necessary.'

The governess was obviously puzzled.

'I thought,' I went on, 'that I was the recipient of a favour from a Queen, whereas I was merely receiving the attentions of a Princess. It was the Princess Mathilde who sent me those flowers, and the mystic inscription which I was dull enough to misconstrue was merely a playful reminder of my promise to bob-sleigh with the youthful Schattenbergs this afternoon.'

Miss Anchester looked more astonished than ever.

'Is that really true?' she asked.

I had no wish to deceive her; so, smiling and looking her straight in the face, I answered, 'What explanation could be more simple—or more improbable?'

For a moment her gray eyes rested on me questioningly; then they softened, and for the first time I read in them approval. She understood, and vaguely I felt that I had scored.

'The Princess is a sweet girl,' she said, with a laudable effort to obtain continuity of speech if not of thought.

'Don't say that,' I replied, mounting the stairs.

'I abominate "sweet" girls.'

I found the door of the *Schweigenkammer* open, and, inside, the King, General Meyer, and Herr Schneider seated at the fateful *Zauber-tisch*. The two former were enjoying big *Seidles* of lager-beer, while the detective was sipping tea from a small blue-and-gold cup. On my arrival the General rose and closed the door.

'I have to thank you, Saunders,' began His Majesty, 'for your behaviour this afternoon.'

I was genuinely puzzled by this speech, and doubtless showed it.

'I mean,' pursued the King, 'for your behaviour towards Her Majesty.'

'At lunch?'

'After lunch.'

'Her Majesty has told you of our conversation whilst driving to the Mariencastel?' I said, more bewildered than ever.

'Not a word,' said the King, 'but Herr Schneider has given me a faithful and detailed account of it.'

'Herr Schneider?'

'The red-bearded coachman,' put in the detective

triumphantly. 'Doubtless you imagined him to be the same man that drove you yesterday to Heltersburg.'

'No,' I retorted, 'I did not. My driver of yesterday had a straight, flat nose and gray eyes. However, it did not occur to me that it was you.'

'You are observant,' said Schneider pleasantly. 'Few people have eyes in their heads, fewer still brains behind their eyes.'

'You certainly behaved well in a trying situation,' continued the King. 'I am sorry that any guest of mine should have been put to such annoyance. I only trust that you will not sicken of our curious habits in these parts and leave us desolate. Loyalty is at a premium just now at Weissheim.'

King Karl certainly had a very pleasant way of putting things, and assuredly I was far too interested in the situation to desire to put myself out of touch with it.

'I ask nothing better than to continue to enjoy your Majesty's hospitality,' I said.

'After all,' said the King, 'an eventful existence has its charm even for me, who enjoys few lucid intervals of placidity. To-day, for instance, I was fired upon.'

'The shots I heard whilst bob-sleighing?'

'No doubt. I don't much mind being fired at, but I don't take it kindly from my own Guards. We were skiing on the lower slopes of the Klauigberg—I, Meyer, and my guide Otto—and the Guards were practising at the ice-target on the Nonnensee some couple of hundred feet beneath us. They are good shots, those fellows, and the bullets whistled round us like hailstorms. Poor Otto was shot through the lungs. Mr Meyer and myself were untouched.'

'And yet,' sneered the General, 'King Karl does not believe in the divine right of kings.'

'No, nor yet in the divine right of commanders-in-chief,' snapped the King. 'Otto was a brave man. He strove to place his body between mine and the direction of the bullets.'

'He has his reward,' said the General. 'A noble death—one can ask nothing better of Fate. My only regret is that my indifferent skill as a skier left me so far behind your Majesty that I was unable to offer protection to your sacred person.'

'When we saw that Otto was beyond human assistance,' went on the King, 'we took cover as quick as we could in a pine-wood. We did not waste time, I assure you, and General Meyer developed an amazing turn of speed for an ordinarily poor skier.'

'I trust,' said the detective, 'that your Majesty's objections to removing the Guards to another portion of your dominions is now overcome.'

'You forget,' said the King dryly, 'that the incident has been satisfactorily explained. I have received a note from the colonel regretting that a chance-shot from one of his men should have gone wide of the target and fatally wounded one of my

retainers. The dear Duke's expressions of regret are most pathetic.

The detective rose excitedly to his feet.

'I saw the whole thing from the box-seat on the royal sleigh,' he cried, with a dramatic wave of his right hand. 'I saw the officer in command pointing out the objects for his men to aim their murderous bullets at. The Queen saw it. Her agitation was supreme. She sobbed bitterly all the way home.'

'Doubtless,' said the King. 'I was missed.'

'Her Majesty was not in the plot,' retorted Herr Schneider.

'How do you know?'

'Because I have looked into her heart. There is no murder there yet.'

'I fancy you are right,' said the King wearily.

'Her Majesty is not a courageous woman.'

'All the same,' said General Meyer slowly, 'I am inclined to agree with Herr Schneider's advice on the subject of removing the Guards.'

'And what do you say, Saunders?' asked the King.

Flattered at having my advice demanded on such a matter, I gave it to the best of my ability.

'It is the only possible course, sire,' I said.

'So be it,' said the King gloomily. 'I will give the necessary order.—By the way, Meyer, with what regiment do you propose to replace them?'

'The Third Regiment of Guards,' answered the General after a moment's thought. 'They are recruited from the loyal and primitive district of Dunkelstein. They would do as well as any other.'

'Very good, then. We will have them here. Only, I must keep Fritz at the Mariencastel.'

'I am sure your Majesty is acting wisely,' said the detective, sitting down again and noisily finishing his tea. 'When your coat has a single hole in it, it ceases to be weatherproof. The loyalty of the Guards should be absolute or their title becomes a mockery.'

I saw the King's frown deepen at the detective's glib moralising. His spirit had been almost as badly wounded as poor Otto's body, and Schneider, like many exceedingly clever men, lacked tact.

'You need not stay, Saunders,' said the King, 'if you don't care to. We are going into the details of various schemes for the protection of my worthless carcass. You are quite welcome to our confidences, but I fear they would only bore you. I really wanted to thank you for having behaved like what you are—an English gentleman.'

I left the strange trio to their protective schemings. Schneider was pulling out a bundle of papers from his pocket, General Meyer was unrolling a large-scale map of Grimland, while between them, emptying the last drops of his lager beer, was the whimsical, pathetic figure of King Karl.

It wanted still an hour and a half before dinner-time, and after a moment's deliberation I turned my steps in the direction of my own sitting-room with the intention of writing a letter or two, and

maybe playing a game of 'patience.' In the corridor leading to my chamber a tall figure in a long black cassock was walking rapidly towards me. His head was bent as if in thought; but as he drew near I had no difficulty in recognising in him the King's chaplain, the priest whom the Grand Duke Fritz had so truculently insulted a couple of evenings before. As I passed, his proud eyes flashed a glance at me, and he went by with an almost imperceptible gesture of salutation. Then, as if my image had conveyed a tardy recognition to his brain, he stopped and called after me, 'Herr Saunders!'

'Your reverence.'

'I beg your pardon, I am Father Bernhard.'

'The King's chaplain?'

'And the Queen's confessor. Can you spare me a few minutes?'

'I can spare you exactly an hour and a half.'

'Less will be necessary. Kindly accompany me to my apartments.'

I followed the dark, striding form down several corridors and up many stairs, for Father Bernhard's apartments, as he called them, proved to be a small room at the extreme top of the *Waffenkamm*. The four walls were bare save for a black crucifix over the narrow bedstead, and there was no heating apparatus whatever in the room. The double windows were wide open and it was bitterly cold, but the priest neither offered to shut them nor apologised for the inhospitable severity of his chamber.

'Mr Saunders,' he began, motioning me to a particularly uncomfortable chair, 'you are, I suppose, a Protestant?'

'I am.'

'Good! I am a broad-minded man, and I regard your chance of heaven as being as good as mine. Neither do I suppose that good morals are the exclusive possession of what we arrogantly term "good Catholics." I have had painful evidence to the contrary.'

'The creed has yet to be enunciated which can turn men into plaster saints,' I replied.

'Don't scoff at religion, Mr Saunders,' said the priest hastily. 'True faith works miracles far more wonderful than all the winking pictures and the healing relics which impose on the credulity of the ignorant multitude.'

'I was not scoffing,' I replied in easy self-defence.

'I merely stated the obvious fact that implicit faith and unimpeachable virtue do not invariably walk hand-in-hand. Why, when people believe in heaven as the reward for a virtuous life, sin should have any attraction for them, or death any terrors, is a mystery that I cannot even begin to grapple with.'

'Perhaps you don't believe in the devil?'

'I do not.'

'Then that accounts for your blindness. The devil is a roaring lion, a real, personal, living force; and until you accept that elementary fact your theology and your whole moral outlook will be misty and confused.'

'Very possibly,' I replied; 'but I take it that

you did not invite me here to talk theology or demonology.'

'No,' said the priest, fixing his gaze steadily upon me; 'but the question is a moral one. I want you to leave Weissheim—at once.'

'That is a question of convenience and *Bradshaw*—hardly of morals.'

'I do not think you misunderstand me,' he retorted, still looking fixedly at me.

I did not. This man was the keeper of the Queen's conscience, and his meaning was clear.

'There are reasons—moral reasons—why I should remain,' I replied after a pause.

'Remember,' he said, 'that with temptation the truest courage is to fly rather than to fight.'

'With temptation, yes,' I retorted calmly; 'but there is no temptation.'

His high forehead wrinkled with mystification. He was obviously incredulous, but my statement had been a definite one, and he was too polite to give me the lie direct.

'What am I to believe?' he asked.

'What are the alternatives?' I countered. 'My plain statement, my word of honour if you will, on one hand; on the other, the fanciful asseveration of a hysterical *femme incomprise*?'

'The Queen is a beautiful woman,' persisted Father Bernhard.

'And I, no doubt, a weak man. Nevertheless, I did not come to Weissheim in search of female beauty; and if I had, there is fresher, healthier beauty here than that of her most painted Majesty.'

He ignored my flippancy absolutely. 'You are a man of the world?' he asked at length.

'If you will,' I answered, with a shrug.

'And I a priest, sworn to chastity and fortified by an unshakable faith in my holy calling. And yet I tell you that I'— He broke off suddenly as if in pain. 'Why was I nearly giving you my confidence?' he asked. 'You must have a very inviting disposition.'

Again I shrugged my shoulders.

'Your confession was as good as made,' I said.

'You are human, and feel some admiration for the Queen.'

'Some admiration!' he repeated scornfully.

'That is hardly the word. I condemn her utterly in my thoughts, I reprove her daily in my words,

and yet I tell you that that woman's image is branded on my soul to the obliteration of all, or nearly all, that was ever good therein.'

'Nonsense,' I said good-naturedly. 'You are a very good man, and, like most good men, are exceedingly simple. You wrap your poor little heart in swaddling-clothes to protect it from the evil winds that blow; and when, poor delicate thing, it meets a faint, sickly breath of sentiment it suffers from acute inflammation. Treat your feelings as you do your body.' I went on, pointing to the open window; 'expose them to the four winds of heaven, and they will harden and grow healthy. Try and be normally human. Shut your eyes to temptation like a priest, and it becomes a roaring devil; open your eyes to it like a man, and you will see what rotten stuff it's really made of.'

Father Bernhard smiled sadly. 'Behold!' he said, 'the layman preaches to the priest; and, what is more, I believe he is the better preacher of the two.' He sighed heavily. 'I can take it, then, that your affection for the Queen is not serious?'

'Man alive!' I cried, laughing, 'it is non-existent. We have hundreds like her in London, only we do not call them queens.'

The priest rose to his feet with a look of reproach, and then paced his narrow chamber with long strides.

'My mind is warped,' he cried bitterly. 'Because that woman's image is planted in my morbid and unhealthy soul I cannot realise that you are free from a similar obsession.'

'Why don't you practise what you preach,' I asked, 'and flee temptation?'

'Because,' he retorted instantly—'because there is danger here, real physical danger, for myself and all who hold the King's cause dear.'

'I too am devoted to His Majesty,' I said quietly; 'therefore, you see that the policy of flight is impracticable in my case also.'

Father Bernhard abruptly ceased his perambulations and fixed his piercing glance upon me.

'The King was good enough to favour me with his views of your character,' he said. 'I am inclined to think they were correct. *Au revoir*. I am dining at the royal table to-night. We shall meet later.'

(To be continued.)

CATTLE-THIEVES IN INDIA.

By Captain C. H. BUCK.

IN the sparsely cultivated and practically barren tracts along the rivers Ravi and Sutlej, in the plains of the Punjab, are to be found perhaps the most expert cattle-thieves in the world. There are several tribes in that neighbourhood whose principal means of livelihood is cattle-stealing. The male members are, in

fact, brought up to it, and regard it as an honourable hereditary calling; while it is a rule among some of them not to allow a youngster to wear a *pagri* (turban) until he has shown himself to be a man by appropriating some one else's animal, be it camel, horse, bullock, cow, donkey, goat, or sheep.

Cattle-theft is more or less common throughout India, but it is brought to a fine art in the Punjab.

Domestic animals are exceedingly numerous, and are not so carefully looked after as in England, being frequently allowed to stray about by themselves grazing in the jungle or in the fields, which have no hedges or fences. In India there are many more cattle than in most countries, for it is an agricultural land, where the bullock is used not only for the plough, but also for draught purposes and for drawing water from the numerous irrigation-wells. Sheep and goats are kept in great numbers; and almost every little farmer is able to keep a small pony or two for riding; while in the sandy tracts there are thousands of camels in the possession of practically nomad tribes. With temptation of this kind constantly in his way, it cannot be wondered at if the thievishly inclined individual indulges in cattle-stealing to a large extent.

Unfortunately, the wealthy men, and those of what one might call the gentry class, do not always exert themselves to prevent the practice either by handing over the thieves, when caught, to justice or by assisting the police in running them to earth. The reason of this is that many of the big cattle-owners harbour expert thieves—generally keeping them as servants—both to act as guardians of their own herds and flocks and to steal other people's in return for animals they themselves have lost. The native gentlemen who do not keep thieves dare not give information against their neighbours for fear of reprisals. Besides the thieves who are kept as dependants in this way, there are petty farmers who add to their income by stealing cattle whenever they see an opportunity, and the regular professionals who as a rule have no fixed places of residence, but squat here and there in the jungle, carrying on quite an extensive trade in animals, very often with the assistance of the big men.

In the tract I have mentioned there are systems of depôts and lines to which and along which animals are taken when stolen. The actual thief delivers an animal at one of the depôts, and it is at once handed over to some one else, who passes it down the line, so that in a single night it can be taken away to a long distance. In exchange for one of these stolen animals the thief will later on receive another, which has been bagged perhaps a hundred and fifty miles away down the line.

The professional, among his other achievements, is able to track in quite a marvellous manner. He can read marks and signs on the ground as easily as an educated person can the words in a book, while he will recognise a person by his footprints just as an ordinary person would recognise another by his face or general appearance. For this reason he often finds it profitable to track animals stolen by others than his friends. A good tracker can sometimes follow the tracks of a thief and a stolen bullock or camel as far as fifty or sixty miles in a day, provided that they have passed across the open jungle and the thief has not been too cunning.

Animals are generally stolen in the daytime when

they are grazing, and at night when they are in a hut or some kind of enclosure. In the former case the loss is generally not discovered until the evening, when the herd is collected and counted before being driven home; and on such occasions the thief gets a long start, for the herdsman has to drive his other beasts home before he can give the alarm, and then when a tracking-party has been formed it can only proceed slowly, for the tracks have to be followed by lamp or torch light. In the latter case the theft usually takes place in the small hours of the morning, and is discovered a short time afterwards, so that the owner is close behind the thief, and has the whole day before him to follow up the tracks. It is really remarkable how a bullock can be removed from a yard without any one being wakened up, though persons are sleeping all round it and there are plenty of dogs about. An old hand, however, can make a hole in a mud-wall large enough for a bullock to pass through without making any noise, and he knows exactly how to entice the animal out quietly, after muffling its bell and placing leather shoes on its feet.

When several animals have been taken, it is, of course, important to secure the services of more than one tracker; but most cattle-owners and herdsman are themselves good at tracking, and they do not always call in professional aid. The tracker, on starting, proceeds to the spot where the footmarks of the lost animal are known to be; and after examination of these, and receiving a brief description of the beast, he sets off either on foot or on a camel or pony, and is able to go quite rapidly wherever the tracks have passed over sandy or soft ground. When a hard stretch is reached the party spreads out; and, finding traces here and there, it proceeds on a line parallel to the original direction until the footmarks become clear again. Difficulties arise when the direction has been changed on hard ground, and when the stolen animal has been taken along a railway line, into a river, or along a much-frequented road or path with several cross-roads. Of course, on thoroughfares the passers-by will be questioned, and the party may be assisted by some who have seen the thief; but this all means time, and verbal directions are not always to be trusted, while they are often misleading, particularly if the thief has posted friends on the route he has taken. The animal, however, has to be watered and fed; so, sooner or later, it will be taken to a well, and the persons there, if not in league with the thief, are probably able to give useful information. At night-time, too, the thief will require to rest both himself and the animal, and the trackers may then succeed in overtaking him. Whenever a stolen animal is passed down one of the regular lines tracking becomes exceedingly difficult.

A thief when operating by himself will sometimes take an animal he has stolen for about ten miles, and then leave it for several hours tied up to a tree in some solitary spot. If the tracking-party arrives during that time it is quite content to

recover the animal, and never bothers to go on tracking the thief; while if no one comes to the spot the thief concludes that the owner has been unable to follow the tracks, and he accordingly takes it away peacefully to some distant market. Most men who have to deal with cattle are clever in taking them across rivers, and can do so even when they are in flood. Cattle-thieves are always expert at this, and frequently float and swim down the large rivers for many miles with their stolen property.

The work of the police is much handicapped owing to owners failing to report thefts until long after their occurrence, when, of course, practically all chance of obtaining true evidence as to the tracks has been lost, and the recovery of the stolen animal is hopeless. It is almost an invariable practice for the owner and his friends to follow up the tracks without the assistance of the police, and then, if the thief is discovered, to try and come to terms with him. If they fail to find the thief or their property, or if they find the former but cannot recover the animal or get another and better one in its place, they fall back on the police, who are consequently given a great deal of useless trouble.

In certain districts a number of trackers are enlisted as constables, one of whom is posted to each police-station. Many of these men are probably recruited from professional cattle-stealers on the strength of 'set a thief to catch a thief.' Expert trackers make a fairly large income out of their business; but they as far as possible avoid cases in which the police are employed, for they naturally object to tramping long distances to court, and waiting there several days when called as witnesses. In ordinary cases they generally send a substitute to give evidence, and consequently a really true case frequently comes to nothing owing to the inability of the witness to answer questions. Even in police cases the substitute is sometimes sent up in lieu of the real tracker; but on such occasions the man sent has probably accompanied the expert, and is able to give a good deal of true evidence.

Cattle-thieves provide themselves with various paraphernalia to assist them in carrying on their trade, and among other articles I may mention the leather shoes which they place round the hoofs of animals and the grass shoes they themselves wear; these are employed both to deaden the sound and to hide the tracks. They often have in their possession a set of branding-irons and instruments for snipping animals' ears; while particular kinds of dye are kept for colouring the hair of animals which have distinctive markings. Thus an old buffalo with a white tuft on its forehead, a white tip to its tail, and four white coronets, will have none of these shortly after it has come into the hands of its new possessor. The *sarna*, or hide-bag, which can be inflated, is used for sitting or resting on when crossing a river, while every thief of any standing possesses a large iron jemmy for

forcing open doors of sheds and making holes through walls. One of the most curious things I have ever seen in the possession of one of these men was a rough but servicable telephone. It consisted of a piece of twine some two hundred yards in length, and two bits of bamboo hollowed out to form cylinders about six inches long and three in diameter; over one end of each cylinder a piece of bladder was pasted, to the centre of which the twine was attached by being passed through and secured by means of a knot. The owner of this interesting instrument stated that it was used by thieves at cattle-fairs. Several men would go to a large fair with a few animals of their own, and get with them into the enclosure. At night-time the cord would be passed from one side of the enclosure to the other, and one man would watch the patrol and give preconcerted signals in the shape of coughs and groans to his friends at the other end. The latter would then walk off with cattle while the patrol was engaged in condoling with the accomplice, who would pretend to be very ill and in great agony.

When a man has been caught with a stolen animal in his possession he will frequently bring evidence in his defence to prove that he is the owner, and that the case has been concocted against him for some reason or other. It is often very difficult in such cases to decide which of the parties is telling the truth. On one occasion the magistrate trying the case went outside his court to see whether a fine buffalo, which both complainant and accused claimed, would come to either of them on being called, as each had declared it would. Directly the animal was let loose one began repeating, 'Come, Billoo!' and the other, 'Come, Kaloo!' in their most enticing manner; but 'Billoo' or 'Kaloo' would have neither of them, and walked off towards the nearest patch of green. Luckily for the ends of justice, the complainant suddenly remembered that his buffalo had had an operation performed under its tongue, and had a large scar there. He conveyed this information quietly to the magistrate, and the accused, on being questioned, knew of no mark in its mouth. With some difficulty the buffalo was thrown, and the scar being found, the complainant got his animal and the accused his six months.

A man who had lost one of his sheep was at first rather puzzled on finding that its tracks disappeared altogether at a spot where the ground was quite soft and took good impressions. On carefully examining the ground he perceived the tracks of a camel, and noticed that it had sat down just where the sheep's tracks had ceased. Putting two and two together, he, with some friends, tracked up the camel and recovered his sheep, which had been lifted off its feet on to the camel by one of the men, placed across the saddle, and so carried off.

On one occasion a party of thieves actually managed to seize as many as twenty-nine camels, which they took through two districts to a place

over two hundred miles away. They were there exchanged for a number of stolen buffaloes and bullocks, which were brought back for disposal in the home district. The difficulty incurred by the police in the investigation of this case and in bringing the offenders to trial may be imagined.

A man will sometimes trace his stolen cattle to a distance, and find them in the possession of a family or tribe of influence, from whom he is afraid to seize or claim them. It occasionally happens, however, that a claim is made, and the tables turned on the complainant with a vengeance. No sooner has he left with his animals than he is captured and a report made against him at the nearest police-station to the effect that he was caught stealing the

animals just outside the village. On the arrival of the police they find the tracks of the captured man and animals, while a heap of evidence against the poor owner is at once forthcoming.

From what I have said it will be apparent that it is of great importance to ensure that reports are made to the police directly thefts occur, and I am glad to say that steps have lately been taken to effect this. In future, therefore, it is probable that the cattle-thief will find his nefarious trade much more risky than it has been hitherto. The colonisation now proceeding of the large tracts of waste land which in the past have afforded such useful asylums for this particular class of criminal will have a most satisfactory effect in checking him.

ST ANDREWS LINKS IN THE DAYS OF YOUNG TOM MORRIS.

By W. T. LINSKILL.



T was in the very early seventies that I first went to reside in the once famed ecclesiastical capital of bonny Scotland and the Mecca of all golfers. The journey from Edinburgh in those bygone days was a dreary and most tedious experience, and would have tried the patience of the proverbial Job himself. A long wait at the old Waverley Station, Edinburgh—not a delectable place; then a wearisome crawl down to Granton; next in order, a long walk down to Granton pier among trucks and rushing trollies laden with luggage—a risky business. Then followed the crossing to Burntisland in the ferry steamer, where one frequently got a sort of Bay of Biscay tossing, with all its attendant horrors; then came another stampede from Burntisland pier to the railway station, a rather worse repetition, if possible, of the rush down to Granton pier; and then again another two hours' cruel crawl to the old Leuchars Station, a fearsome and draughty shed. From there the classic towers and spires of St Andrews could be seen by the weary traveller, far away across the flat plateau. After another long wait, probably involving a severe chill, one was slowly bumped along in the local train to the old St Andrews Station, another delightful, draughty shed outside the city. Then a bone-shaking and ancient bus conveyed the passengers to their various destinations.

All this is changed now; but I doubt if St Andrews is quite the same cheery old city it used to be in those days long past. It was then a quaint, old-world place. It is now much larger, and more of the modern, up-to-date, fashionable watering-place. Only its east end, with the Castle, Cathedral, Priory, and old gateways and churches, remains the same. The Forth and Tay Bridges have altered the character of the

city, and every golfer who knows one end of a club from the other must needs now visit St Andrews. The ancient city has become almost too popular. It has three courses; and even these, during the summer months, are inadequate to cope with the mighty rush of would-be starters. The old course is the best in the world, and, so far as I know, the only free course in Britain. A small tariff during the season would greatly improve matters, I am convinced. Good players anduffers alike would benefit by such an arrangement.

Almost the first thing I learned on my arrival was that young Tommy Morris was the idol of the place. His name and fame were on the lips of every one that I met. The popular Allan Robertson had then been long dead, and young Tommy was the hero who had risen in his place. I soon got to know him intimately, and many are the four-somes we played together at St Andrews, Leven, and Earlsferry. Hand-hammered gutta-percha balls were mostly in vogue, and I can never quite forget how liable they were to split, and the vast numbers we used to lose in the whins which bounded the then narrow course on either side. The four-some we oftenest played was Tommy and myself against Charles B. Macdonald (the well-known American golfer, and the pioneer of the game in the United States) and his friend E. R. Burgess, also an American.

Young Tommy had a truly magnificent circular sweeping swing, and he hit the ball with every bit of power he had at his command, and with the greatest possible precision and accuracy. So very hard did he strike that his Balmoral bonnet tumbled off at most of his long shots. He had extremely powerful wrists, and his approaching and pitching were 'fair deadly.' In all my experience I never saw such splendid putting; it was a case of in or stone-dead at every green. In those days the

greens were a bit smaller and the holes a trifle bigger, but they were very much rougher. To see him handle his putter was a perfect revelation. Away went the ball, firmly hit and as straight as an arrow; then came the familiar expression of those days, 'Dook,' and lo! the gutta was at the bottom of the hole.

In the year 1860 the Prestwick Golf Club presented a champion-belt to be played for annually over the Prestwick green, and any player winning it three times in three consecutive years could then claim the belt as his very own property. This wonderful feat young Tommy accomplished in 1868, 1869, and 1870, his three scores being 154, 157, and 149—truly marvellous golf! What might he not have done now, with our present perfected clubs and the new rubber-cored ball?

The three days' match, two rounds of St Andrews each day, between him and Davie Strath was the finest exposition of golf I ever saw played in my long experience of the game. In those days the rules were simple and easily understood; now they are rapidly approaching the magnitude of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*. Much of the old-time phraseology of the Links has vanished for good. I remember two instances. A good shot was generally greeted with the expression of 'There's a toucher!' and a bad or bunkered ball with a groan and sigh of 'What a waster!' One never hears of a 'toucher' or 'waster' now.

But what of the Links of old St Rule in those bygone seventies? They are terribly altered in every respect, and they are certainly easier, much more artificial, and remind one of a vast golfing-park. The destruction of the dense thickets of whins is very much to be deplored. It was practically due to wear and tear and the widening of the course, but at the same time quantities of these whins were, I think, unnecessarily sacrificed and destroyed when making the new course. Some good Samaritan has kindly planted whins on the sandhills of the Jubilee Course, and they are growing splendidly. This is an object-lesson.

In young Tommy's day all the holes were known by their names; never, as now, by their numbers. From the Home Hole one played to the Burn or Bridge Hole, then to the Corner o' the Dike, the Cartgate, the Gingerbeer, the Hole o' Cross green or Long Hole, the Heathery Hole, High, Short, and the End Hole, or Hole of Return. In still older days there were other names, such as the Bafield Hole, the Hole of Rye, and the Hole of Cunnin Links; but these three latter holes were long before my time. The names of the holes have almost entirely vanished, with the old red coats and the old school of caddies. It seems a pity, and to an old stager like the writer it gives an air of melancholy to the whole place.

As I have stated before, the Links were formerly very narrow. Between the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and the burn at the first hole, many acres of

land have been reclaimed from the German Ocean. Where I can remember the seashore once existed there are now excellent lies for the players' balls. There are, I believe, three sea-walls buried under the golf-green, and the old bathing-place was once under the present window of the north room of the club. The historic Swilcan Burn formerly swept almost into the centre of the Links before it turned into the sea, and one often drove into this bend from the first tee. It was then a sandy natural hazard, but now it is a concrete-walled channel.

Long ago there were no sand-boxes at the various tees, and the caddies used to scoop out the necessary material from the bottom of the hole; and as these holes were very infrequently changed, they sometimes became so very deep that it was almost impossible to recover the ball after holing out. As the bunkers were honeycombed with rabbit-holes, and all the grassy hollows were overgrown with long, rank, bent grass or rushes, an iron niblick became a necessity to dislodge the ball. Now one can easily use a play-club in these well-mown hollows. While all the eighteen holes are considerably changed, I can notice the greatest difference at the long holes, out and in—the Heathery Hole and the High Hole. Formerly, at the long hole going out, one was obliged to cross the Hell Bunker, a fearful place, and approach the hole from what are still known as the Elysian Fields. The present valley course on the north side of the Links was at that time all rough ground, whins, and bent grass. I remember one of the old school of golfers—I think it was the late Mr Whyte-Melville—remarking to me that the above-mentioned valley was getting gradually quite easy and playable, and that it ought to be ploughed up thoroughly to keep the players on the old line. At the Heathery Hole, just over 'Walkinshaw's grave,' there is a large bunker filled up, and new bunkers have to take the place of the former dense thickets of whins or gorse. At one time the tee-shot to this hole had to be kept far away to the left, or the consequence was a fearful lie or a lost ball. The same may be said of the drive off the tee to the High or Eden Hole; to the right all was coarse grass and whins, long since vanished.

If the Links are altered and the rules multiplied, so are the clubs. In those early seventies when I invested in my first set of clubs (glorious possession!) they consisted of a driver or play-club; grassed driver; long, middle, short, and bailing spoon; wooden niblick; putter; sand-iron; and iron niblick with a heavy head of the frying-pan shape. Now all sorts of abnormal and monstrous clubs have gradually crept in. Hardly a day passes that some fearfully and wonderfully made new club is not put into my hands with a query, 'Now, what do you think of that?' Do these curious weapons improve any one's play permanently? I venture to think not; but then I am very conservative in this respect, and pin my faith to the clubs, balls, and

rules of langsyne. The players I call to recollection in the days of my boyhood were Colonels Bethune and Boothby, the brothers Lamb (Henry and David), Patrick Procter Alexander, Principal Tulloch, the Whyte-Melvilles (father and son), Sir Robert Anstruther (who often rode on a pony round the Links), Wolfe Murray (who did likewise, and was also a wonderful shot with the bow and arrow), Mr Blackwood, and many others.

None of the more modern developments of the game were then contemplated. There were no four-ball foursomes, nor the pestilential scoring-card and pencil save on medal-days, no 'bogy' competi-

tions, and no counting by points instead of holes in matches, now so common everywhere.

In conclusion, I may add, I was engaged one afternoon planning out the first golf-course in Cambridge (in 1875 the Cambridge University Golf Club was formed) when I received the sad news of young Tommy's death. It was a great shock to me, as I had known him so well. I have heard many old golfers aver that St Andrews was never the same to them after Allan Robertson's death in 1859. I can truthfully say that St Andrews Links lost half their charm to me after Tommy's early death.

THE LEARNING OF A LESSON.

PART II.



TEN days later the call came. The wind was moaning drearily through the gray Stockholm streets, the gloom of a rising tempest was spreading over the autumn afternoon, when a grizzled sailor-man touched his rough cap warily to Major Asheton outside the vestibule of the Grand Hotel. From under his jersey he produced a carefully preserved note. After a furtive look round the entrance-hall to see if he was being watched, the new-comer delivered the little missive. Then he heaved a sigh of undisguised relief, and waited.

Asheton gathered the meaning of the few pencilled lines at a glance. 'Come,' they said; 'come quickly, if you will. The bearer of this is a pilot on whom you can perfectly rely.'

Englishmen are not as a rule sentimental, but this one folded that half-sheet of paper with almost reverent care. It had a faint 'Nita' at the bottom. He placed it deliberately in the safest recess of his pocket-book. His manner was unhurried, his words to the pilot of the fewest. Yet within an hour the *Petrel* was heading seawards into the smother of the storm.

In after-years Asheton never forgot the sudden exhilaration of heart as the salt sea-spray from the open Baltic smote him from the gathering gale, and the lights of the darkening Stockholm shore-line dropped behind in the welter of the night. What a hateful place it had been since Nita left it! How the long hours had dragged! How inane had been all occupation save that of storing and fitting the yacht to receive her passengers in every imaginable fashion which his idling fancy could suggest! His skipper wondered and his crew stared. But their curiosity received no enlightenment from their taciturn owner.

And now he did well not to linger. The last mooring-rope had scarcely been hauled over the *Petrel's* side before a telegram was speeding over the wires from the Russian Consulate—a telegram that was to be fateful to many lives. Doubtless the

Englishman would have recked but little had he known its purport. For there was a goal before him which he was resolved to reach. A girl was looking out over the Finnish rocks and sand-dunes, and was repeating a wistful question to the melancholy boom of the wave-song: 'Does he really love me enough to come?'

Long hours followed—weary hours of untiring navigation, when the free seaway in turn gave place to the maze of reefs that fringe the shallow gulf. Through intricate island passages, among barren, spear-pointed rocks, and by treacherous, seething shoals barely awash in the breakers the yacht was driven with ceaseless vigilance and the boldest skill. Thrice the skipper protested; thrice he shrugged his tired shoulders at the curt command, 'Keep her at full speed.' Spiteful seas sloshed hissing along the sloping decks. Other men might want sleep and food; not so either owner or pilot. Ever the latter, impervious to thundering waves and stinging rain-squalls, grunted his crisp directions, and reckoned the speeding hours by his watch in the beam of side-light. The Finn is a slow-spoken man, intensely serious, of infinite endurance, and resourceful on the sea.

With the cold of a livid dawn came other cheerless islets. On some the stunted bush and pine grew; on another an isolated outlook-tower rose bleakly among stray patches of attempted cultivation. Rows of wooden stakes and painted sign-marks on the rocks indicated a channel. The pilot relaxed into satisfaction, and evinced a desire for strong drink. Very shortly afterwards the low coast-line of the Grand Duchy of Finland opened to Asheton's impatient, straining eyes.

The *Petrel's* smoke-stack was whitened with encrusting brine as she stood into the sullen waters of a narrow bay. It was a place of wintry mist and storm. It was deserted.

'Ten fathoms!' The skipper rang off his engines. 'Let go!' And the anchor had scarcely rattled overside before the yacht's gig swung from the davits into the water.

Ashton felt that his revolver was in a conveniently handy pocket as he landed. The pilot gave a gruff snort and led the way up the cliff. One of the crew accompanied them, a herculean northerner from the Tyne.

A mile inland over the hill was a scattered village surrounding a tumble-down church. The pilot proceeded nimbly. He skirted the side of a scanty fir-wood without ostentation, pushed back a gate shaky with age, and struck up a moss-grown lane. At the end of it was a poverty-stricken *torg*, the ordinary gaunt house of the Finland peasantry. It was a weather-beaten homestead; nothing could be more dismal. Yet to the Finlander his land is the finest of any land there is. And to the Englishman—Nita was there!

A withered old woman answered the cautious knock. The door-hinges creaked rustily. She spoke in a low dialect. The pilot turned to Ashton.

'The Professor Lornsen died four hours ago,' he said.

The room was small and bare. Under a ceiling browned by smoke a fire was smouldering dully. The benches, ranged beneath windows not made to open, were uninviting. From a rope across the rafters hung a row of clothes. A girl was sitting at the table with her face buried in her hands.

Nita met her lover without a word. She seemed stunned. Apparently she took it for granted that he should be there; it was equally clear that John Ashton preferred that she should.

He quietly took possession of both those cold little hands and held them warmly in his starchy grasp. The girl looked utterly exhausted. Her fair hair was badly rumpled; her cheeks were gray and colourless. Tears had marked the small white face, and the delicate lashes were heavy with grief. She was dressed in a rough serge skirt and a loose cotton bodice; over these was a striped native apron—the disguise of the peasant. Nevertheless, to the man who desired her above all things she was more queenly than ever.

'It is no use!' she said at last, with a little hopeless moan. She drew back and scanned him drearily. Ashton waited. Tenderest sympathy is often shown by silence just alone.

It is not in gala-days that love must needs be born. Sorrow bears it sometimes on her beating wings. Realisation follows later. This girl acted rather strangely, very simply. Deliberately she took his arm and placed it round her. Next moment her head was on his shoulder, and she was sobbing as if her heart would break. All that she knew just then was that some one very true and strong had come to comfort and protect.

A sharp exclamation from the watchful pilot startled Ashton. A *kürta*, or two-wheeled cart, was driving furiously up the road. Others followed, the ponies galloping fast. The men who filled them wore the uniforms of the Russian police.

The leading vehicle pulled up with abruptness as an imperious voice rang out its orders. Slouching men in heavy coats and long boots filed into the room. The first to enter was Baron Vordonsky. He gave a queer little shrug of his shoulders at the sight of Ashton and the girl.

'Ah, my dear Major, we heard that you had sailed from Stockholm,' he explained genially. 'You have come with speed. So also have we—to our business here. I regret that we intrude on your pleasure, my friend.'

'Professor Lornsen is dead,' Ashton informed him shortly.

'So!' The Russian's tone expressed intense surprise and annoyance. 'That we did not know.' He spoke roughly to one of his subordinates; the man pushed past into an inner room, and the intelligence was soon confirmed beyond all doubt.

Vordonsky's face hardened with baffled anger. He was a different being, this disconcerted, ruthless official, to the affable, smiling guest of the Stockholm Embassy. He was the exponent of the policy which is crushing a nation, heedless of the reprisals it may provoke. Ministers of Interior and Governor-Generals may find their graves as Plehve and Bobrihoff have done, by the hand of the assassin; others fill their places on the lurid rungs of the ladder of power with the fatuity of the doomed.

The Baron swung round in a rage.

'Return to your yacht, Major Ashton,' he said with stern gravity. 'You will be so good as to leave at once. All the others,' he scowled at the frightened inmates, 'will be dealt with as I direct.'

'No, they will not!' said the Englishman with calm bluntness. His arm was still linked in Nita's. Involuntarily her fingers had tightened their clasp on his.

For a tense, savage moment the two men faced each other in rigid defiance: the tall, spare Englishman; the thick-set, burly Muscovite. Then the former's flat contradiction acted curiously. Vordonsky smiled.

'Miss Nita is a Russian subject,' he remarked speculatively. He stroked his beard. 'The daughter and sister of rebels against the Czar,' he added, as if expecting Ashton to reject this fact.

Unfortunately its truth was undeniable.

'She is found in disguise'—the Baron pursued his indictment in contemplative fashion—'arranging the escape of one whom, if the hand of God had not removed him, it would have been my important duty to arrest.'

The speaker seemed to imply that the hand of God had chosen a most inconsiderate occasion to intervene.

'And she inveigles you into connivance and assistance of the process. Fie, my dear Major! Fie!'

At this the said Major lost his temper a little,

and told the dispenser of the justice of the Czar what he thought of him. The sailor from the Tyne accepted it as a hint to roll up his sleeves threateningly and display some brawny muscles to advantage. He took the measure of the nearest policeman with carefulness and the inherent hostility of the seaman to one of his profession. He was larger than the policeman, and his attitude appeared to court a controversy. That individual recoiled hastily on the support of his comrades.

Vordonsky was unmoved. He lit a cigar with elaborate indifference.

'You must let—Miss Nita—go,' he affirmed perfunctorily between the puffs.

'I will never let her go,' declared John Asheton grimly.

There was a short pause, while outside the wind howled with dreary cadence across the storm-set sky. The room was bitterly cold.

'There is only one alternative,' began the Russian with leisurely stauvity.

'That is?'

'That you marry her at once! Now, listen to me, Major Asheton,' said Vordonsky, with a change into sharp animation. 'This is no jest; I am in complete earnest. Whether you are so great a fool as to want this girl I do not know, I do not care; but you saved my life, and I wish to discharge the obligation under which I stand to you. As matters are, I have no option but to arrest her. One thing alone can prevent this. There is a priest in the village. You can marry the girl by the rites of the peasants here if you will. Whether such a ceremony will be binding in your own country is nothing to me; I will choose to consider it so here. Then she will technically become a British subject, and I shall not report on her presence, nor shall I hinder you from removing your—wife. There is no need for emotion. It is for you—and her—to decide as you please.'

The speaker's forcible manner left nothing to be desired to confirm his words.

Nita Lornsen had given a quick little gasp of dismay when Vordonsky spoke. She had dropped Asheton's arm and drawn back from him in panic.

'Oh, no,' she cried, 'I won't!'

'Then I fear you will have to go to prison,' observed the Baron placidly. He seemed disappointed at the refusal of his generous solution of the dilemma. By chance a rifle-butt rang on the flooring. Its significance was ominous.

'If I were strong enough I would kill you!' she told him passionately.

'But you are not, my dear young lady,' said the other, amused.

Again she turned to Asheton. Her breast was rising and falling in her distress. She was very erect, with unflinching eyes. But the despair in the young voice refused to be stifled.

'It is impossible,' she said breathlessly.

'Why, Nita?'

'I—I have nothing to give you. I have no money; I am very poor.'

At the sight of his quick movement of protest she waved him away, almost as if she were afraid of him or of herself.

'I am a foreigner by birth.'

He did not appear to be daunted even by this announcement.

'May I have you? I want you very much,' was all he answered simply.

'I do not—think—I love you,' she murmured very low.

'You can fetch your priest,' said Asheton curtly at that.

Vordonsky despatched a man for the village cleric. There was a constrained silence in the interval. Those were the most awkward moments that Asheton had ever known. He was deeply stirred. Keen misgiving as to whether he was doing right—for her—bewildered him. He cursed Vordonsky comprehensively under his breath.

The pastor presently arrived in unceremonious tow of a policeman. His numerous objections dissolved under the Russian's harsh admonitions. It was brusquely intimated to him that obedience was to be his portion in this world; in the next, the son of the Orthodox Church considered that the devil would doubtless obtain his due from all Lutherans. This course of events would be un-naturally anticipated if the pastor delayed his compliance with his Excellency's imperative commands. He would proceed to marry these two people—forthwith!

The pastor did without further preparation. Sometimes the only way to get ready to marry two persons is just to marry them. It was perhaps melodramatic, and in these days to be melodramatic is to be banal; nevertheless, melodrama remains. Vordonsky smoked unconcernedly throughout the ceremony.

A delicate flush had replaced the pallor on Nita Lornsen's face. She answered the pastor's words with a solemnity that was very sweet, interpreting them gently when necessary to the man who stood beside her much as if he were a child to whom she had to explain. Asheton's ring with his family crest and motto passed to her keeping in token of the lot she was accepting as her own. At the close she raised her lips to his, and he kissed her reverently before them all: before the sardonic Russian, who wondered what love meant; before the uncomprehending peasants and the stolid, staring police. To her the supreme moment of a woman's life had come in a desolate hovel on a forsaken shore; that moment when one woman takes one man into her life, and gives herself to him unreservedly for ever. At the end her husband added in English, 'God has given you to me, Nita. No one shall take you away.'

'Now I am free from all debt to you,' Vordomsky announced briskly. 'I give you one word of farewell. Hasten! A gunboat is on its way from Bjorneborg to shadow your strange English yacht, which has already been reported in these waters. Her commander may not be so complaisant as I am. They are independent, those naval officers; not as we of the army—"good fellows" you call it. My warning is well meant; also, it is urgent. The pilot may leave with you. You are at liberty to take madam away.'

The Russian bowed. The Englishman acknowledged the salute formally. An hour later the *Petrel* was steaming full speed from the land. The afternoon was waning into rapid dusk.

On the bridge keen eyes searched the skyline. The yacht wallowed her nose into the troubled, foam-flecked waves. A sharp burst of hail had just ended when Asheton's elbow was grasped as in a vice. The finger of the pilot's other hand was pointing over the quarter.

A smudge of smoke in the driving clouds, a black line tossing on the swell of the surge; these resolved themselves into another vessel forging ahead very fast.

The skipper clapped the binoculars to his smarting eyes and peered through the gathering darkness.

'You's a man-o'-war,' he snapped. He looked long and earnestly. 'Russian! She's seen us. She is altering her course in pursuit.'

'That is very probable,' remarked Asheton coolly. His gaze travelled thoughtfully round the horizon-ring of the heaving sea. He glanced over the ship's side; the big white yacht was going at a slashing rate. Ahead was the entrance to an intricate island-channel. The race of the tide against wind and current sent the spray flying across the deck.

'Shove her along!' said Asheton through the engine-room speaking-tube, and grimy men below on reeking coal-dust platforms slaved in prompt compliance.

As if the words had been heard afar, the other vessel responded. A muffled boom echoed dully in the distance. With a terrific splash a shell screamed into the water astern. Two more followed in quick succession.

Asheton was uncommonly angry. He was finding what others have recently found: how little the Russian regards the law of international usage. Fortunately, the shooting was very bad; that also has been demonstrated in other latitudes of late. The *Petrel* rioted under the lee of an island-cliff, and the gunboat bustled stormily after her. Her

lights twinkled into baleful prominence as she came up astern.

'You must go below, Nita,' suggested Asheton hoarsely. He turned to the slim, quiet figure beside him, oddly clad in oilskins and a sou'-wester much too large for her. Her eyes glimmered up at him trustfully. She thrust back a curled wisp of hair from her wet cheek.

'I shall not do that,' she said to him slowly. In the wind and the rain, with the noise of the sea in their ears, she was very close, and she spoke with great distinctness.

'Why not? It is safer there,' he urged, insistent.

For a little she did not explain. The man-o'-war fired again, and the missile hooted overhead. Asheton, in desperation, seized her by the arm to make her leave the bridge. The girl stood stubborn. 'Your place is here,' she explained reproachfully.

He nodded sharply.

'And mine is always now with you,' she said with softest clearness. 'And I am—quite content.'

A savage shout of glee from the Finlander pilot rang through the tempest. He sprang on to the bridge-rail and gesticulated wildly. The mad working of his exultant face shone in the glow of the binnacle-lamp. Across the blackening waters came the shrill blast of a frantic steam-siren. Red, green, and masthead lights on the Russian gunboat seemed suddenly to shoot together into one hideous, flashing jumble. Then grinnest shadows shut down over the swamping sea.

'Piled her up on the rocks!' bawled the skipper in fierce excitement. 'Hit them fairly!' A faint explosion was wafted down the wind. 'Ripped open her bottom, and boiler's gone!' he cried.

Amid a boiling hurly-burly on a swirling ledge the Russians went to their doom in the darkness. The *Petrel*'s crew saved nine of them after long hours of danger and exertion. The survivors were landed next day on a rocky islet where a lighthouse relief-boat calls just once a month, there to reflect at ample leisure on the ways of the English who had perilled their lives to save them, and who desired their company no more. Afterwards, as the yacht slid down the open Baltic in the gray of the autumn morning, Major Asheton hazarded the eager question, aloud and uninterrupted this time. 'Can I ever teach you to love me, Nita?' he asked again.

She shook her head wisely. 'I am afraid it is too late now,' she opined in thoughtful speculation. Then she added, as she saw his startled face, 'I've already learnt that lesson—if you please, sir!'

THE END.



THE SAND-GROUSE.

By Captain J. H. BALDWIN.



WE recently read in a short telegram from Bombay that our Prince of Wales had opened his Indian sporting campaign in proper regal fashion by slaying his first royal tiger. Depend upon it, that tiger had been most carefully watched and his whereabouts known from day to day long before receiving his death-wound from the rifle of the 'Shah Zadah,' or King's son. But the Prince, we learn from the same source, has also distinguished himself with gun as well as rifle by making a wonderful bag of the large—sometimes called the 'imperial'—sand-grouse. We read that in company with his host, the Maharajah of Bikanir, the Prince in a few hours shot over two hundred brace of these splendid game-birds, not to mention another hundred brace brought to bag by his companion, the Maharajah. Particulars of this great performance are yet to come, and will prove highly interesting to sportsmen in general, and especially so to old Anglo-Indians, who can recall to mind, in days gone by, many a grand day's sport with this fine sand-grouse, *Pterocles arenarius*, the largest, most powerful on the wing, and the best bird for the table of the many species of sand-grouse inhabiting Asia and Northern Africa.

I may here mention, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the sand-grouse, that the family is divided into two genera, *Syrkaytes* and *Pterocles*. The former includes only two species inhabiting the steppes of Tartary and plains of Thibet, and never wandering south to India, Persia, or Northern Africa. It differs from the genus *Pterocles* in having a smaller foot feathered to the claws, and *no hind-toe*. The genus *Pterocles* is more numerous, including many species, and is far more widely spread throughout the hottest regions of the Old World.

In figure these desert birds much resemble one another, though they differ considerably in size, as also in plumage. The head is small and delicate, the body elongated, the wings long and pointed, the tail generally tapering to a point, the tarsus feathered in front, the feet short, the claws stout and slightly curved. The general colour of the family is various shades of pale yellow intermixed with deep brown. Some species have the abdomen black. The sexes differ considerably in plumage. In some the male birds have broad chestnut bands or patches of black on the breast. The females differ in many species in having the upper plumage more of a fulvous tint, finely barred and speckled with brown.

In habits these sand-grouse appear to be much alike, with the one exception of the painted sand-grouse (*P. fasciatus*), which, strange to say, often hides in short thickets on the sides of low rocky hills. They frequent the open plain

in preference to any sort of cover. Even under the intense heat of an equatorial sun, these hardy birds will remain in the open with impunity. They subsist on the simplest of food, which generally consists of various hardened seeds from certain kinds of grass and weeds. Some species will also be found feeding on stubbles and ploughed land.

The family of *Pteroclide* have one marked characteristic as regards water which every sportsman is aware of. After feeding on the plain till about 9 a.m., they invariably and without fail fly in a direct line to some favourite drinking-spot on the banks of a river or shore of a lake. The birds generally choose some bar of sand or gradually sloping mud-bank on the margin of a shallow pool. They settle on the shore, run down to the water's edge, take a deep drink, pause a short time picking up minute pieces of gravel, then, with a simultaneous clucking cry, the flock rises in the air, and swiftly wings its way back to some favourite feeding-ground. About 4 p.m. this habit of flying to water is repeated, and a sportsman concealed behind a bush or in a pit dug out for the purpose, near to some favourite drinking-spot, will obtain excellent shooting, as flock after flock of the desert birds keeps coming and going to water.

I venture to say that our Prince of Wales probably made his great bag of sand-grouse in the manner I have attempted to describe.

The common sand-grouse of Northern India (*P. caesus*) breeds in Central India about the month of May, after which it disappears for several months; but I believe it to be only locally migratory. It is an exceedingly common bird throughout the North-West Provinces, as also throughout Central India. It can be easily approached and shot. Sometimes, when a flock has been marked down and approached, the birds will crouch, and their plumage so exactly resembles the surroundings that I have often stood for a whole minute within a few yards of the pack without being able to distinguish any one of them.

During the cold-weather months sand-grouse pack together and become exceedingly wary. I have seen considerable flocks of the large sand-grouse (*P. arenarius*), numbering many hundreds, possibly thousands, of birds; but sportsmen friends of mine, whom I could rely upon and who have visited the plains around Ferozepore and certain parts of the Punjab, have assured me again and again that they have seen enormous flocks of the large sand-grouse which must have numbered tens of thousands of birds. Travellers in Northern Africa, especially when crossing the great deserts of the Sudan, have also repeatedly spoken

flocks of sand-grouse, 'darkening the air,' which they have come across in their wanderings.

Before quitting my subject, it may interest the reader to learn that one species of sand-grouse (*Syrhaptes paradoxus*), commonly called Pallas's sand-grouse, has repeatedly visited Great Britain. When we consider the great distance these wanderers travel across land and over sea to reach our shores, we should naturally expect to hear that there was something specially attractive to induce these Central Asia birds to make so long a journey; but our leading ornithologists have not been able to discover anything of the kind. On the contrary, our islands possess nothing in common with or assimilating to the vast steppes of Tartary, the home of this species of sand-grouse. I believe that it was in the autumn of 1859 that this 'Asiatic invasion' was first noticed. Again, in 1863, several packs of Pallas's sand-grouse arrived, and since that time we repeatedly have heard of them, and a special law was passed in Parliament for their protection. It is also a most interesting fact that at different times several pairs of this species of sand-grouse have remained and bred with us.

I may mention that in the early summer of 1863, when on a hunting expedition in Thibet, I came across and procured five specimens of that rare bird *Syrhaptes tibetanus*, the second species of this genera, which, as has already been mentioned, is only found in Central Asia. I happened at the time to be crossing a wide plain mounted on a domestic animal called a *joboo*, a mule between a tame yak and ordinary cattle. We chanced to come across a small tarn almost dried up. At the far end of the lake I noticed a small flock of birds grouped together and motionless on a bar of sand. I carefully inspected them through my telescope, but failed to recognise what sort of birds they could be. I slid down from off my long-haired steed and took my gun, carefully stalked the birds, and shot five of them. On picking up the slain, I at once saw that I had obtained specimens of a rare and beautiful species of sand-grouse (*S. tibetanus*) which I believed at the time to be new to science, but which I afterwards ascertained had been shot by Thibetan sportsmen on previous occasions.

I will conclude my remarks on the sand-grouse by relating an occurrence which took place many years ago on the Upper Nile, and which goes to prove that a practical knowledge of natural history is at times of great value to a soldier on service. After one of our many campaigns against the Mahdi, an officer in the Royal Engineers, Captain F—r, with whom I formerly was acquainted, was left in command of a fort far up the Nile. It was an isolated spot, with no support near at hand, but the fort was of modern construction, well built, and on a commanding position. The fort was also well provided with arms and ammunition of every kind, and amply provisioned for several months; and, what was of the utmost importance in such a country, there was no chance of running short of

water, for the great river Nile flowed past close at hand. The garrison, though few in numbers, was of the best, a picked force, thoroughly reliable in the hour of trial. The only danger to guard against was a surprise and the carrying of the position by a sudden night attack, and an assault by a dense mass of fanatical Dervishes. The country around the fort was a dreary sandy plain, with hardly a living creature to be seen excepting great numbers of sand-grouse. As already mentioned, these birds have a regular habit of leaving their feeding-grounds, often many miles away, and flying direct to and fro to water twice a day, morning and evening, at certain particular hours, but at no other time.

Weeks passed without a sign of the enemy, who appeared to have quitted the neighbourhood. One morning early Captain F—r's attention was attracted to the unusual behaviour of the sand-grouse. From dawn of day the birds were on the wing, moving in every direction in large and small bodies, and the clear *wink-ten-wink* cry of the birds continued for a considerable time as they crossed backwards and forwards high overhead. But what Captain F—r, a good sportsman and naturalist, particularly noticed was that *none of the birds came to drink at their accustomed spot on the banks of the Nile*. It was evident that something far inland was disturbing them. Then it suddenly dawned on him that it could only be caused by the enemy on the move and probably advancing to attack him. He made his preparations accordingly. Sure enough, within twenty-four hours the Mahdists suddenly appeared, and with their accustomed bravery and determination tried again and again to rush the position; but the defenders of the fort were well on the alert, and met the enemy with a withering fire which threw them into confusion, and eventually the Dervishes were driven back, leaving the ground covered with their slain.

A REJOINDER.

THE GARDEN OF MY HEART.

From 'Chambers's Journal,' July 1905.

The garden of my heart is full of flowers:
Sweet pancies—thoughts of you in lonely hours,
Sweet pancies—thoughts of hope, and lilies fair—
White trust for lovers parted long—are there;
And in my heart, deep-hued with passions red,
Love's roses all their tender fragrance shed.
Oh, gardener, take my flowers! They only grew
Within the garden of my heart for you. M. F.

THE GARDEN OF THY HEART.

Ah, would that I could wander in that bow—
The garden of thy heart, the sweetest dower
That maid can bring to man! To linger there,
The world—all else—were naught. 'Twould be my care
To guard those flowers with tender, loving hand,
Sweet recompense such fragrance to command.
If not for me those roses, lilies fair,
I crave one blossom. Canst thou heed my prayer?

LOWER SLAIN.

J. W. M.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



SOME EXQUISITES OF THE REGENCY.

PART IV.

BRUMMELL, Raikes has recorded, was the supreme dictator at Watier's, 'the club's perpetual president.' At the height of his prosperity, one night when he entered, the macao-table was full. Sheridan was there trying his luck with a few pounds he could ill spare, for he had fallen upon evil days. Brummell, whose good luck was notorious at this time, offered to take Sheridan's seat and go shares in his deal. He added two hundred pounds in counters to the ten pounds in front of him, took the cards, dealt, and in a quarter of an hour had won fifteen hundred pounds. Then he left the table and divided his gains with Sheridan. 'Go home, Sheridan,' he said quietly; 'go home and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again.' It is good to be able to record a generous act, delicately done, of a much-abused man.

Of Brummell's witty insolence mention has already been made, but the laugh was once at least against him. He was at the card-table playing with Combe the brewer, an Alderman who had passed the chair. 'Come, Mashtub,' he said, being the carter, 'what do you set?' 'Twenty-five guineas.' 'Well, then, have at the mare's pony' (twenty-five guineas). The game progressed, and Brummell won twelve times in succession. 'Thank you, Alderman,' he said; 'for the future I shall never drink any portier but yours.' 'I wish, sir,' retorted Combe, 'that every other blackguard in London would say the same.'

Everybody played cards in those days. Even at the quiet Court of 'Farmer' George the tables were set out in the Queen's drawing-rooms. Ladies gambled with as much zest as their husbands and brothers, and at the end of the eighteenth century several held gaming-tables. 'Faro goes on as briskly as ever; those who have not fortune enough of their own to live on have recourse to this profitable game in order to raise contributions on their friends,' wrote Anthony Storer to Lord Auckland in 1791. 'The ladies are all embarked in banks.

Mrs Strutt, Lady Archer, Mrs Hobart, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell (sister of the Duchess of Cumberland), are avowed bankers; others, I suppose, are secretly concerned.' Information was laid against Lady Archer and Lady Buckinghamshire, who were convicted and fined; and Lord Kenyon, delivering judgment in another case, actually declared that if any titled ladies were found guilty of the offence before him they should stand in the pillory. No one was bold enough to test the sincerity of the threat. As the *Morning Post* put it in its issue for January 15, 1800: 'Society has reason to rejoice in the complete downfall of the Faro Dames who were so long the disgrace of human nature. Their *déc* is cast, and their *odd tricks* avail no longer. The game is up, and very few of them have cut with honours.'

Play was taken very seriously, for the stakes were always heavy, and conversation was resented. Sir Philip Francis came to Brooks's wearing for the first time the ribbon of the Order of the Bath for which Fox had recommended him. 'So this is the way they have rewarded you at last,' remarked Roger Wilbraham, coming up to the whist-table. 'They have given you a little bit of red ribbon for your services, Sir Philip, have they? A pretty bit of red ribbon to hang about your neck; and that satisfies you, does it? Now, I wonder what I shall have. What do you think they will give me, Sir Philip?' 'A halter, I trust and hope!' roared the infuriated player.

It was at Almack's, and later at White's, Brooks's, Weltzie's, and Watier's, that the heaviest play prevailed. It is no exaggeration to say that during the long sittings at macao, hazard, and faro many tens of thousands changed hands. Nelson won three hundred pounds at a gaming-table when he was seventeen; but he was so horrified when he reflected if he had lost he could not have paid that he never played again. Pitt gambled, and George Selwyn, and Fox, who was always unlucky.

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JULY 21, 1906.

At Almack's, of pigeons I'm told there are flocks,
But it's thought the completest is one Mr Fox.
If he touches a card, if he rattles a box,
Away fly the guineas of this Mr Fox.

Fox lost two hundred thousand pounds in a night. Once he played for twenty-two hours and lost five hundred pounds an hour. It was he who said that the greatest pleasure in life, after winning, was losing. His bad luck was notorious, and Walpole wondered what he would do when he had sold the estates of all his friends. How Fox contrived to make a great reputation as a statesman, considering his mode of life, is truly remarkable. It was noticed that he did not shine in the debate on the Thirteen Articles (February 6, 1772). Walpole thought it could not be wondered at. 'He had sat up playing at hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening the 4th till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, 5th. An hour before he had recovered twelve thousand pounds that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended losing eleven thousand pounds. On the Thursday he spoke in the above debate; went to dinner at half-past eleven at night; from thence to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won six thousand pounds; and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost ten thousand pounds two nights after, and Charles eleven thousand pounds more on the 13th, so that in three nights the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-five, lost thirty-two thousand pounds.' One night when Fox had been terribly unlucky, Topham Beauclerk followed him to his rooms to offer consolation, expecting to find him perhaps stretched on the floor bewailing his losses, perhaps plunged into moody despair. He was surprised to find him reading Herodotus. 'What would you have me do?' he asked the astonished visitor. 'I have lost my last shilling.'

But, hark! the voice of battle shouts from far,
The Jews and Maaronis are at war;
The Jews prevail, and thund'ring from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, they circumsise Charles Fox.

They were good losers in those days, and it was a very necessary quality for the majority to possess, since all played and most lost. Lord Carlisle (who complained of *cette lassitude de tout et de moi-même, qu'on appelle ennuie*), General Fitzpatrick, 'Old Q.', Lord Hertford, Lord Sefton, the Duke of York, and many others squandered vast sums in this amusement. There were not a great many winners. The Duke of Portland was one; and his and Canning's father-in-law, General Scott, won two hundred thousand pounds. It was said the success of the latter was due not only to his knowledge of the game of whist, but also to his notorious sobriety. General Fitzpatrick and Lord Robert Spencer lost all their money at Brooks's; but, the members not objecting, with borrowed capital they kept a faro bank. The bank won, and with his share of one hundred thousand pounds Lord Robert bought the

estate of Woolbidding, in Sussex. He had learnt his lesson, and he never played again. There were few who had the sense to make or the strength to keep such a resolution. Mrs Delany, however, tells of a Mr Thyme 'who has won this year so considerably that he has paid off all his debts, bought a house and furnished it, disposed of all his horses, hounds, &c., and struck his name out of all the expensive subscriptions.' A fortunate man, too, was Colonel Aubrey, who had the reputation of being the best whist and piquet player of his day. He made two fortunes in India and lost them both, and made a third at play from a five-pound note which he borrowed.

Another celebrated faro bank at Brooks's was that kept by Lord Cholmondeley, Mr Thompson of Grosvenor Square, Tom Stepmey, and a fourth. It ruined half the town; and a Mr Paul, who had come home with a fortune from India, punting against the bank, lost ninety thousand pounds in one night, and at once went Eastward he! to make another. Lord Cholmondeley and Mr Thompson realised between three and four hundred thousand pounds apiece; but Stepmey so frequently played against his partners that what he won on one side he lost on the other, with the result that his gains were comparatively inconsiderable.

Foreigners were made honorary members of the clubs. The Duke of Orleans ('Vile Égalité'), Lady Sarah Bunbury wrote him down) carried off vast sums. During the visit of the Allied Sovereigns, Blücher, an inveterate gambler, lost twenty thousand pounds. Count Montromd, on the other hand, was a winner. 'Who the deuce is this Montromd?' the Duke of York asked Upton. 'They say, sir, that he is the most agreeable scoundrel and the greatest reprobate in France.' 'Is he, by Jove?' cried the Duke. 'Then let us ask him to dinner immediately.' Montromd was a witty fellow, and one of his *bon-mots* has been handed down. The Bailli de Ferretti was always dressed in knee-breeches, with a cocked hat and a Court sword, the slender proportions of which resembled those of his legs. 'Do tell me, my dear Bailli,' said Montromd one day, 'have you got three legs or three swords?'

Englishmen were not backward in playing abroad, and they assembled in great numbers at the *Salon des Étrangers* in Paris during the stay of the army of occupation after Waterloo. Gronow gives a long list of habitués: Henry Baring, Tom Sowerby, Henry Broadwood, Bob Arnold, Steer, Colonel Sowerby, were the most reckless plungers. Lord Thanet, who had an income of fifty thousand pounds, lost every penny he had at the *salon*. He would not stop playing when the public tables closed, and used to invite those present to remain and play hazard or *carté*. One night he lost a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. His friends told him he had most probably been cheated. 'Then,' he said with great coolness, 'I consider myself lucky not to have lost twice as much.'

Prominent among gamblers, and as such deserving

of special mention, was William Douglas, Earl of March and Ruglen, afterwards fourth and last Duke of Queensberry.* Even making liberal allowance for the spirit of the age and for the state of morality in the days when he was young, he was one of the worst men of his generation; and his rank and wealth made his vices only more notorious. He was the 'Degenerate Douglas' of Wordsworth's muse, and Burns damned him in verse for all time:

How shall I sing Drumlannig's Grace,
Discarded remnant of a race
Once great in martial story?
His forebears' virtues all contrasted,
The very name of Douglas blasted—
His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
But he has superseded more,
And sunk them in contempt.
Follies and crimes have stained the name;
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim—
From aught that's good exempt.

He was appointed to the household of George III.; but when the King's malady declared itself in 1788, he, in common with many other courtiers, veered round to the side of the Prince of Wales. George recovered, and the Duke was dismissed. His profligacy was a byword, and he pursued pleasure to the end of his days. He built a palace at Richmond, where many orgies took place. But he tired of that residence, as he wearied of most people and most things. 'What is there to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite tired of it. There it goes, flow, flow, flow, always the same.' At the end of his days he sat on the balcony of a ground-floor room of his Piccadilly mansion, and ogled the passers-by, while a footman held a parasol over his head, and another was ready to follow and find out the residence of any pretty girl that passed. Yet 'Old Q.' had wit in plenty, loved music, and was not without appreciation of letters and art. One of his greatest friends was George Selwyn; and, while both accredited themselves with the paternity, neither knew which was the father of Maria Fagniani. This young lady became Selwyn's ward and the inheritrix of the greater part of his fortune, while the Duke left her his residence in Piccadilly, a villa at Richmond, and a hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and her husband, Lord Yarmouth,† as the Duke's residuary legatee, came into about two hundred thousand pounds.

'Old Q.' was a dangerous man at the card-table. The turf had no mysteries for him. He was ever ready to bet, and he preferred to bet on something that was very close to a certainty. He was full of resource, and his success was due at least as much to his cleverness as to his luck. His was the day of wagers, and at White's a betting-book was laid upon

a table for all bets made in the building to be inserted. His name frequently occurs therein:

'June 1751.—Lord March wagers Captain Richard Vernon fifty guineas to twenty that Mr St Leger is married before him.' This bet requires the explanatory note that 'him' stands for Captain Vernon.

'March 1784.—The Duke of Queensberry bets Mr Grenville ten guineas to five that Mr Fox does not stand a poll for Westminster if the Parliament should be dissolved within a month from the date hereof. *N.B.*—If a coalition takes place between Mr Pitt and Mr Fox this bet is to be off? It is to be noticed that the Duke was not convinced of the sincerity of politicians.

The Duke bet Sir John Lade a thousand guineas as to which could produce a man to eat the most at one sitting. The Duke could not be present at the contest, but he received the result from a representative. 'I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your Grace that your man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple-pie.' What must they have eaten!

White's betting-book is full of quaint wagers. 'Lord Northampton bets Mr C. Fox, June 4, 1774, that he (Mr C. F.) is not called to the Bar before this day four years.' On March 11, 1775, is an interesting entry: 'Lord Bolingbroke gives a guinea to Mr Charles Fox, and is to receive a thousand from him whenever the debt of this country amounts to one hundred and seventy-one millions. Mr Fox is not to pay the thousand pounds till he is one of his Majesty's Cabinet.' The following is dated April 7, 1792: 'Mr Sheridan bets Lord Lauderdale and Lord Thanes twenty-five guineas each that Parliament will not consent to any more lotteries after the present one voted to be drawn in February next.' Lotteries were then a regular source of revenue to the State, the average profit being about three hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, besides many brokers' annual licenses at fifty pounds. Private lotteries were forbidden by law, and required a special Act of Parliament to enable them to be drawn. The result was that the only two private lotteries were the Pigot Diamond in 1800 and Boydell's pictures five years later. Lotteries were first drawn at Guildhall and later at the Coopers' Hall, and the tickets were taken from the wheels by Bluecoat boys. The last public lottery took place in October 1826, and so Mr Sheridan lost his bet.

On May 8, 1809, 'Mr G. Talbot bet Lord Charles Manners ten guineas that the Duke of Queensberry is not alive this day two years.' Another entry records that 'Mr C. H. Bouverie bets Mr Blackford that the Duke of Queensberry outlives the Duke of Grafton.' 'Lord Mountford bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas that Nash outlives Clobber.' But this bet was cancelled, because before either Nash or Clobber died the two wagers committed suicide!

Apparently no subject was thought unfit for a bet. Wagers were made as to which of two married ladies would first give birth to a live

* Born 1724; succeeded to the Earldom of March, 1731, and, on his mother's death, to the Earldom of Ruglen; inherited the Dukedom, 1778; died December 23, 1810.

† Afterwards third Marquis of Hertford.

child, and as to which of two men would marry first. They bet with equal heartiness on the duration of a Ministry or the life of a Minister, on a horse, or a dog, or a prize-fight, or a cock-fight. Walpole tells the story of a simple parson entering White's on the morning of a severe earthquake, and hearing bets laid whether the shock was caused by an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away in horror, protesting that they were such an impious set that he believed if the Last Trump were to sound they would bet puppet-show against Judgment!

All other English clubs where gaming took place fade into insignificance before Crockford's. Crockford was originally a fishmonger at the old Bulkshop next door to Temple Bar Without, then a 'leg' at Newmarket. He became part-proprietor of a gambling-house, and with his partner, at a twenty-four hours' sitting, he won a hundred thousand pounds from five punters, including Lord Thanet, Lord Granville, and Ball Hughes. He then built the famous palace in St James's Street opposite to White's.

'No one can describe the splendour and excitement of the early days of Crockford's,' Gronow relates. 'A supper of the most exquisite kind, prepared by the famous Ude, and accompanied by the best wines in the world, together with every luxury of the season, was provided gratis. The members of the club included all the celebrities of England, from the Duke of Wellington to the youngest ensign of the Guards; and at the gay and festive board, which was constantly replenished from midnight till early dawn, the most brilliant sallies of wit, the most agreeable conversation, the most interesting anecdotes, interspersed with grave

political discussions and acute logical reasoning on every conceivable subject, proceeded from the soldiers, scholars, statesmen, poets, and men of pleasure, who, when the House was "up" and balls and parties at an end, delighted to finish their evenings with a little supper and a good deal of hazard at old Crockey's. The tone of the club was excellent. A most gentleman-like feeling prevailed, and none of the rudeness, familiarity, and ill-breeding which disgrace some of the minor clubs of the present day would have been tolerated for a moment.'

The whole establishment was organised on a scale of wonderful magnificence; and to keep it select, the election of members was controlled by a committee. Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, General Alava, Esterhazy, and other ambassadors belonged to it; the Duke of Wellington, Lord Raglan, Lord Anglesea, Sir Hussey Vivian, Disraeli, Bulwer, Croker, Horace Twiss, and, as a matter of course, Lord Alvanley and Count D'Orsay. Though many members never touched a card, Crockford with his hazard bank won a sum estimated at between one million two hundred thousand and two million pounds, or, as a contemporary put it very neatly, 'the whole of the ready money of the then existing generation.' He died worth seven hundred thousand pounds, after having sustained heavy losses in mining and other speculations. The retirement of Crockford marks an epoch, for after that date the craze for gambling on a vast scale slowly but surely died out. By this time, however, it had done as much harm to the aristocracy as the South Sea Bubble did to the general public.

THE END.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ORINOCO.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

FOR many reasons the Orinoco is one of the most dangerous rivers in the world. Not only are there countless physical dangers in the shape of sunken rocks, wrecks, and tree-trunks, huge sand-banks, ever-changing channels, and bewildering currents, but also many living, though often hidden, perils in the form of man, beast, or reptile. The higher one ascends and the farther one penetrates beyond the Mampires Rapids into the heart of the Alto Orinoco, the wilder the scene and the more perilous the river. Sparsely populated as is the vast region above and immediately below the rapids, it is often the home of anarchy and misrule, and always a domain where the passions of men know not the restraints of law and civilisation is still a dream.

Some little time after the invasion of Venezuela by the Allied Powers, and while revolutionists held possession of the Orinoco, permission was one day accorded by the *de facto* authorities at Ciudad

Bolívar to the company owning the river steamers to make a voyage as far as Orinué, on the Meta. It was known that a large quantity of valuable produce had been accumulating for many months at that distant port, and the insurgents coveted the duties thereon.

Having a great desire to see that part of the world, I resolved to avail myself of the unexpected opportunity, and accordingly took passage for Orinué by the steamship *Guanare*, a small but comfortable vessel of the stern-wheel type. It was the middle of September. The rivers were in full flood, and everything looked propitious for the voyage. The *Guanare* proved to be a fast, clean, and well-found boat; and in spite of the great heat, mosquitoes, and rumours of disturbances that reached us from many different sources, I anticipated a pleasant and interesting trip, with the prospect of a little mild excitement in the form of a possible brush with river pirates.

At Caracas news was received which caused the

captain to maintain a vigilant outlook, and at night the steamer was laid up with banked fires and lights extinguished; for the country was in a most unsettled state, and it was reported that bands of marauders were roaming over the land, and, in the name of revolution, looting, destroying, and murdering as they went. We kept as much as possible amid-stream; but so tortuous was the course of the river, and so devious and uncertain the channels, that we were frequently carried closer, now to the right bank, now to the left, than was deemed altogether consistent with safety. At any moment we expected to see a *bongo* filled with armed desperados dart out from a bend in the river; while any one of the numerous eyots that dotted the stream might prove to be the lurking-place of a hostile band intent upon plunder or worse.

It is true we carried a number of troops for our protection; but these, so far from imparting a sense of security, were rather a cause of anxiety, since experience had shown that, in times of political disturbance, their mere presence on board was sufficient to provoke a conflict, in which even passengers and crew were likely to come off second best. However, we had implicit confidence in our captain; for we knew that he was acquainted with every turn of the river, and was, personally, as brave and resolute as he was handsome and resourceful. Moreover, the *Guamare* was a fast and powerful boat, and was making splendid headway against the swift and baffling currents that denoted our approach to the Meta.

A week passed without any noteworthy incident, and we had now reached the seventh day out from Ciudad Bolívar. On the morrow, all being well, we should enter the great Colombian waterway. The weather was fine, but the heat so great that the state-rooms were insupportable, and sleep impossible anywhere except in the ship's bows by day and on the awning-deck by night.

So far not a canoe had been sighted or a shot heard, save now and again when one of the soldiers or ship's officers took a pot-shot at a huge cayman basking in the shadows and the sand. Nothing having occurred to disturb the tranquillity of the voyage, the vigilance and discipline hitherto observed were somewhat relaxed, and all were lulled into a sense of security scarcely warranted by the circumstances of the time. As many of us as could find room slung our hammocks in the bows, and there whiled away the hours reading, smoking, and chatting; lazily watching the slowly changing scenery on either shore; and occasionally dropping into a dreamy siesta, beguiled by the heat, the somnolent rumble of the engines, the churning of the wheel, and the drone of voices.

As the day waned it became necessary to seek a safe anchorage for the night. After carefully reconnoitring our surroundings, the captain decided to take shelter under the lee of a good-sized, densely wooded island some distance below the mouth of the Meta. The anchor was dropped, a

strong cable carried ashore and made fast, and a couple of stout planks thrown across from the main-deck to establish connection with the shore. The engineers took advantage of the lie-up to draw the fires and clean the boiler-tubes, and some of the sailors were sent ashore to cut wood fuel.

Apart from ourselves, no signs of life were visible anywhere; so as soon as darkness fell the saloon and deck lights were turned on for the first time, and the search-light was bent shorewards to aid the operations of the wood-cutters.

The night proved to be fine, with a brilliant moon. After dinner I lit a cigar and went on to the upper deck for a quiet smoke. The scene that met my gaze was curious and impressive. The wide expanse of the river, with the moonbeams silvering the tumbling waters and intensifying the dark masses of the islands; the half-nude forms of the wood-cutters, fitting here and there in the forest; the ring of their axes, and their gruff voices calling to each other; the fantastic shadows of the woods; the brilliantly lighted steamer; the swift current swirling past almost with the force of a cataract, all combined to make a picture not easily forgotten. At ten o'clock the lights were extinguished and all hands turned in.

An hour or so before dawn I was roused by the steward, who came to tell me that the *fiscal* proposed making up a party to go ashore for a stretch and a look round, and desired to know if I cared to join. Accepting with alacrity, I sprang from my hammock and hastily donned my roughest clothes.

Besides the *fiscal*, the commander of the troops, the purser, and two of the ship's officers joined the party. After a hurried repast we took our Winchester and revolvers and set off for the shore. The crew were already hard at work bringing aboard the wood cut over-night. As the steamer would not leave for some hours, we had plenty of time to explore the whole island. Not that we expected to discover anything in particular, but we all needed exercise after seven days' confinement on board. We took one of the sailors with us, a stalwart nigger, with a cutlass to clear the way through the thick bush.

With the exception of a few monkeys and macaws, we found nothing on the island worth wasting powder and shot on; yet for mere wanton sport we must needs shoot something. The hard work of scrambling through the woods was exhilarating and enjoyable; but after a couple of hours of such exertion we were glad to reach a clearing on the highest part of the island, from which we commanded a magnificent view of the river and could see the banks of the Meta.

One after another the party straggled up, laughing and chatting and comparing notes. Suddenly the purser, who was gifted with keen sight, pointed up-stream and cried in a tone of alarm, '*Bongos!*'

Gazing in the direction indicated, we perceived three large canoes, deeply laden and apparently making straight for the island. That they were

enemies we made no doubt, for the river was closed to traffic and we were not likely to meet friends in that neighbourhood.

The question now arose, could we get back to the steamer in time to warn the people on board of the approaching danger? By the rude path which we had hewn for ourselves, the return journey through the forest would be easier. On the other hand, the current was swift, the canoes were well manned, and it would be a race between them and us.

With a simultaneous impulse we started off, and crossing the clearing at top speed, plunged breathlessly into the woods. Although it had taken us over two hours to reach the clearing, we got back to the wood-pile in less than half that time. But, to our astonishment, we saw nothing of the steamer or of any of her people. What had become of her we could not imagine, and stood looking at one another in amazement. Had the captain been warned of the coming danger and given it a wide berth? Surely in such case he would have tried to warn us in some way.

Even as we stood discussing the mystery one of the canoes hove in sight. We withdrew into the woods and watched the proceedings of the enemy. After a brief examination of the shore, they steered straight for the point where the *Guamara* had anchored the previous night, and landed, leaving the canoe fastened to a tree.

There were at least twenty men, all armed with rifles. We were but six, one armed only with a cutlass, useless against firearms. In case of an attack we stood a poor chance, but made up our minds not to yield without a struggle.

While we were deliberating upon a plan of action another canoe came into view, and was hailed by the men on shore, who were presently joined by the second party. We were now six against forty. That their attention had been attracted to the island by our foolish firing we did not doubt; for in that still, clear atmosphere sounds travel far, and our probable presence would be corroborated by the evidences of recent occupation at the wood-pile. On the other hand, there was no vessel in sight; and they would hardly suppose us to be without means of escape. Clearly our safest course was to lie low and try to delude them into the belief that they were the only people on the island. We could not explain the disappearance of the steamer. That the captain had had some special object in quitting his moorings we could not doubt; that he would return for us shortly we were equally convinced; but that in the meantime we should all of us come out of the adventure scot-free was problematical.

We quietly retreated farther into the woods, keeping the enemy in view. Presently they began to scatter about in small parties, one of which, as luck would have it, struck the path which we had cut for ourselves in the early morning; and, hailing their companions, quite half of them set off to explore the trail. This was fatal to one of our

plans, which had been to gain the clearing once more and seek signs of the *Guamara*, hoping that she might now be visible from that altitude.

Shortly a new danger menaced us; for the men that were left started firing indiscriminately in all directions, probably from the same wanton motive as had animated ourselves. Fearing these random shots, we threw ourselves on the ground and hid as much as possible in the thick underbrush.

After what seemed an interminable length of time, the men who had taken the path through the woods returned; and presently we saw them all making preparations for a meal. A few were sent down to the canoes, from which they returned laden with provisions. We whispered each other that it would be a good opportunity while they were feeding to make for the clearing; and so, as soon as they were all engaged with their repast, we crept cautiously towards the track, gained it without attracting notice, and were soon swallowed up in the forest. We made greater speed than before, and reached the clearing in little over an hour; but though we scanned the river in all directions, we saw no signs of the *Guamara*.

It was now long past noon, and we began to be pressed with hunger, for we had taken nothing but the usual early morning coffee. We might have shot something eatable, and even contrived to cook it, but dared not fire for fear of attracting attention. So there was nothing for it but just to make the best of things and patiently await the course of events. Crossing the clearing, we made our way into the woods on the other side, and throwing ourselves on the ground, took counsel together as to what was best to be done. The *commandante* recommended that we should make our way through the forest, gain the shore on the other side of the island, and there wait for the steamer. By so doing we should keep our enemies at a respectable distance, and perhaps escape without further mishap. After some discussion we resolved to act upon this advice, and at once started to cut our way through the woods.

We had not proceeded very far, however, before we were startled by the sound of voices ahead, which could be no other than those of the men of the third canoe, who were probably making their way across the island to join their comrades. We realised with dismay that we were now in a trap, and that escape was a matter of luck.

Taking hasty counsel, we decided to creep forward, take the enemy unawares, endeavour to get possession of their canoe, and so make our escape from the island. Provided the men in front were not joined by those behind, we stood a good chance of circumventing them all. So far as we could judge, we were in the centre of the island; and although we could hear the voices, we were too far off to hear anything that was said. The distance that separated us could not, however, be very great, and it behoved us to be wary.

(To be continued.)

RANCHING IN MEXICO.



THE man fresh from school or college and fond of an open-air life there can be no vocation so attractive as that of ranching, and no country which will appeal to him more strongly than Mexico. From the pages of Mayne Reid and others he will have formed a somewhat crude idea of a land of mystery, romance, and adventure, where under skies of perennial blue, and 'lulled by the languor of the land of the lotus,' all care, hurry, and worry may be left behind and forgotten, along with tall hats and other troubles of civilisation. Although this is only the Mexico of the imagination and of the dreamer of dreams, it is so far real that the newcomer will have little difficulty in identifying it with Mexico as it is to-day, with its medieval civilisation surviving into the twentieth century.

A change is, however, taking place. American, and to a less extent English, capital is being attracted; the Anglo-Saxon, with his modern methods and modern 'hustle,' his steam and electricity, is invading the land; and in places where at present little is conspicuous save sterility, poverty, and indolence, we may at no distant date find busy hives of industry, with all that such a transformation means in the character of a country and the habits of its people. While Mexico is thus awaking to a knowledge of its great possibilities, there are three conditions which militate against its rapid development: (1) the hitherto unsettled state of the country, (2) the fluctuating and debased currency, and (3) the tariff barrier raised against her by her all-powerful neighbour on the north. The first of these obstacles to advancement has, thanks to the firm hand of President Diaz, been already largely removed. The second may disappear at any time with the promised reform of the monetary system. The third is, it is feared, the most permanent, as it is also the most serious, impeding to Mexican industrial expansion, shutting out, as it does, her produce from what would otherwise be her nearest and best market; and it is no exaggeration to say that were this removed, land, especially ranch-land in the north, would at once advance enormously in value. Even under existing conditions, however, land in Mexico must be looked upon as a safe investment; it cannot well go lower, and may very easily rise considerably in value.

If to cheap land are added cheap labour, cheap living, fairly good markets for stock, and a free, open-air life, we have an industry offering every inducement for the investment of capital and congenial employment for those who do not mind roughing it a bit. It may be quite true that ranching in Mexico has not hitherto been uniformly successful. As a matter of fact, whether from bad luck or bad management, or both combined, a good deal of money has been lost; but it may be safely

said that with ordinary care and economy, and a small slice of luck, there is, to use an Americanism, 'good money in it.' Stock-rearing is carried on chiefly in those districts in the north contiguous to the Rio Grande, where the climatic conditions and soil characteristics closely resemble those of southern Texas. This part of the country lies between latitude twenty-five and thirty degrees north, and is therefore outside the tropics, the climate during the greater part of the year being pleasantly cool, with very excessive heat from May to August, and occasional bitterly cold 'snaps' in the winter-time when the 'norther' blows chill from off the snow. Here lie vast ranges void of timber of any size, except in the vicinity of water, but as a rule covered with scrub and brush, chiefly of a thorny nature, which in some parts of the country is so dense as to render riding through it at any pace difficult, not to say dangerous. In addition, the best ranges are dotted with coppices called in Mexico *mots*, which, by reason of the shelter they afford stock from the sun during the hot months and from the 'norther' in winter, are most valuable to the stockman. No doubt these *mots*, by screening stock from view, add to the difficulty of working a range; but this is more than counterbalanced by their obvious advantages in other directions. The most valuable of these range-trees is the mesquite, which produces a bean of which stock are very fond and which has great fattening qualities.

The different kinds of soil found in the range-country are many, and the quality of the herbage on the same property and within a small area may vary tremendously in consequence. There may be large tracts, for instance, of poor, gravelly soil, with scarce a blade on it, while not far off the ground is well carpeted with grass; but, needless to say, anything approaching the close, lush pasturage of English meadow-land is not to be looked for even on the best portions of the best ranches. In fact, the prevailing impression on first seeing a Mexican range is one of disappointment at its generally poor appearance, and one is apt to wonder how stock live on it; but live on it they do, and thrive and grow fat.

The rainfall, which is of such supreme importance to the stockman, is unfortunately rather uncertain in its occurrence, and severe droughts are by no means unknown; but they are seldom the hopeless, killing droughts of some other lands, though quite prolonged enough to cause anxiety and loss. Most of the rain falls during the spring and summer months, and it is to the early spring rains that the ranchman looks for the flush of grass which is to put flesh on the bones of his hungry herds, and fill the 'water-holes' with a supply that may last several months. The range-country is, generally speaking, well watered by streams, most of them affluents of the Rio Grande, which render

available for stock large tracts that would otherwise be worthless.

Ranches vary from a few thousand up to something like a million acres in extent; but fifty thousand acres, more or less, is perhaps as much as can be supervised single-handed; and fair average land, unfenced and capable of carrying one cow or steer per fifteen acres, can at the present time be bought at the equivalent of one shilling to one shilling and threepence per acre. The titles to many of the ranches are very old, some of them going back to the original settlement of the land by the Spaniards; and it is necessary to see that they are in all respects unimpeachable and the boundaries well defined, otherwise disputes are sure to arise; and as it is much easier to get into a Mexican court of law than to get out of it, when the unfortunate litigant does eventually emerge, the chances are that he does so a wiser and poorer man.

The fencing of a range is a very serious item, adding, as it may, upwards of 50 per cent. to the original cost of the property. A ring-fence of four strands of barbed wire cannot be erected at much under twenty pounds per lineal mile, and in addition there are inside fences to be provided, which, however, need not be so strong, and therefore cost less. Altogether it is a very formidable outlay, and the work in connection with it requires careful supervision, as it is so easily 'scamped.'

Whether to stock with cattle, horses, or sheep depends, of course, on the range and the prejudices of the ranchman. Horse-breeding has for some reason ceased to be the profitable industry it once was. Sheep give a lot of anxiety and trouble, especially at lambing-time; and the loss from coyotes is often most serious. Cattle are safer, and give a more certain, if not so prompt, return on the money invested.

By reason of the duty, Texas cows of a good class cost too much to make them a profitable investment as the foundation on which to establish a herd, and it is found better to start with common Mexican cows. These—which are probably the descendants of early Spanish importations—are lean, lank, diminutive, underbred animals, and cost about two pounds per head all over. They have, however, one redeeming virtue in that they make excellent mothers, hiding their calf in a neighbouring thicket while they graze during the daytime. They are at all times ready to protect it from its many enemies, and they will rear it under difficulties amid which the patrician shorthorn-mother would be quite helpless. Mated with superior Texas-bred Durham (shorthorn) bulls they produce much-improved stock, and the result of a second or third cross is a really well-shaped animal, and one which not only comes more quickly to maturity, but will carry more flesh, and flesh of a better quality. This question of early maturity, important as it is to all stock-breeders, is especially so in Mexico, where under existing conditions a steer is not supposed to have

reached his best selling age till upwards of four years old, at which time, if he is fairly fat, his value will be about four pounds to four pounds ten shillings. Obviously, the more this time from birth to butcher can be curtailed the better is the chance of success, and the introduction of better blood tends distinctly in this direction. At present the market for fat stock is more or less limited to the demands of the local butcher, and they appear to be able to take the bulk of what is offered; but with an increased and assured supply of good cattle, packing-houses on the model of those at Chicago and St Louis are being established, thereby securing more competition and better prices.

As a staff to assist him, the ranchman requires, say, one *vaquero*, or 'cow-puncher,' to every fifteen or twenty thousand acres of range; and a fence-rider is a necessary addition, as after going to the heavy expense of erecting a fence it is poor economy not to keep it intact throughout its entire length, and this can only be done by constant inspection. Notwithstanding the greatest care in this direction, however, stock *will* break through the strongest fence, and there are always a few head outside their enclosure, and a corresponding number of 'strays' from other properties within. A *vaquero* receives as wage the equivalent of about twenty-four pounds per annum, and a *remuda*, or remount, of six or eight horses each must be purchased and kept for use among the cattle. The reason this apparently large number is required for each man is that, being entirely grass-fed and the work very severe, an animal cannot be ridden for more than three or four days at a time, after which it is run out on the range again and another taken up. A suitable *remuda* horse need not cost more than two pounds ten shillings, and can often be picked up for less.

The intending ranchman should, in the matter of age, be on the right side of thirty-five, otherwise he may take longer to become acclimatised, and find it more difficult to pick up the language—Spanish—a colloquial knowledge of which is very desirable. In this connection it is curious how few Mexicans, considering the close proximity of a great English-speaking nation, understand that language. Perhaps they do not find it necessary; perhaps they cannot be troubled. Whatever the reason may be, their shortcoming in this respect renders it all the more necessary for the ranchman to learn at least the *patois* of his subordinates. In order that he may have time to look about him, he should arrange to spend at least some months on a ranch before investing on his own account. This will not only give him a chance of learning something of the language, but will enable him, if he keeps his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut, to pick up a lot of practical knowledge for future use.

That he should be a good horseman goes without saying, for he will have to live in the saddle; and the best saddle for the work—if we exclude the American, which is big and heavy—is the Mexican

silla (literally chair). With horn in front and high cantile, it is a somewhat archaic piece of furniture in appearance, and to the new-comer an instrument of torture in very truth. Made of hard-wood, and only sparsely padded, it forms a most unrelenting seat in which to spend a long day. Withal, it is a most serviceable article, on which all manner of things can be packed, in which respect it compares favourably with the ordinary type of English hunting-saddle, which is not suited to ranch-work.

The Mexican may not be of much account on foot; in the saddle he is, in his own way, superb. Every one, from peer to peasant, knows how to ride, and few are so poor that they cannot raise an animal of some kind capable of carrying them. Indeed, Mexico is perhaps the only country in the world where 'the beggar on horseback' need occasion no surprise, and the spur strapped to the naked foot is a not uncommon sight. They ride very long, sitting well down in the fork with unflexed knee, much like a pair of compasses, a position which admits of little or no thigh and knee grip, and makes them dependent almost entirely on balance and any help they may get from the shape of their saddle; but they are hard to unship, and it is worth going some distance to see a *vagüero* sticking to a 'pitching' horse or using the lariat. Although the word horse is applied to animals of all sizes, the so-called Mexican horse is really only a pony, and a wonderfully hardy little animal he is, capable of any amount of work if properly fed, and active as a cat. No consistent attempt has been made by man to improve his make or shape; and though many of them show traces of good blood, they are as a general rule entirely lacking in those qualities associated with a well-shaped pony in this country. But 'handsome is as handsome does,' and viewed in this light the Mexican horse will take a high place.

Among a people where the horse is so much in evidence one would naturally expect to find that veterinary science had reached a fairly high level; but any knowledge they may possess appears to be of a purely empirical character, and their methods, when not barbarous, are too often childish to a degree. They are fond of using charms, and the skull of a dog fastened to the neck of an animal is a favourite way of healing an obstinate wound. The ranchman must, therefore, be his own 'vet,' and the more he knows of the science the better.

Having got his ranch stocked and in working order, the ranchman, one is apt to think, has only to sit down and see his herds grow, with his balance at the bank, in number and in fatness. Quite otherwise is the case, and his work is in reality only just beginning, for that 'the eye of the master fatteneth the ox' is as true in Mexico as elsewhere. Having set his *vagüeros* to look after the cattle, he has in turn to look after them—in many ways a more troublesome business, for they are essentially eye-servants, with the national trait

of procastination strong in them. *Mañana* (tomorrow) is their motto, and they will seldom do to-day what they can put off to the middle of next week. Left to themselves without supervision, they are all too apt to get slack and become quite useless. While constant oversight is, therefore, necessary at all times, it is especially so at certain periods—calving-time, for instance, which is also very often the hottest of the year. It is at this time that that *bête noire* of the ranchman's life, the blow-fly, is rampant, and if the herds are not systematically gone over every day much loss may result. The slightest scratch, no matter how small, if struck by the fly will in a few hours become a seething mass of screw-worms or maggots, ending sooner or later, if not attended to, in the death of the animal. There is no preventive, and the only cure is to kill the maggots by means of chloroform or other preparation, and keep the wound clear of them till it has healed.

But the busiest time of the whole year is the annual 'round-up' in November, which may take the best part of a month to complete, and at which all hands participate, often with the assistance of *vagüeros* from the neighbouring ranches. On the first day of a 'round-up' a certain portion of the range is cleared of stock, which are collected into a bunch and held together in what is called a *piéd*. If a corral is handy they will be corralled for the night, and taken out to water and graze next day under the charge of three or four men, while the others go off to scour another part of the range; and so on from day to day till at the end of ten days or a fortnight the whole ground has been gone over and the entire stock of two or three thousand head brought together in one huge herd. Any strays not bearing the ranch-brand are now handed over to their rightful owners, and those with an unknown brand thrown out on to the nearest open range. The calves are separated from their mothers and branded, and a count taken of the entire stock, which must be as accurately done as possible, as on the result of it the Profit and Loss Account for the year is made up, permitting the ranchman to see exactly how he stands financially. Cattle in a mob such as is brought together in a 'round-up' do not as a rule, if well supplied with food and water, give much trouble, the greatest danger to be guarded against being a stampede. Anything may start them off. A rabbit hopping in among the sleeping herd has been known to do it, when from absolute quietness they will start to their feet with a noise like thunder, and be off before their guards have quite realised what has happened. Then nothing on earth will stop them till they have calmed down, and the work of collecting them has, in part at least, to be done all over again. During the 'round-up' the ranchman has to be constantly with his cattle, camping wherever they may be, and directing the work night and day. With fine weather the time may be quite an enjoyable one; but if he chances on a 'norther' there may be no end to his misery.

Life on a Mexican ranch may be made as monotonous as one likes; but in the actual work itself there is infinite variety, and as every day in the week brings with it a change of work and a change of scene there is little or no drudgery about it. The sense of freedom from the conventions of civilised society has alone its attractions, at least to many; and nothing can well be more exhilarating than to saddle-up at dawn and ride out in the balmy but invigorating air of a spring morning on to the range, the dead-level of which is only broken by the distant hills, probably fifty miles away, but which look only about ten. The wide expanse, the clear atmosphere, and the absolute stillness are almost awe-inspiring. For miles one may ride without seeing a living thing larger than a jack-rabbit or a belated coyote homeward bound, save the stock drawing out from the neighbouring *mot* where they have lain through the night; and a man must be a chronic dyspeptic who does not feel the better of a gallop with the cattle under such conditions. And this feeling—if the sun is kind—will last all day; till, the work done and night approaching, the ranchman begins to think of the adobe hut which for the time being is his home, and the frugal and solitary meal awaiting him there. Then, it must be confessed, 'the gilt is a little off the gingerbread,' for the isolation of ranch-life in Mexico, as elsewhere, is its greatest drawback. Neighbours in the ordinary acceptance of the term he has none, and he will be lucky if he is within fifty or a hundred miles of a railway, and luckier still if he gets a mail once a fortnight, for on the latter he is greatly dependent for his literature. As he is not as a rule much of a reading man, the rancher's library is often of remarkably small proportions, consisting, in one case at least, of *Mr Torrock's Hunt*, which he carried about with him and knew pretty well by heart.

So much for the life on its serious side; but it would be wrong to close without some reference to the sport the ranchman is able to indulge in during

his leisure hours, for Mexico is a grand sporting-country. Some ranchmen keep a pack of hounds, brindled and black-and-tan, with a very strong dash of the bloodhound in them, but much smaller. They are known as 'cat'-hounds because the lynx or 'cat' is their chief quarry, but they are not particular, and will, generally speaking, hunt anything on four legs. They have wonderful noses, and will hold to a line for hours with a blazing sun above and the ground like a brick. The coyote would be the natural substitute for the fox; but in the thick brush hounds have no chance with him, and a full-grown one will stand up before the pack all day, and eventually run it out of scent. The lynx, on the other hand, is more easily brought to book, though he seldom gives much of a run, getting into the first tree of any size he comes to. Out of this he is unceremoniously ejected, when he 'puts up' a good fight on the ground, often doing the hounds a lot of damage before they succeed in killing him. But it is with the gun that the best sport is obtainable, and one can get as much shooting on a ranch as one wants—often more, in fact, when one's breakfast, dinner, and supper depend on the gun. Quail of both kinds—the bob-white and the blue—are plentiful; while during the winter months the lagunas and rivers simply teem with duck of every variety. Deer, wild-turkeys, and pigs are to be found on most ranges, and there is excellent fishing in the rivers.

Polo is a game which should flourish in Mexico, where suitable ponies cost next to nothing; but outside the capital it has made no progress. An occasional game has been got up among the ranchmen, but the distances are too great for regular meetings. Mexicans are passionately fond of cock-fighting, and those who like that sort of thing can get lots of it; while a bull-ring may quite possibly be within a reasonable distance. Altogether, rough and smooth, work and play, there are worse forms of existence than life on a Mexican ranch.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XV.

IF you are touched in the lungs or shattered in the nerves, go to Weissheim. If you are overworked, underfed, or blighted in love; if you are run down in mind, body, or estate, go to Weissheim. If, on the other hand, you are sound in wind and limb, in purse and mind, in body and soul, assuredly and by all means go to Weissheim. The air, the sky, the sun, are medicine for the sick, champagne for the healthy; with this advantage, that the more you take of them the better are the after-effects. I do not think I have ever had a better time in my life than those first few weeks on that exalted

plateau. The sun shone with unvarying graciousness, the thermometer remained consistently below zero, and the air was, as ever, still, exhilarating, pine-laden, divine!

Into the sports and pastimes of the place I threw myself with the enthusiasm of an able-bodied novice, determined at all costs to rival and excel the regular habitués of the place. I could have had no better instructors. At skating, General Meyer, the finest performer in Grimland, initiated me, on the flooded rinks of the Pariserhof, into the subtle points which differentiate the Weissheim style from any other in the world. In bob-sleighing, the Prinzessin Mathilde taught me how to steer round the sharp turns of

the Riefinsdorf road without forcing the brakesman to spoil the time of the run. It was fine sport that bob-sleighing, whether you steered from the front or whether you manipulated the brake from behind, or even if you were only a passenger in the middle, as I was at first and little Stephan always. The slow, easy start, the gradually augmenting speed, and then the smooth, frictionless rush till the 'bob' seemed to take the bit between its teeth and tore down the straight and skidded round the curves like a wild animal that had not had any exercise for a week.

It was so sociable, too, sitting one behind another, that after a few journeys one never bothered about the precipice on one side of the roadway or the pine-trees that grew so perilously close down on the other; and the occasional spills which sent us all sprawling anyhow into the snow were the best fun of all.

At curling I could have had no better instructor than His Majesty the King. He was as keen on the game as any Scotsman, and besides being a very skilful performer, was such an excellent strategist that he was invariably voted 'skipper' of his side at this, the most democratic game in the world. I can see him now, standing broom in hand, directing his men from the 'house.'

'Now, No. 3, he would call out, 'I want you to draw to the tee, tee-strength and no more; and I don't mind if you chip the guard away. Play on my besom in-handle. Well laid, man!' Then, as the granite bowl slithered along the ice, spinning on its own axis towards the desired spot, his face would be a picture of concentrated and watchful anxiety.

'Let it curl! Let it curl!' he would cry to the other members of his side who followed it down its course ready at a word to sweep their willing hearts out if the shot seemed weak.

'Now, sweep—sweep, boys, all you know! Oh, man, you've done it—it's a daisy! Come and look at it. *Sehr gut gespielt!*'

The last expression never failed to provoke a laugh from his opponents and a thrill of satisfaction to the happy recipient of the compliment.

My afternoons I divided evenly between hockey on the ice—'bandy,' as they call it—and tobogganing. The former I regard as the finest game in the world, the latter as the finest sport; and though the game is better exercise, a more sociable and consistent pastime, it provides no sensations like those of the toboggan-run. In this Miss Anchester was my instructor. She made me start on the Children's-run, and laughed unmercifully when I went over the first bank and took a header into the deep, soft snow.

'Never mind,' I said as I picked myself out; 'I'll beat your record time on the Kastel-run some day.'

'And yet you say you're not conceited,' she retorted, laughing.

Piqued by her raillery, I devoted my whole energy

to mastering the difficult art of steering my erratic and treacherous craft till I could negotiate the Children's-run as well as little Stephan or the Duke of Weissheim.

I next turned my attention to the Thal-run, which, instead of being snow like the Children's-run, had been iced, and consequently was much faster. For this I purchased rakes for my boots, and pads for my knees and elbows. My first efforts were not conspicuously successful. The pace of the thing beat me altogether, and I went first into one bank and then into the other; and, in spite of the fact that I dug my rakes viciously into the track, my toboggan seemed deliberately to run away with me. Up the banked-up curves it rushed, skidding down again with an uncomfortable sideways motion, banging me violently into the counter-bank till, in spite of my pads, I was aching in knees and elbows and felt exactly as if some one was playing battledore, with me for the shuttlecock. Finally, in despair, I gave up digging my rake into the ice and let the thing rip along in its own wicked way, just tapping the ice with one foot when I came to a corner, and throwing my weight to one side. Then, strange to say, I got along quite comfortably, and kept more or less to the centre of the track without those elbow-shattering cannonadings with the adamantine ice-banks.

On the other hand, the pace began to develop alarmingly, and I felt more apprehensive than I should have cared to admit. The wind whistled in my ears, the sides of the track raced past me, and I realised that a momentary loss of nerve, an inconsiderable error of steering, and something sudden and disastrous would befall me. My relief at getting to the bottom was great, though the sudden dash from the smooth ice-track into the deep snow at the termination of the run was disconcerting in its abruptness.

I found Miss Anchester, who had made a descent before me, waiting at the lower end of the course.

'You should rake a bit at the end,' she said; 'otherwise you get carried out into the deep snow, and have a job to wade back.'

'Your remarks, as always, are full of point,' I replied, struggling with difficulty back to the firm path which bordered the toboggan-run.

'Still,' continued the governess patronisingly, 'you did not do a bad course. We shall get you on to the Kastel-run soon.'

'Is that faster than this?'

'About twice as fast and much longer. Why, is your nerve giving way?'

'Not a bit,' I answered. 'The Thal-run is good in its way, but a trifle slow.'

Miss Anchester smiled.

'Now, tell me,' she said, 'are you ready to make a second descent?'

My aching elbows pleaded hard for a respite, and my spirit rebelled at the thought of those disquietingly sudden bends. All the same, I hardened my heart.

'Absolutely,' I replied. 'Allow me to draw your toboggan up for you.'

'Thanks; I can manage my own. I will watch you from half-way this time.'

I am not more deficient in nerve than most men, but I must plead guilty to a slight feeling of apprehension as I waited my turn for my second journey down the Thal-run.

I noted how an English lady started, sitting on her *schlitt* with both feet placed flatly and firmly on the track so that her speed should never develop beyond the most modest limits, and I longed for moral courage to do the same. Then, as she disappeared stately round the bend, a sunburnt peasant-boy blew a shrill whistle from a point of vantage, and the next in order, a blue-climbed Grimlander, made ready for his journey. Pipe in mouth, unpadded at the elbows, his boots devoid of rakes, he shoved off lazily with his big hands and sped with rapidly increasing speed beyond our view.

Next came an Englishman arrayed like myself; and when the whistle sounded he ran a few yards with his machine, and then flung himself violently upon it so as to develop his top speed with the least possible delay.

I awaited the blowing of the next whistle with an excitement which I tried to persuade myself was pleasurable. There were onlookers at the start, and, with a laudable attempt at insouciance, I hurled myself gaily on to the toboggan in the admired manner of my immediate predecessor. Mindful of the comparative success of the latter half of my previous journey, I forbore to use my rakes more than was absolutely necessary. The result was a gratifying absence of bumps and an

increase of speed which absolutely terrified me. I went round the first bend like a flash of lightning. Before I had time even to think of steering I was on the second, and I took it perilously high. In the little bit of straight that followed I had a brief vision of the governess's upright form poised on the summit of the inside bank at my next corner.

In an insane desire to demonstrate my skill and confidence, I lifted my feet well above the ice-track, scorning my rakes, and foolishly ostentatious of my scorn. Onward I rushed, a strong mixture of fear and exultation in my heart; and as I felt myself speeding beneath the cool gray eyes of the critical governess I strove to banish all tenseness from my features and assume a look of mildly pleasurable unconcern. What followed I cannot exactly describe, as far as my sensations were concerned, though my fate was a natural and not uncommon one. Dashing at the next bank without any preliminary raking, and trusting to the steep, curved wall of ice to bring my toboggan round, I shot high up the gleaming green rampart, and for a moment—and a moment only—my heart beat with fiercer, wilder exultation than before. Then my right runner rose a fraction of an inch above the top of the bank, and in an instant I was hurtling through space with the velocity of a stone from a sling. The seconds of my falling were the longest of my life. Still hugging my toboggan closely, I bumped into the compact snow which backed the ice-wall, falling, rebounding, falling—should I never stop? The pain and shock of the impacts were lost in the fear of what was coming, in the desperate wonder when my horrible travelling would come to its nerve-shattering conclusion.

(To be continued.)

A WORD FOR THE SERVANT.



THE March number of *Chambers's Journal* (1906) contains an article entitled 'Domestic Service,' and in the August number (1905) there is an article suggesting that ladies should be trained as domestic servants with a view to raising the tone of service, in order to make household matters run more smoothly.

I know of no more servile or hard-worked woman than the mistress of an ordinary middle-class house, not always from the incompetence of her one or two ill-trained maids, but from her own want of training in ordinary household management. Young couples start housekeeping with a limited income, on which the mistress has made up her mind to keep up all the appearance she can. She engages one or two servants from places where they have had no more training than she herself is able to give them, thinking that as they have been so long out, and by raising their wages a little, she is

likely to get everything done by merely giving her orders.

Take the cook first. She gets her orders for dinner at a certain hour; at the same time she also gets orders that a certain amount of household work must be done in the forenoon. I am referring to houses where they dine early. Now, it is quite impossible that any single person can cook a plain dinner for one or two o'clock—say, soup, joint, vegetables, and pudding—and thoroughly clean a dining-room, which usually falls to the lot of the ordinary cook. Often she has to leave all the breakfast-dishes, which greatly increases the work after dinner. If on extra cleaning-days the mistress would, or could, look to the cooking of the dinner it would help a great deal. But the mistress has to go out to get a dress fitted or see after a new hat, and comes in in a hurry at the last moment to find something spoiled, the master grumbling at an ill-cooked dinner, and things upset generally—all the fault, of course, being put down to the overworked

servant, and not a word of bad management on the part of the mistress—she had to go out, Miss So-and-so expected her. She then proceeds to the kitchen and tells the cook all her faults, and that she is not going to pay her such a wage to spoil their food, &c. The servant, feeling the injustice of all this, gives notice, and the ill-used lady is again at the registry office after a new cook.

The house-tablemaid has a big morning and forenoon's work, and must be dressed in time to wait at early dinner, which always means a great hurry, and often the table not laid exactly at the time. The master, a business man, comes in, and fumes at having to wait. And no wonder. He has a wife and two servants, and yet he never gets a meal at the set time. The lady is so much worried with these servants—they are good for nothing! The girl, who has probably done her best as far as she knows, comes in for a good scolding, and gives notice; and again the lady is in the registry office.

From long experience, I know of no woman more likely to say cutting or unkind words to her servants than the one who makes her husband believe she is ill-used by her servants, and who, if misfortune put her in their place, could not do any better, if as well, and whose bad management is the cause of all the trouble.

If the new lady-servant—who from her better upbringing will be more sensitive—can take all the snubbing the domestic is subjected to both from the mistress (who in many cases she cannot recognise as her superior in any way beyond the fact that chance has placed her in a better position) and her often ill-trained and impertinent children, by all means get the lady-servant.

The associated registry is a good idea, and would save much trouble if the mistresses would furnish a true and genuine character of servants on leaving. It has all been too much one-sided. Why should the word of a respectable servant not be as good as her mistress's simply because she is a servant? A lady once came to me to inquire about a cook. The lady's husband was rector of a county-town academy, and she kept two servants. Her family consisted of herself, her husband, five children, and three or four young gentlemen boarders. Her chief inquiry was, 'Is the girl strong and an early riser?' She said that her cook's place could not be considered heavy, as they seldom had company; that they had a woman coming in once a fortnight to do the washing, but the cook did the plain ironing. Could she wash? The week they had no washing the cook washed the kitchen-things, her own and her neighbour's clothes, and their own bedroom napery, and sometimes a change of stockings for the boys. The cook did the darning always, brought her hot water when she was called at 7.30, and brushed her skirts. In my time I have encountered some strange inquiries about servants; but a plain cook for a household of ten to do all the darning, &c., made me smile. Could she see the cook? I said no,

as she was at present doing something that could not be left; but I would send her in the evening. The cook was a young woman who had been with me for eighteen months, and was a very good servant. From what I had said of her, this lady offered her four pounds a year more than she had from me, but even with that, I am glad to say, did not secure her services.

It is from this kind of mistress that all the grumbling about the 'domestic tyrant' comes. In large establishments where there are two or three in each department there is no such trouble, as the head of each department is responsible for that department to the housekeeper or mistress, and the heads are always competent and the mistress has no worry. Until mistresses have more method in the arranging of their households, and more consideration for their maids, the servant question will be the same. It is perfectly tiresome to listen to the endless groaning of ladies who, with a large family, and employing a general or even two maids, expect as much of the one or two as if they kept a retinue.

A very great deal might be said about the accommodation given to one or two maids. It is only in large establishments that such a thing as a servants' hall is possible, and in such they are always fairly comfortable, as it is the kitchen-maid's duty to look after them, and to lay the table for breakfast and dinner; the duty of making tea being done by the under-housemaid. It is also the under-housemaid's duty to look after the cleaning of upper servants' rooms, which are done as regularly as the rest of the house. But the room of the general or two maids, whose time is all taken up with other duties and rooms that are likely to be seen, is very different. The mistress never enters such, except when she sees that it has got a cleaning-up for the advent of a new maid, which happens so often in some houses. One forenoon each week should be allowed, and the mistress should see that bed-linen is changed regularly. How often a fur rug and a soft blanket are provided for a pet dog when the servant's bed and pillows are just a bit hard! The golden rule is left out of the training of little master and miss nowadays. The servant is not the friend of the children she was in our grandmothers' time, as she is seldom long enough in the house to take an interest in the family.

In the matter of food, it is not always the scarcity that is the fault, but no proper time is allowed, nor yet is it served in a comfortable way. Many a general, after doing a big morning's work, gets what is left on the table, which can be nothing else but cold, when a mistress with any kindness will either leave it in the kitchen or help her from the table. Nothing will get the work done like kindness. We are all susceptible to kindness.

The lady-servant will be invaluable to elderly couples or in the homes of ladies who live alone, or as upper servants in large establishments, but not in place of the general or where two maids are kept. She will also be invaluable to bachelors

or widowers who can keep a young maid, who under her training will in time become the much-wanted thoroughly trained maid. And it is to be hoped when that time comes there will be thoroughly trained mistresses who know how to appreciate

their services. 'A bad shearer never has a guild hook.'

From long experience I have been able to study all sides of the question, and I am compelled to say that my sympathy is with the servant.

A GUARDIAN OF THE STORK.

By EDWARD VIVIAN.

LEUTENANT STANLEY TRETHOWEN halted by the doorway of the white-walled courtyard of an Egyptian house in the least savoury quarter of Khartoum. Into this he turned, striding in, though the place was unfamiliar to him, with that air of easy, good-humoured assurance which seems a natural endowment of the British officer.

A man—an Englishman clearly, despite his gauntness and sun-tan—started up suddenly from his seat on a camel's pack-saddle.

'Trethowen!' he exclaimed. 'What on earth?—'

'Well, here you are in the flesh, Huntsman,' said the visitor heartily. 'I've come across you at last, thanks to Dunstable. He put me on your tracks.'

'You are just in time to see the end of me,' said Huntsman bitterly.

'Morbid as ever!' said Trethowen. 'Down on your luck, I suppose, as usual?'

'Stone-broke,' said Huntsman.

'Don't you find yourself getting used to that state?' said Trethowen ironically.

'Not I!' ejaculated Huntsman.

'You've had considerable experience of it.'

'There's no need to remind me of that,' said the other. 'I'm sick of it all—sick of this life of mine. I'm without money, without heart, and with the worst reputation of any European in Egypt. Either of these qualifications, let alone the three, ought to be enough for one man.'

Trethowen made no reply, unless flicking with his cane a full goatskin of water suspended against the wall could be interpreted as answer.

At that instant there came the sound of terrific uproar, a hideous snarling and grunting, from an adjacent courtyard.

'That's Ali's camels,' said Huntsman. 'Ali's been my only friend here in Khartoum. His camels are always fighting. I must go in to them. I promised to look after them while he went to the Governor's palace. Sha'n't be many minutes.'

Huntsman hurried away as the horrid din grew in volume, and the lieutenant seated himself on the camel-saddle to await the return of the man who once had been his intimate friend. That had been years ago now, far away in the days before degradation had come upon the one and honour to the other; in the days when, of those knowing them, few could have foretold to which would have fallen the good or the ill.

Trethowen looked around him curiously, and ground his heels into the dried-mud floor. What a wretched place it was! His attention was attracted by a small mat spread on the earthen floor by the side of the pack-saddle. Upon this a number of little articles were arranged: a clasp-knife, an empty leather pouch, a few small copper coins, and such-like insignificant trifles. Trethowen smiled, and his amusement was not without an admixture of pity, as it broke upon him that he had unexpectedly disturbed Huntsman in a stock-taking of his worldly possessions. In the centre of the mat was a tiny bottle of green corrugated glass. It lay in a little square of much-creased paper, in which it evidently had been wrapped.

Stanley Trethowen picked up the phial, half-expecting and half-fearing to know the grim truth. It was as he had feared; his dread had been the admiration of a ghastly fact—the bottle was labelled 'Cyanide of Potassium!'

'Poor Alec!' thought Trethowen. 'Poor old fellow! Had it come to this? I was only just in time, then.'

When Huntsman returned the other was at the entrance to the quadrangle, waiting for him.

'Here you are!' cried Trethowen. 'I had almost given you up. Should have been coming after you, or else on my way back to quarters in another couple of minutes, if you hadn't turned up.'

Huntsman leaned against the wall despondently, and, without replying, watched a Soudanese with a *ginkra* away down the dusty roadway.

'Couldn't look you up before, old man,' went on Trethowen. 'I've been up the Nile these last eight months, sudd-cutting. Now I'm in temporary charge of the Zoological Gardens here in the absence of Peterson-Adams. There's a favour I want to ask of you, Huntsman. May I?'

The lieutenant looked at this outcast, this wrecked specimen of what had once been an English gentleman, and with exquisite tact asked a favour.

'Huntsman, in the Zoological Gardens here we have a stork that Castellan the explorer brought down a few months ago from the Great Lakes. The bird is one of the most valuable in the world—one of the famous whale-headed storks. I expect you know more about them than I do; you always were fond of all sorts of birds and beasts, I remember.'

'Do you want me to be a companion to your stork?' said Huntsman, summoning a smile.

'That's it, exactly,' said the lieutenant. 'I do. The species is rare; only two similar specimens have been shown in Europe, those taken by John Petherick in 1860. We want to send this one to the Zoological Gardens in London. I want you to take charge of it and convey it thither.'

Huntsman's eyes gleamed at the offer, but he said, 'Don't trust me, old fellow. I shall play the fool.'

'I can and will trust you yet, Huntsman. The bird is of immense value. I shall want you to guard it as you would your life, to give it every possible care. I would rather lose my commission than that anything should happen to that stork before you could get it to London.'

But Trethowen's solicitude was less for the stork than for the man, less for a bird than for his erstwhile comrade.

'You know you can't depend on me,' said Huntsman. 'I am certain to gamble away the passage-money, or give it away, or lose it, or get drunk and start carving up the stork with a table-knife. If I go, everything is at your risk.'

'Huntsman, play the man for once,' said Trethowen. 'You are no fool. You have this one chance; do your best. Take the stork to London. I will write and try to get you a berth in the old country, among friends who will keep you straight. Try to start a new life there.'

'Remember, then,' said Huntsman, 'it's at your risk, and that's no small one. I was born to play the fool.'

Nevertheless, he kept himself a paragon of rectitude during the long and tedious railway journey to Alexandria. The world-famous stork, which he guarded as the apple of his eye, was in superb condition, and Huntsman had regained not a little self-respect by the time he had settled his precious charge aboard the *Sheba*, and the great Egyptian port and the stretch of the coast-line had become an indistinct, monotonous line over the steamer's stern-rail.

The amount of self-restraint which Huntsman was compelled to exert during that first week perhaps none could realise save he who passed through the experience. It was a quality which years of dissolute life had been far from having any tendency to cultivate. That the bird in his guardianship was one of such value and rarity and, above that, Trethowen's confidence and trust in him, were the restraining influences that kept Huntsman straight. Huntsman, through it all, had a sub-conscious feeling that nothing of less import or degree could have been sufficient, and strove with all the manhood his old comrade had resuscitated to be worthy of the trust Trethowen had reposed in him.

The stork was found well-ventilated quarters, where the warmth from the engine-room would keep the air at an equable temperature. So careful was Huntsman that he stayed with his charge the greater part of the day, visited the bird in the

night not infrequently, and watched it devour its daily allowances of fish with an exaggerated solicitude.

So several days passed uneventfully enough. The whale-headed stork (or the 'shoe-billed stork,' as its species is oftentimes called) proved a great source of attraction to those on board until it was no longer a novelty; and many came daily to inspect their strange fellow-passenger.

It was late in the afternoon; the visitors had all departed, and Huntsman was left alone with his charge. He was searching his pockets for a pencil-case, and from behind the wire-netting that partitioned his quarters the beautiful gray-plumaged bird watched his keeper with meditative eyes.

At this moment something, that fell heavily as a pebble might, struck the floor, bounded, rolled. It slipped beneath the wire-screen, and lay, a small white-wrapped thing, upon the planking. It took Huntsman ten seconds to realise what he had dropped, to comprehend that it was the phial of virulent poison which for months he had carried constantly with him, and of which many a time he had been on the eve of making deadly use.

Action came upon the heels of thought quick as the imprint after a footstep in snow. Huntsman plunged forward to seize the fatal bottle. But to no man is it given to attain the alertness of bird and beast. The whale-headed stork gave a dart of its neck, a plunge with its gigantic lead-coloured beak. It had swallowed the phial!

For a space Huntsman remained absolutely motionless, stricken to rigidity with amazement and horror. He gazed at his priceless charge as though he expected to see it then and there expire before his eyes. The shock of the terrible catastrophe seemed veritably to stun him for a time. Not a single course of action could he think of now that he was faced with nascent tragedy. Recovering himself, he ran shouting for the ship's surgeon. Soon Dr Cuttenthurst and Captain Malony were in the berth which had been appropriated for the bird. The stork was not dead; it stood, solemn and sedate, exactly as it had been before. Its serenity was undisturbed.

'Doctor,' cried Huntsman excitedly, 'tell me, in Heaven's name, what can be done?'

'You say the bird has swallowed a bottle of poison?'

'Yes; a small phial of cyanide of potassium that I always carried. When it dropped, the bird seized it before I could pick it up.'

'Very interesting case,' said Dr Cuttenthurst. 'I'm afraid we can do nothing, though. What good would it be to use the stomach-pump on a stork like that, or give it an emetic or 'white of egg'? Mere throwing away of good stuff. But our whale-headed friend takes it pretty quietly. How long ago did it happen?'

'Not five minutes.'

'He ought to show some symptoms of discomfort by this time.'

'The phial was wrapped in paper, and had a glass stopper,' said Huntsman.

'That accounts for it,' said the doctor. 'Probably the stopper hasn't come out yet.'

'Perhaps it won't,' said Huntsman, catching at the least straw of hope.

'It's bound to work out soon in the crop of a big bird like that,' said Cuttenthrust.

'Can't you operate?' cried Huntsman desperately.

'Cut the bird open and take out the phial. There may be time to do it before the mischief is certain.'

'It's not to be done. It would most certainly be fatal,' said the doctor, with a shake of his head.

'I can't offer you anything,' Huntsman said. 'I have nothing to give; but I can promise that if you save the bird you will be handsomely treated by the authorities. Isn't there a chance?'

'Not the ghost of one,' said Cuttenthrust.

'Tut! Don't take on so, man,' cried Captain Malony. 'It's only a burr.'

Huntsman and the doctor watched and waited for the coming of the worst all the remainder of that day. Much marvellous intelligence had flown through the ship on a hundred tongues, but not one of the curious was admitted to that sacrosanct chamber of gloom. Nothing in the least unusual happened. At eleven o'clock Cuttenthrust went to his berth, disgusted. He slept excellently well; but Huntsman, true as steel to his trust, stayed with his charge all the dreary night, determined to be at hand when the dreadful and inevitable time should come. As for the stork, it went quietly to sleep.

At dawn the doctor relieved Huntsman, who took a few hours' rest. Then, through the day and the night that followed, the two, despite Captain Malony's fluent ridicule, kept in turn a watch upon the bird. At the end the bird seemed in as excellent health as ever. Majestic in all its great stature, and poised generally on but a single leg, it regarded with gravity their every attention.

Those days and nights of self-imposed restraint, of hope and fear, had the profoundest effect on the keeper of the stork. They revived and invigorated that moral manhood which Huntsman for years had taken every pains to dissipate. Distraught as he was at the calamity which every moment impended, the new sensation of responsibility and guardianship awakened, as nothing had ever done before, the true self of Alec Huntsman.

Still the stork kept in marvellously good condition. As for being poisoned, it did not appear to be suffering even from dyspepsia. Huntsman had grown pale and more haggard of face; the days had been as those of a gambler's, upon whom suspense leaves more physical traces than does that sharper-edged suffering—*anxiety*. The doctor was openly sceptical as to the whole story.

'I've heard of ostriches swallowing watches and coins and all sorts of things without damaging themselves,' said Cuttenthrust; 'but for a stork to swallow a phial of cyanide of potassium without

detriment is incredible. The bottle must be broken or the stopper have come out by this time. It's all bosh. I'll lay a wager it was only a screw of paper the bird swallowed.'

'Sure,' Captain Malony said tentatively, 'it's wonderful what these burds can stomach!'

To Huntsman the whole thing was inexplicable. Was the stork of a constitution so abnormal that it was unaffected by poison at all? Unbelievable! Every movement the bird made, each excess or decline in its eating or its drinking, every clap of its bill, and to its guardian the whole tide of expectation surged in flood again. The bird was, however, changed; it had every seeming of being profoundly impressed by being the cynosure of so much attention.

That the shores of England were sighted, that they were nearing Southampton, came as tidings of infinite relief. The burden of oppression lightened as the hour of its sharing approached; this, too, notwithstanding that the continued and persistent refusal of the stork to die, when by all the laws of nature it should have died, had relieved the keenness of his apprehension. From Southampton he cabled to Lieutenant Trethowen. He sent the story in outline, telegraphically brief, throwing away two shillings a word like a gold-nine magnate.

The bird was not disembarked at Southampton. Huntsman decided to take it to London by sea in the comfortable quarters to which it was accustomed aboard. The stork began to mope; it did not eat as much, grew less alert of eye and motion. To Huntsman anxiety became reassessing company. He felt dubious, indeed, whether he should ascribe the change to the climate or—the poison.

But in London something—something that put a seal for ever to the dull monotony of past care—happened. There came a blaze of enlightenment against which the shadow of their fear stood in astounding clearness of outline. A reply cablegram awaited him:

'Huntsman, care Zoological Society, London.—Don't be alarmed. In Khartoum saw you carried poison. Fearing mischief, I emptied bottle and substituted water. Glad stork safe so far.'

'TRETOWEN.'

THE SLEEPER.

Good-night! On marsh-lands by the sea
The moonbeams shine o'er folded sheep,
And dance across the shadowed lea;
And all the while you sleep—you sleep!

The white-tipped waves unwearied break
O'er shining rocks; they crouch and creep
Up ghost-like sands. I watch, awake,
And all the while you sleep—you sleep!

Across low sand-dunes mournfully
The cold night-breezes sighing sweep.
Desolate, torn with sighs am I;
But you are dead: you sleep—you sleep!

C. FARNAB.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

WHAT TO DO AT THE SEASIDE.

By R. A. GATTY.

THE coast-line between Redcar and Whitby contains some of the grandest scenery as well as the highest cliffs in England. Whether viewed from the shore below or from the railway which closely follows the coast-line above, the scene is equally magnificent. If you are at all nervous the railway journey is perhaps a trifle alarming, for the train as it passes round the summit of Huntcliff, near Saltburn, is so close to the edge of the cliff that from the carriage window you look straight down upon the shore, and you see the gulls poising in the air below you, while the great white-crested waves hurl themselves upon the foundations of the cliffs on the top of which you are travelling. There is no danger of any kind unless by chance the train were to go off the line, but the driver takes the curve gently and all goes well. There is the same feeling when you cross the trestle bridges which span the chasms so common in Cleveland, which gets its name from these clefts and fissures; but the panorama which opens before you as you go along the coast compensates you in full for any nervous sensations. All the same, I shall not forget the fright of a passenger which I witnessed as the train went round Huntcliff. 'If I live to get safely to my journey's end,' he told me, 'I will never come back by this route though I have a return ticket. I shall go to York from Whitby, and then make my way by Northallerton.' And I believe he did.

The journey by the seashore is even more interesting, for the wild character of the cliffs and their vast height fill the mind with awe; but the sight of the treacherous waves curling themselves over the rocks makes the traveller feel he is on dangerous ground, and that he must be very careful about the incoming tide, which may cut him off at various points. This is a serious matter, for the cliffs are constantly crumbling and dropping stones of some size, and even if you get a foothold and creep on to some ledge above the tideway, you are liable to be struck with falling earth and stones. It is easy to learn about the tides, and to make your way in

absolute safety so long as you do not let yourself be beguiled to stay too long hunting for fossils and other kindred interests *en route*.

People often complain of being dull at the seaside, and the want of something to do, but this arises for the most part from a lack of interest within themselves. You never hear the children say so. A spade and bucket, a sand-mound thrown up against the incoming water, are more than enough to fill their cup of enjoyment and give them unceasing work and interest. Their elders are not so easily pleased. If a watering-place is to become popular and fashionable it is well known that there must be considerable outlay over social attractions, such as a pier and promenades, with attendant bands of music. The sea and the beach and the cliffs teeming with fossils are matters of no concern to the majority of visitors. This was very well expressed to me by a hairdresser at a seaside resort on the east coast where I was staying. He was a philosopher in his way, and one day when I was under his tonsorial hands he made the following remarks: 'You are a stranger, I presume, sir, to this place, and perhaps do not understand the people. I divide them into two classes: the fools and the wise; and you will notice if you go on the shore that the pier acts as the dividing line. On the left hand you will find the band, the pierrots, the donkeys, and the niggers, with a foolish crowd walking around them; but on the right hand, where you see the rocks and the cliffs, only very few people are to be found, but they are the wise, seeking what is interesting and instructive, and not wasting their time.'

Are our education methods at fault that we find so few people possessed with what may be called outside interests and tastes? Life is made so much happier when you have a hobby of some kind which gives pleasurable occupation while out on a holiday! Besides which, a man is so much more interesting to other people when he can discuss subjects out of the common run. There is now such prominence given to cricket, golf, football, and all

outdoor games at school that other pursuits are quite disregarded. I can remember as a boy belonging to a botany class, but the long names and scientific methods of teaching made it very dull and uninteresting. There is no necessity for an amateur to make himself a slave to science, and he can do excellent work and find the rarest specimens without acquiring the unpronounceable scientific words. Why it has been necessary to load botanical, geological, and other text-books with composite names of Greek, Latin, and foreign derivations is hard to say, but that it has made people shy of pursuing science is an undoubted fact.

As an illustration of what an amateur can do in the way of discovery, I was able some years ago to correct the learned author of a botanical work. He held the theory that certain ferns grew only within particular zones, and he mapped out England on these lines of fern distribution. In sending him a list of wild flowers and ferns growing in my part of Yorkshire high up, on the moors, I included the name of *Asplenium lanceolatum*. He replied that, in spite of the specimen leaf I enclosed to him, I must be making a mistake, and he asked to be allowed to come and see the plant growing *in situ*. This particular fern, he explained, was only found in the milder parts of England, on the south-west side, and generally not far from the sea, and therefore my specimen must have been imported at some time and found its way from somebody's fern collection. I was delighted to take this authority on to the high moors and show him the fern growing in some profusion under the shelter of a boulder rock. His explanation of the presence of this plant so far away from its usual habitat was ingenious if not quite convincing. He said that most probably the spores had been carried by a strong south-west wind and deposited under the rock. However that may be, the fern was there, and I had proved my statement.

Another instance of authorities not being always right was this: I was strolling one day along the shingle-bed at the foot of Huntcliff looking for pebbles and fossils, and was surprised to see a working-man and four small children apparently similarly engaged. They were evidently trippers who had come for the day, and I wondered what had caused them to leave the amusements provided on the other side of the pier. I accosted the man and asked him what he was looking for, and he told me that he had at home a small path leading from the street up to his door, and his ambition was to cover this with white pebbles. So every year, when he took a trip to the seaside for the day, he and his children collected all the small white stones they could find, and took them home for the path. I examined his store, and found most of the stones were white quartzite pebbles, and I remembered how as a boy I had gathered similar stones for the purpose of making a flash of fire in the dark. We called them fire-stones, and took them to bed, and when smartly rubbed they gave a bright flash of light which had

no heat, but a peculiar smell rather like sulphur was given off. This was not known to the tripper and his children, so I showed them another use for the white stones they were collecting, much to the children's delight.

It then occurred to me that this peculiar property of the stones was unusual, for there was light without heat, and no combustion at all. I asked for an explanation from a professor of geology, and he replied that the subject was imperfectly understood, but it was supposed that the dust created by the friction became momentarily luminous. To test the accuracy of this statement I took a pair of stones and struck them immersed in a basin of water. The flash was quite as brilliant as when they were rubbed together dry, so the cause of the light was certainly not the luminous dust. I then referred the question to the British Museum, and was again told that the subject required further elucidation, but that it was generally believed that the light created by the friction was due to electricity. It certainly is an interesting experiment to make these flashes with suitable pebbles of quartzite, and you can get quite enough light to read the time on a watch-face or to pick up anything dropped in a dark room. The peculiar smell given off is believed to be ozone; so the British Museum informed me.

Firestones, however, are only one of the many objects of interest which the shingle-beds offer to the amateur collector. You never can tell what each tide may reveal. Sometimes a fine moss-agate pebble, a lump of chalcedony, or a deep-red carnelian comes to light, and for a small sum you can get it cut and polished. Occasionally, too, you meet with ammonites and the round vertebrae of the great saurians, for these cliffs right away to Whitby are the graveyard of those dragons of the past. Any one who wants to realise the immensity of these monsters must pay a visit to the dragon-room in the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. It is not until you see the specimens thirty to forty feet in length that you can grasp an idea of their size. The world must indeed have been a strange place when such reptiles crawled about the muddy creeks or dived after prey into the waters. We have learnt something about their habits and what they ate from the remains of food in their stomachs. Dr Buckland has described a specimen which had within it the skeleton of a smaller one of its own kind, showing that the monster had the voracity of a cannibal. It was a country girl who made the first discovery of these saurians at Lyme Regis in the year 1811, quite accidentally. It is not likely that the amateur collector picking his way along the dangerous coast will come across one of these saurians *in situ*, but various bones are met with. On one occasion, when turning over the stones under a cliff, I was accosted by a man, who was apparently a fisherman, hunting the rocks like myself. He wanted to know whether I was after fossils, and on my assenting, he asked, 'Have you ever seen a fossil dog's head?' and he pulled out of

his pocket the head of a small saurian, the snout of which was broken, but the savage look of the eyes, I suppose, made the man think it was that of a dog. I give these instances of an amateur finding things to show that a deep knowledge of science is not necessary for the ordinary man who wants a pleasant occupation at the seaside.

Some people do not care for collecting, but that is not all which a walk along the coast provides. You are led instinctively to think about a dead past when surrounded by the remains of the creatures which inhabited the very spot where you stand. That was an age of monsters who played their part in life and then suddenly ceased to exist. You would think that according to the ideas of evolution there would be traces of their ancestry in an earlier strata, but they seem to have appeared and disappeared with no traces before or behind them to account for their existence. The saurians of the present day are miserable specimens compared with those complex creatures of which, perhaps, the ichthyosaurus is the most notable example. 'This beast,' as Cuvier expressed it, 'possessed the snout of a dolphin, the head of a lizard, the jaws and teeth of a crocodile, the vertebrae of a fish, the sternum of a lizard, the paddles like those of a whale, and the trunk and tail of a quadruped.'

To quote again from another authority: 'The eyes of this marine monster were larger than those of any animal now living. In volume they frequently exceed the human head, and their structure was one of their most remarkable peculiarities. In front of the capsule of the eye there was an annular series of thin bony plates surrounding the pupil. This structure, which is now only met with in the eyes of certain turtles, tortoises, and lizards, and in those of many birds, could be used so as to increase or diminish the curvature of the transparent cornea, and thus increase or diminish the magnifying power according to the requirements of the animal—performing the office, in short, of a telescope or microscope at pleasure.' And yet these marvellous creatures all seem to have been extinguished by a sudden death. From the positions in which they are laid it may be surmised that they came to no natural end, otherwise the bones would have been dispersed and scattered. The bones are mostly found all together just as if prepared by the anatomist, though frequently compressed, as must be the case from the enormous pressure to which they have been subjected.

Although the remains of the great saurians are not commonly met with along the shore, this cannot be said of the ammonites, which are plentiful and varied in form and make. It seems hard to believe that even at the present day there is a local tradition about these 'snake stones,' as they are called. 'You will never get one of these with a head on,' the coast-folk will tell you; but one day I was asked to go and see an ammonite which a man had in his cottage, with the head protruding

from the shell. I found it impossible to convince him that it was only a bit of the stone which held the ammonite, that its resemblance to a head was accidental, and that the ammonite itself was only a shellfish and not a snake. St Hilda's work of changing the snakes into stones is still believed in, and no amount of geological information can destroy that belief. The ammonites lie in regular beds, or zones, as they are called, and their varieties are numerous. The coils of the shell are very beautiful; but to see the wonderful structure of the internal parts you have to purchase them cut in half and polished, with all the air-chambers filled with crystals of lime. A regular business is done in these at Whitby. The ammonite led the life of a submarine, sinking to the bottom of the sea and rising at pleasure. The animal inhabited the upper portion of the shell, and all the rest of the coils contained chambers, which it could fill with air or flood with water as it pleased. The nautilus of the present day is its living representative, but not nearly so complex in its internal arrangements. There is considerable skill required in knocking the ammonites out of the nodules of lias rock in which they lie. The rock varies a good deal in hardness; but it is best, if possible, to crack the nodule while held in the hand, striking it always on the side.

The belemnites—or thunderbolts, as they are locally called—are found mostly in the shale rock, and can be best got out with the aid of a chisel. They were a kind of cuttle-fish, and had the power of discharging a dark fluid when irritated or attacked. You may sometimes find the sepia-bag inside the belemnite, proving that its death was sudden or the animal would probably have discharged it; and the sepia when pounded and mixed with water makes a good ink.

No one, I think, can go along this part of the coast and not feel interested in these relics of a bygone world. The beach is never quite the same, for the restless sea is ever covering and uncovering, tide after tide. You do not know what you may find, and it is this very uncertainty which makes the charm of hunting for fossils. Anyhow, it is an object for the holiday-maker at the seaside, and it involves long walks and perhaps some difficult climbing, which are all conducive to health. There are, of course, many other things to be collected, such as shells and seaweeds of beautiful growths, and it is always well to observe everything as you go along. For instance, some years ago, when on the shore at Skegness in Lincolnshire, which is a very flat, sandy coast, with no rocks containing fossils, my eye caught sight of a shell the form and shape of which were unfamiliar to me. Knowing nothing about shells, and having no collection of them, I should have let it lie where it was, only curiosity overcame me, and I carried it off into the town to the shop of a conchologist. I was much surprised to find it was not a British shell at all, but a North American bivalve named *Petricola*

pholidiformis. The only explanation this authority could give me was that the shell was supposed to have been brought over with American Blue Point oysters, and laid down in the oyster-beds at Cleethorpes, where it had multiplied and gradually found its way down the coast. There is a submerged forest at Skegness, and at low-water you see the muddy flats where the trees once grew covered with this *Petricola*, which makes itself a hole in the mud, leaving only its head exposed. The shell is very beautiful and delicate, snow-white in colour, and has lovely markings. Notes are being made along the Lincolnshire coast of the wanderings of this shell, which seems to take very kindly to its new home.

There is one great advantage in collecting things at the seaside, and that is, that you have something to take away with you and give you an interest—an intelligent interest—when the holiday is over. There is much yet to be discovered in every branch of scientific inquiry, and no one need be afraid that he cannot add fresh information. It is only to be regretted that so few people turn to this method of

employing their leisure time when they have the opportunity given them. Parents are very apt to complain, when they have their children home for the holidays, that it is hard to find amusement for them on wet days. 'We have nothing to do,' the children say, and the boys will wander off to the stables to talk and smoke with the groom, or if they stay indoors, will probably tease and quarrel with their sisters. This would not happen if parents educated their children with tastes for hobbies of some kind. There is no time at school for such instruction, as when a boy's work is done his spare time is devoted to outdoor games. At home, and especially at the seaside, there is every opportunity for encouraging some kind of hobby, and a child so influenced retains the taste for life. A wet day, instead of being greeted as a great bore, is hailed as an interval for arranging this or that collection, it may be stamps, fossils, shells, or anything else. Children are what their parents make them, and it is not their fault when they find nothing to do indoors, but it rests with those who should have provided them with hobbies.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE actual memory of my first halt is lost to me, for, as I discovered subsequently, I ran my head against some hard snow banked up round the base of one of the telegraph-poles which follow the course of the Thal-run. When I regained consciousness I was under the firm impression that I was dreaming. Not only were my faculties subacute, and my being permeated by a sensation of delicious comfort and repose, but my eyes rested on a vision such as I had never expected to behold in my waking moments. On either side of me knelt a beautiful young woman, and, to my obfuscated senses, their faces wore an expression of the deepest sympathy and concern. I lay motionless and speechless as I was, dreading by thought or movement to break the thread of slumber and lose the rapturous vision in the unsupposable realities of awakening. Then, as my mind began to work more normally, it occurred to me that the dream was a singularly vivid one, that the faces bending so tenderly over me were far more definite than the dream-faces which haunt the slumbers of a youthful bachelor; and suddenly, and with something of a shock, the memory of what had happened came back to me. I had had a spill tobogganing, and was lying couched in the soft snow. On one side of me was the royal governess, and on the other the Princess Mathilde, and woman-like, they were rather alarmed at the severity of my tumble.

I looked up into the face of the young Princess. Her dark eyes were troubled with a look of unmis-

takable concern, and her pretty, mobile features wore such a sweet air of sympathy that, in spite of a slight feeling of amusement, I was quite touched.

'I'm all right,' I said, smiling.

'You've had a nasty fall,' she said quietly, 'and you must keep perfectly still.—Do you think a little brandy would do him good, Miss Anchester?'

I turned to the governess.

Now that I had regained the full possession of my senses, I saw that Miss Anchester's expression of tender solicitude had merely been the figment of my shaken brain. Her healthy young face was cool and serious enough, but the calm eyes were as practical and unemotional as ever.

'No,' she said decisively; 'brandy is the worst thing possible for a knock on the head.—Do you think you can manage to walk, Mr Saunders?'

'I'm sure I can,' I answered.

'No, no, don't try,' put in the Princess hastily. 'We'll send a sleigh for you and bring you home on it.'

'If you'll allow me to try,' I said, 'I think you'll find I'm more frightened than hurt.'

Suiting the action to the word, I rose to my knees. Then, with a further effort, I struggled to my feet. As I did so the white world reeled round me, and the sky above seemed waving and sagging like an intensely blue awning. Then, as things grew gradually still and clear again, I discovered that my companions were supporting me on either side.

'Thanks,' I said. 'I'm sorry to be such a nuisance. I suppose I went over the bank.'

'You ought to have raked,' said Miss Anchester severely; 'there aren't half-a-dozen men who can go down the Thal-run without raking.'

'I'm afraid I'm not one of them,' I said gloomily; 'but I may be later. Has any one ever been down the Kastel-run without raking?'

Miss Anchester looked at me as if my senses must still be errant to have suggested such a thing.

'No,' she said curtly; 'and please don't try. If you go over David you won't get off with a severe shaking, I can tell you.'

'Or find two ministering angels at the bottom, either,' I added.—'By the way, Princess, where do you come from?'

'I was skiing,' she said, slightly raising one foot to demonstrate her foot-gear. 'I saw some one shoot over the bank, and I hastened up to see if I could be of any assistance. I had no idea it was you. I do hope you're not hurt.'

'I'm quite right again now, thanks,' I said; 'in fact, I think I'll have another go at the Thal-run just to show there's no ill-feeling.'

'You will do nothing of the sort,' said Miss Anchester peremptorily. 'One wants all one's wits tobogganing, and that yours are somewhat shaken is proved by your suggestion.'

Her authoritative manner piqued me all the more because it covered a certain measure of common-sense.

'Please don't go down again to-day, Mr Saunders,' pleaded the Princess. 'You'll be much steadier to-morrow.'

'I yield to your combined eloquence,' I said, 'though personally I disapprove of stopping after a fall. I don't like leaving off when I'm beaten.'

'There are plenty of people like that in the world,' said Miss Anchester. 'They usually come to a bad end.'

'We all come to a bad end sooner or later,' I retorted. 'The great thing is to fight strenuously till Fate conquers us, as it ultimately must, by brute-force.'

'What a hopelessly unspiritual outlook!'

'I beg your pardon,' I said; 'but when one has just charged a telegraph-pole one's pessimism is forced to the surface. A cup of hot chocolate and a Weissheim bun will render me a thoughtless, foolish optimist again.'

'I hope you won't knock yourself up before our ball,' said the Princess.

'When is that?'

'On the 6th of February. It is an annual affair at the Mariencastel, and rather fun.'

Rather fun! What a splendid and wonderful temperament one must possess to regard a State ball as fun!

'I will try and keep myself sound for it,' I said. 'Dancing seems a popular amusement at Weissheim.'

At the Princess's suggestion we walked together to an old-fashioned pastrycook's on the outskirts of Weissheim, kept by a certain Frau Mengler.

'We shall see,' I said as we entered the low doorway, 'whether hot chocolate proves as successful in cheering the moral outlook as I hope.'

'I don't think there's much wrong with your moral outlook,' said the Princess.

'Then I'm afraid you're not a judge of moral outlooks,' said Miss Anchester, smiling.

'Perhaps I'm not,' admitted the Princess; 'but I'm a very good judge of hot chocolate.'

'Frau Mengler,' I said, 'bring three cups of your best hot chocolate and an improved moral outlook.'

'Where shall we sit?' asked the Princess, after indulging in a vivifying peal of her usual uncontrolled laughter.

'If the Princess Mathilde is going to have one of her laughing-fits,' said Miss Anchester, 'I think we had better go into the inner room.'

Crossing the shop, I opened the door which led into the second apartment. Seeing it already occupied, I was about to close the door again, when my eyes rested with surprised recognition on the couple in possession. Of these, one was Herr Schneider the detective, and the other, a huge plate of *clair*s and cream-buns before her, the Fräulein von Helder. The *tête-à-tête* was a sufficiently remarkable phenomenon in itself; but what puzzled and amused me so much that I hesitated a moment before closing the door was the undisguised rapture expressed on the animal features of the Queen's maid of honour. I shut the door quietly, noticing that Herr Schneider was displaying his best manners—which were horrible—and doubtless, I reflected, pursuing his professional researches by an unprincipled but successful simulation of the tender passion.

'What is the joke?' asked the Princess, noticing my smile.

'The room is engaged,' I said, 'and so, I fancy, are the couple within.'

'Engaged?' queried my two lady-friends simultaneously.

'I may be premature,' I admitted.

'Who are they?' demanded the governess.

'My fellow-guest, Herr Schneider,' I replied, 'and the celebrated Court beauty, Fräulein von Helder.'

'But'—Miss Anchester's amusement was as great, if not quite so uncontrollable, as the Princess's—'what grounds have you for your remarkable assertion?'

'In the first place,' I replied, 'I have the facial expression of the happy pair, which was sublimely ludicrous. Secondly, there is the presumed fact that Herr Schneider is paying for the Fräulein's tea—no slight matter even in an inexpensive tea-shop.'

'Your arguments are eloquent but unconvincing,' said Miss Anchester. 'Herr Schneider is not the man to fall lightly in love, and the Fräulein von Helder is not the sort of person who would appeal to his somewhat world-worn sentimentality.'

'You are a poor judge of character, Miss Anchester,'

I said. 'You think me conceited because I feel confident of breaking your record time on the Kastel-run, and now you are calling the ingenious Herr Schneider world-worn and denying him the capacity for spontaneous emotion. Wait till you see the infatuated pair come out.'

'If the fräulein's appetite is up to the mark,' said the Princess, 'we may have to wait a long time.'

'I am prepared to wait a long time,' I replied. 'Fran Mengler's chocolate surpasses my fondest expectations. What I like about Weissheim is that one meal never influences the next. When I am in London I never take tea for fear of spoiling my dinner. Here I can make a pig of myself four times a day without fear or reproach.'

'You had better make Weissheim your permanent abode,' said Miss Anchester. 'It is a great thing to realise one's ideals.'

'I hope you'll come here in the summer,' said the Princess. 'It's not quite so lovely as it is now; but the mountain-sides blaze with wild flowers in June, and there is any amount of lawn tennis on the Pariserhof courts.'

'It sounds very fascinating,' I said. 'Perfect digestion, perfect scenery, excellent sport. What more can a man demand of life?'

'You had better ask your love-sick friend Herr Schneider,' said Miss Anchester. 'His wants seem a shade less material than yours.'

'Herr Schneider is a beast,' I blurted out without thinking.

I expected to be reproved for my bluntness, but the result was quite otherwise.

'I'm so glad you think so,' said the Princess. 'I think he is a beast too.'

I turned to Miss Anchester.

'I think he is the most horrible specimen of humanity I have ever had the misfortune to come across,' she said deliberately. 'And, for goodness' sake, Mr Saunders,' she said, 'take care you don't get like him.'

'You think there is a danger of that?' I demanded, suspending my cup of chocolate in mid-air.

She looked me straight in the eyes, smiling at my seriousness.

'I do,' she replied simply.

'Confound it!' I ejaculated. 'I have had the very same fear myself.'

Suddenly the door of the inner room opened, and the subject of our conversation came out. He was dressed in a brown knickerbocker suit and a green Homburg hat with a feather in it. His flat face was wreathed in smiles, and his quick, restless eyes recognised us in a second. The fräulein followed, and her plain, heavy features were illuminated with the glow of happiness, a quaint contradiction of half-beautified ugliness, as when the sun shines on a squalid building. Guessing the ill-founded nature of her aspirations, I pitied her, and then for some reason or other I felt envious. A passion that could lend even a recollection of beauty to the fräulein's homely countenance must be itself a beautiful and wonderful thing. Assuredly it was better to dream one's happiness than to remain awake and miss it altogether.

(To be continued.)

AN UNKNOWN RIVIERA.

UNDER the lee of that great arm of land which France stretches out into the Atlantic, remote and protected from the savage fury of the western ocean, lies hidden a haunt of ancient peace, of sunshine, of flowers; a land where milk and honey are cheap, but where luxuries are dear, where the blue waves of the Bay of Biscay wash closely up to the golden fields of corn, and where old manners, customs, and costumes are still found in all their native and engaging sincerity. The Bretons are intensely conservative. It was with them that the Royalist cause lingered long after other parts of France had accepted the new order which the Revolution ushered in; and even to-day their religion is strangely mingled with a superstitious paganism. The character and habits of these blue-eyed, lank-haired people are not essentially different from those of the primitive and prehistoric ancestors who have left behind them in Brittany more relics and remains than in all the other places on the Continent taken together.

Who shall count the megaliths at Carnac—those mysterious, monstrous menhirs, thousands in number, row after row in strict alignment? Truly there was something majestic in the character of the men who could rear these countless monuments either to gods or to fellow-men, monuments grand in their bare simplicity. It was no race of physical and intellectual pygmies that wrought and raised these imperishable monoliths on the plain of Carnac. They are not less impressive, though infinitely less elaborate, than those of their namesake, Karnak, in Egypt.

The number and immensity of these weird obelisks at first stun the beholder, and then leave him in dazed wonder at the patience displayed in their erection, at the strength needful to hew and rear such masses of solid stone, at their measured distance as the serried ranks appear to meet in the distance, and at the object and purpose of them all. The problem is insoluble; and just as at Stonehenge we approach the place with curiosity, so also we leave it with reverence mingled strangely with awe. The very stones seem to speak of the fearful rites in

which human life and blood were freely spent, while the hush and the melancholy sighing of the sea-breezes among the ancient stones still further thrill the senses quivering under the emotion which defiant strength and immeasurable antiquity always arouse. Near the seashore they stand as they stood for ages, and as they will stand for ages to come unless descendants more barbaric than their ancestors and unworthy of such heroic sires hew down the monuments to furnish building material for their puny dwellings.

Shielded from the north by the wood-clad uplands of Brittany and Normandy, and fully open to the southern sun and to the breezes borne upon the ample tides of the Bay of Biscay, this sheltered corner of France is a veritable Riviera as yet unexploited. Here you will find a semi-tropical vegetation in rank profusion. The mimosa blooms as freely as on the Mediterranean shore. Running out into the bay like a hooked finger some ten miles in length is the narrow peninsula of Quiberon, bearing the quaint and ancient town of that name at its farthest extremity. Beyond the peninsula is the island not without reason called Belleisle, and together they enclose the Bay of Quiberon, better known to our grandfathers than to ourselves, for was it not here that Admiral Hawke annihilated the French fleet in 1759? The French fought a gallant fight, for we outnumbered them by twenty-three to twenty-one; but their generalship was at fault, and they let the British ships get to windward, whilst their own vessels were driven on the very rocks which one may see at low-tide. And, again, in 1795, with less honour, we were found at Quiberon aiding the Royalist *émigrés* and the ragged Chouans against the Republican forces under the heroic Hoche. It was a pitiful story, and though we lost no men, we lost seventy thousand muskets and other valuable stores which were intended to be used against the growing power of the Republic.

In defending his action before the House, Pitt sheltered himself behind the plea that no British blood had been shed at Quiberon. 'No,' said Sheridan, with one of his famous retorts—'no; but British honour has been shed out of every pore.' Hoche was merciful towards the poor Bretons, whose ignorance and conservatism he pitied; but to the Royalist gentlemen, such as did not manage to escape in the British vessels, he was inexorable, and at the neighbouring village of Auray, in a field which is still pointed out, seven hundred of the *émigrés* were shot down in cold blood. It is not easy to disentangle the history of England and France in this department of Morbihan, for even in this little town of Auray we English under Sir John Chandos, as early as the fourteenth century,

were found battling against the French king, with the Duke of Brittany as our ally.

Philologists tell us that there exists a close alliance between the Breton speech and the old Cornish tongue; and truly a Cornishman would think himself at home among the Pals and Tres and Pens with which the map of Brittany is studded. Does not the Riviera of which we write begin at *Penmarch* Point and end at *Peneston*? Even the Welshman, whose Celtic blood owns cousinship to that of Brittany, would feel the appeal of kinship in the many hamlets' names beginning with *Lan*—a close reminder of his native Llan. Druids were surely here in the ancient days as they were in Wales. If not, why should the mistletoe be found on every side still the object of such honour, and why should the old custom still obtain of hanging out from the window a berried bunch, there to stay through cold and heat, sunshine and rain, until replaced next New Year's Day?

Food is plentiful in this Riviera. Corn and fruit are freely given by the soil, and the sea yields a plentiful tribute. The daintiest of oysters are found along the coast, and are in Morbihan a poor man's food. The Breton's hereditary aversion to change manifests itself in his costume. Possibly nowhere within twenty-four hours of London could a greater variety of costumes be seen than at the annual gatherings at Guingamp, Carnac, or Josselin. Even the workaday straw-hat of the Breton peasant has an arrangement of ribbons with broad tails falling down to the shoulders. Often in the details of an ancient costume some hint is conveyed of the use and purpose of the array to an earlier and more warlike people; but it is difficult to trace in these dependent broad ribbons any rudiment of a prehistoric protective headgear. Perhaps they may serve to some extent as a guard against sunstroke. What, too, is the meaning of the white linen wings on the women's head-dress?

The easiest way to visit this northern Riviera is to go awheel. There is little provision for the tourist who loves the glare and glamour of the grand hotel; let him still frequent the mammoth hotels on the tideless Mediterranean coast. But to the wanderer who is content with humbler lodgings and plainer fare, the northern shore of the Bay of Biscay offers infinite delights. Winter is but a name for a season in which the plant-world takes its rest. The south-west wind which sweeps up from the Atlantic brings no touch of bitterness. The sun is caught and held in this corner of sunny France. Happy is he whose wheels or whose footsteps may traverse this land of Arcady before the builders of hotels, casinos, and piers and *plages* begin the work of spoliation which they call development!

F. S.



AN ADVENTURE ON THE ORINOCO.

PART II.



THE command naturally devolved upon the *comandante*, and he ordered us to examine our arms and unpack our ammunition. The purser gave his revolver to the nigger, telling him not to shoot without aiming or to fire before receiving the word of command. Then taking up our positions in a clump of trees, we waited.

Whether it was that the nigger, being unaccustomed to the use of firearms, was awkward or nervous, or whether it was a mere accident, I know not; but hardly had we settled into position than bang went a shot from his revolver, the explosion reverberating through the silent forest like a clap of thunder. Escape was now impossible, for the smoke, unable to rise, hung like a canopy over our hiding-place.

'Ah, *caramba!*' exclaimed the *comandante*. 'Now we are in for it! Lie down, boys, and keep cool. Take careful aim if you have to fire, and don't waste your ammunition.'

We could hear the men shouting to each other as they hacked their way through the bush, and presently no less than fourteen of them came into view, and a more motley, villainous-looking crowd of ruffians I never saw. Of their identity and the fate we were likely to meet at their hands there could be no doubt. As soon as they saw the smoke they came for us with yells and imprecations, and the click of their rifles sounded ominous in our ears.

'Now for it!' cried the *comandante* as they came within range. 'Let them have it—all together.'

Taking deliberate aim, we fired, and four of the ruffians bit the dust. Checked by the unexpected attack, and not knowing the force that might be opposed to them, the others came on with more caution, dodging from tree to tree, but creeping nearer and nearer to our ambush.

Presently six more made their appearance, doubtless completing the party. The new-comers, being ignorant of the position of affairs, rashly exposed themselves, and we quickly accounted for three of them. This second loss dismayed the rest, and they all drew off under cover to concert a plan of attack. Notwithstanding that seven of them were *hors de combat*, they were still nearly three to one.

Their intentions soon became apparent. Keeping under cover, but close together, they poured several volleys into the clump of trees where we lay concealed. The bullets whistled about our ears, but only struck the trees. We lay close, reserving our ammunition and watching for opportunities of returning the fire with more effect. Our great fear was that the firing would soon bring up the large force in our rear. It was imperative that we should get out of the trap we were in at all hazards and with all speed, and we determined to make a dash

for it, fall suddenly upon the men in front, shoot as many as we could, cut through the rest, and make for the shore and the canoe.

Grasping our rifles and cocking our revolvers, we broke cover and bore down upon them with all the speed we could muster, and so rapidly was our manœuvre executed that before they could realise our intentions we were right in their midst. Luckily for us, they were armed only with Winchester, so that, despite their superior numbers, we had them at a disadvantage.

Using our rifles as clubs and firing our revolvers, we set about us with such impetuosity that in a few minutes we had put six of them to flight, two fell where they stood, and the rest we chased from cover to cover until we thought it more prudent to pursue those who had fled, lest they should intercept the goal we coveted and make off with the canoe, leaving us in a worse plight than ever. Taking a parting shot at the foe, we set off down the rough track, with the dread in front of us of losing the canoe, and the fear behind us of overwhelming numbers.

We quickly overtook the fugitives, and perceived with no little satisfaction that two of them were wounded and limping. As we drew near they threw down their arms, which we snatched up, and sped on after the others as fast as the nature of the ground permitted. In a little while we saw the river glistening through the trees. The men in front had already reached the shore, and were making frantic efforts to clamber into the canoe. But they were at our mercy now, and without a moment's hesitation we fired and made a dash for the canoe ourselves. Behind us we could hear the voices of pursuers and the crushing of the bushes as they tore through the woods. Redoubling our efforts, we tumbled into the canoe, and shoving off with all our strength, the light craft sprang forward with a bound and was quickly caught in the grip of the current. Seeing that some of our pursuers had gained the shore, we threw ourselves prone in the bottom of the capacious *bongo* and let her drift, and the enemy's shots flew harmlessly over our heads as we were borne rapidly away.

As soon as we were out of bullet-range we seized the paddles and headed down-stream for the middle of the river. We knew, of course, that pursuit was inevitable as soon as our enemies joined forces, and two canoes manned by forty such desperados would quickly overtake us. Capture or worse was inevitable unless something intervened in our favour. However, we had got a long start, and that was half the battle. It was now, as nearly as we could guess, about five o'clock in the afternoon. In two hours it would be dark. If we could hold on for that time we might hope to outdistance our pursuers, gain one of the other islands, and escape

detection, at any rate for the night. The short tropical twilight would favour our plans.

Now that the excitement was over, at least for the moment, we became aware that we were greatly spent by hunger and fatigue, and in no condition to offer effective resistance to an overwhelming force. Moreover, three of our number, the *fiscal*, the purser, and the nigger, were wounded, not badly, but sufficiently to set us longing for a sight of the *Guanare*, whose continued disappearance seemed more of a mystery than ever.

We went on pulling with the stream for what seemed a long while, casting anxious glances around from time to time. Suddenly we saw the dreaded *bongos* dart out into the river, and the sight renewed our energies. Pulling for all we were worth, we headed the canoe for the nearest island. Our pursuers caught sight of us, and guessing our intentions by our change of course, increased their speed and rapidly began to overhaul us. In a quarter of an hour we should be within range of their fire. At least half their number were free to use their arms. None of us dared cease our labours for a moment. It became a race for life against time and the enemy. We strained every nerve. The perspiration poured off us. The island loomed large upon our vision. The outlines of the shore were already clear. Another ten minutes and we should be safe.

Barely five hundred yards separated us now from our pursuers. We could hear their shouts calling upon us to surrender, while they emphasised the command by a storm of bullets that hissed as they struck the water in our rear.

Just as we had made up our minds that further resistance was useless, that we should be shot in the very act of landing, and when we had actually thrown down our paddles and held up our hands in token of surrender, the *Guanare* steamed into view, and in less than two minutes had got between us and the enemy, and the troops were firing point-blank upon them. So great was the revulsion of feeling that we were incapable of making another movement. Perceiving our distress, the captain of the *Guanare* gave orders to reverse her engines, and she came swiftly alongside; willing hands hauled us aboard, and we sank exhausted on the deck.

The stewards flew for brandy. The wounded were assisted to the saloon. The engines were again reversed, and the steamer drove full speed ahead for the enemy. But it was now almost dark, and the canoes were only dimly visible in the gloom. Their occupants, thrown into confusion by the apparition of the *Guanare* and the firing of the troops, appeared to have become momentarily paralysed, for they made no attempt to escape until the search-light was turned full upon them. This startled them into activity, and seizing their paddles, they scuttled away down-stream, each taking a different direction, the better to escape the terrible light. It was impossible to follow both canoes; and as we were now all safe, the chase was abandoned, and we slowed down and cast about for a con-

venient anchorage, determined this time to keep out in the open. Midway between the two islands we pulled up and dropped anchor for the night.

After a much-needed meal we quickly recovered our spirits, and the captain and officers crowded round us while we related our adventures and questioned them as to theirs. The disappearance of the steamer in the morning was very simply accounted for. The water in the tanks had given out; and that of the river being too foul for consumption, and there being none on the island, they had crossed to the mainland, expecting to return and pick us up before noon. But their search had proved unsuccessful at first, and it was some hours before they found a suitable supply, and then the filling of the tanks had occupied all the afternoon. They had heard the firing, but mistaking it solely for our own, had felt no misgivings; and while regretting that we had been left to shift for ourselves in the matter of food, they knew we were all old campaigners, and understood how to rough it for a few hours. Whatever I may have thought of all this, I was far too tired to enter into any discussion; so, bidding the rest of the company good-night, I sought my hammock and turned in.

The night passed without disturbance, and by daybreak next morning we were once more under way. The long night's rest had done wonders for all of us. Everybody was in good spirits. Those who envied us our adventures of the previous day professed to be spoiling for a fight, and hoped that something would happen. The *comandante* opined that we had by no means seen the last of our friends of yesterday, and that before many hours elapsed there would be sharp work for some of us.

After early coffee I went on deck for a smoke, and joined the captain in his promenade.

'No signs of *bongos*, captain?' I queried.

'Not yet, sir. But we'll meet them soon enough, I reckon.'

'Ah! you think so, do you?'

'More than likely. When these chaps are out and about there's sure to be plenty of 'em knocking around. Shouldn't wonder if we had a bit of a skirmish before we get through into the Meta. However, we are ready for any number o' them corbeaux.'

Just then we came abreast of the companion-ladder leading to the main-deck, and looking down, witnessed a curious and lively scene.

The whole ship's company was engaged, under the superintendence of the *comandante*, in improvising measures of defence. Some were cleaning their firearms and unpacking ammunition; others were hauling up goods from the holds and piling them round the engines and boiler; others, again, with the assistance of the troops, were throwing up round the ship's bows a barricade of boxes, bags of rice and flour, and other heavy articles. Sailors and troops, officers and stewards, all were busy.

'This looks like business,' I remarked. 'You are evidently looking for trouble, captain.'

'Oh, it's as well to be prepared,' he replied. 'Suppose we take a turn below and have a look round.'

After a brief inspection of the preparations we returned to the deck, the captain being anxious to keep watch.

Two hours passed without incident. We were creeping slowly towards the Meta, the entrance to which is marked by numerous inconspicuous eyots, large enough, however, to conceal a whole flotilla of *bongos*.

The defensive arrangements completed, the *comandante* joined the captain and myself on the upper deck. Standing in the shadow of the pilot-house, all three of us cast anxious glances towards the islands, now scarcely a thousand yards away on the starboard bow. If enemies lay lurking among them, they were invisible, even through the powerful binoculars which the captain occasionally handed to one or the other of us.

Everywhere the most perfect stillness prevailed. The fierce tropical sun shone with remorseless glare, transmuting the yellow, muddy waters of the Orinoco into molten gold. Not a breath stirred. The flag hung limp and formless from the flagstaff. An air of suppressed excitement seemed to pervade the ship. Every sense was on the alert. Now and again a head popped up the companion-ladder; eager, questioning eyes regarded us for a moment; the head turned and disappeared.

Slowly we crept forward, heading straight for the tortuous channel by which the Colombian river is reached. The junction of the two streams was already noticeable in the numerous eddies and cross-currents. The shapes of the islands grew more distinct. The banks of the Meta glided into view.

Stepping out from the shadow of the pilot-house, I took up a more commanding position behind the great kingpost. As I did so a short, sharp report broke the silence. A bullet buried itself in the post above my head. I saw the *comandante* spring forward and disappear down the ladder. The captain shouted an order to the pilot. The engines stopped; the *Guanare* lost way, lay for a moment motionless on the water, then drifted slowly astern.

Dropping on my knees, I peered cautiously round the broad base of the post. The sight that met my gaze sent me flying back to the pilot-house, the nearest refuge. The river seemed to be alive with canoes. I counted twenty of them, and more kept darting from their hiding-places. Spread out in a long line, two-deep, they rowed down upon us with impetuous rapidity. In a few minutes we should be literally surrounded.

Unable to remain a mere spectator, I dashed out of the pilot-house once more, made a dive for the ladder, and rushed down to join my comrades on the lower deck. There the most perfect order prevailed. The eager, expectant faces of the crew betrayed no signs of fear. The troops wore the

most stolid expression of unconcern. The stewards went about their occupations as if nothing unusual were toward. The *comandante* gave his orders calmly and coolly, and was as quietly obeyed. Yet there was no mistaking the nervous excitement which underlay all this seeming indifference.

Seizing my rifle and revolver, I stationed myself at the post pointed out to me just abast the captain, and prepared to do my *dévoir* with the rest. Through the chinks left in the barricade partial glimpses of the canoes were all that could be obtained.

The canoes came on with a rush. The foremost poured in a volley, and I heard the bullets crashing into the glass and woodwork of the saloon deck. We returned the fire with a will, and the shrieks that rent the air told their own deadly tale.

A few minutes later a sharp command rang in my ear. I felt the engines vibrate; the steamer backed astern for a minute or two, then stopped dead.

'Stand clear, there!' cried a voice; and turning, I beheld the captain directing the sailors to clear the gangway as he tore the tarpaulin from an object which had hitherto escaped my notice amidst the innumerable packages that formed the barricade.

A space was quickly cleared, and the object stood revealed as a most wonderful imitation of a six-inch gun. Mounted on an extemporised carriage and painted to the life, for a moment it deceived even me, close as I was to it. Part of the barricade was torn down and the dummy gun run forward into the fore-peak.

The captain's purpose in backing the steamer astern became apparent the moment the opening in the barricade enabled us to catch a full glimpse of the canoes. They were now at a distance, had lost all order, and were huddled together, twenty or thirty of them.

The instant the enemy caught sight of the supposed gun they were thrown into a panic. An order was given; the *Guanare* clapped on steam and drove full speed ahead for the canoes, every rifle and revolver levelled and cocked for execution. In a flash, as it seemed, we crashed into them, and while we poured volley after volley right and left, the knife-like prow of the steamer clove a passage clean through the frail canoes.

The confusion, the yells of defiance, the shrieks of drowning and wounded men, the rattle of firearms, the crunching of timbers as we cut our way remorselessly through the struggling swarm, were simply awful. Dealing death and destruction on either hand, we pressed through, and never paused till we had put a safe distance between the enemy and the steamer. Then the order was given to turn and renew the charge.

But the enemy did not wait for a second charge. With fierce cries of vengeance and a random and harmless volley, they scattered and scuttled downstream for dear life, leaving us undisputed masters of the situation.

A couple of hours later we were on the Meta and steaming placidly towards our destination, which we reached without further adventure.

Before starting on our return journey we took the precaution of borrowing a real gun from the

authorities at Orucú. But the passage to the Orinoco was not disputed, and we returned in safety to Ciudad Bolívar thirty days from the date of our departure.

THE END.

A FOREST SANCTUARY.

IF we wish to feel the mystery of Nature in one of her most secluded moments let us get deep into the heart of a pine-forest in the dusk of an autumn afternoon. The trees rise straight and tall around us, and beyond, as far as the eye can reach, till they fade into the pink haze of distance. A little brown path of trodden pine-needles winds its way through the labyrinth of stems. On either side the ground is carpeted with soft green moss, luminous now in the radiance of the dying sunset that penetrates the gathering twilight. Down here is absolute stillness; but, sounding very far away, the whispering of the evening breeze in the tree-tops mingles with the deeper murmur of the river hastening on to join the sea. All is hushed in the forest but for a solitary robin's whistle now and then—a wistful note that only emphasises the surrounding silence. As you stand and gaze, and let the soft, mysterious beauty of the scene sink into your soul, you seem almost to feel the presence of the spirits of the wood and to hear the voices of another and more ethereal sphere than ours. Our own workaday world, with its hurry and noise, its strife and discord, all 'this strange disease of modern life,' seems to fall away from us, and to become remote and unimportant in the face of this pervading calm that lays its spell upon us. There is in it a suggestion of eternity that is soothing and solemnising after the ceaseless rush and the worship of triviality that we have left outside.

Our little impatient dog, with a mind bent wholly upon rabbits, has been wondering what we can possibly have been seeing all this time, and now disappears on a quest of his own. We call sharply, and immediately feel as if we had committed sacrilege, as our voice echoes back to us through the columns of this natural temple like a sound rolling down the dim aisles of some vast cathedral. We feel very near to Nature, and to the God who reveals Himself through Nature. A great and good man, looking at a beautiful sunset over the sandy bay that stretches wide and fair beyond an old gray city in the East, said to his friend, 'Could any one see that and doubt?' His words come back to us in this forest sanctuary, and we know it is true what the poet said of a country life: 'It is to nearer see our God.'

It is a thing to thank God for to have spent one's childhood in the country; for something of the child's spontaneous love of natural things never really dies out in us, but is ready at times to re-

assert itself and mingle the sweetness of old association with the deeper insight of later life. Unfortunately for most of us, even those who have lived in the country have been brought up to seek their God less in His own works than in the creeds and dogmas artificially built up by many generations of learned men, forgetting the saying: 'Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' Those who most stoutly maintain the creeds and dogmas also maintain that the world was made by God; but they are those who will be most scornful of their neighbours who profess to worship God in His world of nature. If we believe in a Divine Presence in the world at all, is it not as easy—or rather far easier sometimes—to find it in the woods and mountains, in the solitary places of the earth, where 'our noisy years seem moments in the being of the eternal silence,' than in the stiff respectability of the ordinary city congregation, with its atmosphere of argument and criticism or of jealous rivalry with its neighbour Churches? We who love Nature have 'visions of our own,' and who shall presume to say which is the truer worshipper? Who that has 'eyes to see and love this sight so fair' can doubt of finding the Eternal Presence in the deep sky of night, with its 'train of stars,' in the wonder-working dawn, tipping the distant hills with rose and gold, and waking to life and light 'another blue day;' in the almost devotional stillness of noon, as of an hour set apart for quiet meditation; in the soft gleaming, with its suggestion of mystery and idealism? Let no man scoff at these things, for to those who know and understand them they are as real as anything in life, and more sacred than the most binding creed.

I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts—a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

We are too ready nowadays to discuss with every chance-comer what we believe and what we do not believe, and in so doing it is apt to lose something of its sacredness. A little less talking of our religion, and a little more living it, and there would not be so much scepticism about it in the world. What is said of Barne-Jones's feelings on this subject

in his wife's memorials of him is very interesting: 'On the subject of religious "experience" or of his religious faith he was silent, and even shocked by what he thought to be any opinion too rigidly or confidently expressed by others. Once I heard him quote with approval the saying of a Samoan chief to a missionary who was pressing him hard as to his conceptions of a Deity: "We know that at night some one goes by amongst the trees, but we never speak of it." A little more of this spirit of reverent reticence in more things than matters of religion would be a great advantage in modern life. We live too much in public, and lay bare our deepest feelings to our casual acquaintances; or is it that we have no deep feelings, and that what pass for such are only other people's second-hand opinions, which we lightly pass on as the result of our own experience? It may be so, and if this is the case ours is the loss. It has been said, 'There can be no life separate from internal belief, and the lives of men are imperfect because their belief is external.' This is most true. It is no use having a belief at all if it is not a reality to us. Let it be simple, but let it be living. It is to our soul as the living air of these mountain-tops is to our body.

It is a common fallacy to declare that Nature is

hard and unsympathetic, and that to go to her for comfort in sorrow is to court disappointment, for she will answer your tears with laughter, and go her way unheeding of your grief. There is surely something wrong about this. Certainly Nature is not sentimental, and will not indulge us in fretfulness and repining; but we may cast ourselves on her broad bosom and be sure of finding soothing and support, an exhortation to strength and self-dependence, as well as an upholding and inspiring sense of the vastness and the dignity of life. These green depths of forest, these mountain solitudes, range stretching beyond range into the distant haze, suggestive of so much more beyond, make us feel small and humble in our own selves; but as sharing in the wonder and the beauty of the life of which they as well as we are the product, we feel uplifted and strengthened for our 'daily round,' and can carry back the memory of them to our city haunts to refresh us in our jaded moments.

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,

I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore;

While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,

I hear it in the deep heart's core.

H. C. H. S.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

INOCULATING TREES.

THE word inoculate—from *in*, into, and *oculus*, an eye—was originally applied to trees in connection with the grafting or insertion of the bud or eye of one tree into another. From that it gradually came to denote the introduction of foreign matter into the blood of animals; and now, in its new sense, it has become once more applicable to trees. According to *L'Illustration* of Paris, some successful experiments have been tried recently in the injection of various drugs into the sap of trees which are ailing from disease or exhaustion. In the case of some fruit-trees it was found that the roots, having become more exhausted than the aerial parts, were unable to supply a due proportion of nourishment from the soil. The trees seemed, in fact, to be in need of a tonic, and perhaps by natural reasoning sulphate of iron suggested itself. It is said that the result of an injection of this chemical into the sap of the flagging trees was to renew their youth and vigour, and it was found especially useful in the treatment of chlorosis in vines. In order to ascertain the laws governing the penetration of the liquid into the cells of the tree, Monryetski, a Russian entomologist, injected coloured fluids and noted their behaviour. He found that they never penetrated into the old wood, but circulated ex-

clusively in the young layers, spreading uniformly right to the top of the tree and into the root to a depth of three or four feet. He concludes that the best mode of application of drugs is by injection through a single hole made in the neck of the root. Not only may nutritive elements be so introduced into the system of the plants, but it also seems likely that many diseases may be treated by the same means. Experiments have been tried on diseased stone-fruit trees by the injection of weak solutions of oxalic acid, creosote, and of citric or salicylic acid. The best results were obtained with the last. The experiments open up a new and interesting field for the plant-breeder, and seem to suggest almost endless possibilities. It may be conjectured that inoculation may be made to induce or modify variation, and through that lead to the production and perpetuation of new and valuable types.

IRON AND RUST.

In this new iron age, when most of our modern buildings are largely, if not entirely, dependent upon the life of the iron used in their construction, anything which tends to throw fresh light upon the causation of the mortal enemy, rust, is necessarily of intense interest. It has hitherto been held that rust was caused solely by the action of oxygen in the presence of water, and it was certainly believed that these two were quite capable of the destruction of iron without the aid of any other factor. Dr

G. T. Moody has shown, however, by a series of very careful experiments that water and oxygen are apparently powerless in this direction except in the presence of traces of carbonic acid gas. The greatest difficulty in the experiments lay in the absolute exclusion of this insidious gas; but when its complete absence was secured it was found that damp oxygen alone had no effect whatever in even tarnishing the iron exposed to its influence. In one case, occupying some weeks, fifteen times as much oxygen as would suffice to convert all the iron into oxide failed to have the slightest effect upon it; but in a later experiment, in which the carbon dioxide was not removed, the whole of the metal was reduced to rust in seventeen hours. The conclusion seems unavoidable that carbonic acid is a necessary adjunct to the rusting of iron. As one newspaper rather naively remarks, all that engineers now have to do is to devise a means of keeping the carbon dioxide from the iron, and they need not fear the water or oxygen. That is all, certainly; but it is not easy to see how that little all is to be accomplished with any less difficulty than the solving of the present problem of keeping air and water from contact with the iron.

MEAT PRESERVATION.

The Craveri method of preserving meat, of which a great deal was heard some months ago, has been subjected to searching inquiry and experiment by a number of university professors, and is reviewed in a recent report by the Italian Minister of Agriculture. By the Craveri process, meat is preserved in a fit and edible condition by the use of perfectly harmless chemicals. Ordinary antiseptics are not used at all, and the usual method of salting is regarded as quite insufficient. Instead, the slaughtered animals, from whose veins the blood has been drained, are injected with a mixture of kitchen salt twenty-five parts, acetic acid four parts, and water one hundred parts. These are, of course, merely substances which are found normally in our bodies, and constantly form part of our regular food. The amount of this solution injected is one-tenth in weight that of the animal treated. In one of the experiments a sheep and a calf were treated, and the carcasses subsequently hung up for seventy-five days in a room kept at a constant temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit. They were then skinned and dressed in the usual way. The heart, brains, liver, and intestines were normal in appearance, though somewhat macerated. The fat was perfectly preserved, and the flesh is described as being bright red in colour, moist, and of an agreeable odour. There was no trace of even incipient decay anywhere; and, the final proof being in the eating, the meat was subjected to various usual culinary operations, and was found to be tender, digestible, nutritious, and to taste 'even better than ordinary meat.' Bacteriological examination proved the meat to be free from bacteria, and all the professors were unanimous in the conclusion that the Craveri process

of preservation promises great advantages over all others.

UNINFLAMMABLE CURTAINS.

An interesting article by Professor Doremus appeared recently in the *Star*, published in Washington, D.C., in which the author urges the desirability of fireproofing such flimsy household appurtenances as washable curtains. He considers that a law should be passed making it compulsory for proprietors of hotels so far to safeguard the lives of the guests by rendering all inflammable draperies fire-proof, and he also impresses upon the private householder the great importance of taking similar precautions. Like a prudent preacher, he is not content with mere exhortation, but goes carefully into the ways and means of carrying out his suggestions. The method of fireproofing proposed by the professor is so very simple that it certainly deserves the consideration of householders and others, for undoubtedly curtains, with their tendency to be blown about by the lightest breeze, and their quick inflammability, are a grave source of danger in any room where there is a naked flame to ignite them. Professor Doremus's instructions are, in effect, to purchase at any chemist's shop a pound of phosphate of ammonia, make a saturated solution in water, and keep it in the laundry for regular use. A little of this solution added to the bowl of starch prepared for the 'getting up' of curtains and other similar things suffices to render the fabrics fireproof. We have not tested the efficacy of this very simple method, but we reprint the suggestion for what it may be worth.

A NEW TESTAMENT.

According to a communication to the *Times* from Drs Grenfell and Hunt, a recent large find of Greek literary papyri in the excavations on the site of Oxyrhynchus is likely to prove of great interest to students of literature. Among many remarkable documents brought to light at the same time was a vellum leaf from a manuscript of a lost Gospel whose subject is a visit of Jesus and His disciples to the Temple, where they were reproached by a Pharisee with the non-observance of the rite of purification before entering the holy place. The Pharisee gives in some detail the rites he has himself performed, and receives an eloquent answer from Jesus, who contrasts inward with outward purity, to the confusion of the hypocrite. The account of the incident is described as very complete and striking, and quite different from anything recorded in the Gospels. It is also remarkable in its picturesqueness and vigour, its cultivated literary style, and a certain familiarity with the Jewish ceremonies of purification.

HYDROGEN FOR BALLOONS.

Balloons are generally inflated with coal-gas instead of pure hydrogen, because, though considerably heavier and therefore much less efficient, it is very much cheaper. For military balloons,

which are invariably used where no supply of coal-gas is to be obtained commercially, hydrogen has to be carried in cylinders to the place from which the ascent is to be made, or generated chemically on the spot. In either case the necessary impedimenta constitute a very serious item. An ordinary field-balloon, requiring from seventeen to eighteen thousand cubic feet of gas, necessitates the employment of three wagons, each weighing three and a half tons when loaded, and drawn by six horses. A new chemical compound somewhat akin to the calcium carbide familiar as a generator of acetylene gas has been placed on the market recently under the name of hydrolithe. The new invention, the news of which comes from Paris, is credited to Mr Joubert, and is described as hydrate of calcium produced electrically by a secret process. It resembles oxylith and calcium carbide in that it at once evolves its gas upon admixture with water, which immediately enters into combination with the lime and sets free the remaining constituent of the compound—in this case hydrogen gas. A pound of commercial hydrolithe will generate over sixteen cubic feet of hydrogen; and the process, besides being simple and safe, is said to be a cheap one. For the purposes of military ballooning its advantages are instantly apparent. In place of the cumbersome equipment already mentioned, a single two-horse wagon loaded with a ton of hydrolithe—with the aid of water obtainable anywhere—will quickly and easily supply the necessary gas for the inflation of the balloon.

PIPES MADE OF PAPER.

Paper is one of those materials for which new uses are continually being found. According to the *Revue de Chimie Industrielle*, gas-pipes are now being successfully made from paper sheets. Manilla paper as wide as the length of the intended pipe is drawn through a container filled with melted asphalt and rolled solidly around an iron core or rod until thick enough for the purpose intended. It is then submitted to heavy pressure, sprinkled with sand, and cooled by immersion in water. Then the iron core is withdrawn, and the tube is covered externally with waterproofing material. The pipes so constructed are said to be absolutely gas-tight, and cheaper and better than iron pipes, while it would appear that they are of a more enduring nature than the corrodible metal.

OXONE.

It is reported that the Niagara Electro-Chemical Company has introduced a new product under the name of oxone, which is said to be a specially prepared fused form of peroxide of sodium. Its peculiarly valuable property is its power of giving out free oxygen when in the presence of carbonic acid gas and moisture. This means that the air in a confined space may be kept fresh and supplied with oxygen for breathing purposes for an indefinite length of time, always provided, of course, that the carbon dioxide is itself absorbed in the process,

as we may suppose is the case. If that be so, oxone will perform for the air in a submarine boat, for instance, a service comparable to that accomplished for the atmosphere at large by every green leaf and blade of grass lighted by the sun. Miners suitably masked will be able to work regardless of the deadliest fumes; firemen, heedless of smoke, will perform the perilous errands of mercy with one risk less to face; and divers will no longer be dependent upon the men at the pumps above. Oxone should have a great future before it if it be all that it seems to be.

AN AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

Those who have suffered—and who in business has not!—from the vagaries of the telephone-girl will hail with delight the prospect of an exchange entirely controlled by automatic machinery. Such an exchange is in actual course of erection in Paris, and is to be put to the test of ordinary use with a view to its universal adoption if found satisfactory. The apparatus is necessarily of a highly complicated and delicate nature, and therein may lie, possibly, the seeds of its destruction as a practical public servant. Still, it is sincerely to be hoped, both for the sake of public peace and for the sake of the exceedingly clever invention itself, that it will meet with perfect success, and that the 'young ladies of the exchange' may go back whence they came—wherever in all this wonderful world that may happen to be. Then it may be possible to set a little indicator on the telephone instrument to the number of the subscriber required, and thereby set the complex machinery at the exchange to work so unerringly that the call is answered at the other end almost as soon as the instrument is at the ear. Should the other line be engaged, the call will be automatically stored up and put through at the first possible moment. Wrong numbers will never be given, and messages will not be overheard by those for whom they are not intended. The automatic exchange will not get offended with you for no reason you can imagine, and give you 'number engaged' for hours at a time by way of a punishment. It will even discover and send a man to remedy any fault which may occur in your line without waiting for you to find it out for yourself. And when this time comes it will be called the Millennium.

A NEW METHOD OF GLASS-MAKING.

The present method of glass-making may, as every one knows, be broadly divided into two processes: plate-glass making, in which the molten material is cast from the pots upon a smooth table and rolled flat; and sheet-glass, in which the viscid mass is blown into a huge cylindrical bubble by the glass-blower's pipe, and the bubble, while still soft, is slit and allowed to fall flat upon a table, where it cools. Plate-glass is true in surface but very expensive; while sheet-glass, although comparatively cheap, is full of irregularities in flatness

and thickness due to the mode of manufacture. A new system is reported from Nuremberg by the United States Consul which appears to combine in a measure both processes of producing glass. According to this system, the molten glass is drawn upward from the pots by a system of rollers in pairs rising one above the other. Seventeen pairs of rollers, like seventeen mangles placed one over the other on their sides, draw the incipient sheet of glass continuously upward. By the time it passes through the last pair it is cool enough to retain the shape impressed upon it by the successive rollers. The glass produced in this manner is said to be beautifully flat and polished, and it may be made in any thickness, for that merely depends upon the distance apart of the rollers forming the pairs. The system is the invention of Mr Fourcault, of Belgium; and if it prove in practice to be sufficiently cheap to compete with the present method of manufacture of window-glass it should entirely supersede that rather unsatisfactory process.

A SELF-LIGHTING GAS-MANTLE.

It has been noticed from time to time that the rare metallic oxides used in the manufacture of incandescent gas-mantles will, if scratched with a file, emit sparks of fire, and the idea has suggested itself that this circumstance might be made use of in the invention of a self-lighting burner. It is reported that Baron von Welsbach, the inventor of the incandescent mantle, has found from experiment that the rare metals must be alloyed with about 30 per cent. of iron to produce the phenomenon in question. The *Gas World* is responsible for the statement that Welsbach is now engaged in making an automatic self-lighting burner in which this alloy plays the important part. By a mechanical device, operated automatically when the gas-tap is turned, a small file scratches the alloy gently and produces brilliant sparks in sufficient quantities to immediately ignite the gas. Presumably the igniting device is quite distinct from the mantle itself, which is obviously not of a character to stand the treatment.

NEW AND USEFUL INVENTION FOR ROAD-MAPS.

There are but few of us in these days of travel who have not had occasion to consult a road-map; and whether it be on an excursion, during military manoeuvres, or what not, we all know its inconveniences. If of paper only it is limp and troublesome, and if stuck on linen it soon becomes indistinct in the folds. In a high wind the noise it makes when fluttering has more than once frightened a horse, and at night it is almost impossible to read it with matches or even lighted cigar-ends. On a long journey the ordinary maps in use constitute, moreover, a certain addition to one's luggage. Dr Vollbehr, of Hallensee, near Berlin, has thought out a clever system to avoid these difficulties; and though, primarily, his idea was conceived to allow the army of his fatherland, when invading a country

in peace or in war, to take every advantage offered by a knowledge of that particular part, yet many others will profit by his clever idea also. He has reduced all the maps of the German kingdom to such proportions that each is represented on a small piece of firm cardboard about four inches square. These tiny plans, light and easily carried, are, when wanted for use, slipped into a frame fitted with a very strong magnifying-glass, suited, of course, to the sight of the user, which enables every mark and word to be easily read. Moreover, for night-work, a small electric lamp is attached, and this in its turn also serves for signalling. This apparatus for guidance in a strange country was tested during the recent German manoeuvres, and is said to have attracted great attention among the military by its usefulness.

FISH IN IRRIGATION CANALS.

A correspondent from Saffi wrote in our June issue expressing his mystification as to how small fish come to be in enclosed waters. A naturalist suggests an explanation. He says: 'If the wild-ducks, &c., of Morocco are similar to those elsewhere there is no mystery. For some years there was open-mouthed wonder as to how perch, bream, and crayfish could get into newly cut dams near the Macquarie River in New South Wales. In some cases the water had hardly settled after the rain had filled the dam than the fish were observed, and the farmers started a large theory of spontaneous production. This obtained till a Sydney professor chanced to pick up a wild-duck and found its breast-feathers and webbed feet well dotted with fertile and almost hatched fish-ova, on which the "spontaneous production" theory was promptly withdrawn.'

A TURNABLE FOR AUTOMOBILISTS.

Now that the buyers of automobiles desire to have cars large enough to go great distances, the later cars have grown considerably in length, and the difficulty of turning becomes every day a more serious matter to be considered. A young Belgian schoolgirl, not yet fifteen, still wearing short skirts and with her golden hair flowing over her shoulders, has just solved the question by a clever invention, which she has promptly patented and otherwise protected. There are reasons why, until it is ready to be put on the market, her designs should not be fully explained; but her contrivance allows any vehicle, whether driven by mechanical or animal force, at once to reverse its direction by means of a turntable. The idea came to her one night when considering the difficulties into which a too long automobile wagon had fallen while trying to turn on the Antwerp quays. The next day she suggested her notion to two friends with whom she often goes in an automobile, and, indeed, from the chauffeur of which, in learning the construction of the car, she has received her only mechanical training. The two gentlemen at once acknowledged that she had found a solution of the difficulty.

Plans were drawn, experts consulted, the patents and protections secured, and the little Belgian schoolgirl is now bargaining with the State engineers for the sale of her invention, it being found applicable also to military wagons. Mdlle. Ernesta Carston di Lusi is the daughter of the Comtesse di Lusi, who married a German, but who is now a widow, living in Brussels. She is a tall, fine girl, with a brilliant complexion and a remarkably bright, alert manner. She is still a thorough child, devoted to her dogs, and a little bewildered at this sudden success. 'I have so many queer ideas,' she says naively; 'my head is always full of new ways to do things, but I never expected any to turn out really well like this.' A fortune is said to be in store for her.

THE DISCOVERED RIGHT ARM OF THE LAOCOON.

Ludwig Pollak, a German savant, has discovered a fragment of an arm which is believed to have formed part of a replica of the Laocoon group among a mass of marble statuary fragments. The stone is a coarse-grained Parian marble, and differs from the Vatican group in that it has belonged to an ancient replica about one-ninth smaller than the original. The arm may have been broken when the statue was removed from the pedestal in Rhodes and taken to Rome. In the discovered fragment the arm is carried farther back than in the restoration in the Vatican group, which, as has been remarked, 'has the declamatory effect of shallow pathos.' By carrying the arm to the back of the head, as in the discovered right arm, the suffering of Laocoon is rendered much more intense. This famous group in the Vatican was found in a vault in Rome in 1506, and Pope Julius II. bought the statue. In 1796 Napoleon removed it to Paris, whence it was restored in 1815 to the Vatican.

ANIMAL AND PLANT LIFE IN WATER RESERVOIRS.

Mr James Murray, of the Scottish Lakes Survey, has pointed out, in a lecture given in Edinburgh, that many people are needlessly scared at the presence of plant and animal life in water reservoirs, which must sooner or later become stocked with the same organisms that live in lakes. Nothing short of poisoning the water could prevent this. All the aquatic animals except fish are moderately small or quite microscopic, the majority of which are introduced by means of their eggs or by feeders of the reservoirs. Gnats and other insects fly to the reservoirs and lay eggs on the surface of the water. An examination of the older reservoirs which supply Edinburgh showed them to be biologically alike in this to the permanent lochs. If the presence of organisms had an appreciable effect on the chemical composition of water, it was in all probability beneficial, since the animals acted as scavengers, and all dead and decaying matter in the water was eaten up, while their excrement sank to the bottom and helped to form the black mud of the lochs. Mr Murray is evidently speaking

of reservoirs where there is a healthy circulation of the water by inflow and outflow, and where there is no contamination from sewage or otherwise, and this gives no license for carelessness or ignorance in connection with our water-supply.

MAKING POULTRY PAY.

The first annual report of the Poultry Institute of Ontario discusses matters of great interest to all poultry-breeders, and describes a poultry-farm which pays—that of Lakewood, in Bunsville, New Jersey—run on thorough business lines by Mr A. G. Brown, the profit last year being one thousand four hundred pounds. The farm, of about sixty acres of level, sandy soil, is covered with small oak and pine woods, and there are about five miles of wire fence around it. White Leghorns, Barred Rocks, and white Wyandottes are in evidence, and the yield of eggs and chickens is satisfactory. The pens and laying-houses are of the most approved kind, and care is taken to keep these dry, clean, and warm. The eggs are packed in pasteboard boxes holding a dozen, and sold in winter to a dealer at forty-seven cents a dozen, and in summer at thirty-two cents. We learn from the same source that there are three hundred and sixty incubators on the premises, and that altogether there are one thousand three hundred makers of incubators in the United States, turning out two hundred and forty thousand a year, so that hens may by-and-by retire from this part of the business if the use of these continues to increase.

SUMMER SOLSTICE.

'NEATH summer skies, no busy feet
Break the still charm of my retreat—
This quaint old garden, where the day
Dozes so drowsily away,
Remote from crowded city street.

From meadow-pasture comes the bleat
Of sheep, the low of kine, and—sweet
As silver bells—the glad lark's lay,
'Neath summer skies.

And close beside my mossy seat
The heavy-lidded roses greet
The vagrant bee, and bid him stay;
Now from the church-tower, old and gray,
Midnoon's chimes musically beat
'Neath summer skies.

LAWRENCE R. JUPP.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

MARGARET AND THE SCHOOL-BOARD.

By H. HALYBURTON ROSS,

Author of *The Law Lord and Lesley*, *The Vagrant*, *The Isles of Destiny*, &c.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

MMARGARET RAMSAY, the Tulchan schoolmistress, sat at her desk in the deserted class-room, her gaze riveted on a highly coloured plate of the seasons that adorned the opposite wall.

She had a small, serious face, delicately featured, with sombre violet eyes in which lurked the shadow of temperament. Life had been a strenuous affair for her from the outset, the mere act of existence necessitating a struggle on her part. And this conflict had left its traces upon her.

But to-day a flicker of amusement relieved the more serious lines of her face. An open letter on the desk before her was responsible for it. It was written in a scrawly, illiterate hand, and contained no less than a proposal of marriage.

'The fourth in six months,' she ejaculated, not pensively, but with a faint satirical tightening of the lips. 'An entire school-board at my feet, with one exception—the chairman.'

She rose, and, stretching out her arms, displayed the hardy, almost defiant, lines of her small, wiry frame. Then, with a sigh, she reseated herself.

'Let me see what I have refused,' counting on her fingers as she spoke: 'a hotel proprietor, a bonnet-laird, an ex-dominie, and now a farmer.'

She cast a whimsical downward glance at the letter before her. 'There remains only the minister, and he'—She broke off. 'Well, the sooner I put old Harris out of his pain the better,' her voice grown suddenly vigorous as if to exclude the possibility suggested by her last unspoken thought.

She drew pen and paper towards her as she spoke and commenced to write in a business-like manner. As she did so the voices of the children at their play floated in to her ears through the open window, interspersed with the splash and merry tinkle of a burn from the hillside. She had hardly completed

three lines of her correspondence when the school-room door burst open.

'Hello! letter-writing,' exclaimed the minister, Robert Allison, pausing in his hurried entry at sight of her occupation. He was an alert, athletic-looking young man of the new type of Scots clergy, and his eager, clean-shaven face would have been handsome but for a lurking femininity in the lines of mouth and chin.

Margaret laid down her pen deliberately and turned to him. 'I was writing to refuse the last member of your school-board who has done me the honour of asking me to become his wife,' she announced calmly, as if giving out the morrow's lessons to her scholars.

The minister gave a loud, rather forced laugh. 'Not old Monnyplies?' he ejaculated.

She nodded.

He thrust his hands into his knickerbocker pockets and took several hasty strides up and down the room.

Suddenly he paused before her. 'Do you know, you ought to feel rather flattered,' he began impressively. 'There never were four people so strongly opposed to anything as those four colleagues of mine to your coming. There had always been a dominie in Tulchan before, and the thought of a woman scared them. It took weeks to persuade them even to give you a trial, and now in six months'—flinging out his hands with an expressive gesture.

Margaret smiled quietly.

'I am glad I knew nothing about it,' she remarked. 'I should have felt even more nervous than I did.'

'You nervous!' he repeated incredulously. 'I never met any one with such an amount of self-possession.' His eyes were fixed with a half-unwilling admiration on her face as he spoke.

She was well used to the grudging tribute from him, and her woman's instinct interpreted its sig-

nificance with unfailing certitude. None knew better than she the worldly nature of the young minister's ambitions. But she knew something besides of which he himself was hardly aware—the existence of an untried depth of constancy and true feeling in his nature that must in the end triumph over his more shallow inclinations.

With an adroit question she now turned the conversation to matters connected with the school curriculum, and in a few minutes they were deep in an argument on the various advantages and disadvantages of secondary education.

It was on this purely intellectual basis that their friendship had been founded. To the minister, fresh from his five years' hard reading at the University of Edinburgh, the distinction between literate and illiterate was still of paramount importance, and he had turned to Margaret as naturally as the sunflower to the sun for the understanding and sympathy her intellectual attainments enabled her to bestow upon him.

By degrees the whole parish had come to look upon their intimacy in this unpersonal light, and would have been vastly surprised if any stranger had remarked upon the frequency of the minister's visits to the schoolhouse or the numerous occasions on which he escorted Margaret on her homeward way.

'I forgot to tell you that Miss Ewing has kindly consented to give away the prizes next Wednesday,' he added, lowering his voice as the children began to troop noisily back into the schoolroom at the conclusion of their hour of play. 'She is coming over to tea at the manse this afternoon,' he went on, raising his voice again as the faces among the scholars increased; 'and my sister said she hoped you would walk down at five o'clock and talk over the arrangements.'

Margaret's pencil-tapping on the desk in front of her produced a sudden silence in the room. Then, turning to the minister, 'Tell Miss Allison I shall be very pleased to come to tea,' she announced in a tone of dismissal.

Some hours later, when the last of her scholars had departed, Margaret set out for the manse.

During her six months' sojourn in the little Highland parish she had grown to look upon the square, whitewashed house in its verdant setting of trees as the nucleus of all that for her lay outside the stern realm of duty; and, in truth, there had been no lack of hospitality towards her either on the part of the minister or his mother and sister. At first, no doubt, she had found it difficult to accept the proffered kindness, tinged, as it was in the case of the minister's sister, with patronage. But Margaret had soon reconciled herself to this one foible of the really kind-hearted little woman for the sake of her intense loyalty to her brother. Dearly as Flora Allison loved the social privileges that accrued to her as an inmate of the manse, her pride in them was as nothing to that she experienced in the

minister himself; and the same truth applied to her mother. Margaret was whimsically grateful to both women for their devotion, though she secretly deplored the effects of the wholesale spoiling on the young man's character.

A showy wagonette-and-pair was drawn up in front of the porch when she arrived. She gave a little involuntary shudder at sight of the brass harness and staring liveries. The Ewing money so worshipped by Miss Allison had a way of getting on her nerves.

Upon entering the dining-room she found tea already in progress. A place was immediately made for her beside the guest, who greeted her with a chilling condescension that set the independent blood dancing in her every vein.

'Now, you must tell Miss Ewing all about the prizes, and what she will have to do next Wednesday,' commenced Miss Allison with an intonation that left no possible doubt as to the reason for which Margaret's presence had been invited.

'As long as I am not called upon to make a speech I don't mind anything else,' said Miss Ewing in her heavy tones, turning a pair of cold, lack-lustre eyes upon the schoolmistress.

'There is no fear of that,' interposed the minister hastily from his place at the foot of the table. 'All you will have to do will be to put the books into the children's hands, and give them each a pleasant smile.—Isn't that the case?' turning to Margaret.

Miss Ewing laughed her stilted, conventional laugh.

'Even the smile is not essential,' returned Margaret quietly. 'As long as they get their prizes, it is immaterial to the children who presents them.'

'I don't agree with you at all,' interposed the minister's sister hotly, after an anxious glance at her guest's offended face. 'That is why Robert always tries to get somebody distinguished to give away the prizes.—Miss Ewing, the children set great store by it, I can tell you, and so do their parents.'

'You had Lady Elizabeth Summers last year, had you not?' said Margaret in her coolest tones, addressing herself pointedly to the minister.

He assented dumbly, and Margaret gave an inward smile as she caught the covert glance he cast in Miss Ewing's direction the following minute. But she felt that her revenge upon the rich gin distiller's daughter had been deserved, and suffered no qualms for the consequent constraint that fell upon the party.

A few minutes later Miss Ewing rose to take her departure. The minister accompanied her to the door.

During their farewell, which was a lengthy one, Mrs Allison and her daughter exchanged significant glances, in which they sought to include Margaret. But her eyes were innocent of all recognition, and Miss Flora was forced at last into a verbal translation for the benefit of their obtuse guest.

'Robert's a mighty long time saying good-bye,' she said with a defiant emphasis, turning to Margaret as she spoke. 'I never saw Mary Ewing look so well,' she went on enthusiastically. 'Yon red gown fitted her to perfection. I am thinking of having my new green made like it.'

Margaret stirred her tea in reflective silence. She was well aware of the ambitions of both mother and daughter in regard to the minister's future, and knew, too, that there was little chance of an objection being raised should his choice fall upon Miss Ewing; but she obstinately refused to countenance the possibility, at least in public.

The minister's return at this moment spared her the necessity of reply. His face wore the set expression of one who knows himself to be the object of universal comment, and he met his sister's sly smile with a blank stare. But a covert glance at Margaret's unconscious face reassured him, and in a few minutes he was monopolising the conversation in a manner that plainly indicated his desire to make up for his temporary lapse of self-possession. While he talked his mother and sister listened with the rapt attention they always accorded to his utterances.

Margaret listened too; but there was an independent quality in her silence that made itself felt unconsciously, and produced just the effect she desired upon the speaker.

When the time came for her to go, he prepared without a word to accompany her home. In silence they traversed the first part of the way. The familiar road had never seemed so short to Margaret before, its beauties so apparent. The sweet evening stillness of mountain-side and loch struck home to her heart with a pang of actual pain as if she were viewing them for the last time. She realised all at once how precious their associations had become to her, how necessary to her happiness. Yet six short months before the desolateness of the place had appalled her. What had happened to thus transfigure it?

'By the way, there's a board-meeting to-night,' struck in the minister's voice by her side, as if in answer to her unspoken query.

She glanced sharply at him, her eyes seeming to absorb every detail of his familiar figure, in its black habiliments—the weak, yet attractive, outline of the profile.

'I think it is my duty as chairman to propose a vote of condolence to the members,' he went on, tilting his chin in his manner when amused.

Margaret made no attempt to feign ignorance of his meaning.

'You are thinking of my letter this morning,' she remarked, with a quiet smile. 'It is incomprehensible to me why they should wish to marry me, a poor schoolmistress, and they are all four well-off men.'

But he interrupted her hotly. 'It's not a case of means, but of social and intellectual disparity,' he declared with unnecessary vehemence. 'Imagine

you tied up for life to an illiterate man like old Monnyplies, for example!' with a short, scornful laugh.

They had reached the schoolhouse gate as he finished speaking.

Margaret felt the warm inward glow that his championship of her always evoked, though she realised at the same time how it was in great part his natural egotism that prompted him. He had brought her to Tulchan, and, like any other darling experiment, he would defend her against the whole world. But she allowed no hint of feeling to appear in her voice as she bade him good-night, and her imperviousness had its usual effect of stimulating his interest in her personality.

The parlour was in half-light as she entered it. On a small table in the centre of the room her supper was spread. She was alone in the house, the little handmaid who attended to her wants having gone out for the evening. Instinctively she crossed over to sniff at a jar of honeysuckle in the centre of the table. As she did so her eye fell on a letter that lay beside her plate. Her correspondents were few, and this missive was in a handwriting she had never seen before. She carried it over to the far window, and sat down in her favourite arm-chair before opening it. The post-mark was Inverness, her old home. But there was no one there who would care to write to her, or who even knew her address. After turning it over contemptively once or twice, she opened her letter. It took her a long time to peruse, a still longer to assimilate the significance of what it set forth.

Lawyers' letters are invariably hard to master in a single reading, and, to judge by the look of dazed incredulity in Margaret's eyes as she completed her third reading, this one was no exception to the rule.

'Uncle Andrew,' she ejaculated at last, letting the letter fall on her lap and placing her hand over her forehead in a bewildered fashion—'Uncle Andrew a rich man! Thirty thousand pounds! Fancy a Ramsay making thirty thousand pounds!' with a bitter little laugh. 'He could not have been as scrupulous as poor father. And then to die before he was able to enjoy it! Yes, that is more in accordance with the family traditions. But the money is still there, and I—I—it's mine,' seizing the letter again and devouring it with a new eagerness. 'It's mine—mine—thirty thousand pounds!' She started up in her chair and then sank down again, covering her face with her hands and shuddering from head to foot with suppressed excitement.

She had been so long accustomed to conceal her emotions that even this expression of them gave her a feeling of guilty abandonment. She raised her head at last and glanced round the room suspiciously. As she did so a sudden conviction of her loneliness swept over her. In the days of hardship and struggle the consideration was wont to

have a bracing effect upon her, but now that good fortune had come she longed incontinently for sympathy.

Crushing the letter in one hand, she started impulsively towards the door, then checked herself. Her intention had been to return straight to the manse with her news; but a sudden scruple made her pause. Once this change in her fortunes was made public she would never again have the satisfaction of knowing what it was to be judged entirely on her own merits. She would have a money value, like Miss Ewing.

The thought repelled her. Strange that she should only have begun to realise the privileges of poverty when its ban was removed from her, she commented ironically. With a half-regretful pride she remembered the four simple-hearted men who,

for her own sake alone, had laid their fortunes at her feet. Would such a boast never again be hers?

Slowly she retraced her steps to the window.

A few days of self-denial, that was all that was demanded of her; to keep her own counsel until—well, until after the school had broken up and her work in Tulchan should be over. For that short time let her remain Margaret Ramsay the poor schoolmistress, lest by any chance the awards she had earned in that character should fall to the lot of her rich supplanter.

It was a hard decision, but she felt that the result would be worth the sacrifice, and she had been accustomed to doing difficult things all her life.

(To be continued.)

THE PASSING OF A GREAT TITLE.

By SOPHIA H. MACLEHOSE,

Author of *The Last Days of the French Monarchy, From Monarchy to Republic, &c.*



ON August the 6th, 1806, just a hundred years ago, there passed out of European living history one of the proudest titles the world has known. On that day Francis of Hapsburg, King of Hungary and Bohemia, ruler of Austria, and Emperor of Germany, signed in his palace at Vienna a deed by which he resigned the Imperial Crown and thereby brought to an end the Holy Roman Empire, 'the oldest political institution in the world.' It had its roots in the old Empire of the Romans, and had lasted as a Western European institution for over a thousand years; it had passed from Carlovingian to Saxon, from Saxon to Frankish, from Frankish, Swabian, and Bavarian to Austrian rule, and with Austria it had remained until, no longer 'Holy, Roman, or an Empire,' it had died without a mourner.

A great ceremony inaugurated and a great ceremony struck the death-blow to the Holy Roman Empire. On Christmas Day of the year 800 a vast multitude crowded the wide nave of the old basilica of St Peter's at Rome. Clergy filled the semicircular apse behind the great arch separating it from the nave; above them, on the bishop's throne, sat Pope Leo III.; priests ministered at the high altar standing just within the arch, and before the altar knelt Charlemagne the Frankish monarch, dressed, not, as was usual with him, in simple Frankish dress, but in Roman robe and sandals. Presently, as the reading of the gospel ended, Leo rose from his seat, descended to where Charlemagne knelt, anointed him with holy oil, placed a precious crown upon his head, and saluted him as his earthly Sovereign. Thereafter Charlemagne swore to maintain and defend the privileges of the

Church; and from the multitude within the basilica and from the crowd without there rose the cry, 'Long life and victory to Charles the August, crowned by God great and pacific Emperor!' The Holy Roman Empire had begun.

More than a thousand years had passed when another and very different multitude met in the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. Instead of Roman citizens and half-savage Franks, an assemblage of marshals, generals, diplomats, and courtiers in full-dress or brilliant uniform, a crowd of women in Parisian costume and dazzling jewels, filled the sombre building and glittered in its dusky aisles. This time also there was a Pope, clergy ministering at the altar, an aspirant to an Imperial Crown. But Napoleon Bonaparte, resplendent in velvet and jewels, surrounded by all that could contribute to the pride of life, would receive the Imperial Crown from no hand but his own; the Pope must grace, but he might not confer this highest honour on the Corsican. Lifting from the altar the crown which the Pope had blessed, Napoleon placed it on his own head, and with that act, as we shall see, the Holy Roman Empire virtually ended. The shout that rose in Notre Dame on December 2, 1804, drowned the last faint echoes of that other shout which, one thousand and four years earlier, had risen from the old basilica of St Peter's. By it was inaugurated—although Napoleon had not meant it should be—the modern idea of Empire: that of glorified kingship as opposed to the idea embodied in the old title—that of lordship over the world.

For the Holy Roman Empire had begun by claiming for itself a civil rule as wide as Christendom. In the days of ancient Rome the Emperor was high-priest as well as civil ruler. With the intro-

duction of Christianity, the Church, necessarily opposed to pagan rule, became separated from the State; but when Constantine adopted Christianity, and made it the religion of the Roman Empire, the union of Church and State became again one of the fundamental ideas of government. At the same time the *identity* of the two great powers had ceased to be possible, for in the years during which Christianity had been tabooed by the civil power she had built up for herself an independent hierarchy so strong that not all the shocks of eight two thousand years have been able to destroy it. Henceforth Church and State might be united; they could not be one.

The effort, therefore, of the Middle Ages was to set up a civil Christian rule which should be as universal in its sway as were the spiritual pretensions of Rome. Pope and Emperor were to be two sides of one shield; and although the ideal was never attained, it nevertheless lay at the root of the medieval conception of an Emperor. As Emperor, Charlemagne was lord of Christendom, and as lord of Christendom he was crowned at Rome; as subject to the spiritual rule of the Papacy the Emperor received his Crown at the hands of the Pope, while to the Emperor as lord of all temporal power the Pope did obeisance.

On these two ideas—that of universal rule and the co-ordination of civil and spiritual power—the ceremony of coronation throws light. Like any ordinary king, the Emperor received the sword, sceptre, and globe, as symbols of his temporal power and responsibilities; like all Sovereigns who claim the national headship of the Church, a ring was placed on his finger in token of his promise to defend her rights; but, as signifying his relation to the spiritual head of the Church universal, the Emperor in his coronation service assisted the Pope to celebrate mass, partook of the Communion in both kinds, and was admitted a canon of St Peter's and St John Lateran. Those who elected the Emperor elected him temporal head of the Christian people; while the Emperor claimed as official titles such phrases as 'Vicar of Christ,' 'Imperial Head of the Faithful,' 'Protector of Palestine, of general councils, and of the Catholic faith.'

But the ideas thus shadowed forth failed to be realised, and instead of a great dual power making for righteousness, the union of Emperor and Pope presently resolved itself into two rival powers, each having its own adherents, each vaunting its own pretensions. Guelf fought for Pope and Ghibelline for Emperor, and the medieval conception lay shattered at their feet. Gradually the idea of universal empire over Christendom was lost; the Emperors ceased to receive coronation at Rome, and the Empire, though retaining in theory its older pretensions, shrank to a sovereignty over the German States.

'It was,' says Mr Bryce, 'under Frederick Barbarossa that the actual power and the theoretical

influence of the Empire most fully coincided.' In his reign most of the States of Western Europe, even if virtually independent, acknowledged the Emperor's supremacy, and he it was who first called the Roman Empire 'holy.' By so doing he re-asserted the old claims of the Empire, and at the same time gave evidence of their decay. Vigorous life proclaims itself, and the moment any institution sets forth its pretensions in formal terms one may well begin to question its vitality. Frederick Barbarossa called the Empire 'holy' because the Church, slighting the ancient partnership, called it secular; and it is significant that with his death in 1250 the decline of the Holy Roman Empire actually began.

But although the idea of universal empire over Christendom gave way to that of a restricted rule over the German States, the Emperor remained the one power in Western Europe who dared claim Imperial honours; and the difference between him and an ordinary ruler was maintained by his being an elected Sovereign chosen independently of territorial rights. Any ruler, whatever his nationality, might in theory be Emperor, just as a cardinal of any race might be Pope.

Under the Saxon and Franconian Emperors, however—that is, from 919 to about 1125—the election of the Emperor had degenerated into the mere formal consent of the nobles to his assumption of hereditary right to Imperial honours; but with the death of Henry IV. in 1125 the election became again a reality. For in his reign Pope Gregory VII. set up claims which the Emperor's German subjects refused to acknowledge; and, fearful lest their rulers should be appointed by the Pope's influence and become his tool, they resolved henceforth to make his election a real and effectual calling. Already in 1125 we find a few powerful nobles choosing a candidate for the Imperial throne, and submitting their choice to the other nobles for confirmation; but gradually this good custom was dispensed with, and a small college of electors chose the Emperor without let or hindrance from without.

Seven, as a mystical number and as symbolical of the seven branches of the golden candlestick, was the number of the members in this electoral college. Three were spiritual and four were secular princes. The spiritual lords were the Archbishops of Mayence, Trèves, and Cologne; the secular were the King of Bohemia, the Count Palatine of the Rhine, the Duke of Saxony, and the Margrave of Brandenburg. The first, as Arch-Chancellors of Germany, Gaul, and Italy respectively, represented the vast territories over which the Empire held or had held sway, and faintly reflected the old idea of universal rule; the second, as German princes holding hereditary offices in the Imperial household—those of cup-bearer, seneschal, marshal, and chamberlain—signified the growing identification of the Empire with the German States.

Charles IV. in 1356, by his famous Golden Bull

—so called from the colour of its seal—confirmed the electoral college in its privileges, settled disputed points, and made the Archbishop of Mayence, as Arch-Chancellor of Germany, its convener. He further identified the Roman Emperor with the Emperor of Germany by deciding on Frankfort as the place of his election and Nuremberg as the scene of his first Court-day; while at Aix-la-Chapelle, the city of Charlemagne, which had shared with Rome the honours of capital of the Empire, he reserved the glory of the actual coronation—but it should be remembered that these regulations are not always carried out. Rome had no place in the Golden Bull, and we can hardly wonder that out of the twenty-one Emperors who succeeded Charles IV., all of whom were bound as Emperors to go to Rome and receive 'the world's crown,' only two took the trouble to fulfil the obligation. These were Sigismund, Emperor in 1410, and Frederick III. in 1440. Charles V. did, indeed, go to Italy, and received the Imperial Crown at Bologna; but after him the Roman Emperors were content to bear a title they called their proudest, heedless of its significance.

Four centuries and a half passed from the issuing of the Golden Bull, during which Emperor after Emperor continued to sign himself 'Augustus,' to be elected at Frankfort, and to hold Diets at Nuremberg and Ratisbon. At the close of these centuries a revolution took place which, beginning in a modest claim to political equality on the part of the Third Estate in France, ended in such a general European cataclysm as the world has seldom seen. In 1789 France asked for a constitution, and gained it too quickly; in 1799 her every institution seemed in ruins and all Europe in a turmoil; and Napoleon Bonaparte, judging the ten years' experiment of popular control a failure, seized the reins of government and gave France in exchange a beneficent despotism. Not content with this, he would fain have given a beneficent despotism to Europe and posed as a new Charlemagne; but in order to achieve this France had to be reckoned the inferior of no European Power—required, in short, to be herself an Empire when the Holy Roman Empire would cease to exist.

The stages in the evolution were natural enough. France, weary of experiments, gratefully accepted the rule which Napoleon's strong hand imposed, and basked in the glory reflected on her by the triumph of his military genius. France had regained her ancient place among the nations; and a grateful people was ready to honour its deliverer. On May 4, 1804, Cambacres, President of the French Senate, accompanied by senators and troops, drove out to St Cloud, and, having audience of the First Consul, declared 'that the glory and happiness of the Republic required that its First Consul be immediately proclaimed Emperor.' Napoleon without hesitation accepted the title 'you think necessary to the glory of the nation.'

This was the first step—the assumption of a title

hitherto held sacred in Western Europe to the Holy Roman Empire. The second was more significant: Napoleon wished 'to be anointed with the holy unction' by, and 'to receive the Imperial Crown' from, the Pope, thus rivalling the old ceremonial of the coronation of the Emperor. The French Emperor, however, would not go to Rome, nor would he, as we have seen, permit the Pontiff to place the crown on his head, although, despite 'our advanced age and the infirm state of our health,' Pius VI. travelled in the depth of winter from Rome to Paris to please 'his most powerful prince, our dearest son in Christ.'

By these acts Napoleon broke irrevocably with the tradition of his great prototype. He may have thought of himself, as indeed historians think of him, as the new Charlemagne; but he had, in fact, sounded the knell at whose bidding the last vestige of the old order passed away. When the Corsican General allowed himself to be raised to an hereditary Imperial throne at the bidding of his own Senate, when he placed an Imperial Crown on his own head, he severed himself once and for all from the two ideas lying at the root of the Holy Roman Empire: the idea of an elected suzerain bearing sway over many princes, and of a civil power which should be the counterpart of the spiritual power of the Church. The Emperor of France might be 'the dearest son in Christ' of the Holy Church, but he was not the 'Augustus crowned by God,' to whom the Pope himself did obeisance, nor was he the power which bound States together. He was at best but the most powerful ruler on the Continent, for whose protection weaker Powers were glad to pay. There was no idealism, save in his own brain, in the Empire of Napoleon.

It was, as has been said, on the 4th of May 1804 that the Senate offered its First Consul an Imperial Crown; on the 11th of August of the same year the Emperor Francis II. of Austria, rightly reading the significance of that event, determined to assume for Austria a title as proud as that of France. 'Although,' runs the decree, 'we have by the Divine will and by the choice of the electors of the Roman and German Empire attained to a dignity that leaves no room to desire any increase of titles or consideration, it is our duty, as chief of the Austrian House and monarchy, to provide for the maintenance of that equality of hereditary titles and dignities with the first Sovereigns and Powers of Europe which belongs to the Sovereigns of Austria. Therefore, in order to establish this perfect equality of rank, we have determined . . . after the example . . . now given us by the new Sovereign of France, to confer on the House of Austria, as far as relates to its independent States, the hereditary title of Emperor.'

There were then two territorial Empires in Western Europe; but the signment of the Holy Roman Empire yet remained, and while it did France must yield precedence to Austria. The signment was not to linger long. The year 1805 saw

Napoleon victorious against the Austrian arms and the proud traditional enemy of France humbled before the new aspirant to European rule. On 17th October Ulm capitulated, on 2nd December the battle of Austerlitz was fought and won, and Napoleon from the very palace of the Hapsburgs could dictate terms to the head of the Holy Roman Empire. The Treaty of Presburg followed. On the 25th of December, in the old capital of Hungary—the town in which the Austrian princes were crowned Hungarian kings, and where fifty years before Maria Theresa had so gallantly maintained her contested rights—the treaty was signed which led her grandson to renounce the highest honour of his House.

For by that treaty the 'Roman German Emperor' was obliged to face the fact that the Germanic Empire was slipping from his grasp, and that he himself was being reduced to an ordinary ruler. By it he was forced to see his Venetian, Istrian, and Dalmatian States go to increase Napoleon's new kingdom of Italy, and his dominions in Swabia and the Tyrol go to build up Bavaria and Wurtemberg as independent kingdoms.

Six months later, on July 12, 1806, an Act was signed at Paris by which Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and thirteen other States formally renounced allegiance to the Empire and threw themselves under the protection of Napoleon. 'Experience,' says the Act of Confederation by which the sixteen States seceded from the Empire, 'has proved that the existing German constitution can afford no guarantee for the external and internal peace of Southern Germany.' Accordingly, to secure peace, the Rhenish princes decided 'that the States of the contracting princes shall be for ever separated from the German body, and shall henceforth be known as the Confederation of the Rhine; 'that all the laws of the Empire by which they have hitherto been bound shall in future be null and void;' 'that on the 1st of August each of the contracting princes shall declare his entire separation from the Empire;' and 'that the Emperor of France shall be proclaimed Protector of the Confederation.'

This was a deadly blow, for it came, as it were, from the Emperor's own household. It was speedily followed by another. On the 1st of August 1806, the day on which the German princes declared their independence of the Empire, Napoleon commissioned his envoy to inform the Diet that he no longer recognised the existence of the Holy Roman Empire. But the last of the Emperors was not to lay down his Crown at the bidding of the Corsican. He pre-

ferred to give the *coup de grâce* with his own hand. 'Convinced,' he said, 'since the Treaty of Presburg and the events which have since taken place, of the impossibility of being any longer able to fulfil the duties of our Imperial functions, we owe it to our principles and our duty to renounce a Crown which was only valuable in our eyes so long as we were able to enjoy the confidence of the Electors, Princes, and other States of the Germanic Empire, and to perform the duties imposed on us;' therefore, he continued, 'we do resign the Imperial Crown and the Imperial Government;' and this document he sealed with the Imperial seal, using it for the last time.

Thus passed away the Holy Roman Empire. 'Of those,' said Mr Bryce, 'who in August 1806 read in the English newspapers that the Emperor Francis II. had announced to the Diet his resignation of the Imperial Crown, there were probably few who be-thought them that the oldest political institution in the world had ended. Yet it was so. The Empire which a note issued by a diplomatist on the banks of the Danube extinguished was the same which the crafty nephew of Julius had won for himself against the Powers of the East beneath the cliffs of Actium, and which had preserved almost unaltered, through eighteen centuries of time, and through the greatest changes in extent, in power, in character, a title and pretensions from which all meaning had long since departed. Nothing else so directly linked the old world to the new; nothing else displayed so many strange contrasts of the present and the past, and summed up in these contrasts so much of European history. . . . For into it all the life of the ancient world was gathered; out of it all the life of the modern world arose.'

And just because the modern world arose out of the Holy Roman Empire, that Empire could not be revived. Napoleon's attempt at universal rule utterly failed, for the day of nations was come. In country after country a national spirit was aroused, and the hundred years which have followed the fall of the Holy Roman Empire have seen a new Germany, a new Greece, a new Italy, and the dawn of a new Russia. 'The Ancient of Days,' wrote the German patriot Müller in 1805, 'is sitting in judgment; the books are opened, and the nations and their rulers are weighed in the balance. What will be the end? A new order of things,' he adds, 'is in preparation, very different from what is imagined by those who are the blind instruments of its establishment.' And history has proved his prophecy true.



THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

By GEORGE FREDERICK TURNER.

CHAPTER XVII.



HIS is not a love-story, nor I one who holds that love should be written about in detail like a disease, dissected like a pauper's corpse, or analysed like a malignant growth.

Still less should it be put in a show-case for the benefit of the vulgarly curious, labelled and classified according as it is spiritual or animal, passionately overbearing or enduringly circumspect. Nevertheless, we may say this of love, truly and without offence, that if in its perfection it is a wonderful and sacred thing, it is also in its immature and unperfected state a fair subject for discussion and, if you will, amused inquiry. That is why I propose to deal lightly and briefly with the incipient flame which first began to smoulder in my own unflammable bosom. My first sentiments on discovering the outbreak were anger and dismay. I was not in my first youth, and, man-like, imagined that I had fallen in and out of love at least half-a-dozen times in my career; and yet, I regretfully admitted, I could no more truly compare these emotional incidents of a past date with my present feelings than I could liken Primrose Hill to the titanic Klamberg.

It was the morning after my spill on the Thal-run that the true condition of affairs was borne in on my rebellious mind. In my waking moments, with eyes half-closed and senses gradually freeing themselves from the soft chains of slumber, I saw again the pitying, trembling glance of the royal governess as she bent over my shaken, prostrate body in the deep snow at the side of the Thal-run. The vision was sweet—as sweet as it was doubtless devoid of all foundation—and yet it roused in my heart a mighty yearning for its truth.

What a majestic thing it would be if I could really draw to a woman's eyes that pictured look of tenderness, of pitying alarm! I had imagined such a thing, and the imagination was incalculably fair, and yet I knew that the one being whom I could wish to gaze upon me thus was as unemotional as the virgin precipices of the Eisenbahn, as cold as the never-melting snows of the Trau-altar.

I got out of bed and called myself a fool audibly. I had not come to Weissheim to fall in love, but rather to avoid the amorous pitfalls digged for me by scheming mothers, particularly by my own designing parent. And now I had fallen in love with a woman who neither cared for me nor was capable of caring for anybody: a beautiful, self-possessed young creature, with a mind of crystal and a heart of ice. Of course it was this very iciness which attracted me; I was not quite such a fool as to ignore that. To one who was accustomed to being indiscriminately gushed upon there was a distinct fas-

ination in the contemptuous indifference, the cool criticality, with which Miss Anchester habitually treated me. And yet she never avoided me—never, of late at any rate, made herself gratuitously disagreeable—and her very snubbings had a half-humorous insincerity about them which made them almost pleasant to receive. Had she sought my society or noticeably avoided it I might have hoped; but she did neither. Circumstances threw us much together and we were friends almost as men are friends, but the very frankness of our intercourse was fatal to an atmosphere of sentimentality. Angriily I threw off my pyjamas and stepped into my icy *Sitz-bad*; angrily I soused and splashed myself, and viciously rubbed myself to a condition of dryness and glowing circulation; and then, more angrily still, I lathered my face with shaving foam till my features were almost as concealed as they had been that memorable afternoon by the borrowed headgear of Lame Peter.

In love! In love with a governess whose interests were divided between her royal charges and the Kastel-run, and who no more cared for me than she did for the leather strap of her tobogganing-pads! It was too humiliating. It was so idiotic, too, when I came to think of it. In a moment of sub-consciousness I had pictured an expression on her face which nature was incapable of putting there; and this rotten tap-root of my imagination was feeding a monstrous growth which threatened to usurp my thoughts, which should have been occupied with consideration for the King's safety, and to sap my energies, which should have been devoted to bandy, tobogganing, and the curling-rink.

In my annoyance I plied my razor with such ill-considered violence that I gashed myself heavily under the right ear.

'Bah!' I cried, surveying the reflection of the encrimsoned foam in the looking-glass, 'fool is too good a word for you;' and, with a considerable mental effort to fix my attention on the matter in hand, I resolved to stifle, or at any rate conceal, a passion that was hopeless, unreasoning, and contemptible.

The history of my next few days is a history of mental and physical degeneration. I was distracted. On the curling-rink I was a byword and a shame. Once, at a critical moment of the game, when my skipper bade me sweep, my thoughts were so far afield that my broom remained idle and motionless in my hand. Yells Homeric and oft-repeated failed to reach my inattentive brain, and the stone, which might have been a good one, was doomed to the fate of such as fail to pass the hog-score. Once, on the other hand, I started sweeping energetically according to orders, but disregarding to 'up besom,'

which should have terminated my efforts, polished the ice with such misapplied vigour that a promising shot raced fruitlessly through the 'house.' Such things sound ludicrous, as perhaps they are when viewed in the legitimate perspective of time and distance, but on the actual scene of the occurrence my behaviour was regarded almost in the light of an outrage. At bandy, too, my play was marked by such a whole-hearted disregard of the rules, to say nothing of the conventions, of the game that I was looked upon as a bad opponent and a worse ally. At tobogganing alone, at this period, did I make conscious progress, and there the fact that I was under Miss Anchester's eye nerved me to undertakings I should have believed myself incapable of. I tried the Kastel-run, and, greatly to my surprise, really enjoyed it. The swift, dangerous rush forced my thoughts to concentrate themselves on the matter in hand as nothing else could have done. The penalty for absent-mindedness would have been too severe, more terrible even than the German-Scotch reprimand of the curling-rink or the Anglo-Saxon profanity of the bandy-ground. Wherefore, at tobogganing I made unexampled progress and began to do very good times, though never, of course, getting within measurable distance of Miss Anchester's celebrated record of two minutes twenty-nine and a quarter seconds. At this most fascinating of all sports I had as companions, besides my fair coach, Herr Schneider the detective and Max the reckless. The latter, a good tobogganer but an erratic one, improved but slightly on acquaintance. Taciturn rather than actually sulky as he was, his conversational powers were scantily employed, and this in itself was perhaps a fortunate circumstance, for his speech contained a larger proportion of really bad language than I cared about. I disliked the type without considering him a particularly bad specimen thereof, whilst he in his turn began to develop a sort of rough respect for me which was about as near affection as his curious nature would allow. As for Herr Schneider, if ever there was an enthusiastic tobogganer it was he. Every hour he could spare from his professional duties he spent on the Kastel-run; and, though he cared little for his 'times' or the competitive side of the sport, I do not believe any one took such emotional delights as he did in the pleasures of sheer speed. Walking up again after a descent, he would talk ceaselessly the whole way, dragging his toboggan with one hand and gesticulating freely with the other; and it speaks volumes for his intellectuality that he never for one instant degenerated into a bore.

A frequent spectator was the Princess Mathilde, who tobogganed assiduously on the less dangerous courses, but who was forbidden, to her intense annoyance, to venture on the Kastel-run. I took a keen delight in her society, and her frank nature left me no doubt that the pleasure was a mutual one. Many a time she and I and Miss Anchester took our five o'clock chocolate together, and these

little meetings in Frau Mengler's back-parlour are not the least pleasant of my many happy Weissheim memories. Our conversation would frequently turn on Herr Schneider and his marked attentions to the Fräulein von Helder. The Princess would have it that his sentiments were genuine, while Miss Anchester insisted that he was merely amusing himself. Knowing that the man's real motive was solely the extraction of information from the Queen's confidante, and desiring at the same time to keep my knowledge of his duties a profound secret, I had difficulty in pronouncing an opinion when appealed to as umpire. I got out of the trouble as far as possible by first siding with the Princess and then with the governess, till at last they united forces in condemning me as an unutterable humbug—all of which was very delightful; and though Miss Anchester never lost an opportunity of snubbing me, she did it so daintily and with such genuine humour that I often laid myself open purposely to her rebukes.

'Your view of Herr Schneider's sentiments is ridiculous,' she said to me one day when I happened to be siding with the Princess. 'The man is incapable of a disinterested action.'

'I say that he loved her at first sight,' I maintained stoutly.

'The fräulein is rich,' was the contemptuous retort.

'Precisely. He loved her at first sight—of her bank-book.'

And, as usual, the Princess's musical laughter brought peace and good-humour to our badinage.

Any doubts I might have had on the subject of the detective's sentiments were set at rest by that gentleman's perfectly frank declaration on the subject.

I was walking home with him one evening after a very pleasant afternoon on the Kastel-run.

'Did you know I was in love, Saunders?' he asked abruptly, after dilating in his usual excitable fashion on the glories of tobogganing.

'I knew you were supposed to be,' I answered; 'but I took the liberty of doubting the genuineness of your passion.'

'You are referring to the Fräulein von Helder?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'were not you?'

He shook his head and snapped his fingers vulgarly. 'No,' he said; 'I might conceivably love a very clever plain woman, but the intelligence of our excellent fräulein is not sufficiently colossal to counteract the exceeding homeliness of her features.'

'Then who is the favoured one?'

'The Prinzessinn Mathilde!'

I whistled.

'You are ambitious.'

He shrugged his shoulders.

'I am ambitious, but I am not unpractical. Grimland is a country of ups and downs. A Princess of one day may be a fugitive of the next.'

'Also,' I said, 'a detective of to-day may be the honoured and emulated friend of royalty to-morrow.'

'Exactly; you put it admirably. Now tell me,

as a man of discernment, what do you think of the Princess ?'

'A favourable example of the sweetest thing in nature—a budding woman.'

'Bravo !' cried my companion. 'Love is making you a poet.'

'What do you mean ?'

He laughed.

'You too are in love, my friend. Do not deny it, for, remember, it is my trade to read men's hearts. You love the governess; and, unlike mine, yours is an unambitious passion, and you will succeed without difficulty.'

'You think so ?' I demanded eagerly.

'I am sure of it,' he replied calmly. 'If I can do nothing else, I can read hearts. She loves you, my good Saunders, and my only regret is that the little Princess's sentiments towards myself are not characterised by a like ardour.'

The detective's words made a considerable impression on me. If he had read my heart aright it was exceedingly probable that his interpretation of the governess was equally accurate. I had imagined myself in love with an icicle; the possibility that my affections had been bestowed on a warm-hearted woman capable of appreciating and returning my passion came upon me in the light of a revelation. I took an enormous pleasure in her society, in the mock-spited banter which we directed so keenly and good-humouredly against each other. Was it not probable, I asked myself, that she herself took at least an equal delight in that barbed persiflage, that something more than her intelligence was plesured by those eloquent discussions in Frau Mongler's parlour ? I hastily made up my mind to put my fortunes to the test, and for the next few days my performances on the curling and bandy rinks were so execrable that for very shame I determined to absent myself therefrom till my mind had been steadied by the joy of assured possession or the bitterness of unalterable defeat.

My opportunities for declaring myself were numerous, but the actual occasion of my proposal was unsought and unpremeditated. Troubled in spirit by a diabolical error I had made on the curling-rink that afternoon, knocking our winning-stone out of the 'house' and thereby giving our opponents a big 'end,' I was wandering after tea down a snow-path leading to an open-air shelter overlooking the valley of the Nieder-kessel.

It was a beautiful walk and a perfect evening, and the complete solitude was soothing to my disturbed spirit. The sun had set behind the mountains, the sky was full of the wonderful colours of a Weissheim sunset, and in their majesty of glowing purity and cool, clear radiance they reminded me, somehow, of the royal governess. She too was beautiful in an ethereal, unpassionate way, as superior in the unblemished purity of her magnificent womanhood as the colours of the Weissheim sky surpassed the murky grandeur of a city sunset.

The hummings twittered overhead, and the unfrozen Nieder-kessel murmured responsively a thousand feet below.

I had entered the shelter and actually taken a pipe from my pocket before I perceived that I was not alone. A figure in a white beret and a long blue-gray cloak was already seated there, and a moment later I knew that the object of my late comparison was beside me.

'I beg your pardon,' I began; 'I did not see you.'

'There is no occasion to apologise.'

'I was about to smoke.'

'You may complete your intention.'

'On second thoughts,' I replied, putting back my pipe into my pocket, 'I will not.'

She vouchsafed no further comment, so I proceeded.

'It is a beautiful evening.'

She smiled contemptuously.

'It is so beautiful,' she said, 'that it is really quite unnecessary to make conversation.'

'Quite,' I retorted. 'It is also impossible; under the influence of Nature's majestic conversation makes itself. For instance, I am impelled to say that the beautiful colours of the heaven reminded me of you.'

I had taken the plunge, and my heart began to beat rapidly under the emotion of a novel experience.

My companion never moved a muscle. Silent and perfectly still she sat, looking straight before her, but I noticed that the healthy pink of her cheek had taken a deeper hue.

'Is not that rather an obvious sort of compliment ?' she asked at length with perfect self-possession.

'Very obvious, I should think.'

'I mean, your comparison is commonplace.'

'I was not trying to be original. I was merely stating a fact. In some indefinable way the sunset colours reminded me of you. Their beauty and yours have something akin, that is all.'

She turned and faced me now.

'And did you walk all this way to talk about my beauty ?' she asked; and her tone suggested rising indignation.

'I did not come here in the expectation of finding you at all. Having done so, I wish to take the opportunity of asking you to be my wife.'

She remained several seconds in silence, and the words of the proverb about those who hesitate recurred joyfully to my mind. Then she said calmly, 'Mr Saunders, do you know why you like me ?'

'Love you,' I substituted.

'Why you think you love me, then ?'

'I could give reasons,' I replied; 'but I have only an hour and a half to spare.'

She winced as if my poor witticism had caused her pain.

'Listen,' she said coldly. 'You are attracted to me for the simple reason that I have been—well, rather rude to you. You are accustomed to being

sought after, pampered, spoiled. You have had too many warm baths. I have acted upon you as a cold douche. At first it was unpleasant if beneficial, but after a time you came positively to like the icy shower. It was healthy and bracing, and I do myself the honour of believing that you would miss its daily tonic.'

'I could not exist without it.'

'So you believe. Had I behaved to you as other girls do, had I behaved to you even as I do towards most men, would you have grown to think you loved me?'

'Possibly not, but the hypothesis is not worth pursuing. The main fact is that I am asking you to be my wife.'

'And my answer is, No.'

I rose impatiently from my seat. My opinion, after all, had been the correct one, not the detective's. I had been making love to an icicle.

'You are not human,' I cried bitterly.

'Because I reject your advances? Really, you do yourself more than justice.'

'But your reasons,' I persisted, ignoring her rebuke.

'I could give them, but I have only an hour and a half to spare.'

I stamped my foot with annoyance.

'Is this the time for flippancy?' I asked reproachfully.

'You seemed to think so,' she retorted quietly.

I looked out at the calming glory of the wondrous heavens. The evening star shone white above the Eisenbahn like a ship sailing in a sea of exquisite violet. It seemed to flash a message of hope to me. My heart was full, and, as is often the case under the circumstances, my speech was bald.

'Won't you reconsider your decision?' I asked lamely.

There was a moment's pause, and then the answer came low and with a suspicion of a break in it, 'Am I the sort of person to reconsider my decision?'

I almost had it in my heart to throw myself at her feet, to seize her hand, to utter a bold 'Yes,' but pride and a growing anger held me back. I had done her the highest honour in my power: I had asked her to be my wife not once but twice. Why should I risk a third and more humiliating rebuff? It might conceivably be possible to thaw the icicle, but was it a man's part to bend lower than I had bent, to ask again what he had been twice denied?

I turned to go, and taking off my cap, said frigidly, 'We meet at dinner.'

'We meet at dinner—as friends. *Au revoir.*'

(*To be continued.*)

THE VALLEY OF BRIEFNY AND ITS ROMANCE.

By F. C. ARMSTRONG.

SHUT away from the busy world by a glittering lake to the west and a ring of fantastic mountains to north, east, and south, the lovely valley of Briefny lies smiling before its infrequent visitors, unaltered in a single physical feature since the day, nearly eight hundred years ago, when a fair and false woman committed the deed which made the place celebrated in the history of her time, and through it wrought the overthrow of the nation. Briefny is now nothing but a name. You may search in vain for it in the map of County Leitrim, although at the time of the tragedy, and for many centuries afterwards, it was famous; it then gave a title to the head of a powerful family, and comprised a vast extent of country. The Principality of Briefny extended over the whole of the County Leitrim, the County Cavan, as it is now called, and a part of Roscommon, where the O'Rourke's possessions touched those of the great O'Connor tribe.

Leitrim has the reputation of being the poorest county in Ireland, yet beneficent nature has gifted the lonely land with a glorious dower of beauty; and, despite the vast tracts of bog and moor which take up thousands of acres of its surface, there are many patches of land scattered here and there all over the district which possess an almost abnormal fertility. Moreover, the mountain slopes grow certain

classes of pasturage which afford delicious feeding both for cattle and sheep. It is altogether a pastoral country, and the beautiful animals which may be seen everywhere as you glide through it in the train that links it to the outer world seem to find very toothsome picking amongst the rushy fields, with their comfortable shelter of ragged hedgerows which are at once picturesque and slovenly.

It is a land of lake and mountain. One of its lakes is the second largest in Ireland; and from its deep, clear waters the king of Irish rivers, the lordly Shannon, draws the beginnings of its strength. There are several others of considerable size, not to mention innumerable little lakelets dropped down amongst the hills like fairy mirrors. It possesses many beautiful stretches of woodland.

In old days, a couple of generations back, Leitrim possessed a number of county families who from one cause or another have melted away. It is pitiable to see the fine old country-houses that stand neglected and forsaken among ancestral woods, no longer centres of culture and hospitality, but forlorn wrecks left to the mercy of wind and weather, derelicts upon the shores of time. Alas for the 'old order' that has passed away! And who can tell what will be the development of the new? We can only foresee that to Irish hearts it will always seem that 'old things were best,' that being a characteristic of the race.

The Sligo and Leitrim Railway skirts the valley of Brierfy, which, did the tourist but know, is no longer difficult of access. There is a busy, prosperous little town, Drumahaire, which now gives its name to the whole district; there is a railway station, where vehicles can be found for the asking; and, strange to say, there is a capital hotel, a rare thing in remote parts of Ireland.

This little town is in itself an interesting place. It grew up round a stronghold of the O'Rourkes, and the ruins of that once splendid abode bear witness to the greatness of the extinct family. They were a great race in their time, their princes men of renown, not only as mighty men of war but as being sage in council and men of wide culture, 'princes of learning and piety, lords of charity and hospitality,' the annalists record, foes to be feared, friends to be conciliated, devoted sons of the old Celtic Church, who held their heads high even through Tudor times, and later, until the iron hand of Cromwell crushed them to earth. It is said that a deed done within the four walls of that ruined hall, which still overshadows a beautiful modern residence erected in its shelter, hastened the ruin of the great family. Here was held that most memorable event, celebrated in song and legend:

O'Rourke's noble feast will ne'er be forgot

By those who were there and those who were not;

for those who were there paid with their life-blood for the banquet, and those who were not took bitter vengeance upon the traitorous host who thus violated all the laws of hospitality so dear to Celtic hearts. Alas! the pages of Irish history are frequently darkened by the stories of such deeds of treachery, and it is poor consolation to remember that few nations are free of records as dark and merciless.

Through the town dances a bright and brimming river famed for its salmon; it washes the feet of a beautiful promontory upon which stand the ruins of an ancient abbey, in Celtic times a seat of learning of great repute, founded and supported by the O'Rourkes. After the Norman invaders broke the power of the old Celtic hierarchy, the abbey passed under the then new rule of St Dominic, and the establishment flourished until the dissolution of the monasteries in Tudor times began its destruction, which was completed by Cromwell a century later. But the ruins are beautiful and imposing, a striking object in a lovely landscape. The delicate tracery of the east window is still a marvel of artistic workmanship, standing in its old position, with only the blue of the misty skies to replace the splendours of its painted glass. The cloisters are almost perfect; the outlines of a noble refectory can be traced in the smooth turf which now carpets the floors. Many of the old families in the neighbourhood have the privilege of burying their dead in the precincts, which are still hallowed in the minds of the natives, and many traditions linger round the silent, solitary spot. The people of the neighbour-

hood hold these ruins in great veneration. Early in the last century a Cromwellian family, to whom the Lord Protector gave the abbey and its lands, actually built a residence with material quarried from the ancient walls, and much angry feeling was aroused all over the district, which culminated in a fierce outburst of invective when the head of the house, with a lordly disregard of what he called silly superstition, used the font as a feeding-trough for his pigs. Coincidences are curious things; at the present day the fine Georgian house is an empty ruin, and the family, once ranking with the wealthiest and most influential in the county, exists no longer; but the abbey stands high above the rushing river, and the font is back inside the walls. People will tell you that how it returned to its place in the west end of the church is a mystery; but Ireland, from east to west, is full of such legends.

At a short distance from the town the gleaming expanse of Lough Gill ('The Shining Lake,' as its Gaelic name denotes) bursts upon the view. Never was a lake more aptly named; its waters mirror with crystalline accuracy the whole of the wild scene through which the road winds in gracious curves. To the left of the road it stretches away into unknown distances, it seems, for a soft mist folds the rugged mountains to the south and west until they appear to melt into the skies. It is a scene of tranquil charm, possessing a restfulness full of supreme beauty. To the right, natural planting, wild and fantastic, clothes the base of the hills which soon will burst in all their grotesque beauty upon your sight. You catch glimpses of deep glades, in early summer carpeted with wild hyacinths, wood-anemones, primroses—a veritable garden of the fairies under arching boughs lightly clothed in dainty green. Now these woods are rich in autumnal colouring, gorgeous reds and yellows, with the dainty gold of the larches rising above the heavier masses of leaves. Here a beautiful waterfall comes leaping from rock to rock down a steep incline, to foam through a little bridge beneath your feet and lose itself in the peaceful bosom of the lake. It is all so still that for a considerable distance along the road you can hear the sound of falling water, with its merry rushing voices making music in the trees.

A steep ascent brings you in full view of the singular scene which gives its name to the whole district. Drumahaire, translated into English, means the 'Ridge of the Two Air-demons;' and certainly the scene before you looks as if demons had played pitch-and-toss with these fantastic hills. One over another they rise into the weirdest of forms, suggesting strange thoughts as to how Nature in her maddest mood must have created the landscape surrounding you. In the background, rising to a height of several hundred feet above its fellows, is a huge projection resembling a mammoth mushroom, which the natives have labelled O'Rourke's Table; farther on another amorphous mass is called his Chair; while round these two dominating heights

the hills resemble nothing so much as a wave of a primeval ocean lashed to fury by some primeval cyclone, and frozen at their wildest moment of turmoil by a demon-hand. Mountains, some of them weird and strange in their outline, soar up behind these grotesque foothills, the little wisps of fleecy cloud which are floating about them enhancing their height; and now, as we gain the very summit of the pass, the whole of the fair valley which Moore in his pretty lyric tells us 'lay smiling' before an injured husband's eyes is spread below us. Verily, a lovely scene!

As we descend the hill, the lake widens out to meet a beautiful island that basks upon its bosom, reflected back line for line in the bright water until it looks as if suspended in mid-air. Nearer to us, on the lake-shore, we can see a solitary tower rise up amongst the green. It is all that remains of the mighty castle in which the Prince of Briefny of the twelfth century left his wife in perfect security, as he believed; and there he returned from a successful foray to find her gone and his house despoiled by the rival from whom he had won her years before. She is one of the heroines of history, this beautiful Devorgilla, daughter of the King of Meath, and herself a Queen of Beauty. Surely, great loveliness is a dangerous gift, even when it is accompanied by great accomplishments and all the learning of the time, which we are told this Irish princess possessed.

This lady was not only supremely beautiful, but, as the annalists tell us, richly dowered with 'great store of gold and jewels, beside much household stuff, cattle, and servants.' In fact, she was the great prize in the matrimonial market of the day. Of course, every unmarried prince and king in Ireland was at her feet. Equally, of course, she set her heart upon the wrong man. This was Dermot MacMurrough, the greatest warrior of his time, king of the richest province—Leinster—and the wildest diplomatist in the length and breadth of Ireland. We must not think of him as a mere brave savage. No, Dermot MacMurrough had received the highest education possible at that date. He had been carefully educated by a learned tutor, whose works are still with us. The famous *Book of Leinster*, which forms one of the treasures of the National Collection in the Dublin Museum, was compiled for the use of his illustrious pupil by the erudite monk who had charge of the future king. He had mastered the art of penmanship, for his signature remains to this day upon a charter whereby he granted certain endowments to an abbey in Kilkenny; and he had Latin—the colloquial Latin of the time—on the tip of his tongue, for he could hold converse in that language with Henry II., himself no mean scholar. But he was, under all this superficial culture, essentially a villain of the deepest dye. Truth, honour, justice, were mere names to him. Yet he was a great general, an energetic ruler, and a man of powerful personality, otherwise he could never have

accomplished the evil work which has rendered his name infamous for all time. Shortly before he came a-wooing to the Princess Devorgilla he had deeply involved himself with Holy Church. In the very year of his succession to the throne of Leinster he had harried the city of Kildare, carried off the Abbess of St. Bridget's great foundation there, and married her to one of his boon-companions. The lady was of his own wild blood. It is by no means improbable that she was not an unwilling bride; by the slight account we have of her she appears not to have bethought herself of her crime until age had tamed the heyday in her blood, because we read that many years after the event she retired into the Convent of Clonmacnoise, and died 'after penance' in a good old age. Dermot for this daring action was under the ban of the Church when he won the affections of Devorgilla, inspiring her with a love that lived and burned deeply for twenty long and bitter years.

But the King of Meath would have none of the man's wooing. Himself 'a pillar of justice and an upholder of all virtue,' as the Four Masters record, he drove away the sacrilegious prince, and married his daughter to Tierney or Terence O'Rourke, Prince of Briefny, a younger, better man, who loved the princess entirely, and vexed her not at all, we are told. For twenty years she lived with him. These wild hills, that lovely lake, had they voices, might tell us of eyes uplifted to this very pass, of bitter tears shed in vain. Those broken walls rising into the misty sunshine could speak of angry words, or, worse, of cold contempt that drove the loving husband to the brink of despair. Or perhaps, being a wise and crafty woman, she put a smiling face above a burning heart, and waited her opportunity. After twenty years it came. Neither Dermot nor herself was young. The years that intervened between her loveless marriage and the day when at last she found herself free to gain her heart's desire had branded the man with whom she fled with many a dark crime. He had married and was the father of a daughter who had her own romance in after-days. He had many enemies and few friends; but he was a great and powerful prince, and widely feared if universally hated, as events proved. We have the record of his life, written by one who knew him well: his faithful valet, secretary, and benchman, who certainly loved him with his whole heart, and who places his actions in the best possible light. To him the carrying off of the Princess of Briefny and the despoiling of her abandoned husband's house, so far from being a disgraceful action, was a triumph of which to boast for all time. It is quite evident from the gusto with which he records the event that he himself took part in it.

O'Rourke had been summoned to a mighty muster of all the lords of his province. He had far to ride, the flower of his army followed in

his train, and Devorgilla knew it would be long before he returned from the west. By the hand of her young brother, who, for some unknown reason, was devoted to Dermot MacMurrough's cause, she sent her old love a cryptic message, which at once brought him to her side. Lightly they rode away together. All her gold and jewels, her rich household stuff, her cattle, and servants, accompanied them in their flight through these very mountains, up this selfsame pass, possibly under such a soft, misty sky as overhangs the scene at this moment—a scene which she never saw again.

The elderly lovers reached the palace of Ferns, in County Wexford, in safety, and for a brief time were left in peace; but then all Ireland uprose against MacMurrough. Thunders from the Church bade him restore the lady and her portion. Dermot fought bravely, and for a time held his own against overwhelming odds; but numbers prevailed over strategy, and the prize was wrung from him, for a time at least. Devorgilla, however, did not return to her husband, but took sanctuary in the Convent of Clonmacnoise, until at last she stole back to Dermot, accompanying him on his fatal journey to England and the presence of Henry II., to whom he made appeal for help against his foes.

Now, the conquest of Ireland had long been a fixed idea in the mind of the greatest monarch of his time, yet he was slow to take up another man's private quarrel even for the sake of favouring his own ultimate ends; but he showed Dermot the way. Although he would not act in person in such a cause, he pointed out to the keen Irish diplomat where help was to be found. In Wales there were many Anglo-Norman adventurers—wild spirits, leaders of as wild men—eager for the fray and the plunder that followed hard upon it. They were all related by ties of blood—FitzGerald, FitzHenry, FitzMaurice, Barrys, Prendergasts—a horde hungry for prey and only too eager for such an opportunity as that which now offered itself. Henry had in his hands a bull from Pope Adrian IV. authorising him to take possession of Ireland and subdue her people to the perfect

obedience of Rome; but he sent others to do his dirty work, and well or ill they did it, avenging Dermot fully upon his adversaries, and introducing a fresh element of strife into a land already torn asunder by divisions.

It is a pitiful story that of the invasions which followed rapidly upon the first incursion of the Anglo-Norman adventurers. They in their turn tried to master Dermot, who then called in another and more powerful ally, to whom he gave his fair daughter Eva in marriage. This was the great Strongbow, whose altar-tomb forms a feature in the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church, in Dublin. Before Strongbow had completed his work and subdued the whole of southern and eastern Ireland, Dermot died of a nameless disease, forsaken by all save and except the faithful valet who loved him with a love passing the love of a woman, and who spent the end of his life in writing the record of his beloved master's achievements, which record abides amongst us to this day.

Dermot did not live to see the utter ruin he had wrought in his native land, but his partner in guilt lived long. She left him and took refuge in Mellifont Abbey, in what was once her father's kingdom of Meath, but which was being formed into the English Pale during the last years of her long life. There she lived to see her country torn to pieces, deluged in blood, and scorched with fire by the men whom her lover had brought over to fight his battles. But her last years were spent in good works, if we measure them by the standard of her time. Amongst other great gifts to the Church, she built the Nuns' Chapel at Clonmacnoise, which still exists a striking ruin, with a beautiful groined roof. 'Of her charities there was no end,' the chroniclers relate; and at last she died at a great age, when, we are informed, 'she had a peaceful ending.' Poor woman! she had drunk life to the lees.

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By 'THORMANDY,' Author of *Kings of the Hunting-Field; Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun, &c.*

IN the old days when the great London fairs were in full swing there was no more popular feature than 'Richardson's Show,' the proprietor of which—queer, eccentric, good-hearted John Richardson—was famous all over England. Born and bred in the workhouse of Great Marlow, John was sent out to earn his living as a cowboy. But the chance sight of a company of strolling players performing in a barn struck him with stage-fever. He joined the troupe, but found

the pay so poor and precarious that he quitted the theatrical profession for that of a broker, in which he prospered so well that he was able to take the Harlequin Tavern, near the stage-door of Drury Lane Theatre. A good many actors 'used the house,' and their talk set John mad upon the stage again. It was a common thing at that time for players of good position at the patent theatres to open booths for acting at the metropolitan fairs, and Richardson resolved to run a booth himself. At first 'Richardson's Show,' as it was always

dubbed, was very rude and primitive in its fittings; but as he waxed prosperous it developed into quite an imposing theatre thirty feet high and a hundred feet in width. On the lofty platform outside, lined with green baize, festooned with deeply fringed crimson curtains, and illuminated at night by one thousand five hundred variegated lamps, a band of ten performers in scarlet dresses, similar to those worn by the Beefeaters of the Tower, continually played on clarionets, violins, trombones, and the big drum. In addition to these attractions the old man himself used generally to keep up a tremendous din on the gong, without which instrument he considered no theatre to be complete.

He was a shortish man, usually dressed in velvet knee-breeches, worsted stockings, check or white neckerchief, an old brown coat, and a shockingly bad hat. But though his own attire was of the shabbiest, the dresses of his actors were always of the best—more costly, in fact, than those in use at the regular theatres; for, as the old man explained, 'I have to show my dresses in the daylight, and they must be good, while anything will do for candle-light.'

He would choose an actor with stentorian lungs to shout the usual invitation, 'Walk up! walk up! The players! the players! The only booth in the fair.' The old showman dearly loved a 'bould speaker,' and set great store on the gift of strong lungs. He left one hundred pounds to a Mr Cartlich, who used to do this business, and whom Richardson said he would always remember, for he was 'such a bould speaker he might be heard from one end of the fair to another.' Richardson was once applied to by an actor for an engagement. 'Ha, muster!' said the old man, 'I remember you well. You was one o' them bould speakers of the Coburg; but I cannot give you more than thirty shillings a week.' The actor subsequently, to fill up the time, advanced to the front of the platform and set up the usual shout. Just afterwards old John came running up in breathless haste, crying, 'Where is that bould speaker? I must give him five shillings more a week, for I'm blessed if I didn't hear him down at the "Brig," which was a quarter of a mile off.

The performances commenced with a melodrama, then came a pantomime, and last of all a panorama. The prices were stated on the bills to be: boxes, two shillings; pit, one shilling; gallery, sixpence. But there was really but one price, sixpence, for all parts of the house, the seats being rows of planks rising gradually from the ground at the front, and facing the stage, without any difference in accommodation. The house held one thousand, and there would be from ten to fifteen performances during the day.

But Richardson, like every one else, had his ups and downs before he attained success—had known what it was to leave all his horses and wagons in pawn and sing for coppers on the road.

It was during the earlier and less fortunate part of his pilgrimage that he numbered Edmund Kean among his company. The old showman was not a little proud of this association, and used to give himself some credit for having had a hand in Kean's theatrical education. When Macready's name was becoming known in the dramatic world Richardson was asked if he had seen him.

'No, muster,' he said; 'I know nothing about him; in fact, he's some vagabone as no one knows—one o' them chaps as ain't had any eddication for the thing; he never was with me, as Edmund Kean and them riglars was.'

The great tragedian's connection with Richardson came about in this way.

Kean's mother was Nance Carey, a granddaughter of Henry Carey, the author of 'Sally in our Alley,' who was himself a natural son of the great Lord Halifax. Edmund's reputed father was Moses Kean, a tailor, but he was not born in wedlock, and his mother consequently retained her maiden name, and was known as Mrs Carey. She deserted him soon after his birth, and he was brought up by a poor actress named Tidswell. The boy from the time he could talk showed extraordinary precocity of histrionic talent. He was in Drury Lane pantomime as an imp almost as soon as he could toddle, and when he was but eight years of age he could imitate all the great actors of his day with marvellous cleverness. But there was a strong Bohemian strain in his blood, which caused poor Miss Tidswell terrible distress, for the elfish urchin would leave his home for weeks together and wander about the country with tramps and acrobats. Rumours of her son's remarkable gifts reached his mother, and she came forward to claim him. After that the mother and son tramped the country together, she selling cheap perfumery and Brummagem jewellery, and he reciting at taverns and farmhouses, and sometimes at gentlemen's residences. During their wanderings a lady was so struck by his handsome face and extraordinary cleverness that she adopted him. After a while, however, taking offence at some slight that was put upon him, he ran away and joined his disreputable parent, who was then playing in Richardson's show at Windsor Fair. Here his acting excited so much attention that the king sent for him to give a taste of his quality at the Castle, and presented him with the royal largess of two guineas. Mrs Carey, on the strength of this distinguished patronage, obtained a regular engagement for herself and her children, Edmund and Henry, in Richardson's company. The last time Kean played for Richardson was at the Battersea Fair of 1806, when he received the munificent salary of five shillings a night. Tumbling was his forte, and he used to boast in later days that by his tumbling outside Richardson's booth he tumbled hundreds of bumpkins in.

Other well-known actors, too, first smelt the footlights under the old showman: among them Will Oxberry, the famous comedian, sometime

his train, and Devorgilla knew it would be long before he returned from the west. By the hand of her young brother, who, for some unknown reason, was devoted to Dermot MacMurrough's cause, she sent her old love a cryptic message, which at once brought him to her side. Lightly they rode away together. All her gold and jewels, her rich household stuff, her cattle, and servants, accompanied them in their flight through these very mountains, up this selfsame pass, possibly under such a soft, misty sky as overhangs the scene at this moment—a scene which she never saw again.

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'No, muster,' he said; 'I know nothing about him; in fact, he's some vagabone as no one knows—one o' them chaps as ain't had any eddication for the thing; he never was with me, as Edmund Kean and them riglars was.'

The great tragedian's connection with Richardson came about in this way.

Kean's mother was Nance Carey, a granddaughter of Henry Carey, the author of 'Sally in our Alley,' who was himself a natural son of the great Lord Halifax. Edmund's reputed father was Moses Kean, a tailor, but he was not born in wedlock, and his mother consequently retained her maiden name, and was known as Mrs Carey. She deserted him soon after his birth, and he was brought up by a poor actress named Tidswell. The boy from the time he could talk showed extraordinary precocity of histrionic talent. He was in Drury Lane pantomime as an imp almost as soon as he could toddle, and when he was but eight years of age he could imitate all the great actors of his day with marvellous cleverness. But there was a strong Bohemian strain in his blood, which caused poor Miss Tidswell terrible distress, for the elfish urchin would leave his home for weeks together and wander about the country with tramps and acrobats. Rumours of her son's remarkable gifts reached his mother, and she came forward to claim him. After that the mother and son tramped the country together, she selling cheap perfumery and Brummagem jewellery, and he reciting at taverns and farmhouses, and sometimes at gentlemen's residences. During their wanderings a lady was so struck by his handsome face and extraordinary cleverness that she adopted him. After a while, however, taking offence at some slight that was put upon him, he ran away and joined his disreputable parent, who was then playing in Richardson's show at Windsor Fair. Here his acting excited so much attention that the king sent for him to give a taste of his quality at the Castle, and presented him with the royal largess of two guineas. Mrs Carey, on the strength of this distinguished patronage, obtained a regular engagement for herself and her children, Edmund and Henry, in Richardson's company. The last time Kean played for Richardson was at the Battersea Fair of 1806, when he received the munificent salary of five shillings a night. Tumbling was his forte, and he used to boast in later days that by his tumbling outside Richardson's booth he tumbled hundreds of bumpkins in.

Other well-known actors, too, first smelt the footlights under the old showman: among them Will Oxberry, the famous comedian, sometime

landlord of the 'Craven Head,' Drury Lane; and Savile Fancit, author of *The Miller's Maid*, and father of the illustrious Helen, the late Lady Martin.

One of Richardson's great hits was with 'The Spotted Boy,' a curiously mottled specimen of humanity from the Caribbee Islands. This phenomenon brought him in no end of money, and old John became extraordinarily attached to the boy. But, alas! this dusky attraction died, and John's grief was great. The Spotted Boy was buried in the showman's own bit of ground at Marlow churchyard; and whenever John drew aside the green curtain which concealed from the gaze of the profane the portrait of his favourite, his eyes would fill with tears. Indeed, he was the best-hearted of men, and it was a pleasant sight to see him on a Saturday evening, seated in front of his big drum, which he used as his pay-table, handing over the salaries to the company, and then, when the last member was paid, getting up, shaking himself, and saying in a cheery voice, 'Now, my lads, we'll to supper.' And a jolly good feed John stood them all every pay-night.

Many stories are told of Richardson's goodness of heart, of which the following is an example: On one occasion, while his portable theatre was at St Albans, a fire occurred in the town, and many small houses were destroyed, the poor tenants of which by this calamity lost all their furniture and almost everything they possessed. A subscription was immediately opened for their relief, and a public meeting was held to promote the benevolent object. Richardson attended, and when the Mayor, who presided, had read a list of donations varying in amount from five shillings to twice as many pounds, the old showman advanced to the table and presented a Bank of England note for one hundred pounds.

'To whom is the fund indebted for this magnificent donation?' asked the astonished Mayor.

'Put it down to Muster Richardson the showman,' replied the donor, who then walked quietly from the room.

But he was not less eccentric than charitable. One of the many stories current about Richardson's eccentricities of character has its scene at a public-house on the Portsmouth Road, at which he had, in the preceding year, been refused water and provender for his horses, the innkeeper growling that he had been 'done' once by a showman, and didn't want to have anything more to do with showfolks. Richardson bore the insult in his mind, and on approaching the house again, sent his company forward, desiring each member to order a glass of brandy-and-water, but not to touch it until he joined them. Twenty glasses of brandy-and-water, all wanted at once, was an unprecedented demand upon that roadside hostelry; and the landlord, as he summoned all his staff to assist him, wondered what could be the cause of such an influx of visitors. Just after the glasses had been filled

the wagons came up, with Richardson walking at the head.

'Here we are, governor!' exclaimed one of the actors, who had in the meantime strolled out upon a little green before the inn.

'Hallo!' said Richardson, affecting surprise; 'I thought you had gone on to the "Black Bull." What are you all doing here?'

'Waiting for you to pay for the brandy-and-water, governor,' replied the comedian.

'Not if I know it!' returned Richardson, with a scowl at the expectant innkeeper. 'That's the crusty fellow that wouldn't give the poor beasts a pail of water and a mouthful of hay last year, and not a shilling of my money shall ever go into his pocket. So come on, my lads, and I'll stand glasses all round at the "Black Bull;"' and with these words he strode on, followed by his company, leaving the disappointed innkeeper aghast behind his ~~brandy~~ glasses of brandy-and-water.

The old showman was a thorough Bohemian to the last; and though he had built himself a comfortable house in Horsemonger Lane, and furnished it handsomely, too, he rarely slept in it, preferring the old commodious 'carrywan' in which he had made so many journeys up and down England. In this gipsy mansion, with his one factotum—Davie, cook and man-of-all-work—John Richardson lived, and I had almost said died; for it was only when his illness was pronounced very serious by the doctors, and after he had been repeatedly urged to seek the comforts of his house, that John Richardson at last consented to leave the 'wan' and take refuge under a tiled roof. Two days later he died, in the month of November 1836, being, it is supposed, about seventy-six years of age. He left twenty thousand pounds behind him, out of which legacies were bequeathed to every member of his old company who was living, two of his musicians receiving one thousand pounds each.

A MIDSUMMER MOOD.

SING me a song of roses,
Let others have your rue;
The only tears that I would know
Are diamond drops of dew.

Sing me a song of sunshine,
Of glowing, golden noon;
I have no pleasure in the wain
And wistful lady-moon.

Give me the rapture of the lark
Far up the azure skies;
No plaint of love-lorn nightingale
When daylight swoons and dies.

I want my fill of gladness,
The lust of joy is mine;
I feel the summer in my blood
Like some enchanted wine!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

WELSH COAL AN INDUSTRIAL ROMANCE.



ALL the industrial navies of the world have huge quantities of Welsh coal stored away for use in case of emergency, for it has been demonstrated over and over again that a fleet using Welsh coal would have a big advantage over another fleet using another kind of fuel. The reason is that Welsh coal is practically smokeless, while most other kinds of coal give off dense clouds of smoke, and so indicate their approach by a black bell-tale line on the horizon. France, strange to say, was the first to discover the value of Welsh coal in naval warfare, and the other navies of the world, including our own, ultimately recognised that France had made a discovery of value. The result was that Welsh coal began to boom. Millions of tons of it were shipped to the Japs and Russians during the progress of their recent struggle in the East.

When attention is called in Parliament or elsewhere to the wholesale export to rivals of a valuable war auxiliary, the Government apologists speak airily of the inexhaustible supplies. Gladly would the Welsh coal-owner believe the supply to be inexhaustible; but, although he remains mute, he knows very well that such is very far from being the case. If the whole of Wales were as rich in this valuable coal as only a small slice of it is, the present output would breed misgiving in the minds of those who know how important a part Welsh coal plays in modern naval warfare. Much more alarming does the situation become when it is remembered that this precious commodity is confined in a comparatively small area embracing only a portion of Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire. The quantity contained in one or two adjacent counties is so small that it is not worth while taking it into serious consideration.

Welsh colliery-owners use all the knowledge, energy, and resources they possess in order to increase the output, because the greater the output the less in proportion are their working expenses, and, therefore, the more the profit on each ton of coal raised. In 1851 the Welsh Coal-owners' Association

had thirteen members, with an annual output of just over two million tons; to-day the association's members raise annually over forty million tons. Thus the output is twenty times greater than it was little more than half a century ago. If the output continued to increase in this ratio the supply would soon be exhausted. The phenomenal increase in the trade during the past twenty-five years is not, however, likely to be repeated during the next twenty-five. But developments are taking place, and are likely to continue for many years, though they are not on so big a scale as was the case ten years ago. It is estimated that the supply would last about four hundred years if the present output were not increased.

The most remarkable thing about Welsh coal is that its value should not have been discovered until comparatively a recent day. The frugal Welsh farmers of a century or so ago never dreamt that beneath the mountains on which they reared a hardy race of sheep there lay wealth surpassing Aladdin's. Nor did they imagine that the 'black stuff' in the ravines would make a better fire than peat. The wise old monks, however, had discovered as early as the thirteenth century that with this black stuff they could make a glowing fire, but the knowledge they possessed did not become a common possession for centuries afterwards. Wales was then, even more so than when George Borrow wrote of it, a wild country, with lonely wildernesses in which men were seldom seen. The monks lived a self-contained existence in secluded spots, and for long the secret of the coal was known only to them. Even as recently as a century ago peat-fires were common in Wales; for, speaking generally, the inhabitants did not at that time suspect the existence of the rich store of precious coal that lay beneath their mountains; while to the average Englishman of that day Wales was an unknown country, 'a mountainous wilderness peopled with a strange folk who spoke a foreign language.'

And so the Welshman remained in undisturbed possession of his coal until was passed what is

known as the London Smoke Act. Then it was that there arose a cry for smokeless coal. That cry for some time went up in vain; but at length it was whispered on the London Exchange that somewhere down in Wales there was a coal that gave off practically no smoke. From this point the development of the Welsh coal-trade reads like a romance. London merchants talked of an expedition to Wales to discover the smokeless coal much as we to-day might talk of an expedition to some unknown part of Africa or Greenland. It was not a matter of a simple railway journey of a couple of hundred miles. It meant the fitting up of a ship and a voyage to a practically unknown land, with a grave doubt as to how the explorers would be received by the 'barbaric' inhabitants.

Among those who talked of this expedition was, however, at least one resolute man who had set his heart on the undertaking, and who was not deterred by the thought of possible dangers. This was Mr Lockett, manager for a firm of coal-sellers. But Lockett was not himself rich enough to fit out a ship, and he met with much ridicule and many rebuffs from the merchants to whom he appealed for financial assistance. Lockett was not, however, the man to be easily turned from an object upon which he had set his heart, and ultimately he secured the co-operation of a merchant named Duke, a far-seeing, enterprising man, comparing in this respect with the smartest men in the City to-day, who subsequently became Lord Mayor. Lockett and Duke, after due deliberation, sailed in a sloop from London to Cardiff, not then, as it is to-day, one of the largest exporting ports in the world, but a tiny village with a few old-world creeks suggestive of smugglers and pirates. There is no record of the duration of the voyage or of any adventures that may have been associated with it.

The next we hear of the two adventurers narrates their arrival at a little inn in Cardiff. In the room into which they were shown a fire was burning brightly, and this at once attracted their attention. Lockett immediately became enthusiastic, and going to the coal-bucket, placed on the fire more coal. As he observed the resultant bright glow his eyes sparkled, and he exclaimed to his companion, 'We need go no farther.' He was, however, a little out of the reckoning. 'Where do you get this coal from?' he asked the landlady. 'From Merthyr, sir,' was the reply. The landlady explained that Merthyr was more than twenty miles away, and that the only way to get there was to walk or drive. 'But how is the coal brought down to you?' demanded Lockett. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'it comes down on the backs of mules.'

Next day the Londoners were in Merthyr. Merthyr then was a collection of a few houses encircling a pit. To-day it is the centre of a teeming population, and recently was granted a charter of incorporation. The explorers were highly amused at the picture which presented

itself to them at Merthyr Pit. Outside a tiny hut near the mouth of the pit sat a trim little Welsh widow. Fastened on to her head was a small wicker basket, into which she placed the money as she received it from the purchasers of her coal. This was Mrs Lucy Thomas, the owner of the pit and the 'mother of the Welsh coal trade.' With difficulty the Londoners kept their countenances, for the quaint spectacle of the little widow with a wicker basket fixed to her head, and her pit in the background, was highly comical. With becoming commercial gravity, however, they entered into negotiations with Mrs Thomas for the purchase of all the coal she could raise. The widow was a little suspicious of her visitors, and gave them to understand that not a single piece of coal should they have that had not first been paid for on the spot. That was her way of doing business, she explained. The Londoners were at length able to surmount this difficulty, and to place down enough solid gold to purchase a sloop-load of coal. This coal had to be shipped at Cardiff, to which place it was taken on the backs of mules. In this year (1830) there sailed from Cardiff the first cargo of Welsh coal. The price of the coal, bought at four shillings a ton at the pithead, was in London eighteen shillings a ton. The cost of conveyance from Merthyr to Cardiff and thence by water to London was a large item; nevertheless, when these charges had been met, Lockett and his companion were handsomely rewarded for their enterprise. Thus ended the first notable episode in the development of the Welsh coal industry.

Far more important, however, as subsequent events proved, was the arrival in South Wales of a young north-country engineer named John Nixon. Nixon, as he worked in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne, heard a rumour that down in South Wales a valuable coal had been discovered, and that there were likely to be in that neighbourhood very great developments. Adventurous and enterprising, the young north-countryman set off for South Wales, bent upon making his fortune. He had no capital, but he had engineering skill and knowledge, and, above all, boundless energy and perseverance. As it happened, he needed all these qualities, particularly that last named, for it was only after many struggles, disappointments, and privations, and the passing of many years, that the fortune he sought came to him.

Soon after his arrival in South Wales he stood one day near the engine at Penydarren Pit, and watched the stoker throw coal on the fire. The bright glow and the intensity of the heat amazed him. 'Look,' he cried enthusiastically to a companion, 'what great heat, and no smoke from it, either! We have no coal like that in the north of England.' This incident powerfully influenced the young man's future career. Work he had obtained with ease, but his advancement was not commensurate with his ambition. So disappointed did he become with his rate of progress that he

finally forsook South Wales and tried his luck in France. But there also he met disappointment; and one day, as he thought moodily over his progress and prospects, that picture of the glowing fire at Pennydarren Pit flashed suddenly upon him, and simultaneously there came to him an idea. 'I will open a market for Welsh coal in France,' he said.

Nixon was pre-eminently a man of action, and for him to resolve was to do. Soon he was back in South Wales endeavouring to secure the co-operation of the colliery-owners there in the launching of his scheme. He addressed himself first to Mrs Lucy Thomas, but she was quite satisfied with her output of one hundred and fifty tons a day, then regarded as a phenomenal amount, for which she had a ready sale at remunerative prices, and she would have none of Nixon's project. Nor did he meet with better encouragement from the other pit-owners to whom he unfolded his plans. Disgusted and disheartened, he at length turned his back on Wales, resolved never again to set foot in it.

But that picture of the glowing fire at Pennydarren Pit haunted him, and the idea of opening in France a market for Welsh coal had taken such complete possession of him that he could not banish it from his thoughts. Hearing eventually that a Mr Powell had opened a pit in Aberdare Valley, and was anxious to secure a market for his wares, Mr Nixon visited him, and spoke so enthusiastically and eloquently on opening a market in France that Mr Powell consented, though somewhat reluctantly, to join in the undertaking. The agreement they came to was that Mr Powell was to supply the coal at the price Nixon was able to obtain for it from French customers, and that Nixon was to be paid sixpence on every ton exported to Havre, and ninepence on every ton sent to the west of France.

Newcastle coal was at that time used exclusively on the lower reaches of the Loire, and was considered to be of excellent quality. Welsh coal, which was now commanding in England a higher price than any other, was still unknown to the French.

Nixon began with great ardour to canvass for orders for Welsh coal; but the reception he met with was very disheartening, and such as would have deterred from further efforts a less determined man. French people refused point-blank to have anything to do with the new coal. Nixon, however, amid the disappointments, preserved a genial exterior and gradually made friends. Among these was a gentleman in the Government service, who, after being much importuned by the irrepressible Nixon, laughingly consented to allow the north-countryman an opportunity of 'demonstrating the superiority of Welsh coal.' The experiment took place in a Government factory, and was watched with amused interest by a select party. Perspiring, and stripped to the waist, Nixon himself acted as

stoker, for to obtain the best results from Welsh coal it is necessary that it should be stoked by some one who understands its peculiarities. The result of the trial was a complete triumph for Nixon. He forthwith obtained an order for Welsh coal, and by-and-by it altogether superseded Newcastle coal in the Government factories.

Nixon was not, however, the man to rest on his oars. On the contrary, this victory spurred him on to capture other fields. By his persistence he eventually induced the French naval authorities to give a trial to Welsh coal. Again Nixon assumed the rôle of stoker, showing the French naval firemen how Welsh coal should be stoked. The result was another victory for the Englishman. Not only was Welsh coal found to be more economical, but it was observed that, by reason of the almost entire absence of smoke, warships were able, without being seen, to get into closer touch with an enemy than was formerly possible. From that time forth the French naval authorities would have no coal other than that from Wales, and our own and the other leading navies of the world have since followed suit. A naval battle means increased work and wages for the Welsh collier. In the past, during such a war, Welsh engineers have slept on their engines, and stokers worked day and night for big wages.

Since Mr Nixon opened a market for Welsh coal in France, the export to foreign countries of this valuable coal, a prime necessity, as Mr Balfour once stated, to our navy, has increased in a phenomenal manner. How serious is this ever-increasing output of a coal admittedly of vital importance to our most powerful arm either of defence or offence will be realised from the following figures, which show strikingly how great the increase has been: in 1854, 8,500,000 tons; in 1864, 10,970,000 tons; in 1874, 16,490,532 tons; in 1884, 25,553,166 tons; in 1894, 32,418,344 tons; in 1904, 42,730,415 tons. The output, it will be seen, is five times greater than half a century ago. The figures for 1905 show a slight falling off as compared with 1904, which was an exceptional year owing to the special requirements of the navies of Japan and Russia.

Notwithstanding this temporary decrease in the output, new pits are being sunk in various parts of the coalfield. Almost every year the number of mining villages in South Wales has been added to and the mining population augmented. Where two or three farmhouses stood half a century ago, there now appear densely populated mining towns. Valleys which a century ago supported only a few farmers who eked a scanty living from the barren hills now contain teeming populations. Hill-sides that once were bleak and barren are overspread with miners' cottages. Where, a century ago, barely a thousand people dwelt there now live a hundred thousand. Into these Welsh valleys, with their rich store of coal, have flocked people from all quarters of the globe—negroes, Chinamen, Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen; in short, every nationality of importance is represented. Working in the Welsh

coal-mines you may find, also, men who have been ordained for the Church, and who, rather than continue in a sphere of life for which nature never intended them, earn a livelihood as hewers of coal; men who have tried unsuccessfully to earn a living as barristers and journalists; men, in short, from all classes of society. Many of these have learned

to speak the Welsh language, and they seldom mention their past; but they can, nevertheless, be discovered in plenty by any one who takes the trouble to investigate. In addition, thousands of the sons of Welsh farmers work in the mines. Every available help, in fact, has been seized upon by the Welsh mine-owner to increase his output.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

CHAPTER XVIII.



CONGRATULATE you on your victory. It was entirely due to your splendid tackling and accurate shooting.'

'It was a fortnight after my rebuff related in the last chapter, and the words were addressed to me by Father Bernhard, who took an intelligent interest in the game of bandy.

I had been chosen to represent Weissheim against the picked men of Pulverstad, an honour which had caused much heart-burning amongst the more experienced candidates for representative honours.

'I played well,' I answered, 'as I am now curling well, because I do not care two straws whether I play well or not.'

The priest opened his eyes rather wide at my remark. 'Come into my room and have a chat,' he said.

'Come rather into mine,' I replied. 'It is not quite so many degrees below zero.'

We adjourned accordingly to my comfortable little sitting-room, and I offered my companion a cigar, which he refused.

'I wish to talk to you,' he began, selecting the most uncomfortable chair in the room.

'The desire is mutual.'

'Saunders,' he said, fixing his dark eyes seriously upon me, 'there is something wrong with you. Your play was brilliant—it won the match for Weissheim—but it was brilliancy of the reckless nature. Another week of such heedless vigour and you will break your neck, to a certainty. Of your performances on the curling-rink I know nothing except that you are looked upon as a dangerous competitor for the Caledonian medal. But as regards tobogganing, I myself have seen you going down the Kastel-run with a ridiculously small amount of raking.'

'And consequently doing very good times,' I interposed.

'On nine occasions out of ten, yes. But the time will come when you will overshoot David, and there will be one less competitor for the Grinland Derby. We all admire pluck, but recklessness is a vice. It makes us all uncomfortable, and is hardly fair on your painstaking coach, Miss Anchester.'

'My painstaking coach is not overburdened with sensibility,' I retorted. 'My decence would affect

her far less than the lowering of her record time for the Kastel-run.'

'You wrong her, I assure you.'

'I fancy not. She is above the human weaknesses of love and pity. Her spirit soars aloft above other peaks of the Klauigberg in splendid isolation. It is magnificent, but it is chilly work following it.'

'You talk as if you loved her.'

'Naturally, my dear Father, for I did love her.'

'And you no longer do so?'

'Can one love a piece of marble? Put yourself in imagination before the loveliest piece of statuary that ever left the sculptor's hands. It is altogether admirable, but can you love it? Is not the nearest you can get to loving it the wish that it could come to life or that you should meet its replica in flesh and blood?'

'Then I congratulate you on the ethereal nature of your regard.'

'Your congratulations are misplaced. Before I came here I was sick of life—bored, restless, idle, a rich man without a hobby, a lazy man without the capacity for labour. The life here did me good. The sport engrossed my mind; the dangerous condition of Weissheim politics stirred my blood; the air, the sun, the gay round of music, theatrials, and fancy-dress balls, helped to make a new man of me. I say helped, for a greater cause than all these was that exceedingly important factor in the world's history, a beautiful woman. It was not till I learned that she could never care for me that I realised how extremely pleasant my existence here had been to me, how utterly different from the flat, formal round of London's sooty pleasures. And now—well, I am not a whiner, but I believe I get less pleasure out of life than the paralytic old folks who warm their frost-bitten toes in the Weissheim almshouses.'

'Disappointment is a bitter thing, but it passes as certainly as the clouds pass.'

I shook my head. 'Do you know what pain is, Father Bernhard—real hard physical pain, night and day, unrelenting, throbbing, insistent? I tell you there isn't an agony devised by the ingenuity of man that equals the torments of an unrequited affection. You think I am excited and emotional. I tell you no. I was marching straight to happiness, and the gates were shut in my face. Do you think I do not picture to myself a thousand times a day the life that lay behind those gates, the life that

might have been? Do you think I care two straws now for a knock on the bandy-rink or a spill on the Kastel-run?

'You need spiritual consolation.'

'I need it, but am incapable of receiving it. Ah, Father! it's what might have been that tortures us. The fellow who said that a "sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things" wrote beautiful English but shocking bad philosophy. A happy memory is a great asset to a miserable man, but the contemplation of missed happiness is a searing iron night and day.'

'You think there is no worse thing than unrequited love?'

'I am certain of it.'

'And yet I tell you that requited love may be worse.'

'Nonsense,' I said impatiently.

'Nevertheless it is so. What if a man love another man's wife, if the man himself is bound by vows of celibacy? Is it not a fearful thing if the woman return the man's guilty passion?'

'A mere hypothetical case,' I commented.

'Alas! no; a very actual case. The Queen is beginning to love me.'

For the first time for fourteen weary days I took an interest in something.

'You still retain your foolish infatuation for Her Majesty?'

'It grows day by day.'

'And nothing I say as to the Queen's character can disillusion you?'

My companion sighed heavily.

'You cannot say anything bad enough of her,' he said. 'It is the evil in her that appeals to the evil in me. How she discovered my passion is a mystery, for I hid it under a veil of severe austerity and frequent rebuke. But having discovered it, I feel my position to be unbearable. Unless something happens I must go.'

'You know her nature and you love her?' I said. 'I cannot understand it.'

'That is because you refuse to believe in the personality of the devil.'

'The devil!' I said. 'We do not live in the Middle Ages. I believe in evil, for it is omnipresent, but not in a tangible, visible Prince of Evil. Do you honestly believe in a being with horns and hoofs, a curly tail, and an odour of sulphur?'

A slight shudder passed through the priest's frame. 'You speak lightly of such things,' he said, 'as some men speak lightly of their Creator; and yet your flippant description was not an inaccurate one.'

'How do you know?'

'Because I have seen him.'

At this remarkable assertion I turned uneasily in my chair. A man who confesses to have seen the devil is a man to be watched. All the same, I was distinctly interested.

'Tell me about it,' I said.

'It was a week ago. I awoke after a fearful dream, and there, standing in the middle of my room, was the Prince of the Powers of the Air, Abaddon the destroyer, and by his side his henchman Aschmedai, the lustful fiend of Tobit.'

'A dream,' I said.

'It was no dream, or I should have been conscious of waking afterwards. I saw them as plainly as I see you now, and the face of Aschmedai was like the face of Herr Schneider, save that he had horns.'

I shuddered involuntarily. The man's delusion was uncanny and his sincerity unmistakable.

'You neither smoke nor drink,' I said, 'and from what I have seen of your meals you live chiefly upon prunes and rice. There is a point when self-denial becomes intemperance. Give yourself the advice you once gave me, and leave Weissheim. The air is too strong for your undernourished brain.'

He shook his head sadly.

'I have given myself that advice a hundred times,' he said, 'but the chains of Abaddon are hard to break.'

He left me in a state of great depression, and in my sympathy for him I lost some of the poignancy of my own distress. His vision of Schneider as a demon struck me as most curious and as a further example of the repulsion which the detective managed to inspire in the breasts of all he came in contact with. That the Princess Mathilde had the greatest objection to his society was obvious, for that outspoken young lady made little attempt at disguising her feelings. And yet, in his oily, ready-tongued way, he persisted in his ambitious wooing; always deferential in speech if subtly masterful in his manner, ever heedless of rebuffs, confident with a presumption that was almost admirable in its invincibility.

As this is rather an account of political events during an especially eventful winter in the especially eventful country of Grinland than a chronicle of my own feelings, I propose to hasten on to those incidents of European importance wherein my position as King Karl's guest afforded me special opportunities for observation. And yet it seems to me that the part I played in that drama was so influenced by my state of mind that I should have been wrong not to give some indication of the extreme dejection into which I was plunged at this period of my existence. I honestly believe it was the unhappiest period of my life. My sporting successes, which would in the ordinary way have afforded me the keenest satisfaction, merely served to show me how completely my capacity for enjoyment was destroyed. I saw the world through the smoked glasses of disappointment. I knew that the bright colours were there, but bright and dull looked much alike to me. As for Miss Anchester, after a brief period during which rebuke and rillery gave way to normal manners, she resumed quickly enough her former rôle of sharp-tongued criticality.

And I, whose heart had gone out irrevocably to a marble image, played my part with an assumption of indifference for which the unconquerable sentiment of human pride was alone responsible. As a tobogganing coach she was admirable, critical but never unjust, and had she put a little more warmth into her commendation of meritorious efforts she would have been a faultless trainer. As it was, I so improved under her tuition that I became second favourite for the Grinland Derby at the short odds of four to one. I can give no idea of the extraordinary interest aroused by that important event in the minds of Weissheimers, natives and visitors. The amount of betting done was tremendous, and the odds varied from day to day. Besides the local heroes, men came to compete from Switzerland; from St Moritz, Davos, and Caux; from far Sweden and farther Canada. The excitement for days before the race was intense, and grew hourly keener. Three courses had to be run, and the man whose total times formed the lowest aggregate was adjudged the winner. Max was a competitor, and so was Schneider, and so was I myself; but Miss Anchester, for some reason or other, refused to compete again. Stands were erected at various points of the run for spectators to view the proceedings from, cameras occupied every point of vantage, while a full cinematograph apparatus was posted on the snowy crest of Jonathan. To give a detailed account of the proceedings would be to labour a triumph for myself. My three courses were accomplished in lower time than any one else's, and my last run, which I accomplished in two minutes thirty and a half seconds, was the next best time to Miss Anchester's record of the previous year. To say that the news of my victory did not afford me momentary pleasure would be untrue. Nevertheless, the mere reflection of how much greater the pleasure would have been under other circumstances turned my joy into something very like bitterness. Then, as I walked up the hill towards the Marien-

castel, the cheering began, and for a time I was forced to forget myself. Louder and louder grew the applause as I dragged my winning craft behind me towards the store-room at the base of the crown-nest. There the popular enthusiasm reached a head, and I was borne shoulder high above the cheering throng back again towards the Brun-variad. For the moment the sensation of triumph conquered melancholy, and I wondered vaguely if the victory would be a permanent one.

In the Palace hall I met Schneider. He congratulated me warmly on my success.

'You go to the ball to-night, of course?' he said after I had thanked him for his effusive felicitations.

'Certainly. And you?'

'My place is by the King's side.'

'I thought the firing incident and the substitution of Guides for Guards had quieted things down.'

'That was a fortnight ago. Events move quickly in Weissheim.'

'You suspect a fresh recrudescence of trouble?'

'I more than suspect it. I have been looking into the Queen's heart through the uninteresting medium of the Fräulein von Helder, and I see something very like murder in it.'

I had lost much of my respect for the detective's intuition, but politeness restrained me from saying so.

'If there is anything I can do'—I began.

'There is nothing,' he interrupted, 'save, of course, to carry a weapon of defence.'

The advice amused me, for I had never done such a thing in my life. Nevertheless, as I was dressing for dinner my eyes rested on the leather-sheathed knife that the Princess had given me as a cotillion present on the night of Mrs Van Troeber's ball. It was the nearest thing I possessed to a weapon of defence, and, snuffing at the dramatic nature of the proceeding, I slipped it into the breast-pocket of my evening-coat.

(To be continued.)

SOME NOTES ON THE LYRE-BIRD.

DURING an expedition in the thick forests covering the mountains of eastern Gippsland, in Victoria, I made a fairly close acquaintance with that very interesting bird known, from the shape of the tail-feathers of the male, as the lyre-bird. I should not call it a beautiful bird, as it has so frequently been termed; but with its well-proportioned body, its proud eyes, and its stately walk, it may be distinctly described as elegant. Unfortunately, its habits are very little known because of its shy nature and secretive manner of living, for its abode is invariably in the densest scrub, usually away from human tracks, and is never discovered except by accident. In choosing its home the bird picks

out a space in the scrub upon which little or nothing is growing, clears it as far as possible from young shoots with its beak, and covers it with leaves. In this space, which varies in size from about four feet square to four feet by seven feet, and sometimes even larger, the female bird lays its eggs and rears its young, while the male struts around as guard. The area is always closely surrounded by high bush, of which the tops are allowed to grow inwards. If startled by steps approaching the nest, or from any other cause, the birds do not fly, but send away on foot at tremendous speed through the undergrowth. They only run a short distance, however, for they appear to be aware that the direction of their movements could be followed by any one who listens to the

snapping of small twigs or the rustling of dead leaves. Several times I have caught a glimpse of the birds in the rush from their nest; and before my ears could be properly brought to bear upon the direction in which they were moving through the thick undergrowth, the crackling had ceased. The birds had moved a few yards away, and simply stayed perfectly still, knowing full well, apparently, that a thousand eyes could not see them in the scrub. If you break through the bush and happen to go in the direction which they have taken, they simply move on again a few yards, stopping once more when you stop, and you have no more chance of coming up with them than of catching the will-o'-the-wisp.

The lyre-bird is very clever at hiding the locality of its nest. It does not often fly, and when it does it never returns to its nest on the wing, descending some distance away, and proceeding to its home on foot through the scrub. The male bird is on the wing very rarely indeed, and, judging from my own experience, neither bird flies except when rain is falling. Why this is so I do not know. It may be to attract attention away from the nest for some reason which does not apply when the ground is dry, or perhaps to seek for food; but it is impossible to follow the bird on the wing, for it only takes short flights and goes like an arrow from point to point, never rising again from the spot at which it alights, and never taking two successive flights in the same direction. In fact, its cunning and skill in eluding observation are amazing. Except snakes, which eat its eggs, I do not know that the lyre-bird is troubled with natural enemies, unless it be an occasional hawk crossing the mountains to find new preying-ground. But eagles and hawks are scarce where the growth is so thick, and where a tit-bit in the way of a young mountain-wallaby can find a perfect hiding-place in a few seconds from the most searching eye. Nevertheless, the extraordinary vocal abilities of the bird, even if they are not of much service now, must, I think, have been inherited from ancestors who used them for protective purposes, otherwise they have no apparent *raison d'être*. The lyre-bird has, I suppose, a note of its own, though I never became acquainted with it; but the bird imitates the cries and calls and whistles of all other birds in the mountains where it resides. It is true that the notes are not exact imitations, but it takes a long time before one can distinguish the real note from the sham. The most amazing feature of the voice, however, is its apparent ventriloquial quality. I do not know if anybody has pointed this out before; but, after hearing the notes many hundreds of times, I cannot get away from the suggestion that this quality exists. Although it is practically impossible to precisely locate the whereabouts of a nest in the thick scrub, yet one always knows that there is a nest within a

given area, and two families of birds never reside close to each other. I have frequently noticed that calls repeated from the same nest will appear to come from different quarters, and the changes in the apparent places of utterance are as frequent as the alterations in the notes. It never occurred to me to observe whether any particular note appeared to issue always from a given quarter; but it is possible that the apparent ventriloquism may be due to varying echo-effects among the hills, though it should not be forgotten that the same peculiarity is not observable in respect to the notes of other birds.

It cannot be said that the lyre-bird is remarkable for industry. The same nests are occupied year after year, and a young couple seeking a separate abode will not go to the trouble of constructing one themselves if they can discover a nest already made. In connection with this habit I had a rather gruesome experience. I was following up a creek in the neighbourhood of Mount Wills with a small party, and the scrub being too thick to get through without cutting our way with axes, we clambered over a bed of fern-tree trunks (an embryo coal-seam) naturally piled along the course of the creek. We had not gone far when we came to a little patch of cleared ground covered with leaves, which general indications showed was used as a lyre-bird's nest. It was right on the course of the creek, and occasioned us considerable surprise, because lyre-birds do not as a rule nest close to a waterway, no doubt from an inherited dread of floods. In fact, we had never heard of such a nest near a creek before. We came to the certain conclusion, therefore, that the ground had not been cleared by the birds; and as it was good black soil, the only inference was that it had been dug up shortly before the birds took possession of it, otherwise the space would have been covered with vegetation. Now, such a place could only, we thought, be dug for gold-prospecting; and, inasmuch as those who had used the pick and shovel there had taken the trouble to fill the hole up again, we naturally decided that a find had been made, and that the discoverers had concealed the traces, intending to return, but had been unable to do so. We soon found, however, that the hole had been made for quite another purpose than to search for gold. We had only reached a foot below the surface when we found the decomposed body of a man who had clearly been murdered, judging by a small hole in the back of his head and by a bullet which the police subsequently found in the skull. The identity of the man was never disclosed; but it was adjudged by the authorities that his body had been buried for three or four years, during all of which time the lyre-birds nesting over it had been rearing families and sending their musical notes to resound against the mountain-sides.

MARGARET AND THE SCHOOL-BOARD.

PART II.



HE days that followed were filled with a strange excitement for Margaret. It was a harder matter to keep her secret than she had anticipated. Temptations to divulge it cropped up at every turn. But an incident that occurred on the Sunday preceding the day of the prize-giving helped her to be firm in adhering to her resolution.

It had become an established custom for her to have supper at the manse after evening service, and as usual on this particular Sunday the minister was her escort home. On the way he happened to make some allusion to the following session, and Margaret, taken off her guard, blurted impulsively, 'I may not be here next winter.'

The long northern twilight was drawing in; but, dim as the light was, she discerned the look of consternation on his face.

'What! are you going to relent and make old Monnyplies happy after all?' he exclaimed in a would-be jocular tone.

Somehow the suggestion jarred upon Margaret. Could he imagine no other alternative for her than this humble marriage? But the fact lessened her regret in regard to her former slip, and she resolved to punish him with a still further exhibition of mystery.

'No,' she said. 'But isn't it natural I should wish to try and better myself?'

He caught at the idea eagerly.

'You have heard of a place with a bigger salary?'

There was no mistaking the anxiety in his tone.

She yielded neither yes nor no to his query.

'I could put up with a little more money,' was her dry retort.

He gave a short, triumphant laugh.

'Well, strangely enough, I proposed at the very last board-meeting that your income should be increased,' he said, a consequential note appearing in his voice. 'I told them no lady could live decently on eighty pounds a year, and a rise even of ten or fifteen pounds would make all the difference. They haggled over the question for so long that the settlement had to be postponed till next meeting. It is my belief each one of the four had an ulterior motive in opposing it.' He broke off with an amused side-glance at his companion.

Margaret bit her lip and was silent for a moment.

'Why should you take so much trouble on my account?' she said quietly. 'If I resigned now you would have a hundred applicants to fill my place, many of them more competent than I.'

'Oh, but we don't want to lose you,' he jerked out, with a forced attempt at playfulness.

Margaret realised the underlying sincerity of his

tone, and was grateful for it. 'It is good of you to say so,' she replied.

A pause followed her words.

'But you don't really mean this nonsense about going away?' he began, reverting to the subject again with uneasy persistence.

'I am thinking seriously of it,' she said.

Something in the sound of her voice carried conviction to her hearer's heart.

'But it's absurd—ridiculous,' he burst out vehemently. 'If your salary is raised—and I will see to it that it is—you couldn't do better than Tulchan. I always thought you liked the place, and we—that is, my mother and sister—have tried to make you happy. We have got into each other's ways. I cannot believe you are really serious,' he broke off, waiting with ill-concealed eagerness for her answer. Then, as she made no response, 'Margaret!' he exclaimed hoarsely, thrusting out his hand and catching her arm in a convulsive grip.

She stood quite still and faced him, every nerve in her body tingling beneath the warm, firm pressure of his fingers. The game of cross-purposes they had been playing promised to lead to more serious developments than she had dreamed of.

For a second they remained thus. All at once, with a little ashamed laugh, he released her.

'You will have changed your mind by to-morrow,' he said, moving a pace away from her as he spoke.

'He loves me, but he is going to marry Miss Ewing,' thought Margaret to herself, with a strange mingling of joy in her newly made certainty and bitterness for the suffering its realisation must involve. But the fact only intensified her former resolution. She would be loved for herself alone, even if she forfeited her entire life's happiness for the assurance.

The breaking-up day came at last.

Since the evening on which he had so nearly committed himself Margaret had seen nothing of the minister. Yet with blind womanly tenacity she clung to her shred of faith in him; even the news of the constant coming and going between the manse and Ewing Towers had not power to dispel it. At the very last moment she believed his heart would gain the victory over his head—the heart that had been betrayed in the sound of his voice that evening as he pronounced her name, and that had been echoing in her ears ever since. Something warned her, too, that this day would see the settlement of her doubts for weal or woe, and the presentiment lent an air of calm preparedness to her manner that had a disconcerting effect upon her four admirers when they arrived in a body to take part in the day's ceremonial.

'My, she'd ha'e looked bonny in the hotel porch

welcoming fowk wi' that grand air!' thought McClintock of the inn, as his eyes followed her wistfully about.

'There'd ha'e been nae wastrife at Monnyplies wi' her as mistress,' was old Harris's unspoken comment.

'What a fine, thoughtful face to sit over against a man in the ingle-nook!' sighed Purvis the ex-dominie to himself.

'Gowanlea, man, you're a fule to ha'e come here this day,' stuttered the bonnet-laird, in violent self-recrimination.

But, happily for herself, Margaret was oblivious of their criticisms. She greeted each of her rejected suitors in turn with the same unconscious welcome and conducted them to their places among the expectant audience, composed chiefly of the fathers and mothers of the school children, who had gathered early in the hope of obtaining a better view of the forthcoming ceremony. Facing them were the scholars themselves—row upon row of freshly washed and starched girls and boys, sitting like statues with one eye cocked upon the door and the other trained towards the little table upon which the tempting array of prizes was set forth.

At last the sound of approaching wheels denoted the arrival of the manse party, and a sigh of anticipation went round the room as all heads turned instinctively towards the door.

Miss Ewing was the first to enter, rustling in a silken gown that made Margaret's simple toilet appear severely plain and workaday as they stood for an instant side by side. But otherwise the comparison was all in the young schoolmistress's favour. The elder woman's sallow cheeks were flushed an unbecoming crimson, and her eyes had a steely gleam as they rested on her rival's face, which plainly denoted she had not forgotten the snub Margaret had inflicted on the occasion of their last meeting.

Close behind her followed old Mrs Allison, nodding and beaming satisfaction in her proud privilege of the minister's mother; while Miss Flora strutted peacock-like by her brother's side.

The minister at once took command of the situation. It was one of his best traits that he was able to banish all thought of self when the occasion demanded, and before many minutes were over he had completely lifted the atmosphere of constraint that prevailed, and scholars and visitors alike were laughing and making merry on the best of terms.

The actual prize-giving did not take long, Miss Ewing acquitting herself with surprising graciousness; and then followed the usual speechifying and exchange of compliments between the governing body of the school.

In conclusion, the minister called for a vote of thanks to Margaret; and so hearty was the response of all present that she felt bound to stand up and say a few words of grateful acknowledgment. But instead of retiring to her place again when she had finished speaking, she was prompted by some inward

voice to go on; and almost before she was aware, she had made public the fact of her impending resignation. Nothing had been farther from her thoughts when she commenced, and the announcement had as startling an effect upon her as upon her hearers.

For some seconds she stood in dazed silence listening to the whispered altercation going on behind her where the various members of the school-board were putting their heads together in excited conference over the news. In another minute they would begin to ask questions, and she would be impelled to give her reasons for her course of conduct.

But before such a contingency could arise the minister was on his feet, and a sudden silence fell upon the group as he commenced to speak. His words were few and coldly uttered. But Margaret felt that they were spoken to shield her from the curiosity she dreaded, and was correspondingly grateful for their unemotional quality.

'Much as they regretted her decision,' he said in conclusion, 'it was no business of theirs to question its wisdom or inquire into its cause. They could only hope that the future would justify the step, and hold much happiness and good fortune for her.'

A few minutes later Margaret found herself alone once more—alone with her memories and regrets. They had all gone. Not one had stayed behind to express a more intimate sorrow over her departure. Friends, suitors, the very children whom she had grown to love, had departed carelessly forth, accepting her edict as final, nor seeking to reverse it by a single word.

Oh, the suspense of that general exodus! Would she ever forget it? How she had watched and watched one figure, believing up to the very last that he would remain! She had seen him mingle with the departing crowd, jesting now with one, now with another, the very life and soul of them all; watched with fascinated eyes as he crossed to the mantelpiece, on which his hat and stick were placed, then, with a careless handshake to her, sweep his own party together and conduct them to the waiting carriage. Even then she had clung to her vain hope. But the sound of wheels had long since died into the distance, though their reverberation still echoed ghost-like in her ears.

A knock at the door interrupted her musings. For a brief second she believed he had returned. But it was only old Harris's rubicund visage that met her eager gaze in response to her summons.

'Went and left my stick behind,' he growled, without looking at her, marching straight over to the row of empty chairs behind her desk as he spoke.

Margaret jumped up at once to aid him in his search. Sure enough, the stout oaken cudgel lay on the floor beneath his chair. He stooped his gouty back to pick it up. But she was before him.

'Thank ye,' he said as he took it from her, scrutinising her the while with his head held on one side, his keen blue eyes narrowed on her face.

'Look ye here, my lass,' he began at last, as if dissatisfied with his inspection, 'this auld crook o' mine was juist a dodge to come back and find out what you was up to, and I'm surprised to see nae traps o' the ithers lying aboot,' glancing dryly round him as he spoke. 'But I'll juist say this: there's aye a welcome for you at Monnyplies gin you change your mind. Gosh, what did I tell you?' he broke off with a chuckle as a timid knock fell upon the door. 'You's Purvis, or I'm a Dutchman. —Ha, Purvis,' as the ex-dominie came deprecatingly into the room, only to draw back in dismay at sight of his rival's burly form, 'come in, man; I'm juist awa'.

But the dominie was not to be tempted, and with a muttered excuse about a book he had offered to lend Margaret, he retired precipitately, almost falling into the arms of the hotel-keeper, who had reached the door at that instant. A whispered altercation took place between them, in which Margaret caught the words, 'Monnyplies—engaged,' many times repeated. Then the sound of heavy feet retiring down the garden-path warned her that they had thought better of their purpose.

'That's the quorum,' said old Harris, with another chuckle. 'They'll stumblen ower Gowanlea roond the corner.' He was edging towards the door himself as he spoke. 'Well, dinna forget Monnyplies at your service,' he said as he banged it behind him.

At any other time the humour of the situation would have appealed to Margaret. But the memory of her former unhappiness was too keen to be easily dissipated. With a hopeless gesture she reseated herself at her desk. What avail were all her riches with this hunger in her heart?

She spread out her arms on the desk and laid her head down on them.

It was in this attitude that Robert Allison found her when, a few minutes later, he entered the room. The sight of him restored all her former courage.

'You!' she exclaimed, rubbing her eyes, with a little bewildered gesture. 'I believe I should have been asleep in another moment.'

But he cut short her excuses.

'I met Harris on the road,' he said, with uncompromising directness. 'He told me he had juist been here.'

'So he has,' she acknowledged audaciously. 'Mr Purvis too, and, I think, Mr McClintock,' smiling as she spoke.

But her smile evoked no answering response on the minister's face. His lips were sternly set. There was an unrelenting gleam in his eyes Margaret had never seen before.

'I suppose we have all come on the same fool's errand,' he began bitterly—'to try and quarrel with your decision of this afternoon, and to suggest an alternative. But before I go as far as that there is something I wish to tell you.' He planted himself in front of her desk as he spoke, his frowning eyes fixed upon her face. 'I never realised how necessary you were to my happiness until that evening you spoke of going away,' he began in a low, harsh voice; 'and then I tried my best not to believe it. No, no; hear me out!' as Margaret was about to interrupt him. 'I have a confession to make, and I prefer you should hear it before you give me your answer. I thought I could marry for money, and I found I could not.' He paused, waiting for her to speak; but she made no reply, and he continued in the same resolute tone: 'I thought the power money brings would compensate me for your absence from my life; but I realised all at once this afternoon that without you money would be valueless, power a burden.'

'And with me,' said Margaret in a low, joyous whisper, 'if you could have both—love and power together? Oh, it is no fairy tale,' as he shook his head impatiently. 'Read that,' and drawing the lawyer's letter from her pocket, she held it out towards him.

But he crushed it in his hand. 'Your answer first,' he said.

And by that Margaret knew that her trust was justified.

THE END.

OLD ART BRONZES AND THEIR IMITATION.

By ARTMETER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



THE manufacturer of 'old' bronzes has four principal departments in which he can operate for the benefit of collectors with fair chances of success.

These are: Roman and Roman-Greek bronzes, Byzantine bronzes, trecento bronzes, and cinquecento Italian bronzes. The works of later periods—as, for instance, eighteenth-century French bronzes—are sometimes imitated, but not to any great extent, for the purpose of deception. So much is known about the works of the more recent masters that any one offering

a spurious *chef d'œuvre* for sale might easily be met with awkward questions.

ANCIENT ROMAN OR ROMAN-GREEK BRONZES.

Rome is the head and centre for the production of bronzes supposed to have been made when she was at the height of her glory; and indeed, with the exception of a few inferior examples turned out in Florence, it may be said that Rome makes the whole of this class of goods that come into the market. Audacity and ingenuity are the chief requisites for the successful preparation and

manipulation of 'old' Roman bronzes. A certain amount of skill in art is necessary, but it is not the highest available; and the Paris craft-masters will not interest themselves in the creation of works which cannot exhibit their taste and wonderful skill in execution. Modern Italians have art in plenty—in fact, every second man is a born artist; but as a rule they lack taste, which only a Frenchman can supply to perfection.

The scope for the maker of ancient Roman bronzes is limited. The collectors are few in number, and of these public museums form the majority. As a rule, also, this class of collector is an excellent judge of the article he wants, and something extraordinary in the way of inducement must be offered him before he will accept any statement of authenticity about a work as to which he has a shadow of a doubt. It is hardly necessary to do more than refer to the thousands of copies of ancient bronzes which are turned out in Rome for the benefit of the tourist or the inexpert art-lover. They are seldom offered seriously to collectors, who know the originals so well. For the connoisseur special and elaborate precautions are taken. Well-known models are not used in their entirety; but a leg, or an arm, or the general pose may be adopted from a gallery exhibit for the new design. It is seldom that a group is manufactured, single nude or semi-nude figures being most in demand. The figure is usually a faun, an athlete, a warrior, an Apollo, or a Venus, though occasionally it is a centaur or other monster.

The pateen for these bronzes is the easiest of all pateens to produce. Burial in more or less damp ground for a few months or longer is all that is necessary, though sometimes the oxidation of the surface of the bronze is hastened by the use of a weak acid solution. Commonly these bronzes are made in a most imperfect state, with limbs broken off, or with large holes in them so as to impress the purchaser with the evidence of age and long burial in forgotten ground. Some gross frauds have been perpetrated in order to palm off spurious antique Roman bronzes. In one notable case over twenty were made and buried with some old pottery in a field close to Rome. The ground was levelled again and the grass allowed to grow for two years, when one of the bronzes was 'accidentally' dug up. This was produced as a great secret to a wealthy American, who was taken to the ground and told that the spot was almost sure to conceal a hoard of art-treasures buried during some great disturbance in the days when Rome was at the summit of her power. The American was given a short option to purchase the property for a large sum, and he spent almost a week in having the ground explored. A number of the hidden bronzes came to light, and the purchase was completed. Attempts to keep the 'find' secret failed, and on the Government stepping in with its usual claim the fraud was exposed.

As before hinted, it is not often that collectors

of old Roman bronzes are deceived by the imitations. These gentlemen are few in number, and are usually well skilled in ancient art. On the other hand, the imitators, while conversant with all the tricks of manufacture, have seldom the close acquaintance with Roman lore and customs which become necessary immediately they depart from the genuine models. The result is that many otherwise good imitations are betrayed by a defect in costume or other detail, which is immediately detected by the learned connoisseur. The sale of one of the finest imitations ever made was spoiled in this way. It was a statue of a young athlete, nearly life-size, which was brought to London in 1902. As usual, its provenance was perfect. There was 'certified evidence' that it had been dug up in Rome in the presence of a number of persons while excavations were being made for a new building. The pateen was perfect, the partial decomposition as natural as it could be, and the art of a really high order. The figure was nude, but the artist had made the strange mistake of giving the athlete long hair falling down upon his shoulders. A British Museum expert, who was the first called in to admire the wonder, detected the anachronism at once, and advised the owner that he had been deceived. The statue, for which two thousand pounds was then asked, now adorns the vestibule of an American home.

BYZANTINE BRONZES.

Byzantine bronze imitations are confined almost entirely to crucifixes and church ornaments. They are mostly made in Florence and Ravenna, and are generally but poor examples. The crucifixes are all of one sort—thin beaten bronze on the front of the figure, with a gilt waist-cloth and a rayed aureole. As a rule the modelling is better in the imitations than in the originals, evidencing an appreciation of anatomy which was not often displayed by Byzantine artists. Few Byzantine ornaments can properly be described as 'works of art,' and generally they come within the range of the collector of curiosities rather than in that of the art connoisseur.

TRECENTO BRONZES.

Genuine trecento (fourteenth century) French and Italian works in metal are of very great value, particularly if they are finely wrought and in good condition. A reliquary may be worth anything from three hundred to one thousand pounds, a gilt bronze statuette from four hundred to two thousand pounds, a chalice in rock crystal and gilt silver the same price, or even much more if it is a fine example. As a rule French trecento work is worth more than Italian, though for what reason it is difficult to see, because the quality of the art applied was about the same in the two countries.

The value of trecento metal-work is high, not because there is a large demand for it, but because of its extreme rarity. The principal European

museums are ever on the watch for it, and there are a few—very few—private collectors. Without any exception, all buyers—that is to say, private or museum buyers, for very few dealers understand them—of bronzes of the period are thorough connoisseurs, and it is necessary, therefore, for modern manufacturers to exercise the very highest skill and care in their work in order to profit from it. Out of the large army of imitators of ancient works of art, I do not suppose there are more than two or three capable of organising and carrying through successfully a trecento *coup*, and these two or three are only to be found in Paris. The director of such a *coup* must be a man of many qualifications. He must first have a thorough knowledge of the arts and manufactures of the period pertaining to metals, and of how they differed in the separate departments or districts now combined within the boundaries of France; and then he must have gathered a knowledge of the general progress of art and design, and the limits within which these could be applied to church ornaments and for religious purposes generally, in the period under consideration. Further, he must be acquainted with the Church history of France of the time, and particularly with the local history of the district from which the object he is making is supposed to have come. For instance, he must know what saints were most admired there, and what monasteries were the most richly endowed. The provenance of his chalice or reliquary must be perfect in every particular, and able to stand the closest investigation of experts accustomed to dive into the depths of medieval historical detail.

No fourteenth-century work can be copied by the imitator, or he would be instantly detected. The design must be perfectly fresh in form and decoration, and no important detail in a known original example included in the new work. For an 'important' piece, probably fifty sketches will be made before the details of the work are settled, and even then, during the manufacture, some of the hammered figures or chiselled ornaments will have to be entirely changed, owing perhaps to a difficulty in regard to the enamel patches or to the necessity of hiding an apparently trivial joint-mark. The work is carried out as far as possible just as similar work was executed five or six hundred years ago. The solder used, the metal fastenings, the composition of the enamel, and the method of gilding are all the same; and there will at least be no flaw in the technical details upon which a doubter might fasten.

It is very seldom that a modern trecento artist constructs a replica; but occasionally a very successful *coup* has induced a repetition. Two or three years ago a French dealer was called to Rome to inspect a fine piece of 'trecento work' in the shape of a casket reliquary which was for sale. From the Eternal City he was taken a short distance into the country, where he found the reliquary enshrined in an old church, and looking as though it had been there for centuries. The dealer snapped at the chance to buy the curio, and took it back with him to Paris, where he promptly offered it to the Louvre. The authorities at this great art emporium were apparently astonished at the beauty of the reliquary; but, in accordance with their custom, before purchasing they invited the director of the Cluny Museum, who is a leading authority on the trecento period, to give his opinion upon the work. This gentleman immediately recognised the casket as an exact replica of one which had been lately bought for Cluny; and it transpired that the two caskets had been recently made in the same atelier, situated about a hundred yards from the establishment of the dealer who had bought the Roman example. In this case, had the artist been content with making one casket the deception would most likely never have been discovered.

There is scarcely a large museum in Europe which does not possess spurious trecento metalwork. Fortunately, in the case of our own national museum, not much money has been wasted, as the two or three examples of modern manufacture shown are small and unimportant. I believe the British Museum has been 'taken in' by imitators to a less degree than any other institution in Europe, due, I think, to the wide general knowledge possessed by the various departmental heads, in addition to their expert acquaintance with the special branches of art under their respective control.

Trecento imitators are largely helped in their work by the fact that they have not a difficult pateen to imitate. A worn gilt bronze pateen is the easiest thing in the world to produce. It is true that the process is long and tedious; but the Paris genius directing the work has always the patience of Job, and has no regard for time. Two, three, or four years are required to make such an object as the reliquary referred to above, and the designer would not hesitate to throw in an additional six or twelve months for the sake of a slight improvement.



AN EXPERIMENT IN HIGH FINANCE.

By HOLT SHAFTO.

I.



CAPTAIN SILAS TODD was a Tyne-sider who had graduated in the Spartan school of the mercantile marine. As a cabin-boy his youthful imagination had been fired by the gilt braid, or the unrivalled liberty of language, or the equally unrivalled authority of the skipper who had 'fretted his brief hour' of glory on the bridge of some tramp steamer such as his cabin-boyhood had been addicted to. As a man of thirty, thanks to the grit of his breed, he had realised this youthful ambition, and stood on a bridge with plenary powers of his own. As a man of thirty-five, with some home belongings, he had decided there was more gilt and glory about his profession than about the emoluments attached thereto. He therefore determined to go in for finance.

Now, to an understanding mind, 'finance' is a very comprehensive term; and Captain Silas Todd's was an understanding mind. His ambitions being of a practical nature, and his knowledge of his own abilities being also sound, he dreamed no visionary dreams of silk-hatted, frock-coated urbanity, with palatial offices, clerks, and telephones to match. What he wanted was, to use his own phrase, 'a good square thing with something good for S. T. hanging on to it.' Although this may sound vague, it was a very definite ambition in Captain Silas Todd's mind, and he had seen enough of life's infinite variety to believe that this notion would materialise all right if he but watched carefully for his chance. Knowing that only folly inspired that familiar proverb about being 'off with the old love before you are on with the new,' he stuck to his profession, always keeping an eye open during his wanderings for the much-desired 'good square thing.'

On this account it was with considerable satisfaction that he received instructions from his owners to proceed to La Rica, which is, as every one knows, the capital of that enterprising, if somewhat uncertain, South American Republic of Bralita.

Bralita, like most of its great and glorious sister-republics, spends so much of its citizens' energies in deciding who shall administer its fortunes that it has but little energy or fortune to spend in developing the many natural resources it indubitably possesses. That is usually undertaken for it by enterprising outsiders, who enable its authorities to enjoy their brief pomp and power—and feather their modest nests—by means of financial grants in exchange for various concessions. These concessions the enterprising outsiders find further ways and means to appreciate long after the recipients of their bounty have retired, as all good ex-dictators should, to Paris.

Wherefore Captain Todd kept his eyes and ears

open at La Rica. What he heard and saw is irrelevant to this plain statement. Suffice it to say that on his return to England certain confabulations took place through the medium of his equally enterprising brother, who had long made London the scene of his labours and was 'something in the City.' A syndicate of a modest and private nature furnished Captain Todd—henceforth plain 'Mr Heath Jones' for a time—with a sum of money considered sufficient for the enterprise he proposed. 'Mr Heath Jones,' thus equipped, enjoyed the novel experience of a journey to La Rica as a saloon passenger on board the ss. *Antelope*. Some innate dramatic instinct or some outcrop of northern caution had led him to effect various small changes in his appearance, and he figured in the capital of Bralita, despite its known sultriness of climate, with a more or less adipose person and a clean-shaven, eyeglassed countenance, eminently suggestive of the world of finance, and very different from the slim, sinewy, bearded salt who had looked so much at home on the bridges of the various tramps he had commanded.

Putting up at the chief hotel, he spent a harassing but ultimately satisfactory week closeted with various officials, including the President of Bralita. At its close—serene in the knowledge that, although he had been compelled to lay out the whole of the capital at his command, his return passage in the *Antelope* was booked and the documents securing the desired concessions were to be signed and delivered next day—he slept in satisfying fashion.

Next morning, when he set out for the imposing residence of the President, he was conscious of a holiday atmosphere about the town. Some folk, to judge by the sounds that greeted his ears, were giving vent to their hilarity by casual discharges of firearms in various parts of the capital. Presently he saw a few men attired in a mongrel uniform that struck him as of unfamiliar design wandering about, mostly in small groups. At the gates of the presidential palace a clump—any more military expression would be misleading—of these fellows barred his way and demanded his business. He explained that he was on his way to an interview with the President, by appointment. They regarded this as an admirable joke; and Todd, to whom the point of the joke was not obvious, was beginning to get angry and a little uneasy, when a person with some show of authority appeared, and after a few rapid questions, signified to 'Mr Heath Jones' to follow him. As he approached the residence itself he noted some broken windows, and some gentlemen in the mongrel uniform afore mentioned engaged in removing the traces of what appeared to be a slight fracas. Some damaged furniture, stains, and lead-splashes on the white walls were receiving attention.

Ushered into a small waiting-room, he had ample time to reflect upon these portents, and had just arrived at the correct deduction when he was informed that the President was graciously pleased to grant him an audience for five minutes.

A single glance at the 'President' confirmed his deductions. In place of the dark, thin, restless little man of his previous acquaintance, Todd found himself face to face with a stout, rather greasy-looking person, whose whole appearance suggested a once-athletic butcher grown unwieldy in the course of his vocation, and now experiencing the disadvantages of the summer weather.

Summoning to his aid such diplomacy as the changing life of a sailor had taught him, Todd produced his best bow and smile, and remarked that he was delighted to have the honour of thus early presenting his felicitations to the Señor President, of whose appointment he was but just aware.

The statement was so literally true to fact that he did not even know the name of the corpulent gentleman before him.

'Your business, señor?' granted the stout man, with an impatient gesture, cutting short Todd's blandishments.

He alluded as delicately as possible to the Señor President's 'predecessor,' explained the stage to which the negotiations had progressed, and, in short, intimated his readiness to receive then and there his Excellency's sign-manual to the transaction.

The President heard him without any apparent interest.

'Have you the money with you?' he inquired when Todd concluded his résumé.

Now, the late President had been a man of more delicacy of perception, and had deprecated the bare idea of any monetary transaction between himself and 'Mr Heath Jones.' Todd had, therefore, found it necessary to lubricate his Excellency's palm in an indirect fashion before he could persuade that worthy to see his point aright. Inwardly cursing the instability of South American politics, he explained to this new Excellency as well as he could that all payments had been made, and he had merely called for the formal and documentary ratifications before returning to England.

The expectant gleam which had illumined the presidential eye as its stout possessor inquired for the money faded, and he interrupted Todd abruptly: 'I know nothing about it. You can go.' Saying which, he turned and busied himself with the concoction of a drink from materials on a side-buffet.

Todd proceeded to argue the point rather more warmly. The President shrugged his obese shoulders and rang a small bell. Todd's temper rose, and he expressed himself at large about Britons and their inalienable rights with rhetorical flourishes in the 'Rule, Britannia' style, winding up with dark hints at a gunboat and the prompt obliteration of La Rica and all it contained.

'Take him out,' said the President to the attendant in mongrel uniform who had answered the summons

of the bell. It required four of them and a craftily administered kick from the President himself to accomplish this, for Todd was angry. Outside some more of the soldiery lent a willing hand, and Todd made an extremely painful progress to the gates, whence he was ejected with one or two parting and none too tender kicks. He shook his fists and indulged in other warlike demonstrations through the railings, for he had by this time completely lost sight of the financial and diplomatic character of his mission. His language was worthy of the captain of a four-master in a gale.

A bullet which ploughed an unpleasant furrow along his right cheek cooled him somewhat and strongly suggested that it was time to see about his hotel. He retreated without further care for his dignity. Unhappily, one or two more shots were fired after him in pure light-heartedness by the guard; and, probably because they made no serious effort to aim at him, Todd fell suddenly prone in the square with a bullet in his back.

Some weeks after he emerged convalescent from the hospital, having survived the extraction of the bullet and the still more serious ordeal of an extremely casual hospital régime.

He took his lesson as to the mutability of human affairs in La Rica so much to heart that he did not attempt to recover his scanty belongings at the hotel, but made his way back to England, shipping as fireman on the first homeward-bound steamer he could find to take him.

II.

It has been already noted that determination was a keynote of Captain Silas Todd's character. He landed in London more grimly resolved than ever to find that 'good square thing, with something good for S. T. hanging on to it,' and further resolved that some fine day he would settle his account with that 'fat brute of a President.'

Details of his interview with the members of the syndicate are lacking, but it was doubtless a very unpleasant quarter of an hour for Todd.

His brother was merciless in chaffing allusions to South American El Dorados, but sufficiently practical in brotherliness to advance Silas what was necessary to enable him to tide things over until he could find another ship. For two years Captain Todd sailed the seas of the world as of yore; but all things connected with Bralita had a special interest for him, and he kept himself well posted in its affairs, even going so far, on the occasion of a call at the port of La Rica, as to establish one or two unassuming friendships in quarters where his study of the political situation led him to believe that they might hereafter prove useful.

Sometimes it is the expected that happens. Indeed, a man who proclaims that he will get wet when he goes out on a rainy day is hardly regarded in the light of a prophet. Wherefore, when Todd foresaw that President Don José de Barracq—such was the name of the individual with whom Todd had so disastrous an interview—would in his turn

experience the shadow of deposition after the sunshine of power, he was not leaving a very wide margin to chance. Thanks to his Bralitan friendships, Captain Todd was able to form some shrewd conjectures as to coming events when Don José's well-timed flight added him to the ranks of the unemployed.

Thus it happened that, some three years and four months subsequent to his unpleasant Bralitan experiences, Todd was in London and closeted with his financially minded brother in the inmost sanctum of the latter's imposing suite of City offices. As a result of their talk, a small, little-used room of the suite, which gave on the principal clerks' office, had its vestibule door labelled 'General Maritime Agency, Limited: J. Todd, Managing Director,' and was furnished with a couple of chairs. In its turn it furnished much food for unfruitful speculation to the clerks of Mr J. Todd, general broker.

Silas spent much of his time in meeting such vessels as reached the port of London from Bralitan shores. At last one fine morning he came from the docks well pleased with himself, and despatched a cable to a private address in Bralita, and had another consultation with brother John.

Two days afterwards a stout foreigner rang the bell at the door of the General Maritime Agency, Limited, and inquired for 'the Señor Toad.' He was accommodated with one of the two chairs, granted a glimpse of the clerks' office, and a moment or so later requested by a clerk to state his business. This, he emphatically explained in broken English, concerned himself and 'the Señor Toad' alone. He was then politely requested to wait, and Mr Todd would see him as soon as he was disengaged.

Half-an-hour, presumably devoted to the perusal of two life-assurance placards and one framed photograph of the s.y. *Golden Fleece*, which were the only adornments of the room, passed, when he was told that Mr Todd was at liberty and could give him ten minutes. He passed through the imposing office, with its array of clerks and clicking typewriters, and was ushered into Mr Todd's sanctum. That gentleman, the very personification of Cityness, sat at a fine roll-top desk playing with a massive watch-chain. Half-a-dozen plans of vessels, a Nautical Almanac, and other similar literature lay on the desk. On the walls of the office were pinned several photographs of vessels of varying tonnage, from the mere sailing-yacht under a cloud of canvas to the larger liners.

A glance round assured Don José de Barracq, ex-President of Bralita—for he it was, though his card described him modestly as merely Señor Mendita—that this was the right place for his business, and that the cablegram he had that morning received from one of his few friends across the seas had brought trustworthy advice. He proceeded to explain his errand in cautious fashion. It appeared he wanted to purchase a steam-yacht. From the particulars he gave it was evidently wanted for some purpose of a peculiar character. Why a gentleman

wanted a yacht with the carrying capacity of a small merchantman and with a fine disregard of cabin accommodation his limited English failed entirely to make clear, and as he seemed unable to give any very satisfactory account of himself and his plans, Mr Todd rose to the occasion.

'Señor Mendita, as managing director of the General Maritime Agency, I need hardly say that our clients' business is also our business, their interests our interests. If you do not choose to tell me all your purposes I have no cause to complain; but if you will frankly state your wishes, in the way of business we shall endeavour to carry them out to the best of our ability. Meanwhile, permit me to observe that we are well accustomed to carry out our clients' commissions with complete secrecy and despatch, and that whatever you choose to say within these walls will not be repeated outside them unless you wish it.'

Thus encouraged, Señor Mendita expressed his desire for a 'ship of steam, verree good ship, not too verree great, and to carree some—*st*—cargo. Also, a captain, one to whom he could confide, who should be so discreet.'

'Do I understand, señor, that you wish to charter a vessel for a voyage only?'

'*St*—yes—so.' That was his desire.

And would the señor himself arrange for the cargo? It appeared he would; and Mr Todd, requesting Señor Mendita to be so good as to call again in two days' time, promised to give the matter his best attention.

'Strikes me,' said Silas, talking the matter over with his brother, 'that my advices from Bralita are sound. Just as we anticipated, the old beggar is plotting to get back, and wants us to do a little gun-running for him and his pals. I think there's money in it. The greasy old scamp has probably scooped the treasury before he lit out, and he will be good for a fat cheque; but no paper, mind: Bank of England notes and coin of the realm are all we can deal in. He will understand; they're used to that sort of thing in Bralita. And, I say, Jack, no chartering a vessel for this caper. Pitch it in to him that he must buy for himself. It will pay us best, my boy.'

Señor Mendita was punctual in keeping his appointment with the managing director of the General Maritime Agency, who greeted him affably and informed him that his little affair was progressing most favourably. They had on their books at the time a most suitable steam-yacht, the *Amphitrite*, which had been originally built for a noble lord who had gone hunting for buried treasure, but had abandoned that hobby in favour of horse-racing. Unfortunately she was on their hands for sale only. All inquiries had failed to unearth any owners willing to despatch any steamer on such a mysterious mission except for a sum so prohibitive that purchase of the yacht would be a cheaper and more satisfactory measure altogether. The boat in question was lying berthed near Poplar, and the señor would

perhaps go down with him and look her over. She could be got ready for sea in about ten days' time, and her price was fifteen thousand pounds.

As for a captain, he thought he had found the one man in all London for the job. If the señor was so inclined, he could be sent for at once.

The señor being so inclined, a clerk was despatched, and returned in ten minutes with Silas, who was duly introduced as Captain Todd—the same name as myself, by a curious coincidence—of the Mercantile Marine, a gentleman who speaks Spanish perfectly, I understand, though unfortunately I have no acquaintance with your language.

Captain Silas bore Don José's scrutiny with apparent composure, though inwardly he was conscious that much depended upon that searching glance bestowed on him. Señor Mendita, however, had little or no cause to remember the Englishman with whom he had had an unimportant interview in those earliest moments of his presidential career; indeed, the matter had passed entirely from his recollection, though, doubtless, Captain Silas Todd managed to bring it clearly to his remembrance later on.

'Señor,' commenced Don José, after a survey of the captain's physiognomy that was apparently satisfactory, 'I am in need of a captain and a crew to take out a yacht, which I shall probably purchase, to—my estate in South America. It will be necessary that I give you my entire confidence; but you are, I perceive, a man of honour.'—Captain Todd bowed, and would have blushed had he not forgotten how—and you will give me your word that it shall go no further.'

Captain Todd gave the necessary assurance.

'I am a man of business, and am going to introduce some of your latest English improvements in machinery into my factory. By so doing I am confident of gaining a great advantage over my business rivals, and it is therefore absolutely essential that no word of the affair should get abroad. My captain will have to sail to a port whose name I shall not disclose until we are nearing the coast of—South America. I myself shall travel on board, and be present to see to the shipping of the machinery. It may be that I shall require you to remain for a short time in charge of the steamer; but you may count on returning to England in three months' time at the outside.'

Don José had watched the captain very carefully whilst giving these instructions, and now paused somewhat inquiringly.

'If that is all, señor, I think I can carry out your wishes. Only, I should like to know if there is any difficulty about negotiating the harbour of which you speak, as I don't know much of that coast-line.'

Señor Mendita assured the captain that that would be all right, and seemed rather relieved, for some reason best known to himself, at Captain Todd's naïve confession.

'There will be no difficulty about the harbour,

captain; but as it is possible that there may be trouble with the work-people of my rivals if they get wind of my intentions, it will be necessary during our voyage to rig up one or two quick-firing guns on board, though I don't think we shall have to use them.'

Captain Todd looked very grave at this. 'Well, señor, I am a man of peace myself, and do not wish to undertake anything likely to lead to trouble; though, as you say, these guns are to be more for the look of the thing than anything else. Still, I know my duty as a captain to stand by my employer, and I am a man with a wife and family'—

'It will be considered in the payment, señor. I am prepared to pay you handsomely for any risk you may run.'

But Captain Todd still hung back; and the more he hung back the more anxious Señor Mendita became to secure his services. He must have fleeced the treasury of Bralita pretty thoroughly, for the terms finally agreed upon were handsome; the *Amphitrite* was duly purchased, and the amount of 'machinery' which required 'extreme care' in handling must have represented a considerable expenditure also.

It was understood that the actual place of landing would be disclosed during the voyage. Captain Todd himself was of the opinion that this would be the wisest course to take, though it was given out that Buenos Ayres would be their first port of call. The Managing Director saw them off, and 'Señor Mendita' came on board with a travelling companion, who was evidently of the same nationality, within a shade or two of colour, as himself. This was understood to be his chief engineer.

Some two months later the following paragraph appeared in the *Daily Forum*:

'Our correspondent at La Rica telegraphs that the ex-President Don José de Barragán, with the late Controller-General of the Treasury, was captured on board a steam-yacht which put into this port. It is understood that they had attempted to enter Bralita by travelling as stowaways on board this vessel, whose nationality is supposed to be British, as it was generally understood that the ex-President had escaped to that country. We understand that the captain received the thanks of the Government and a substantial reward for his services to the Republic in rendering these fugitives up to justice. It will be remembered that these two men embezzled large sums from the public treasury. They were tried by court-martial and shot this morning.'

The General Maritime Agency, Limited, figured later as the vendors of the s.y. *Amphitrite*, on behalf of owners whose names did not transpire, and also of a quantity of assorted machine-guns, service-rifles, and ammunition. Soon afterwards the agency ceased to exist.

S. Todd, Esquire, J.P., has a charming little residential estate in N. Yorks, and is an authority on rose-growing.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

'PENSIONS' AND 'PENSIONNAIRES.'

By CHARLES WINDHAM.

THE visitor of modest means who proposes to stop in Paris more than a couple of weeks or so almost invariably selects a *pension* in preference to a hotel. This is certainly the case on the part of those who wish to see something of French family life and also to make headway with the language. In the Paris hotels the opportunities of learning French are few and far between. The whole polyglot staff—including waiters, chambermaids, luggage-porters, liftmen, boot-boys, and all—insists upon talking what it fondly imagines to be fluent 'English,' and it is difficult to get anything else out of the household. The fact is, the proprietors rather resent their domestics being thus made use of by travelling Britons; and when they find a guest trying to obtain a little private coaching, they are not above hinting that residence under their roof does not include tuition in the art of acquiring a Parisian accent. At any rate, this has been the experience more than once of the present writer.

On the grounds of economy, too, life in a *pension* has substantial advantages over life in a hotel. Of course, one may go to a *pension* where the rates are quite as high as those obtaining in a first-class hotel; but there is no necessity to do anything of the sort. Paris teems with boarding-houses in which the charges are remarkably low. Nor is there any difficulty in finding these, for they are freely advertised in both the French and English papers. One helpful source of information on this point is the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. Perhaps the best, however, is the notice-board adjoining the reading-room at Smith's Library, in the Rue de Rivoli. On this are displayed scores of announcements every day respecting furnished rooms which may be engaged with or without *pension*. In passing, one may take the opportunity to remark that Smith's Library serves as the great meeting-place of the British community in Paris. Every afternoon from three to six the series of reading-rooms there are thronged with compatriots

eagerly turning over the English papers of the previous day and discussing the twenty-four-hours-old news. The few French people to be encountered on the premises always look singularly ill at ease, and appear to think that they are unwarrantably intruding into such an admitted stronghold of Anglo-Saxondom.

It is not necessary, however, to consult either the notice-board at Smith's Library or the advertisement columns of the *New York Herald* to find out about *pensions* in Paris. A walk through the streets is just as efficacious, for in the houses where apartments are to be let the doorway is invariably garnished with an announcement to this effect. It may be useful to remark that a yellow ticket indicates that the rooms referred to as being to let are furnished ones, while a white ticket is exhibited when they are unfurnished. A knowledge of this little custom saves intending lodgers a good many fruitless climbs up high flights of stairs. Sometimes one finds the special advantages of the *pension* offered inside set forth on the notification at the doorway. The sort of thing one encounters in these instances is a card inscribed, 'Board-residence, bath and electricity, French conversation, distinguished family.' Another dilates upon the musical attractions offered to its patrons, 'piano and mandoline' being a favourite bait. 'French conversation at meals' is always made a speciality of, while occasionally one finds the head of the household sufficiently enterprising to add, 'English and American also spoken'! This is considered quite irresistible.

The great district for *pensions* in Paris is the quarter round the Place *Foile*. The various thoroughfares that radiate therefrom, such as the Avenues Wagram, Hoche, Friedland, Les Champs *Elysées*, &c., constitute the Earl's Court of Paris, and practically every third or fourth house in this neighbourhood offers board and lodging to the stranger. As a rule the houses are comfortably enough furnished, although not in quite the luxurious manner which one would gather from

the flowery description given them by their proprietors. However, this perhaps is only human nature.

What is known as the 'English Quarter' of Paris lies on the high ground in the north-western portion of the city. Roughly speaking, it extends from the Arc de Triomphe to the Madeleine in one direction, and from the Parc Monceau to the Trocadero in the other. The more aristocratic portion of the British colony is congregated in the boulevards and avenues near the Embassy and the Elysée Palace, while those of its members who have taken up their residence in Paris for work rather than pleasure settle for the most part either in the Latin Quartier or in the suburbs. The suburban district, where English visitors are concerned, may be said to commence on the other side of the Arc de Triomphe. Passy, Auteuil, and Neuilly are all favourite quarters. Perhaps the last named is the most popular by reason of its proximity to the Bois de Boulogne and its ready accessibility by tram and train. Rents here are considerably lower than they are in the heart of the city.

Terms, of course, vary a good deal in accordance with the accommodation supplied and the district in which the *pension* happens to be situated. Speaking generally, however, the usual charge is from six to fifteen francs a day. The latter sum often includes a private sitting-room, and always means a very good standard of living. In the Latin Quartier board-residence is remarkably cheap, but it by no means follows that it is remarkably good. One can be economical, indeed, at too high a price, and six flights of uncarpeted stairs, no bathroom, a bedroom like a cupboard, and meals which necessitate the laying in of a private store constitute poor compensation for the saving of a franc or two a day.

One does not wish to take their characters away unwarrantably; but in the interests of truth one feels constrained to remark that the methods of Paris landladies as a class are apt to prove little more satisfactory than those of their sisters at English seaside resorts. For example, although the intending *pensionnaire* may stipulate for strictly inclusive charges in fixing the terms, and be met with the bland assurance that such an arrangement is *bien entendu*, experience soon shows that nothing is really farther from the landlady's mind. Some of these individuals, indeed, pile up 'extras' in a fashion that would make the proprietress of a Brighton boarding-house green with envy. The dictionary rendering of the term *tout compris* is not the one known to the majority of those who conduct *pensions*. At any rate, this is a discovery that the *pensionnaire* is extremely liable to make with the presentation of the first week's bill. Unless one speaks French fluently it is better not to protest, for *madame la patronne* will promptly beat down all objections with a whirling torrent of 'explanation' that only leaves its recipient more hopelessly confused than ever. Among the

commonest items figuring as 'extras' are service, lights, baths, heating, and afternoon tea. The table wine so innocently partaken of at the mid-day and evening meals is also as likely as not separately charged for. Even if one prefers to drink water, the landlady frequently contrives to exact her percentage of profit all the same by manufacturing another 'extra.' There is a story of one *patronne* who, when a boarder protested against being charged three francs a week for wine when he had not drunk any, blandly replied, 'My mistake, monsieur. It should be no wine, two francs.'

Should a *pension* not come up to one's expectations, it is difficult to find another establishment quickly, since custom demands a month's notice before leaving. Everything depends upon the arrangement made beforehand; and if the visitor firmly insists on taking his room by the week, and has a distinct understanding to this effect with the landlady, then he can get out of it by giving seven days' notice. Should any serious disagreement arise with respect to rent or any other matter, the boarder has only to say that he or she will lay the matter before the British Consul and abide by his decision. The mention of this functionary's name is usually sufficient to bring to her bearings the most rapacious of Paris boarding-house keepers.

With reference to the possible manifestation of differences of opinion between *pensionnaires* and those conducting the establishments in which they reside, an expert authority has expressed himself in these terms: 'Everything is by rule and red-tape. Words not embodied in writing are valueless. Landlords—and particularly landladies—often offer inducements so seductive that only long experience would prove them to be fictitious. When called upon to fulfil their promises they often tell you that you are altogether mistaken, and that they never uttered such expressions at all!' As may be imagined, this sort of thing does not tend to promote the *entente cordiale* of which we have all heard so much recently.

However, just as there are Parisian landladies with the instincts of sharks, so also are there very many others who treat their *pensionnaires* with every kindness and consideration. Nothing, indeed, could be more marked than the interest these latter display in the comfort and welfare of the strangers under their roofs. Many a solitary young Englishwoman, knowing no language but her own, and confided to a *pension* for perhaps months at a time, has abundant reason to be grateful to the motherly *patronne* who has changed what would otherwise be a dreary exile into a pleasant experience.

According to English ideas, the French are apt to seem a very inquisitive race, for as soon as one gets installed in a *pension* a searching document, known as the *bulletin d'arrivée*, is presented. This has to be filled up with detailed information as to one's family name, Christian names, age, profession,

birthplace, native country, usual residence, and last residence, &c. To Frenchmen it is a never-ending wonder that they are free to visit England without any such questions being asked them. Indeed, unless they have received actual experience on this point they usually put the assurance down as a 'traveller's tale.'

If a census were taken of the English *pensionnaires* in Paris, it would probably be found that the majority of their number consisted of young men and women engaged in business. For the most part they are clerks in mercantile offices or banks, typists, secretaries, daily governesses, and tutors, together (especially on the left bank of the river) with a considerable sprinkling of art-students. The domestic routine is arranged as far as possible to suit the convenience of the household in the aggregate, the ordinary hours for meals being *déjeuner* at 12.30 noon, and dinner at 6.30 p.m. *Madame la patronne*, of course, presides at the table, and leads the celebrated 'French conversation' on which so much stress has been placed in the preliminary interviews with prospective boarders. As a carver, madame performs feats that fill the beholders with wonder. To see her dissect a chicken is like watching a deftly performed conjuring-trick, while she may be relied upon to make six inches of beefsteak serve for any number of people. The *vin ordinaire*, too, which—but for the label on the bottle—might be pardonably mistaken for vinegar, is dispensed as though it were Chateau

Lafitte at least. There is a good deal of English spoken generally, for strangers as a rule are rather shy of airing their French, and the suppressed giggles of the servants do not encourage one to attempt conversational flights in an alien tongue. Madame, however, shakes her head reprovingly at the offenders, and calls out shrilly, '*Parlez français seulement, s'il vous plaît, messieurs et mesdames*,' and for the next few minutes gallant efforts are made to comply with the demand. The French *pensionnaires*, however, are apt to prove the greatest offenders in this respect, for they never like to miss a chance of airing what they confidently imagine to be a knowledge of 'English.' Occasionally they make a mistake in crediting strangers with not knowing a word of their language merely because they are too shy to join in the conversation at table. Of this the present writer once had rather an amusing experience. He was dining at a boarding-house in Paris on a certain occasion, when two rather dashing young Parisian ladies sitting opposite looked across at a tongue-tied Briton and began to discuss his personal appearance in most candid terms to each other. Presently one of them, speaking of course in voluble French, remarked to her companion, 'I wonder if he'd kiss me if I gave him the chance.' Scarcely were the words out of her mouth when the Englishman replied in a faultless Parisian accent, 'Try me and see, madame.' As may be imagined, after this conversation languished.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

CHAPTER XIX.



Ten o'clock on the evening of the 6th of February we left the Brunarad for the scene of the Schattenbergs' great annual ball.

In the first sleigh rode Miss Anchester and myself, Herr Schneider, and the Commander-in-Chief. Following us was the sleigh containing the Fräulein von Helder and two other maids of honour. Lastly came the State equipage containing the King and Queen, a magnificent vehicle drawn by six postillioned and gorgeously trapped bays.

It was a typical Weissheim night, stilly cold, the true chiaroscuro of starlit, snowlit darkness. The approach to the Mariencastel was illuminated by fairy lamps and Chinese lanterns, while the big classical gateway of the modern façade was flanked by groups of heavy bronze statuary bearing electric arc lights. Within, a multitude of powdered, red-coated menials, a profusion of southern flowers, fragrance, warmth, brilliancy, and the indescribable atmosphere of formal and exalted festivity.

The Grand Duke, in the full-dress of a Grimland general (a costume which suited him far better than ordinary evening-clothes), his broad breast

all stars and decorations, his swarthy face all smiles, welcomed us with a splendid assumption of cordiality. Max, arrogantly handsome in his Guardsman's uniform, nonchalant, but a shade less bored than usual, condescended to offer us his white-gloved hand. The Princess Mathilde, in a marvelous ivory-satin dress, a diamond coronet blazing in her dull-black hair, seemed to be transformed from a romping girl to a stately queen. The transformation, as I shortly discovered, was purely superficial.

'You mustn't stare, Mr Saunders,' she said; 'it's rude.'

'I am a great admirer of young women and old lace,' I replied. 'When I behold such a unique combination of two excellences my eyes forget their good manners.'

'But your tongue does not forget the art of flattery. Well, I forgive you, because I rather like compliments, even obviously insincere ones; and if you're very good you may dance Nos. 5 and 17 with me.'

'The reward is certainly worth while being very good for,' I said, writing my initials on her card, and noticing with a certain amount of complacency

that they were the only two vacant spaces on her programme.

After booking a couple of waltzes with Miss Anchester, a polka from Fräulein von Helder, and a set of lancers with Mrs Van Troeber, not the least gorgeously arrayed member of that distinguished gathering, I took up a position at the side of the room, and leaning against a deeply fluted pilaster, indulged in the passive delights of an amused and critical survey. A quadrille was in progress, a stately, simple dance much affected in these parts, and one which, spite of its apparent simplicity, I had made no effort to become conversant with.

After my exhilarating experiences in the Grimland Derby, I was more content to play the part of spectator. The ballroom itself was a huge modern chamber, brilliantly illuminated by enormous electroliers and innumerable wall-brackets, and decorated with rococo plaster-work, which was as ornate and quite as tasteless as the saloon of a big London hotel.

In spite of its size, the room was well filled, and the standard of good looks and feminine adornment sufficiently high to please all the hopelessly hypercritical. Certainly it pleased me. The day had been one of triumph for me, a day in which I had tasted to the full the sweets of popular admiration. The cheers of the enthusiastic crowds as I was borne shoulder-high to the gates of the royal palace were still ringing in my ears. The emptiness of fame was recognised but not felt. For the moment I was the most admired, the most envied man in Grimland, and my position afforded me the keenest satisfaction. I knew that there was scarcely a woman in the room, however beautiful of form, however overpoweringly numerous her quarterings, who would not be proud to dance with me to-night.

Vaguely I despised myself for the satisfaction the situation afforded me, but the satisfaction remained unshaken and blatantly unassailable.

The band commenced to play the strains of the Eton boating-song, and I remembered that I was engaged to dance that enchanting waltz with Miss Anchester. The recollection afforded the necessary damper to my pride. The one woman in the room who set no value on my exploits was the one who alone was entitled to a share in my congratulations, Miss Anchester, my capable, practical, but unenthusiastic coach.

I found her standing by the King's side, and as I approached I wondered if she were really the handsomest, the most aristocratic-looking, and the best-dressed woman in the room, or whether I was merely suffering from the usual delusions of the ordinary love-sick idiot.

'The floor is very good and the band is excellent,' I began, as we lapsed into the soft swing of the fascinating measure. 'I believe these are the correct platitudes to utter in a ballroom.'

Miss Anchester refused to smile.

'You don't alter much, do you?' she said thoughtfully.

'I hope not,' I replied; 'a change for the better is hardly conceivable.'

'Not to a limited intelligence.'

'You do not alter much either,' I retorted.

'That is no doubt a pity.'

'Not for the world at large,' I replied. 'Mustard is a popular condiment, though personally I never touch it.'

'Do you know that you are rather rude?' she asked in her usual tone, without banter and without annoyance.

'I am beginning to suspect it,' I replied calmly.

'The simile was a trifle piquant.'

'Tell me,' she said, changing the subject abruptly,

'don't you think the Princess Mathilde looks perfectly lovely?'

'She is certainly very pretty,' I conceded.

'Why qualify the appreciation?' demanded my partner. 'The Princess is a remarkably beautiful girl, and a very nice one.'

'I will not qualify your last statement,' I said.

'The Princess Mathilde is a charming girl.'

'She is very much in love with life.'

'The correct attitude to adopt towards that doubtful blessing,' I remarked.

'Then why not adopt it?'

'Because one cannot force one's inclinations. Nature intended me to be morbid, like Herr Schneider. Look at him there, basking in the Princess's smile like a toad in the sunshine. He is not really happy. His lips smile; his eyes twinkle; his features express pleasurable attention; but at least half his mind is elsewhere, plotting for the King's safety, calculating his year's salary, analysing his own sensations, and wondering whether anything in this world is worth having or doing, saying or thinking, or listening to.'

'You hit him off perfectly,' said my companion; 'so well, indeed, that I am forced to suspect a similar lack of concentration on your own part.'

'In other words,' I said, 'you think I am not enjoying myself.'

'I think it is quite possible.'

At the risk of being rude I held my peace. The day had given me pleasure in perhaps its highest form—namely, a deeply coveted success at an exhilarating sport. The memory of the pleasure was with me still, tricked out and garnished with all the sensuous embellishments that music and beauty could afford; but the one ingredient necessary to happiness was lacking. To put my thoughts into words was to make a barely veiled avowal, and the reasons for not doing so being overwhelming, I held my peace.

At the conclusion of the dance I made a formal suggestion anent refreshments. To my surprise, my companion fell in with it.

'I should like a glass of champagne, please,' she said. 'After all, life's greatest joys are champagne and diamonds, and if I am denied one,

there is no reason why I should not enjoy the other.'

I smiled. The insincerity of these abominable sentiments would have been palpable in a far more worldly creature than the royal governess, and the unwonted flippancy of her utterance was quite out of keeping with the normal tone of her remarks.

'What are you smiling at?' she asked in all apparent seriousness.

'At your new-born profligacy.'

'Thanks very much. First I am compared to mustard, then I am accused of profligacy. Your manners are, if possible, deteriorating.'

'I hate good manners in a man,' I retorted as we approached the refreshment-bar; 'they are like the perpetual wearing of patent-leather boots. They denote the fool or the knave.'

'When will you cease to moralise?'

'As soon as you have finished your champagne.'

'That will be never. My profligacy is a poor, half-fledged thing. I sip the cup of dissipation, but am not yet capable of emptying a full glass.'

I looked at her curiously. Her manner had undergone a palpable change, and I, who had desired nothing so much as an alteration in her behaviour, was vaguely displeased.

At this juncture the King and General Meyer strolled into the buffet, talking together in low tones. From the latter's mask-like features it was impossible, as at all times, to learn anything, but from the King's heavy frown I gathered that their discussion was of a serious nature.

'Well, Saunders,' said His Majesty, brightening visibly as his gaze fell upon us, and helping himself to a glass of champagne. 'Here's to the Winner of the Grimland Derby. *Prosit!*'

'Here's to our strong-nerved English friend,' said the General, raising his glass. '*Prosit.*'

'Here's to that dashing tobogganer, Mr Saunders,' said Miss Anchester, following suit. '*Prosit.*'

'Many thanks,' I said, bowing. 'My felicity is now complete. Is your Majesty dancing?'

'I have been,' said the King. 'And what is more, Miss Anchester has promised to dance the next dance with me.'

'The music is beginning,' said the General; and a minute later he and I were alone in the buffet, save for the gorgeously arrayed attendants.

'What a fine couple they make!' mused the Commander-in-Chief. 'I wish the King would divorce his present gracious and high-born spouse.'

'And marry his gracious and comparatively humbly born governess?'

General Meyer nodded. 'I could feel loyal to a Queen like that,' he said.

'She must indeed be fascinating.'

My companion smiled.

'You think my loyalty needs a little rousing,' he said.

'It is hardly of the fervid type,' I replied, 'but doubtless serviceable enough as far as the King is concerned.'

'If I were a novelist,' he went on, 'I should engage the King to Miss Anchester and you to the Princess Mathilde.'

'And yourself to Mrs Van Troeber.'

'No,' he replied; 'that is a matter for fact rather than fiction. Congratulate me. The divine widow has made me the happiest general in Grimland.'

'That is saying little.'

'The happiest Jew in Europe, then.'

'That is saying a great deal, but I hope not too much. I congratulate you with all my heart, and drink to your felicity. The alliance will be an ideal one of brains and beauty.'

'Many thanks. By the way, will you stay till the end of the dance?'

'As likely as not,' I replied. 'I do not like dances as a rule, but am enjoying this in a placid sort of way. It is something of a spectacle.'

'It is certainly something of a spectacle to see the Grand Duke so uniformly amiable; still more so to see young Max disporting himself with the abandon of a healthy-minded schoolboy.'

'It smacks of the unnatural,' I said.

The General shrugged his shoulders. 'It has made Schneider very uneasy,' he said. 'That man is a marvel. He reads the hearts and minds of men like an open book.'

'Expurgating the noblest chapters,' I commented.

'Perhaps; but he is very wonderful. If I were the novelist, again, I should marry him to the Fräulein von Helder. It would be poetic justice,' and, with another shrug of his high shoulders and a Semitic smirk, he left me.

Slowly the evening wore on, with its endless round of waltzes, polkas, cotillion, and quadrille. Part performer, part spectator, I passed my time dancing now with the Princess Mathilde, who was in her very best spirits and trod the floor like a fairy; now with the Fräulein von Helder, who was also in her very best spirits and trod the floor like an elephant. Again, in periods of pleasurable inactivity I watched the Grand Duke as he threw himself with the robust vigour of his middle age and a certain native dignity into the rousing measure of the Polish mazurka. I noted Herr Schneider here, there, and everywhere, always smiling, always gesticulating, unctuously polite, a perfect dancer, a marvellously glib talker, yet nowhere welcome.

Soon after one o'clock their Majesties departed, and an hour later the crowd had thinned visibly. I looked at my programme. I had only one more waltz booked, No. 17, and I had promised most faithfully to dance that with the Princess Mathilde.

The Brun-varad party had all left, but, yawningly allegiant, I stayed behind. My reward was long in coming, for extras were inserted, and I had regretted my promise not a little before the familiar strains of *La Lettre de Manon* proclaimed the end of my gaping tryst.

'What a shame to keep you up all this time!' said the Princess mockingly as we met by the flower-wreathed pillars of the music-gallery. 'I've

noticed you supporting the wall nobly for a long time. Poor little thing, is it pining for its bed after its noble exertions?'

'I am pining to dance my favourite waltz with you,' I said politely. 'My gaping is a symptom of excitement, not fatigue.'

'Come along, then,' she said merrily; 'let us enjoy ourselves while we are young. How lovely Miss Anchester looked to-night!'

'Almost divine!' I asserted.

'Don't be horrid,' said the Princess, laughing. 'She is very beautiful.'

'In disposition no less than feature,' I assented. 'Her perfection is angelic, and, as I am a mere man, my admiration for an angel is naturally somewhat distant.'

'You should whisper sweet nothings in her ear.'

'Thank you,' I said. 'My ordinary conversation is quite foolish enough to bring down her rebuke. I tremble to contemplate her scorn for a sentimental conversation.'

'I shouldn't think you were much good at sentiment,' laughed my partner.

'I am a perfect fool at it,' I admitted. 'But I am very efficient at supper. Have you supped yet?'

'Once.'

'And I once also. I have expelled Nature with a knife and fork—*tamen usque recurret*. In other words, I have developed my second appetite as a runner develops his second wind.'

We made our way to the supper-room, which was almost empty, and made a praiseworthy attack on some mayonnaise of chicken and a bottle of '89 Pommery and Greno.

There were several more dances on the programme, but the Princess showed no desire to curtail our *tête-à-tête*.

'I have enjoyed myself this evening,' she said fervently.

'Don't speak of enjoyment in the past,' I said. 'Surely the present is enjoyable enough. I always think the light refreshment at the conclusion of a dance is the acme of pleasure. At least, there is only one higher rung on the ladder of enjoyment.'

'And that is?'

'The cigar after the light refreshment.'

'Then you can climb to the highest rung of your sensuous ladder.'

'Not here?'

'No; but I can take you to a place where you can smoke.'

'By myself?'

'No, in my society—if you can tolerate it.'

I smiled. I had always imagined princesses to be somewhat rigorously protected beings, hedged in and fenced by every restraint that the ingenuity of etiquette and Court convention could devise. Yet this undeniably charming creature, in the first flush of her inexperienced womanhood, was not only free from such watchful supervision, but was

unhampered in herself by any artificially cultivated sense of restraint. If ever a girl was natural, wholesomely minded, and altogether lovable, it was the bright-eyed, bright-souled little Princess who shared my supper-table.

'The suggestion is worthy of you,' I said slowly; 'that is to say, it is admirable.'

'Then you will come and smoke in my boudoir?'

There was an ill-concealed eagerness in her tone, and her eyes seemed to wait expectantly for my acquiescence.

Some chance-words of General Meyer's recalled themselves to my puzzled brain. 'The wildest blood in Europe runs in that little witch's veins,' he had once said. Well, maybe; but it was impossible to con the schoolgirl merriment on her pretty face and doubt its quintessential innocence.

'The proposal is an alluring one,' I said slowly.

'The question is, does your father approve of your taking your partners to smoke in your boudoir?'

'You are afraid of my father being angry with you?'

'Not in the least. I am afraid of his being angry with you.'

'Well, then,' she laughed, 'that's all right, because if you are not afraid of my father, I'm not in the very least. Besides,' she went on, seeing me still hesitate, 'he doesn't mind that sort of thing at all. Why should he?'

'Why indeed?' I echoed.

'I shall be horribly offended if you don't come.'

'So you said once when you invited me to bob-sleigh.'

'Oh,' she laughed, 'then I had a motive.'

'Well,' I said, rising, 'I suppose I must fall in with your unconventional schemes.'

'Conventionality has little part in the character of the Schattenbergs,' she said as we left the room.

Instead of returning to the ballroom we passed down a side passage to the left. Another turn to the right, a couple of flights of stairs, and we passed through a swing doorway to an unlit corridor overlooking a snow-carpeted courtyard.

'Now we are in the ancient part of the Marien-castel,' remarked my fair guide, gazing out of the window; 'it was from that corner *tourrelle* that the Dukes of Schattenberg hung their prisoners of war in the olden days.'

'A curious family yours,' I commented.

'Our family history is the most romantic in Europe,' she said simply, halting before a low door opening on our right. 'It is a thousand pities we live in such a prosaic age.'

'A slightly bloodthirsty regret,' I remarked, thinking of the prisoners, and following her into a pitch-dark room, where I waited for the light to be turned on.

I heard the click of an electric-light switch, and after the half-second necessary for the adaptation of my vision, I found I was gazing into the polished barrel of a revolver.

(To be continued.)

THE UTILISATION OF WASTE.

By CHARLES E. DODSLEY.



ORIGINALLY beautifully situated, amidst well-wooded hillsides, golden corn-fields, or verdant pasture-land watered by limpid streams, the country around all large manufacturing centres is soon rendered sterile and unsightly by the output of refuse and waste matter—the excreta of industry—forming huge mounds of rubbish, polluting the streams, killing the vegetation. Sometimes the mounds of unprofitable rubbish, in course of time, become hidden under a cover of rank vegetation; but only such plants as require but little sustenance, and that chiefly derived from the atmosphere, thrive on such unproductive soil.

In other parts this waste may be utilised in reclaiming or forming new land; but this is only possible where special geographical conditions prevail, as at the mouth of rivers or on marsh or bog land. At the estuary of the Tees, miles of sandy marsh have been recovered from the sea by tipping slag-refuse from the innumerable blast-furnaces which abound on both banks of the river. This reclamation of land is effected as follows: An embankment of slag is pushed out from the land above high-water mark, and gradually extended outwards over the marshy ground covered by the tides. This embankment is extended along the line of low-water level until a large tract is enclosed. By continuous additions, the bank is broadened until of sufficient strength to resist the incoming of the water. The enclosed space is then filled in and allowed to settle down, and where a few years before was nought but a wilderness of desolation a thriving town quickly springs into being.

Minor uses of this waste from iron-smelting are numerous. Slag-wool, or silica-wool, is in appearance and properties similar to asbestos, and is largely employed as packing for steam-pipes, cylinders, boilers, &c., on account of its excellence as a non-conductor of heat. Slag-wool is prepared by a very simple process. As the hot liquid slag runs from the blast-furnace it has a temperature of over one thousand degrees Fahrenheit. Through this molten stream a jet of superheated steam is forced, which carries out with it a cloud of snow-like flakes, which are driven through a funnel-shaped cylinder into a collecting-chamber, where the slag-wool falls like a snow-shower, but snow at the heat of boiling water.

Slag-bricks and paving-blocks are made by collecting the molten slag in special iron moulds arranged on what looks very like a merry-go-round. In these the slag sets into hot, translucent blocks, which, as the frame revolves, are transferred by means of huge pincers to an annealing oven, where they are subjected to a further heating, and finally

cooled down, forming a lasting material for building purposes. A cement and also a variety of ornaments are made from this unpromising-looking material; and from basic slag chemical manure is prepared rich in silica and phosphates, rendering it specially valuable as a fertiliser for cereal crops.

Vast volumes of gas and ammonia are evolved during the blasting. These were at one time all allowed to escape and pollute the surrounding atmosphere and utterly destroy vegetation. Now the combustible gases are used in the hot-air blast, by which means a steady temperature of three thousand degrees Fahrenheit is maintained with a lower engine-power. The ammonia gas is employed in the conversion of brine into alkali and sal-ammoniac.

From alkali to soap is a natural transition. Soap is made by boiling fat with an alkali. In the process of manufacture glycerine is formed. This valuable commercial commodity was at one time allowed to run to waste. Now it is one of the most necessary articles in modern economics, and its market-value is three or four times that of the article in the production of which it occurs as a by-product.

It is not yet twenty years since the *modern introduction* of lanoline. With purpose I say *modern introduction*, for sheep's-wool fat was used as an unguent in very ancient times, being mentioned by Pliny and Dioscorides as used in the toilet of ladies. One of the first—if not the very first—samples of lanoline which came to this country passed through my hands. At that time I was with a firm of German chemists in London. From Messrs Gehe and Company of Dresden we received a small consignment of 'wool-fat.' This sample was a viscid mass, yellowish-brown in colour, and of most evil odour such as pervades a hide and skin mart on a hot day. Lanoline is now a household word, and is in world-wide demand as a delicately perfumed emollient toilet cream. How many tons of this valuable adjunct to pharmacy have been allowed to run to waste in the wool-washings it is impossible to compute.

The last place one would expect to find material wherewith to compound toothsome confectionery would be a cotton-mill. Yet the used-up pickers which have been discarded from the spinning-loom form the basis of certain jujubes or pastilles. The picker consists of a long strip of hide studded with wire teeth, like a wire hair-brush. After a time the picker becomes clogged with fluff, dirt, and grease, and is then replaced by a new one. Until quite recently the discarded pickers were consigned to the waste-heap; now, as I said, they form the staple of a profitable industry. The hide is separated from the wire, and freed from grease and dirt; the gelatine is then extracted and purified, combined

with glucose or sugar, colouring, and flavourings, and sent forth again in a variety of tasty confections. What left the mill for the waste-heap returns as a dainty sweetmeat! Verily, the grub, chrysalis, and the butterfly of the workaday world!

From hide to leather is a natural sequence. What becomes of the old boots? As far as I have been able to gather, the brown paper and cardboard have no further use after being travestied as leather; but from the leather portion of boot-uppers buttons are made. The leather is chemically treated, and so converted into horn substance, which may be coloured and pressed into any shape or style of ornamental and useful button. There is nothing like leather, when it is leather!

From whichever side one enters the Lancashire town of St Helens, the centre of the plate-glass industry, one's attention is arrested by the numerous banks of sand which are all around. They are

silt from the grinding and polishing of the plate-glass. This is done by fixing the slabs of fired glass—varying in thickness from a quarter of an inch to three or four inches—on to a circular table which revolves like a huge potter's wheel; above this a mechanical arrangement of polishing-pads is fixed, sand and water are thrown on to the revolving disc or table, and it is the washings from these polishing-tables that have formed the huge mounds of waste. The minute particles of glass mixed with the sand rendered it quite useless for any purpose, until recently a means was discovered for utilising a portion of this erstwhile useless waste.

Many more instances might be cited, some only of minor importance, others of enormous economic value, as the conversion of the refuse of tawns by means of destructors into electrical power, and the methods adopted by corporate bodies for utilising sewage, and so forth; but these are subjects beyond the scope of this paper.

THE STRONG-ROOM. THE STORY OF A BANK ROBBERY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



ON Saturdays the bank closed at one o'clock; but on this half-holiday it was long past three when Frank Meredith, the cashier, had finished his duties. He was alone in the office. The following Monday, the first in August, would be a bank holiday, and the manager had left early to walk to Crossgar, some seven miles from Dooniskey, to catch a train going to Cork, where he was to spend the holiday; while the junior clerk had set out for Kilrea on his way to Dublin. Both stations are on the main line between Dublin and Cork, and form the base of a triangle of which Dooniskey is the apex.

Meredith was glad to be alone. He felt perplexed and worried. He had intended to go away himself; but late in the week the manager had unexpectedly announced his own intention of travelling, so the cashier had to cancel his plans and make arrangements to sleep in the bank house during his chief's absence. This, however, was not the real cause of his distress. Something infinitely worse was at its root. During the past few days an incident had occurred which, coupled with the manager's sudden determination to avail himself of the forthcoming holiday, had aroused Meredith's suspicion and caused him deep anxiety. Since he had known his superior official he had experienced an instinctive distrust for him, but until now nothing had happened to justify it.

While reviewing the event in his mind the door leading to the private apartments of the building opened, and the manager's daughter—or, to be more correct, his step-daughter—entered the office.

'Still poring over the dusty ledgers, Mr Meredith?' she said, smiling and coming close to the counter.

'I have just finished,' he replied, leaning forward to grasp her outstretched hand.

When Millicent Miller was only three years old her father had died, and a few years later her mother had married John Rogers, manager of the County Bank at Dooniskey. To neither the mother nor her little girl did the alliance bring happiness. After a few stormy years the former had died, while the child had grown up with a mingled fear and hatred of her step-father. Between her and Meredith there existed a friendship which was not overlooked by the gossips of the quiet little town. She was now in her twentieth year, a tall, graceful girl, with soft brown eyes and a charming manner.

'It was too bad about the holiday,' she remarked consolingly as Meredith shut up his books and put away his writing materials.

'It does not matter very much,' he replied. 'If I had known that Mr Rogers had intended going away, I should not have thought of travelling myself.'

'I was astonished when, on Thursday morning, he told me he was going, and so far as I know he has no friends in Cork,' the girl remarked.

'Are you quite sure of that?' Meredith inquired eagerly.

'Yes,' she replied. 'Why do you ask?' she added after a moment's thought.

Meredith hesitated before replying. He wondered if it would be right to tell her the cause of his

anxiety. He knew that she was to be trusted, and he wished to have her opinion of the matter. She might be able to help him.

'Because,' he replied, 'I am afraid that something very serious has happened.'

'What is it?' she asked, growing interested.

'I suppose you know that Lady Melville has let her place for the shooting, and that she has gone abroad for the winter.'

The girl nodded.

'Well,' continued Meredith, 'on Wednesday, the day before she left, she called here and deposited for safe custody her jewel-case containing a famous diamond necklace of which you have probably heard.'

'Everybody in Dooniskey has heard of Lady Melville's necklace. It is said to be of enormous value.'

'So it is; and she has been in the habit of leaving it in our charge whenever she goes away from home. She is a rather careless woman, however. Shortly after she had left the office I noticed that the lock on the case was in a bad way, and for that reason I suggested to Mr Rogers that we should immediately place it in the safe inside the strong-room. He complained of being busy just then, and I did not press the matter. Soon after I was obliged to go to the post-office to despatch a telegram, and just when I got there it suddenly occurred to me that I should not have left the office while an article of such value was lying about. I hurried back, and just as I stepped inside the door I am positive that I heard a sharp click like the snapping of a lock. I said nothing about it. You know the kind of man the manager is. But ever since I have felt horribly worried about the matter, especially when, on the following day, he said he was going to Cork for the holiday.'

'What you tell me is very alarming,' said Millicent seriously. 'But, after all, there is nothing to prove that the necklace was actually removed from its case.'

'No, of course there is not; nevertheless, I cannot help feeling uneasy about the whole affair.'

'I suppose,' said Millicent, 'there is no means of having access to the box.'

'Unfortunately no,' Meredith replied, shaking his head. 'By this time Lady Melville is somewhere on the Continent; and, as you know, the door of the strong-room is controlled by two keys, one of which is in Mr Rogers's possession, while I have charge of the other. The safe inside the room is opened in the same way. Unless we are both present neither door can be opened.'

While uttering these words his face had assumed an anxious, worried expression, which did not escape Millicent, and filled her with a desire to aid him; but she felt utterly helpless. Yet she had not taken so serious a view of the affair as Meredith had done. She knew her step-father thoroughly; and, while making allowance for his unprincipled character, she felt that he was far too crafty to

attempt anything so risky as this. So it was with conviction that she told Meredith her opinion of the matter.

'This thing has preyed on your mind,' she added. 'Try and forget all about it. You want something to cheer you up. I hope you are remembering that there is to be a concert in the Town Hall to-night, and that you promised to take me to it.'

Meredith assured her that he had not forgotten; and, promising to call for her in good time, he departed to his lodgings just outside the town.

Punctually at the hour named he returned. In his hand he carried a small dressing-bag, as he would be sleeping in the bank that night.

'Mary tells me that her mother is sick, so I have allowed the girl to go and see her instead of going to chapel to-night,' were Millicent's first words on admitting him. Mary was the general servant in the bank house, and it was the custom to allow her out every Saturday night to attend to her religious duties.

'In that case I had better lower the night-bolt before we leave the house,' said Meredith.

The 'night-bolt,' as it was called, was a strong steel rod running vertically from the manager's bedroom through the central wall of the house until it entered a groove in the top of the door of the strong-room. A lever, cunningly hid in the floor of the bedroom, controlled it. As Meredith turned the handle of the lever the bolt grooved slightly, and he remarked to himself that it wanted oiling. Just as he was passing the side of the manager's bed on his way down again, his foot struck against something that emitted a jingling sound. The room was almost dark, and the noise caused him to start violently. He hurriedly slipped his hands into his pockets, but was relieved to find that nothing was missing. Then he knelt down and swept the floor with the tips of his fingers until they touched something cold and smooth. He rose to his feet with a rapidly beating heart. In his hand were the manager's keys. The strong-room and all that it contained were at his mercy! For moments his brain felt too small to hold his thoughts. Then the voice of Millicent calling on him to hurry brought him back to the present. As he descended the stairs he rapidly decided that he should not tell her of his find.

During the whole of the concert he was deaf to everything around him. One thought only occupied his mind. Fate had in truth given him the keys of the situation, and he was determined to use them.

When they returned to the bank they found a note awaiting them on the hall table. It was from Mary, saying that her mother was seriously ill, and that she would not be able to return that night. Meredith was well pleased to hear the latter portion of the news.

'Don't forget to turn off the gas at the meter,' said Millicent as she handed him a candlestick. 'I am dreadfully afraid of being suffocated.'

Meredith went to the meter at once, but he only pretended to turn off the current. He would wait it later on.

When he reached his bedroom he quenched the candle and removed his boots—that was all. Then he threw himself on the bed and waited. It was weary work lying there in the dark listening to the ticking of the clock and the sound of footsteps, gradually growing fewer, in the street below. At last he felt that he might safely venture on his secret mission. The first thing to be done was to raise the night-bolt, and to do so he had to visit the manager's room. Fortunately it was next to his own; but the bolt groaned noisily as he pressed the lever. Like a thief he crept down the stairs, pausing for long moments at those little sounds which in daylight escape notice, but which darkness transforms into tumult. Once, when he reached the office, the scratching of a mouse behind the counter caused him to shiver and stand still.

At last he stood before the door of the strong-room, and not till then did he venture to light the candle which he had brought with him. How his hands shook as he inserted the keys into their appointed places—the manager's first, then his own! A slight, sudden jerk was all that was required to open the heavy door. His first act when once inside was to light the gas; then he turned towards the safe in which Lady Melville's jewel-case was stored. It opened without any difficulty, and he found the case lying on the lower shelf. Now that he was on the brink of learning whether the fear that had haunted him during the past few days was without foundation or not he felt terribly nervous, and hesitated before touching the box. Overcoming his fears, he stooped down and lifted it with trembling hands. It felt strangely light. He examined it carefully, shook it—nothing sounded within. Then he turned his attention to the lock, and he wondered at Lady Melville's carelessness. Why, almost before he knew it, the case lay open in his hands! A moan escaped his lips. It was

empty! His worst fears were realised, his suspicion confirmed. In a dazed, stupefied manner he gazed round the room, and the empty box slipped from his nerveless fingers, for in the doorway the figure of Millicent stood swaying from side to side.

'What has happened?' she almost shrieked. 'In God's name, tell me what has happened!'

'It is empty!' he answered blankly. 'The necklace is gone—stolen by your father!'

'Oh, this is dreadful!' she cried. 'But tell me how you got in here? I could not sleep. Then I heard some noise. I went to your door, but could get no answer; so I opened it, but you were not there. Oh, tell me everything!'

Briefly he told her of the way in which he had found the keys. 'And now,' he concluded, 'I must not waste a moment before putting the matter in the hands of the police.'

'The police!' exclaimed Millicent. But before she could utter another word a sudden movement outside the door of the room impelled her to turn round. Meredith followed her example, and there, to their amazement, they beheld the face of John Rogers, distorted with rage, watching them with ferocious intensity.

Instinctively Meredith sprang forward. But too late; the massive door slammed in his face. For a moment or two he flung himself against it in a fit of uncontrollable rage; but his efforts were as futile as if directed against the walls of a fortress. They were prisoners, caught like rats in a trap, in a tiny room scarcely seven feet square, with an airtight steel door and no ventilation. To add to their horror, in a few minutes the light went out, and shortly afterwards the air grew stifling with the smell of escaping gas. The hour was one o'clock on Sunday morning; on Monday the bank would be closed, so that unless their captor relented or help came, there they might remain, dead or alive, until the following Tuesday. The prospect was appalling.

(To be continued.)

OLD ART BRONZES AND THEIR IMITATION.

PART II.

CINQUECENTO BRONZES.

IN dealing with sixteenth-century bronzes, which are the most highly valued of all bronzes, I do not refer to the common imitations to be found in the shop of every dealer in 'antiques' from Milan to Naples, and often also in London, Paris, and other European cities. These are made by the dozen or hundred in Florence, Rome, and Venice at the cost of a pound or two each, and only deceive the most inexperienced tourist. My remarks relate entirely to the carefully designed and finely wrought copies made

at the cost of much money and time in order to deceive connoisseurs and experts. All of these high-class imitations are executed in Paris, where alone are to be met with the art-learned engineers to arrange for their manufacture, as well as the artists to carry out the work.

There is a great deal of confusion as to the period covered by the term 'cinquecento' as applied to works of art. The word 'cinquecento' nominally comprises the years between 1500 and 1599 inclusive; but actually, as applied to works of art, it has a much more restricted meaning. There is no absolutely definite understanding amongst amateurs and dealers as to when the cinquecento period

begins and when it ends. The years between 1475 and 1520, are certainly included within the period. Some amateurs extend it to 1530, and others apply the term to the works of artists who died or were lost sight of during the first quarter of the sixteenth century, whether such works were completed in the fifteenth or sixteenth century. In Italy, where one would suppose the word would find its true meaning, the term 'cinquecento,' as applied amongst the general public to sculpture, modelling, and engraving, extends fully to the death of Benvenuto Cellini (1571), and occasionally later up to the period when a yellow tinge commenced to appear in the paste of the bronzes. In England and France it is not uncommon to find Cellini and Giovanni of Bologna regarded as belonging to the cinquecento period; and truly, although their works practically indicate a revolution in the modelling art, it is difficult to separate them from the magnificent phalanx of sculptors and modellers of whom Pollaiuolo and his confrères formed the van. Nevertheless, if one is offered a 'cinquecento' bronze, he naturally expects to see a lovely piece of red modelling with all the evidences of Italian art and manufacture somewhere between the years 1475 and 1520, and disappointment and even suspicion will come to him if the pateen of the late Cellini period is evident, unless, of course, it is claimed that the bronze is the work of the great master himself, or of the greater (in my opinion) Giovanni of Bologna.

It can be understood, therefore, that the forger of Italian Renaissance bronzes finds his operations limited. He must either make a bronze of the epoch between 1475 and 1520 (preferably between 1480 and 1500), without necessarily giving an artist's name to it, or he must make a later work in imitation of the style of some particular master. Cellini is almost out of the question. His work is so fine and marvellously precise as to be exceedingly difficult to imitate; but it would be harder still to find a new design upon which to base the manufacture of a spurious Cellini. No man's works are better known or have been more exhaustively criticised. A mere reproduction of a given design would be recognised at once; and while it might be possible to take here and there an idea or an incident from his established masterpieces to embody in a new scheme, yet I think the man has yet to be found who combines a knowledge of the limits of the chiseller's art with the profound artistic mind necessary to design a plaque or a sword-handle such as Cellini would have suggested.

The position in regard to Giovanni of Bologna is different. In the first place, the greater part of his work was in bronze, and he delighted in small figures—that is, relatively small—a large number of his finest pieces measuring between a foot and eighteen inches in height; while Cellini made very few small bronzes, confining his attention chiefly to work in the precious metals or to monumental bronze figures. But it is small bronze figures which are mostly in demand amongst collectors, and so

there is considerable scope for the forger in copying the style of Giovanni. Moreover, although it is practically impossible to reproduce the tremendous genius of Giovanni, yet there is a better chance of deceiving the amateur with an imitation of Giovanni than with one of Cellini. The Bologna artist was broader in design than the Florentine, and was much more disposed to sacrifice detail to general effect and strength. On seeing a fine work by Giovanni one's natural exclamation is, 'What a great artist!' but with a Cellini one's expression is more likely to be, 'What a lovely conception, and how perfectly executed!' Sculpture is not like painting, where technical detail plays a much larger part even in the works of artists whose style is known as 'broad;' and hence a first-class artist may, without being a genius, model a semblance of Giovanni more easily than he could paint a representation, say, of a later Rembrandt portrait. No forged Giovanni could for one minute be shown alongside a genuine work; but the imitation usually comes from a good studio, and though it may not indicate the inspiration of genius, it is often a fine work of art and really attractive to the average amateur.

But the work of the forger does not cease with the completion of a good model. The hardest and most tedious part of his task has yet to be done in the preparation of the pateen. There are two distinct varieties of pateen in the early cinquecento bronzes, and there are three in the works of Giovanni and his period. Brouzes of the period 1480 to 1520 have either a semi-dull—or one may use the term semi-polished—pateen, the tone varying from brown to black through dark-red, or a polished dark (nearly black) pateen; while those of the Giovanni period have either a dull-red, a polished brown or brown-red, or a dull or semi-dull black surface. The dull-red pateen of the Giovanni bronze has no sort of likeness to the semi-dull red of the earlier bronze. The polish, however faint, on the latter is entirely absent from the former. The surface of this variety of the Giovanni bronze bears almost the appearance of a skin, and may to some appear modern, being, indeed, at first glance not unlike the pateen of some late imitations of Barye.

Of the five varieties of cinquecento pateen mentioned, the dull-red of the later period and the two dark pateens cannot be imitated at all, though doubtless a passable method of creating these will one day be found. There remain, then, only two kinds of this pateen that can be imitated with any degree of real semblance—namely, the semi-dull red and the polished brown or brown-red. The imitation of the first of these is more difficult, and seldom deceives the true collector unless he be a new hand; but the polished pateen is sometimes so well done as to delude all but the most expert judges.

The method of producing the polished brown or brown-red pateen of the Giovanni period is as follows: The bronze, having been cast and finished

so far as the sculpture is concerned, is taken to the seaside, and for a short time, perhaps a week or two, is given a bath of breezy ocean-air. It is then returned to the atelier of the artist, or rather of the gentleman who is responsible for its production, and thenceforth for a considerable period it rests in a fairly warm room during the daytime, but between sundown and sunrise it is exposed to the night atmosphere. Each morning, when it is brought in from the open air, the moisture it has gathered is quickly driven away before a good fire. The bronze is then well rubbed with chamois leather for a full half-hour. The length of time during which this process is repeated varies considerably. There is not even an approximate rule, and doubtless the rapidity with which a paten of the character desired is given varies with the atmospheric conditions of the place where the processes are carried out. From eighteen to thirty-six months are usually required, though in one case as much as four years was given to the work. Probably a little over two years might be considered the average time.

There are several methods of producing the semi-dull red paten of the early cinquecento bronze; but, as before indicated, not one of them is more than partially successful. The night-air expedient is used for a very short period at the commencement of the operation—say, for a month or so—and then the bronze is repeatedly heated to a little above the boiling-point of water, this apparently being for the purpose of producing a slight oxidation. When what seems to be the proper 'tone' has been imparted to the bronze by these heat-applications, another month of night-exposure is given to it, the morning rubbing not being forgotten. The bronze has then about the proper tone and paten, but the peculiar worn appearance of the true early examples is wanting. At this point, then, it is allowed to fall on to a stone or tile pavement a few times from a short height to give it the requisite dents, and is finally taken to the seaside, where it is exposed to wind and weather for three or four months, getting an occasional rubbing or semi-roasting as the manipulator may consider necessary.

I stated above that the very dark cinquecento bronze pateens cannot be imitated. I referred, of course, to fairly good imitations. Attempts are sometimes made to place on the market bronzes with the alleged genuine black paten; but they are so unlike the real thing that they can only deceive the tyro in collecting. The fraudulent black paten is produced by lightly coating the bronze with a silver amalgam. The mercury is driven off by heat, and the bronze, having then a very thin and irregular coating in places, is well heated over a fire of coal, the coating of silver thus being converted into a black sulphide. The experienced eye spots the fraud at once, for there is something more in the real dark paten than mere features of tint and brightness. What cannot be imitated is the natural decay of the surface produced by oxidation, which has been more rapid

(probably from conditions of location) in these bronzes than in the dull-red or bright polished brown-red.

The paten of cinquecento bronzes varies, of course, with the conditions under which the works have been kept since they were cast, but only in very few cases has the surface been materially corroded. The 'paste' of these bronzes is always red, and they are invariably composed of nearly pure copper. Nevertheless, although of nearly the same metal composition, and although all—leaving aside those which have stood in the open air—have been exposed to about the same atmospheric conditions during their centuries of existence, yet the works of each artist appear generally to show a particular paten or gradation of pateens. This perhaps arises partly from variations in the trivial quantities of alloys used, and partly from the character of the mould adopted, as the composition of the moulds used varied considerably. It need hardly be said that no rule of paten can be laid down; but some generalisations as to paten in regard to a few of the more important quattrocento and cinquecento artists may be noted. Donatello's bronzes show a surface of dark polished red to black; Bertoldi, polished black, with two or three exceptions which are dark polished brown; Ricci, polished brown, with dull-black patches; Bonaccolsi has the same paten, except that the brown is lighter in shade; Sansovino, black unpolished; Pollaiuolo, dark polished red to black; Brunelleschi, dull dark-red; Ghiberti, dull dark-brown (occasionally polished); Lorenzo di Pietro, polished dark red-brown; Ricciarelli, dark red-brown 'copper bar' paten; Bandinelli, dull-red to black; Flemish William, bright-red; Verrocchio, dull broken black; Cellini, polished red or dull black, with two exceptions which are dull red.

The method adopted in the cinquecento period—and indeed up to the eighteenth century by some artists—in the technical work of turning out the smaller bronzes lends much assistance to the amateur in detecting modern imitations. The models were made in clay, which, however, only represented the rough work of the subject, the finished modelling being done in wax, with which the clay was coated. When the labour of the artist was completed, the mould was formed by a series of coatings of a moist silicious composition, in which certain vegetable substances were mixed, being applied to the wax, each coat being allowed to dry before the next one was administered. When the model was completely covered, the composition applied to form the mould became coarser, less care being taken, as only strength and cohesion were then required. But that part of the mould nearest the wax was beautifully fine, resulting in the surface of the casting being smooth and finished in every detail.

Imitators have given much attention to the reproduction of the numerous pateens due to different atmospheric exposures; but they have invariably

had to abandon as hopeless attempts to repeat the pateaen of a bronze formed as above described, when the bronze or part of it has had comparatively little contact with the air. Thus most of the cinquecento bronze plaques have been used for purposes of ornamentation, and the backs have consequently been hidden in marble or wood, free or nearly free from influence of the atmosphere. These backs will have a pateaen of almost copper-bar colour, with a semi-polished appearance; and, above all, the 'run' of the metal is indicated very much in the same way as it is shown on the top of a bar of metal which has been cast in an uncovered mould. It has hitherto been found impossible to reproduce this pateaen; and although one can never tell what is in store for the trusting amateur, buyers are for the present quite safe in relying upon the back pateaen described as evidence of genuineness (as far as period is concerned) in a bronze plaque.

Copies of Florentine quattrocento and cinquecento bronzes were frequently made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but seldom with the object of deceiving the amateur, and so close attention to technical details of paste and pateaen was not given to the works. These older imitations can easily be distinguished. The paste is usually more or less yellow instead of being red, and, in the few instances where the colour is maintained, a glance at the back of the plaque will detect the copy; for, instead of being semi-vitreous and showing the metal 'run,' it will have the appearance of having been cast in a fine iron mould, and a magnifying-glass will detect tiny holes in the surface. This is due to the fact that the composition used in

forming the mould became coarser after the middle of the sixteenth century. Perhaps the recipe was lost, or more probably, with the decadence in art, perfection was in some measure sacrificed to time.

It should be stated that the French sculptors employed in the manufacture of 'cinquecento' bronzes, who are always in the front rank, have nothing to do with the imitations as imitations. One is given a commission to mould a clay figure from rough drawings and directions, and he accepts it without knowing whether it is for a tombstone, a decoration, or anything else. And, strange as it may seem, the man who directs the work—the genius who is saturated with knowledge of art history and technique, who knows all the details of every cinquecento bronze in the European galleries, and of most of those in private collections—does not usually sell the imitation as a genuine old bronze. He makes, say, three figures (never two alike) at a cost to him of sixty to eighty pounds each, and sells them for what they are to an agent for, say, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds each. The agent sells, perhaps, one to a dealer, one to a private collector, and one by auction. He will get from the dealer, say, one hundred and fifty pounds, from the amateur two hundred and fifty pounds, and by auction anything from one hundred (his reserve) to seven hundred pounds or so. A genuine and fairly good cinquecento bronze figure of, say, sixteen inches high will command in the market between five hundred and one thousand pounds, but if of fine quality it may bring two thousand pounds. Even five thousand pounds was paid for one about this size in 1904.

OMNIVOROUS MAN.

By ERNEST PROTHEROE.



IN the beginning of all things man was given 'dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.' If the animal creation possessed but the gift of speech they would feelingly assure us that man has been by no means backward in exercising his control; for he lays a heavy toll upon them to contribute to his wants and comforts, to minister to his passions, his amusements, and his pride.

The lower creation are trammelled in their choice of provender; some are limited to a flesh diet, some to fish, and yet others are restricted to the 'green herb for meat.' But man's tastes, with a few reservations chiefly of religious significance, are essentially catholic; all is fish that comes to his net; and animal and vegetable are remorselessly pressed into the service of the universal eater.

The animal food of any particular people is more or less circumscribed according to geographical loca-

tion and the fauna of the region they inhabit, and does not include the flesh of this or that animal, not because of scruples that deter partaking of it, but simply on account of its being without their economic range.

In a cursory survey of what may be termed man's omnivorous tastes, for convenience of comparison it will be well to take our ordinary British animal-foods as a standard.

A vast section of the British public from one year's end to another never taste flesh other than beef, mutton, and pork, the staple meats of all white people, to which may be added rabbit, fowl, and fish. The law of Moses banned pork, to which abstinence the Mohammedan subscribes; the Hindu reverences the cow, and will not defile himself by eating beef; and the Siamese proscribe the killing of any animal, although they do not scruple to eat anything that has died a natural death.

With British methods of the use of beef, mutton, and pork we are quite familiar. Salt beef is common enough with us, but not so salted mutton, which is

the rule in France. Mutton hams are, however, common in Dumfriesshire. We pickle meat to preserve it; other peoples jerk or sun-dry it; some smoke it; others freeze it. Cut into strips and slices half an inch thick, the meat dries in the sun in a few hours and becomes too hard to putrefy, though it may be subject to mites. The 'biltong' of South Africa is but dried venison, and the 'pemican' of North America is dried buffalo or antelope meat pounded with an equal weight of fat.

In Holland and Germany mutton is not in favour, either fresh or otherwise; but pork meets with approval in most parts of the world, Moslem countries excepted. Although we do not now cook the gutted swine and stuff the carcass with singing-birds and oysters, as they did in Rome, yet the rasher of ham or bacon holds its own in popular estimation. North America caters for a world-wide appetite for pork, and in Chicago alone the pork-packers 'go the whole hog' to the extent of six or seven million pigs per annum. Britain is by no means badly stocked with cattle, sheep, and pigs, and quite 25 per cent. go annually to the slaughter-house; but to satisfy John Bull's appetite for meat we must needs import half a million cattle, as many sheep, four hundred thousand tons of beef and mutton, and nearly as much of bacon and hams.

But British demands for meat scarcely touch the fringe of the mammalian sources of man's bill of fare. Venison with us is a dish limited to the well-to-do; but in widely diverse regions the great deer and antelope family provides succulent meat, especially where the hungry man must first catch his meal before he can appease his hunger. The camel chiefly in Arabia and Egypt, the yak in the Himalayan altitudes, and the reindeer in the frozen North are not only beasts of burden, but their milk and flesh are invaluable.

The horse with us is *par excellence* the beast of burden, but other peoples view its flesh with increasing favour. During the Roman occupation of Britain horseflesh was a common article of diet; but Christianity rejected it, as it did in some other Continental countries. In France, in the seventeenth century, a man was put to death for eating horseflesh; it was during Lent, and this mayhap contributed to the heinousness of the offence. The French are now large consumers of the meat. In 1807, when the siege of Copenhagen by the British curtailed the food-supply, the inhabitants utilised their horses; and what necessity then enforced has been continued by choice. And so in other countries, notwithstanding ecclesiastical fulminations, the people maintain that the functions of the Church are properly confined to the care of souls; the oversight of the stomach rests entirely with the person immediately concerned. Less than forty years ago over a hundred persons partook of horseflesh at a banquet in the Langham Hotel, London. Though various notable men, the present Lord Avebury included, patronised the function, they failed to combat the popular prejudice. But all is

not gold that glitters, and all is not necessarily beef-extract though labelled such, especially if its origin is in a country to which the strings of sorry 'screws' are shipped from our east coast ports.

From the horse to mules and asses is not a far cry, and in Central Asia and other tracts where the wild ass abounds its flesh is greatly esteemed.

The points of beauty of the elephant to Northern peoples are a negative quantity; and as a possible source of food, while the quantity of meat is undeniable, the quality might be doubted. Yet in Asia and Africa elephant-meat is relished. Gordon Cumming leads us to believe that, given the choice of sheep's trotters, calves' feet, or elephants' understandings, the knowing appetite would book a front seat for the last-named, and go home happy. Travellers differ as to the merits of hippopotamus and rhinoceros. Possibly the sharpness, or otherwise, of the appetite obscures the view. A hippopotamus was once roasted at the Crystal Palace, not of malice aforethought, but when a wing of the building was burned to the ground. Some timorous mortals tested the impromptu dish and reported it to be excellent, an opinion with which the African negro is in thorough agreement.

The bear, lion, tiger, jaguar, and even the hyena are utilised by man. Bruin is not in great request, though the Esquimaux dine on Polar bear, and a black variety in Japan is an expensive dish. The lion is partaken of by Hottentots, some Arabs, and some natives of India; the heart is frequently reserved for children, with the idea that the organ induces courage. The carcass of the hyena is viewed with disfavour by dogs; low-type Arabs are less squeamish.

We esteem the dog purely for what may be termed his personal qualities; in many parts of Africa, America, and Polynesia dogs' flesh is a welcome addition to the domestic meats. John Chinaman excels in his estimation of the friend of man; he fattens him for human consumption, and to better serve the purpose he constrains the animal to enjoy a purely vegetable diet. That a prime cut of dog-ham is marked by a juicy tenderness the Westerner will accept even the assurance of a Celestial, so long as the matter may rest there. In the matter of cats, however, probably nothing on earth would induce a similar belief; yet black cat in particular figures in the bill of fare at Chinese restaurants, where a pair of black cat's eyes run into silver.

After this any of the following will be taken without even the proverbial grain of salt. The monkey, our second-cousin scores of times removed, is said to be not unlike rabbit. But the very form of the animal gives a white man pause, and it is by no means improbable that a liking for monkey has sometimes caused savages to suffer an unjust reputation for cannibalism.

That rats were devoured during the siege of Paris is easily understandable; but rats and mice are eaten in Brazil and the West Indies and by the Australian aborigines, and the Mongolian, with native

'cuteness, fattens them up for service. Sugar-plantation rats become exceedingly fat, and the negro hunts them for food with eagerness. Rat-tail soup has been tried by eccentric gourmards of Paris; but whether it came up to expectation is not recorded.

There are other land mammals too numerous to particularise; but man's tastes incline to bat, bandicoot, opossum, sloth, beaver, kangaroo, and even the evil-smelling skunk, as the humour or the opportunity takes him.

Of marine mammals, the whale first strikes the imagination. In the Arctic regions, the West Indies, New Zealand, Australia, and Japan the natives enjoy the flesh of the leviathan. Sir George Grey describes how he saw one of the belles of an Australian tribe enter the belly of a stranded whale to gorge herself with blubber; she emerged dripping from head to foot, carrying handfuls more of the delicacy. The seal, walrus, and sea-lion are in request in the extreme North, and in the less remote Faroe Islands the dolphin and the porpoise are not unwelcome.

As a rule, the birds of the air present no characteristics to excite the stomach to prejudice. The domestic fowl, duck, goose, turkey, pigeon, pheasant, partridge, grouse, and quail are names to conjure with at home and abroad.

The Divine law forbade as food the eagle, the vulture, the kite, the raven, the hawk, the cuckoo, the swan, and some few others. In passing, it may be noted that the bat was also included in the list of forbidden fowls! Birds of prey are not generally acceptable; but the kite is not viewed askance by the Chinese and Japanese, and a species of hawk in Morocco is often reserved for the use of the Sultan. The vulture is said to be more than passable; but even the not unduly fastidious might well hesitate to sample one that had picked up its living around the Towers of Silence outside Bombay, where the Parsees expose their dead for the delectation of the repulsive-looking bird.

Our native singing-birds are little used as food, but in Continental countries people are less scrupulous. In the south of Europe, especially France and Italy, thrushes, larks, and even robin-redbreasts are freely exposed for sale; and the London market is not guiltless so far as larks are concerned. Young rooks, starlings, and sparrows frequently form the basis of English pies; the Italians account the cuckoo a dainty; and in Madeira 'fried canaries' are a common dish.

From our tenderest years we are aware that 'blackbirds baked in a pie' are dainties fit 'to set before a king.' Probably we never personally verify the statement in maturer years; but nevertheless the old rhyme rests upon a solid foundation of fact, for Corsica alone exports hundreds of thousands of the black songsters for use as food on the Continent.

The ostrich can kick as hard as a mule, and its flesh is as tough as that of the quadruped.

When it is bred in captivity, the flesh of the bird is more digestible.

In ancient times, especially in Rome, the peacock was partaken of in gorgeous solemnity. The skin, with head, neck, feathers, and tail complete, was removed, and the body was roasted; and then being sewn up in the skin, with gilded comb and spread-out tail, it presented a sight more imposing to the eye than attractive to the appetite. It is now practically an unknown dish, although as late as 1833 the Governor of Greenwich placed one on the table before William IV.

The ortolan is beloved of the epicure. Fed up in darkened pens, the bird becomes mere feathered fat. Cyprus is the chief home of the bird, and hundreds of barrels preserved in spice and vinegar are annually exported.

In the tropics the parrot and the cockatoo, and in cold regions myriads of sea-fowl, provide food for the sparse inhabitants.

With the exception of a few poisonous ones, all fish are edible, and if not used as food it is chiefly on account of objectionable flavour. The harvest of the sea, and no less that of the streams and lakes, is one that, compared with other animal foods, comes easily and cheaply to hand. Between the gigantic sturgeon of eight hundred pounds and the diminutive sprat there is a wide range of fish from which man can take his choice.

With so great a variety at his disposal, one marvels that the shark, that grisly marine ghoul, should ever be in favour. The Gold Coast negroes, the coast-folk of India, the Maoris, the Celestials, and the Polynesians all cure sharks' flesh, and sharks' fins are quite a recognised commercial commodity in the East.

The octopus, devil-fish, or squid is second to nothing in creation in general repulsiveness, and it is difficult to give this particular devil his due in anything but the most opprobrious terms. In the Far East the squid-fishery is of considerable importance, and in Japan an octopus in a basket, with its eight arms ending in tenacious suckers radiating from its hideous head, is worth at least a dollar.

Sea-nettles or jelly-fish, that sting the paddlers at our seaside resorts, are held in special favour in France and Italy. Rolled in flour and cooked in oil they afford much nutriment. Anemones and sea-urchins are similarly esteemed from Spain to the East Indies.

In the Eastern seas the trepang or *bêche-de-mer*, of which there is a score of species—a sea-worm whose ugly shapelessness is fittingly matched by its offensive odour—is eagerly sought by fishing-boats catering chiefly for the Celestial and Indian markets.

The Chinese have a penchant for fresh-water leeches, a taste about on a par with that exhibited by some French gourmets who not very long ago tickled their *basé* palates with a meal of lobworms.

Crustaceans (from the lobster and the crab to the

humbler prawn and shrimp) and mollusca (from the oyster to the plebeian cockle and whelk, with many other varieties between) are enjoyed all the world over.

Man's gastronomic predilections do not cease at beast and bird and fish; the reptile and insect world must contribute their quota to his heterogeneous table. They may be hideous in shape, horrid in grotesque movement, slimy and loathsome to the touch, spiteful in temper, and venomous in contact, yet will not man forgo his austere claiuus.

The turtle is the corner-stone of even an aldermanic banquet, and it is not surprising that the land-tortoise is used as food wherever he is found. Lizards of all sorts and sizes are eaten in Asia, Africa, America, and Australia; and what is the crocodile or alligator but a lizard of a larger growth? In Egypt, and along the great rivers of other parts of Africa, South America, and Southern Asia, the ungainly reptile is devoured with relish. Europeans do not take kindly to it as an article of diet, although they try it out of curiosity.

One would think the line might well be drawn at snakes. But because of that evil reputation gained just after the dawn of the creation the reptile cannot be allowed to shirk his obligations. The Chinaman utilises snakes for sustenance and for medicine, and he is kept in countenance by the Indians of America, the negroes of Africa, the Malaysians, and the Japanese. Coming nearer home, the Italians favour a dish of viper-jelly; and the late Frank Buckland, whose zoological enthusiasm knew no bounds, assured us that boar-constrictor tasted like veal.

Frogs are eaten from east to west, from China to the United States. The French were the first to serve the frog up at table; but the Yankees run them a close second. Who knows but that some day the British will further cement the *entente cordiale* by adopting the Gallic taste for the hopping amphibian?

Snails, slimy and repulsive, are looked upon with loathing by the average Briton. But in France, Switzerland, the south of Europe, and the United States any sentimental repugnance is not allowed to weigh against the undoubted nutritive qualities of the land mollusc. The snails are collected by women and children, and are then placed in enclosures to feed upon selected vegetable food to impart to them the requisite flavour.

John the Baptist lived on locusts and wild honey, and innumerable people regale themselves on the same food to-day. African races are the chief eaters of locusts, a diet that shortens the span of life to twoscore years. When famine stalks the land the Arab grinds to powder the dried insects he has stored, and with flour bakes it into bread. Honey is in cosmopolitan favour, but the Cingalese eat bees to add fragrance to the breath.

In Brazil, the East Indies, Mexico, and among the Indians of North America ants are largely consumed, as are the large termites of Africa; and

naturally the Chinese will not miss their turn with the insect.

There is no accounting for tastes, and consequently one is content with baldly stating that in New Caledonia particularly large spiders, and in Brazil eighteen-inch-long centipedes, are greatly enjoyed. When the cook inadvertently sends up a boiled caterpillar with the vegetables John Bull says things 'of sorts.' Let him take heart of grace, for caterpillars, large and small, are eagerly eaten in many regions, as are silkworms in Madagascar and Ceylon.

Here shall end this discursive enumeration of only a few of the countless beings that wait upon man's requirements. All the world over, his animal bill of fare covers so wide a range that if the British stomach will only pluck up its courage it seems that in our own land one need never be in want of a meal if only one will look for it.

THE POET AND THE MUSE.

AWAKE, arise, my idle Muse!
Thou sleepest as if dead;
Open thine eyes, the close-shut lids
Seem weighted as with lead.

No slave art thou who needest spur
To drive thee to the task;
A willing comrade thou hast been
To bring me what I ask.

Spread thy soft wings and soar awhile
In fields of upper air,
Wherefrom the things of heavy earth
Seem light and debonaire.

Poise on the sun-tipped cloud and lean
O'er shimmering, light-filled space;
It may be I shall catch some gleam
Of glory in thy face.

Hark to that music whose keen thrills
No earth-born ear may hear,
That so some note of it may fall
Into my listening ear!

Ah, Muse, but might I fly as thou,
What wonders might I see,
What songs might hear, to plunge my soul
In waves of ecstasy!

Then, stirring in her sleep, she spoke:
'Tis thy desire I wait,
That and thy will make wings to waft
Me high as Heaven's gate.

Without thee I am chained to earth,
And thou art chained with me;
Thou must awake, O Poet Soul!
To set our spirits free.'

Within my heart a living flame
Arose. I hid her go;
And her bright wings gleamed over me
Like Heaven's surpassing bow.

And all around the radiance pulsed
With gold and rosy light,
Awhile my Muse, on soaring wing,
Swift vanished from my sight.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



THE CHATHAM CHEST.

By Lieut.-Colonel R. MACKENZIE HOLDEN, F.S.A., Scot.

THERE are probably few people who would imagine that the large sum of money which is annually expended out of naval funds in pensions to deserving seamen and marines has any connection with an old iron chest which may be seen at any time in the museum of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich. Yet the two are very closely associated. The casual visitor to the museum, and even the bluejacket who hurries past the chest in ignorance of its associations, have no idea of the interesting tale of bygone days it could tell were it endowed with the power of speech. Its memories go back to one of the most fascinating periods of naval history: the long struggle with Spain in the sixteenth century, the stories of whose treasure—the gold and silver, the pearls and plate—tempted Drake and other adventurers to plough the main. There was not much difficulty in those days in manning a ship to sail under capable and lucky captains, for the stories of captured treasure soon got abroad. It is recorded that in his voyage to the South Seas in the *Golden Hind* it took three days to transfer to her the treasure from one alone of Drake's captures. In that single haul over twenty-six tons of silver, besides eighty-eight pounds of virgin gold, thirteen chests containing over a million in money, and an enormous amount of jewels and plate changed hands. When the *Golden Hind* laid her course for England by way of the Cape of Good Hope she was so heavily 'ballasted' with pure silver that she 'rode exceeding deep in the water;' and when the great circumnavigator journeyed from Plymouth to London to make his peace with the Queen because of this and other piracies, he took with him, by way of a peace-offering, a train of seven horses loaded with gold and silver plate and all his most precious jewels. We must go back to those days to find the origin of the old iron chest with its five locks; and we cannot do better than recall the fascinating pages of Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* if we want to know something of the men in whose interests the chest was built. They were the

heroes of the stirring adventures of Drake and other treasure-seekers, the splendid race of seamen who, under Howard, Hawkins, and Drake, crushed the ambitious schemes of Philip II. of Spain, with his Invincible Armada.

Less than human would have been these great admirals if the ultimate fate of those who had so faithfully served their country had not caused them some concern. But it is not altogether a pleasing reflection that there should have been people who, after profiting by the toil and labour of those poor seamen, were not ashamed to ignore their services when too old or disabled for further use. It was so with her whom English people like to think of as 'Good Queen Bess;' and if Her Majesty's claim to that title had depended on the treatment she meted out to her suffering sailors and soldiers, it is more than doubtful if posterity would have heard anything of it. Queen Elizabeth was void of all feeling for the old sailor or soldier; indeed, she made no secret of her general dislike to being reminded of obligations to any persons who had faithfully served her. It was no thanks to her that the Spanish Armada was repelled, for she starved the fleet. After its return vast numbers of the seamen fell sick from typhus-fever and other disorders aggravated by feeding on putrid beef and sour beer. Such trifles Her Majesty would not be bothered with. No arrangements of any kind were made for their reception on shore, and but for the humane personal exertions of Lord Howard of Effingham in providing barns and other outhouses, chiefly at his own expense, the men would have perished by the roadside. 'It would grieve any man's heart,' wrote the Admiral, 'to see them that have served so valiantly die so miserably.' It caused no grief to the woman's heart, for to the repeated appeals made to Her Majesty she merely refused to be pestered with the sight of such 'miserable creatures.' And so things went on until the twenty-third year of her reign, when she seems to have been shamed into giving a tardy consent to an Act assessing every parish at a certain weekly sum for the support of

crippled and destitute sailors and soldiers. Through the efforts of the Lord Admiral—Lord Howard of Effingham, afterwards Earl of Nottingham—aided by Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake, this Act paved the way for the establishment in 1590 of the mutual benevolent fund known as the Chatham Chest. The chief merit of its institution rests with Howard. Sir John Hawkins was Treasurer of the Navy (and would naturally be consulted on such a business), and Drake was the Lord Admiral's right-hand man; but their shares in the matter have been much exaggerated.

The original written constitution of the chest has been lost; but an inquiry into the fund held at Rochester Castle in 1616 showed that the masters, mariners, shipwrights, and seafaring men had in 1590 agreed to regularly forfeit to the fund a small proportion of their monthly wages to enable relief to be afforded to those 'who by reason of hurts and maimes received in the service are driven into great poverty, extremity, and want, to their great discouragement.' The contribution amounted to sixpence a month for the men and twopence for the boys; and it was decreed that the overplus of the said sums be preserved at Chatham 'in a strong chest with five locks, to that purpose especially appointed,' whereof the five keys were to be kept by one of the principal officers of the navy, a master attendant, a master shipwright, a boatswain, and a purser, the latter acting as clerk of the chest. Unfortunately for the fund, it does not appear that all the five keys were necessary to open the chest. If such were the case there must have been a disgraceful collusion between the five officials, for fraud soon crept in, and the funds obtained from the scanty wages of the seamen and boys were found to have been misapplied and misappropriated. A commission was appointed in 1635 to inquire into the matter, as a result of which some reforms were instituted; but they were not successful, for we read that in 1653 the fund was in debt, and fraud had evidently been practised. Pensions were paid to the widows of officers, who had not subscribed a penny, while the widows of the seamen were left to starve. Even the pensions due to the men were in arrear.

Properly and honestly administered, the funds of the chest ought soon to have reached a very considerable sum, for we find them supplemented from time to time by various contributions from the Admiralty, such as pay forfeited by misconduct. For instance, it is recorded that on the occasion of the mutiny in the *Hart* in 1650, the wages of the guilty persons were paid into the chest. But the disgraceful dishonesty which characterised the administration of the fund still continued, for when another inquiry was held, after the Restoration, it was reported that carelessness, extravagance, and corruption had been at work during the Commonwealth, and that the chest was in debt. To his credit, Charles II. made good these defalcations by giving to the chest twelve acres of marsh-land

called Dulce, situated near Rochester; while in 1672 the fund was further benefited. It was customary at that time to deduct a small sum from the monthly wages of all seamen towards the maintenance of the chaplains and surgeons; but as some ships did not carry these officers, the contributions from the crews were handed over to the chest. And, further, James II., who, with all his faults, was deeply interested in the navy, ruled in 1688 that the fines and mulcts imposed by courts-martial should in future be applied to the benefit of the fund. A case in point occurred in 1695 which is worth recording, if only as an illustration of the method of punishing officers in those days. The *Hope*, of seventy guns (Captain Henry Robinson), somehow got separated from her consorts in the Channel, and was captured by the French after a seven hours' conflict. Her loss was attributed to the carelessness of the senior mate of the *Hope*, who was officer of the watch; and the sentence of the court was that 'he be carried with a halter about his neck from ship to ship, to all the ships at Chatham and Gillingham, and he be led by beat of drum to each ship's side; that all the pay due to him in His Majesty's service be forfeited to the chest of Chatham; and that he be rendered incapable of ever serving His Majesty in any capacity for the future as an officer.' There seems to have been very little leniency shown to naval officers, for on the 18th of October 1745 Captain John Ambrose of the *Rupert* was tried by court-martial for his conduct in connection with the action fought off Toulon between the fleet under Admiral Thomas Matthews and the French and Spanish squadrons. He was found guilty of an error of judgment only, yet was sentenced to be cashiered and be mulcted of one year's pay for the use of the chest at Chatham.

And so the fund went on until the end of the eighteenth century, benefiting considerably from time to time by the various contributions and fines. The shipwrights had by that time ceased to contribute to the chest, and were therefore no longer eligible to participate in its benefits. At the Peace of Amiens in 1802 the demands on the fund were so numerous that the chest was unable to meet them—a state of affairs which was caused principally by the irregularities, frauds, and abuses which had been practised by those employed in its administration. Under the presidency of Admiral Sir Charles Morice Pole, a committee appointed by the Admiralty made a searching investigation into all the affairs of the chest. Its report resulted in the passing of an Act of Parliament on 29th July 1803 'for improving the funds of the chest at Chatham, and for transferring the administration of the same to Greenwich Hospital, and for ameliorating the condition of the pensioners on the said funds.' The supervision of the funds was placed in the hands of the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Controller of the Navy, and the Governor and Auditor of Green-

with Hospital as Supervisors; the immediate administration of the money being carried on by five persons selected from the Lieutenant-Governor and the Captains and Lieutenants of the Hospital, and entitled the directors of the chest at Greenwich. This Act was amended by the 46 George III. cap. 101, passed on 16th July 1806, at which time it was found that the fund of the chest was insufficient to provide for the many aged, infirm, and wounded sailors having claims upon it. The Admiralty, therefore, voted that a grant of one shilling in the pound from all prize-money should go to the chest, by which means it soon acquired a sound financial basis and was enabled to make additional allowances to the pensions of many deserving men. 'The chest at Greenwich' was

eventually dissolved, and the funds were consolidated with those of the Hospital by Act 55 George III. cap. 1, passed on the 26th of November 1814. And so this old benevolent institution became, to its great advantage, part and parcel of the funds of Greenwich Hospital. In 1829 the monthly stoppages from the men's pay ceased, and finally the old historic chest itself, which had been in existence since 1590 at Chatham, was removed to Greenwich and placed in the museum, where it still rests, a memorial to its founders, a monument of the thrift of the British sailor, and a painful reminder of the dishonesty of those whose education and position should have made them the last to abuse the trust confided in them by their poorer fellow-creatures.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XX.

IT was Max who was holding the lethal weapon that threatened my unoffending head: Max, in the green-and-gold tunic of his Guardsman's uniform and his white kid dancing-gloves.

Behind him was the Grand Duke, no longer smilingly affable and courteously gay, but scowling, menacing, a grim, silent figure dramatically suggestive of pent-up violence, with danger written in his fierce black eyes and the deep-ploughed lines of his swarthy brow. At his side stood the Princess Mathilde, gazing fixedly at me with a look that was half-excitement and half-shamefaced merriment.

'If you move I shall fire,' said Max grimly.

'In that case,' I replied, 'I shall endeavour to keep perfectly still.'

'Good. We don't want to hurt you, but for purposes of our own it is necessary to tie you up. Kindly get into that arm-chair.'

I recalled Schneider's advice to me to arm myself, and remembered the knife in my breast-pocket, but fortunately refrained from making any involuntary movement in that direction.

'It is no use meeting force *majeure* by force *inférieure*,' I said philosophically, complying almost instantly with his request.

'Not a bit. You submitted to force *majeure* that day we tried to stop you going to Heldersburg, but you got there all the same. You're a crafty beggar, Saunders, but we don't mean to let you outwit us this time.'

I submitted to the indignity of being bound hand and foot to the arm-chair in which I had perforce seated myself. The process was accomplished with a thin, tough cord and the united efforts of the Grand Duke and his arrogant offspring; and, as far as I was a judge of such matters, the tying-up seemed to be done on thoroughly practical and scientific lines.

'Might I inquire the reason for this interference with the liberty of the subject?' I asked.

'Yes,' said Max, pulling vigorously at a final knot. 'We're making a descent on the Brun-varad. This precious regiment of Guides that the King and Meyer thought so loyal are loyal only to the longest purse. The sentinels on guard to-night are our sworn allies; the barracks at Weissheim are full of loyal soldiers waiting to shout, "Long live Fritz the First, King of Grinland! Long live the Schattensbergs!" Once we have obtained possession of the royal person the revolution is accomplished. The country hungers for a change of dynasty as a prisoner hungers for change of diet. On all sides the situation will be received with enthusiasm.'

Something of the romance of the occasion had stirred the young Prince's sluggish blood and lent a fire to his dull eye, a colour to his pale cheek. For once he had found work congenial to his *blond* mind, something so wild and dangerous that he had half-thrown off the air of well-bred boredom that had seemed part and parcel of his nature. On the other hand, the Grand Duke was singularly calm at the congenial prospect of violence and personal danger. He never uttered a word; his frown never relaxed; only his fine white teeth moved ceaselessly with a slight grinding motion as if his fierce spirit chafed and fretted to commence his reckless enterprise. His thoughts were obviously on the big deed that was to come rather than on the trivial detail which preceded it.

'And you do me the honour,' I said, 'of fancying my presence at the Brun-varad might upset your carefully planned *coup de main*?'

'You're on the wrong side, Saunders,' said Max, 'and we fancy, rightly or wrongly, that you are a more dangerous opponent than either the foxy old Jew or the flat-faced detective.'

'I am highly flattered,' I replied, not without

truth; 'but is it not rather rash to tell me all your plans before putting them into execution?'

'Of course, if you think that,' said Max grimly, producing his revolver again.

'On second thoughts,' I said, laughing, 'I perceive that the imprudence is apparent rather than real. By no means can a trussed fowl avert a revolution.'

Max laughed his rare laugh.

'You're not a bad sort, Saunders,' he said; 'and we don't wish you any harm. You're better off here than dodging bullets in the Brun-varad.'

'Come,' said the Grand Duke, breaking his silence for the first time, 'we must return to the ballroom, and be there till the last guest leaves. We ought to be able to make a start at half-past three.'

'I hope so,' said Max, and with a cheerfully insulting nod to me he followed his parent from the room.

The moment the door was shut behind them the Princess clapped her hands together and eyed me with mocking, laughing eyes.

'And you're not ashamed of yourself?' I said quietly.

'A little. But it's all so droll.'

'Your sense of humour is peculiar,' I retorted.

'There are plenty of things to laugh at in the world besides violence and treachery.'

'Now you're getting sulky.'

'Does it not occur to you,' I asked, 'that my good-nature may not be inexhaustible? You lure me up here under false pretences, and I am bound hand and foot while a vile plot is being carried out against a noble gentleman and a friend. It is humorous, no doubt—all breaches of hospitality are.'

'You're very, very sulky indeed. In the first place, the King may be a friend of yours, but he's not a noble gentleman at all, but a scoundrel and a traitor in the pay of Austria. Father and Max are just going to put him quietly out of the way, so that he can't do any more harm to the country.'

'In plain language, murder him,' I interposed.

The Princess's eyes flashed indignantly.

'Certainly not,' she cried. 'There is to be no bloodshed in the proceedings. Do you suppose I should have lent my help to the plot if there had been a possibility of bloodshed in it?'

'I think you are capable of anything,' I said deliberately.

She looked me full in the face.

'You nasty, evil-tempered man,' she said with slow emphasis. 'You're as cross as you can be, and absolutely horrid. I warned you when we first met that my invitations must be regarded with suspicion unless they were particularly specified as guileless; and, now that you've blundered into a trap, instead of taking your defeat good-humouredly you're as disagreeable and evil-tempered as possible. Ugh! I've a good mind not to give you anything to smoke.'

For the life of me I could not help laughing. This light-hearted little noblewoman played at high treason with less seriousness than most men play golf, certainly with less seriousness than the Scotsmen displayed on the Pariserhof curling-rinks.

For the moment I forgot that the King was in danger, that the fate of a nation was trembling in the balance, that the thin cord which bound me was biting painfully into my flesh, or rather I half-forgot these things and laughed, laughed recklessly at the reckless irresponsibility of my charming captor.

She brightened visibly again at my unnatural merriment.

'That's better,' she said. 'I knew you'd see the comic side of it directly. I'm awfully sorry to have been so mean, but I had to take my share in the plot; and, after all, you're much safer here than in the Brun-varad. Now that you're good again, I'll give you a cigarette;' and getting a box from the mantelpiece, she placed a cigarette between my lips, and then striking a match, held it for me to get a light by.

'And I suppose,' I said as I puffed at the peace-offering—'I suppose I'm to be kept here till the revolution's accomplished?'

'You are to be kept here till four o'clock, and then I shall release you.'

'And if I try to escape?'

'Then I shall shoot you;' and she laughingly produced a small revolver from a drawer and laid it on the table at her side.

'Is it loaded?' I demanded.

She nodded her head. 'Honour bright. And I'm a very good shot, too; so be careful.'

'You really would shoot me?' I persisted.

'Certainly, if necessary.'

I looked at her smiling face and wondered if she was capable of carrying out her threat. I doubted it, but, on the other hand, should have been extremely sorry to run the risk.

'I fancy I can loosen these cords a bit,' I said hypocritically. 'I think I shall have a dash for it and chance your missing me.'

A look of anxiety crept into her eyes, but she laughed again with a fine assumption of incredulity.

'You can never undo those knots of Max's,' she said; 'but if you do I shall certainly shoot you—as a friend—through the leg.'

'You bloodthirsty little wretch!' I cried. 'Do you know that revolver bullets hurt?'

'That's what they're meant for.'

I regarded her in silence for a moment, smiling in my own despite.

'By Gad!' I said at length, 'I believe you'd do it.'

She nodded cheerfully.

'You're only just beginning to take me seriously,' she said, with a laugh. 'I'm a very strenuous conspirator, and I can't allow my father's schemes and

the country's welfare to suffer from any misguided leniency towards a foolish young foreigner.

'Patriotism, thy name is Mathilde Schattenberg. Argument is invariably wasted upon a woman. Upon a patriotic woman it is worse than useless. I accept the situation. Will you kindly take the cigarette-end out of my mouth?'

'With pleasure. May I give you another?'

'Thanks, no,' I replied. 'A cigarette is a poor form of smoke when one is denied the use of one's hands. The smoke gets into one's eyes so.'

'I can get you a cigar if you will.'

'I should be very grateful.'

'There is a box in Max's room, I know. I will go and get you one. I shan't be long.'

The moment the Princess shut the door behind her I made desperate struggles to free myself. My efforts were absolutely fruitless and not unattended with pain. I desisted, with an oath. I was angry, though less angry than might have been expected, for the extraordinary flippancy of my captor had infected me to a certain extent with a sense of unreality. And yet, however ludicrous might be the play of Weissheim politics, it was patent enough that the King's life was in high jeopardy. I knew enough about revolutions and the disposition of the male Schattenbergs to have little faith in the 'seizing of the royal person' theory put forward by Max, and believed in so implicitly by his confiding sister. If, as was highly probable, the Grand Duke and his satellites effected an entrance into the Brun-varad, it was morally certain that King Karl's existence as a Sovereign and a man would terminate in bloody simultaneity. And I, who for some reason or other had formed a keen affection for the Twenty-second Karl, who had in my humble way been able on more than one occasion to serve his interests, fretted and raged at my close-pent captivity, and cursed the folly that had involved me in such galling impotence.

Slowly the door of my chamber opened again, and I hastily resolved to make one final, albeit hopeless, appeal to the Grand Duke's all-too-dutiful daughter, to plead the King's cause with her, to endeavour to demonstrate her father's selfishness and the truest method of serving her country's interest.

To my utter astonishment, it was no beautiful and splendidly attired Princess that met my expectant gaze, no black-haired, laughing-eyed little woman in a Parisian ball-dress and a gleaming coronet, but a small boy, a fair-haired lad of eight or nine, in a tiny suit of blue silk pyjamas, a look of puzzled wonder in his sleepy blue eyes.

'Little Stephan!' I cried. 'Why, what on earth are you doing here?'

He smiled as he recognised me.

'I couldn't sleep,' he said, 'cos of the band playing. I thought I heard Mathilde's voice, so I came in here.'

'Your bedroom is near here?'

'Yes, next door. Why, you're tied up!' This obvious fact had only just dawned on his half-dozing senses. 'Why's that?' he pursued. 'Have you been naughty?'

I could hardly explain the truth to him. It was too humiliating, for one thing.

'It's a game,' I replied mendaciously.

'A game?'

'Yes,' I said. 'Your sister ties me up in the chair and goes away for five minutes, and if I can free myself before she comes back she has to give me a box of chocolates. If, on the other hand, she finds me still bound on her return I have to give her the sweets.'

Stephan brightened visibly. Here was something he could understand.

'And can you untie yourself?' he asked with manifest interest.

'I fear not.'

'Can I help you?'

'Can you help me!' I repeated. 'It's a most brilliant idea,' and I wondered, with a sudden gleam of hope, whether his tiny fingers could undo the fiercely tied knots of his elder brother's tying. With hope came the burning dread of the Princess's return.

'Be quick and try,' I said eagerly.

'Will you give me some of the chocolates if I do?' he asked, with the cunning smile of the juvenile bargainer.

'Yes, lots—pounds. Only be quick, or your sister will be back.'

The small fingers worked vigorously at the entangled cord, but it needed greater strength than little Stephan's to relax those close-pulled knots.

'I can't do it,' he said, smiling, as if failure was almost as good a joke as success.

I began to despair.

'Can you get at my breast-pocket?' I asked as a fresh idea struck me. 'Quick, quick!'

After a brief rummaging he managed to extract the knife I had slipped into my dress-coat just before starting for the ball.

'A knife,' he said.

'Yes; take the sheath off. Now cut the cord quickly. Anywhere. Yes, that will do. Mind my wrist. Well done, Stephan! You're a hero! You shall have the largest box of chocolates in Weissheim to-morrow!'

'Promise!'

'I swear it,' I said. 'Now, go to bed before Mathilde comes back again, because she'll be very angry when she finds I'm loose, and if she discovers that you've helped me, why—' But little Stephan had run, chuckling, from the room.

My first act of freedom was to secure the revolver which the Princess had promised to use in the event of my attempting to escape. It was a small, delicately made weapon, loaded, as she had said,

and I was about to put it in my pocket when a fresh idea struck me. Opening the drawer from which the Princess had taken it, I found another revolver therein, a big, serviceable weapon of the ordinary army type, ready loaded in every chamber. This I transferred hastily to my breast-pocket, and, extracting the cartridges from the smaller weapon, replaced it on the table.

I looked at my watch: it was three o'clock. The Schattensbergs would not start for another half-hour, and could I but leave the house in safety I might yet frustrate their treasonable quest.

I was just contemplating a dash for liberty when I heard the air of *La Lettre de Manon* being whistled in the passage. The Princess was coming back.

Without any very definite scheme of action, but anxious lest the Princess should give the alarm that I was free, I darted back to my chair, and throwing the severed cord loosely round me, assumed my previous attitude of tightly pent rigidity. Hardly had I done so when the Princess entered.

'I can't find Max's cigars,' she began, 'and I've looked everywhere. I'm so sorry. Won't you have another cigarette?'

'I don't think I'll smoke any more, thank you.'

'You've only got another hour to wait. I hope the cord does not hurt you.'

'Not in the least, thank you.'

'Of course,' she went on, 'it's an awful shame treating you like this; but duty is duty. And it'll be an experience for you.'

I laughed. Undoubtedly it would be an experience for me.

'I'm so glad you treat it as a joke,' she went on. 'I hoped you would.'

'What time do the conspirators start?' I asked.

'They've just gone,' she said. 'The guests left earlier than they expected, and father and Max started five minutes ago.'

'Gone!' I cried. 'Then I must free myself!'

'Don't be foolish. You can never break that cord. You'll only strain yourself.'

'Nonsense,' I said. 'I am a second Samson—there; and with a well-feigned simulation of a supreme effort, I cast the loosely encircling cord from me to the floor.'

In a second the Princess had covered me with her empty revolver. Her eye was bright and unflinching, her hand steady as a rock.

'Be careful, Mr Saunders,' she said firmly.

'Bah!' I laughed. 'You would not really shoot me?'

'Upon my honour, I'm serious. If you make the slightest effort to escape I shall fire.'

'Nonsense,' I said; 'you are not so bloodthirsty

as you pretend. The King is in danger, and my place is at his side. Duty is duty. You said so yourself just now.'

'Mr Saunders,' she cried—and there was acute distress in her voice—'I implore you not to try to escape. If I have never been serious in my life, I am serious now. I swear it on my soul. It is useless your trying to get away, for if I let you go you could never reach the Brun-varad before my father and brother.'

'I can try.'

'It is impossible, I tell you. They have gone in a sleigh, and there is not another vehicle to be obtained for love or money. Do not force me to extremities for nothing.'

I looked her full in the face, smiling brutally at her evident concern.

'Nevertheless, I am going,' I said calmly, and walked, still facing her, to the door.

The muzzle of her revolver followed me as I moved, pointing with relentless accuracy right between my eyes. Then it was lowered to the level of my knee.

'Stop!' she cried imperatively:

'I shall not.'

I waited expectantly for the impotent click of her harmless weapon. I was mistaken.

Hurling the revolver into a corner of the room, she flung herself into a chair beside the table and buried her face in her arms, sobbing and weeping in a paroxysm of tears.

Instantly I felt a brute. She had, as she believed, spared me; and I, who had thought to have had the laugh of her, was smitten by a bitter pang of self-reproach. She was a Schattensberg, and I had thought the wild blood of her race, her keen, mistaken patriotism, her affectionate loyalty to her truculent father and reckless brother, were more than sufficient to overcome a woman's natural reluctance to wound a fellow-creature. But I had underestimated the power of her womanliness, and where I had looked for farce, found something very much akin to tragedy—a woman's murdered self-respect.

More moved than I should have believed possible, I did a very presumptuous and foolish thing. Stepping softly to her side, I bent over her bowed head and slightly touched the crown of her dead-black locks with my lips as a brother might implant a kiss on the hair of a grieving sister. Then I left her. Closing the door behind me, I swiftly traversed the dark corridor, passed through the swing-door, descended the stairs, and ultimately found myself in the hall. The great door was shut, but there were plenty of men about clearing up and putting things straight after the gorgeous entertainment of the evening, and I had no difficulty, after finding my hat, coat, and snow-boots, in obtaining an egress.

(To be continued.)

ELECTRIC SMELTING IN CANADA.

FROM the Atlantic to the Pacific, throughout the Dominion of Canada, iron ore has been proved to exist in many localities in immense quantities extending over vast areas. To stimulate the production of iron and steel

from this abundant raw material, the Canadian Government has imposed heavy import duties and granted generous bounties. In spite of this artificial assistance, Canada during the last fiscal year imported pig-iron to the value of nearly nine million pounds, and the import for the current year is likely to be much larger. The difficulty in the production of pig-iron in Canada hitherto has been chiefly in the way of coal for smelting purposes having to be brought from long distances to the localities in which iron ore is abundant. In those localities, however, where the iron deposits are of the greatest area and value there are water-powers which when harnessed are capable of generating electric energy on a vast scale. Operations conducted in other countries first turned the attention of the Canadian Government to electrical smelting, and they decided to make a special grant for experimental purposes. The complete control was placed in the hands of Dr Eugene Haanel, Dominion Superintendent of Mines, who has now demonstrated that for Canadian ores electrical smelting is an assured success.

For a long time past Dr Haanel has been deeply impressed with the possibilities resultant from the discovery of some other source of energy than the combustion of carbon in blast-furnaces. The electric process has been profitably employed in France and other parts of Europe. In this work, Slassani in Italy and Herauld and Keller in France had rendered conspicuous service. Brazil, Chili, Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Canada, all rich in ore-deposits and water-power but lacking coal, could economically produce pig-iron by the electric process. The Lake Superior Power Company, which is now turning out steel rails at the rate of over six hundred tons a day, and is, of course, vitally interested in the question, offered the Government one of their buildings at Sault Ste Marie in which to erect a plant for an adequate test, and the offer was accepted. Some months ago Dr Haanel commenced his work at Sault Ste Marie, and the results are now made public, and are attracting great attention in Canada and the United States. The United States Steel Trust has been keeping a close watch on the experiments at Sault Ste Marie, and it is not improbable that the decision of the management of that gigantic combination to start operations in Canada with an estimated expenditure of about fifteen million pounds is consequent on the success of Dr Haanel's satisfactory experiments.

Describing the process of electrical smelting

adopted by him at Sault Ste Marie, Dr Haanel says that the ore was placed in a furnace, and into the midst of it a large electrode was inserted. The current therefrom passed through the metal to the bottom of the furnace, where it was carried off by a wire. The heat caused by the resistance offered by the metal produced the smelting process. It was very simple and completely successful. Experiments with roasted and briquetted nickelliferous pyrrhotite were equally successful, furnishing a ferronickel iron pig containing $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of nickel virtually free from sulphur. A most important feature of the test was that there was practically no waste.

The beneficial results of the introduction of electrical smelting into Canada are summarised by Dr Haanel as follows: (1) the utilisation of extensive water-powers which cannot at present be profitably employed for any other purpose; (2) the utilisation of the large number of iron-ore deposits which, on account of their high sulphur contents, cannot be treated by a blast-furnace, and have so far been valueless; (3) the utilisation of Canada's extensive peat-bogs for the production of peat-coke to be used as reducing material for the operation of electric furnaces, and the utilisation of mill-refuse and sawdust, for which there has been so far no practical use; (4) rendering Canada independent of fuel import for metallurgical processes; (5) enabling Canada to produce her own pig-iron from her abundant sources for her own consumption, and consequently retaining in the Dominion the money which otherwise would have to be sent abroad to purchase pig-iron in the crude and manufactured state; (6) the development of steel plants and rolling-mills using only electric energy.

Since Dr Haanel made his successful experiments at Sault Ste Marie there has been a great awakening throughout Canada as to the enormous value of the numerous water-powers that are to be found in every province of the Dominion, and which can be made available for the generation of electric energy at comparatively small cost. Hitherto it has been the practice to give concessions and franchises of water-powers with a prodigality that was little short of contemptuous. The enormous potential wealth in these water-powers for the people of Canada, who own them, has come upon the people as a revelation, and they with united voice are insisting upon their legislators conserving the water-powers for the generation of electric energy for the public good. First in the field is the Government of the province of Ontario, which has entered upon a policy of acquiring electric power by expropriating the franchises of private companies already granted. It also intends to construct transmission lines of its own. The municipalities will eventually bear the cost of the works, paying 4 per cent. interest and the

expenses of maintenance. The scheme will provide the cheapest electrical power in the whole American continent, as it will be generated by water-power at Niagara and on many other rivers. A commission will be appointed to regulate the rates to be charged by the companies for electricity in the meantime. Ontario is rich in minerals that can be treated only by smelting, and this new departure of the provincial Government opens out great possibilities for the future. Hitherto expense

has killed the prospector in Ontario. When the Government has developed the electric energy now running to waste it will be possible to follow the prospector into the most remote wilderness of the province with experimental electric smelters with as little difficulty as is now the case in modern warfare, where a telegraph and telephone service forms a necessary and useful branch of an army's equipment.

R. W. WILSON.

THE STRONG-ROOM.

PART II.



FEW minutes after one o'clock on that Saturday, John Rogers, manager of the County Bank at Dooniskey, left his office and hurried to his room to prepare for his journey.

From a wardrobe he took out a light travelling-suit; and, being a careful man, he emptied the contents of the pockets of the clothes he wore into the garments he was about to put on. His keys and money—he carried a tidy sum—he transferred to the pockets of the trousers, while his watch and other articles were placed in the coat and vest. Then he made the change.

When he had completed dressing he packed a small handbag with the things he would require. A razor was among them, for although he wore a beard, he might want to shave. Next, from a carefully locked drawer in an old-fashioned chest he withdrew a small tin box. Before opening it he made sure that the door of the room was secure. A sigh of relief escaped him when he found that its contents were safe. In its nest of cotton-wool Lady Melville's magnificent necklace lay snug and sound. Even at that moment he could not resist the temptation of playing with it for a few seconds in the soft afternoon sunlight that poured into the room. Then he returned it to its box and put the whole thing carefully into the handbag.

The bank was almost the last house in town; and as John Rogers closed the front door behind him, and glanced down the long, straight street, a few sentimental thoughts strayed into his mind, and he wondered if he should ever see the familiar scene again. He had reason to wonder, for the step which he was taking was of a desperate character, and he fully realised its danger. It was not a new project inspired by the events of the past few days. Years ago he had first planned it. For many years Lady Melville had been in the habit of depositing her jewels for safe keeping in the bank while she was abroad, and John Rogers had been simply waiting for the opportunity which Meredith's absence from the office a few days before had given him.

He was not on his way to Cork. The walk to Crossgar was only a pretext. His real destination

was London. A train leaving Crossgar at six o'clock that evening would arrive in Dublin in time to catch the night boat to Holyhead, so he should have no difficulty in reaching London on the following morning. He had made an appointment to meet a certain dealer there, to whom he would sell Lady Melville's necklace, and who would also supply him with an imitation of the gem, which he would bring back to Dooniskey, and trust to luck for an opportunity to slip it into the empty jewel-case. If, however, this plan were impracticable, he intended to sell the ornament for the highest sum he could obtain, and then to disappear—anywhere, into whatever hole or corner of the world that would hide him.

When he had travelled about a mile on his way he was overtaken by a fastly driven car. The owner, a prosperous farmer with whom he was acquainted, hospitably offered him a seat; but, much to the man's surprise, he declined, explaining that he wanted a walk and that he was not in a hurry. As he advanced he had many offers of this kind, all of which he declined. This frequent recognition was annoying him, and as he knew of a way across the fields he decided to leave the road.

It was pleasant walking over the soft green turf on that fine summer afternoon, and but for the agitated state of his mind he would have enjoyed it. Presently he realised that he was making too much progress. If he continued at that pace he would reach Crossgar long before six o'clock, and that was a thing he was anxious to avoid, as he did not wish to be seen waiting about the station. But he found that he was too excited to walk slowly. There was nothing else for it—he must take a rest.

On a smooth green bank beneath the shade of a tree he threw himself down; but even then he could not keep still. He looked at his watch every few moments, played with its chain, and counted the money in his possession. Then he slipped his hand into one of the pockets of his trousers to see if his keys were safe. On the instant he leapt to his feet. The pocket was empty. A cold sweat broke out on his brow as

his hands rushed from pocket to pocket. But his keys were gone. For several minutes he stood there dazed and stupefied. Then, like a flash, he remembered the way in which he had changed his clothes; how he had first of all transferred the contents of his pockets to the garments he was about to put on. His carelessness had been his undoing. It was quite easy to see that the keys, which from constant use were as smooth as glass, had slipped noiselessly on to the carpet while he was in the act of dressing. What was to be done? One thing certainly, and that at all costs: remove the chance of the keys falling into Meredith's hands. He must return. His brain was acting rapidly now, and it did not take him long to decide on how to proceed. He knew the programme that would be carried out in his home during his absence that evening. At about half-past seven Mary the maid would go as usual to the chapel. A few minutes before eight Meredith and Millicent would leave for the concert. Then for a whole hour the house would be empty. It was during that hour that he should return. It would be almost dark then, and the chances of being seen would be few. Even if he were observed, there were plenty of excuses at his disposal. Meanwhile he must remain where he was; it was still quite early.

Nothing to disturb him occurred during the return journey. Until quite near the town he kept to the fields, and when he was compelled to take to the road darkness was falling rapidly, so that by the time he reached the door of the bank night had descended.

As he had calculated, the house was empty. He went straight to his room, and on his knees he commenced his search for the missing keys. But they were not to be found. Then he remembered the night-bolt, and hastened to it. When he discovered that it was lowered he at once came to the conclusion that Meredith had been before him. While debating as to his next move he was startled by the sound of a key grating in the front door, and a moment later some one entered the hall, and then passed into the office. He heard whoever it was strike a match, and from the sounds that followed he guessed that the person was writing. He had by this time crept from his room and stationed himself at the top of the stairs, from which place he had an uninterrupted view of the hall. In a few minutes the visitor came out of the office, and, leaving a note on the table, left the house, apparently in a great hurry. It was only Mary the maid. When all was quiet again he stole down the stairs and read the note. It was to the effect that the girl's mother had been taken seriously ill, and the writer of the note would not be able to return to the bank that night.

When he had finished reading the note he replaced it on the table and glanced at the clock in the hall. He was astonished to find that time had flown so rapidly. Already the frequent footsteps

in the street told him that people were returning from the concert. At any moment Millicent and her escort might return. Even as he listened he heard their voices outside the door. He had barely time to steal into the office and hide behind the counter. He heard every word they said, but it was of no use to him.

When at length the house had relapsed into silence he had time to review his position and consider his next move. He was locked in the house; but that was of little importance, as he knew of a small window at the back through which he could escape at any moment. But he was in no hurry to go, as he had missed the last train to Dublin that night, but early next morning he could catch one that would suit his purpose almost as well. And, what was of more importance, he knew that Meredith suspected him; and now that his enemy was in possession of both sets of keys, he felt that no time would be lost before examining the strong-room. By remaining where he was he might witness a scene that would make him master of the situation.

His surmise was not incorrect. After a long and weary wait he heard the groaning of the night-bolt as it was raised from its socket. It was the signal for him to be ready. A few moments later the sounds of Meredith's stealthy footsteps were distinctly audible. He waited until his enemy had gained access to the strong-room. Then he crept from his hiding-place to a position from which the interior of the room was visible. Meredith had lit the gas, so that nothing in the chamber escaped his notice. He witnessed, not without a feeling of exultation, the cashier's dismay at finding the box empty. The scene fascinated him, and it was only by the merest accident that he caught the sound of the light footsteps of his step-daughter and had time to glide behind the open door.

Once again he was a listener to their conversation, but all the time he was wondering how he should act. When the word 'police' was mentioned he knew that the moment for intervention had arrived. Stepping boldly from his place of concealment, he stood in the doorway with his eyes fixed upon the pair. The length of time he was allowed to remain unobserved astonished him. To attract their attention he had actually to stamp on the floor. Then, seeing Meredith preparing to rush forward, he, responding to some instinct of self-preservation, slammed the door in the young man's face.

They were his prisoners. He had caught them at midnight, during his supposed absence, engaged in rifling the strong-room. A grand story to tell should the necessity arise!

For a while he gloried in his capture, but by degrees he realised that, instead of being of assistance to him, it only presented him with fresh difficulties. It was true they were at his mercy; but what should he do with them? If he allowed them to remain where they were they would assuredly die in a very short space of time; while

if he liberated them, they would at once raise the alarm.

While trying to solve the problem it suddenly occurred to him that ever since he had slammed the door the place where he stood was in darkness. As he was in the act of lighting the gas a whiff of the escaping fluid reached his nostrils and inspired him with an idea so fiendish that he hesitated before putting it into practice. But he was now a desperate man, prepared to attempt anything that might help to extricate him from his perilous position.

Extinguishing the newly lighted flame, he groped his way to the kitchen, where he found and lit a candle. Then he went straight to where the gas-meter was situated. His first act was to turn off the handle that controlled the current. He knew that his captives in the strong-room were now in darkness, but would they have the forethought to turn off the gas-jet? He felt assured that they would not. He allowed a few minutes to elapse before proceeding further with his diabolical plan. His next move was to turn, ever so gently, the handle that admitted the gas to flow from the meter through the pipes to the different rooms of the house. It was a vital moment for him. On the front of the meter was affixed a number of dials which indicated the amount of gas consumed. One of them, the smallest, showed the number of feet in units. On it he fixed his gaze. Everything depended on that little hand. If it moved, then his scheme would succeed; but if it remained stationary it would prove that the occupants of the strong-room were on the alert. To his satisfaction, he saw it tremble and creep slowly round its circuit. With eager eyes he watched it as with each turn of the handle it gained in speed. On, on it flew until at length even he was growing afraid. He was playing a dangerous game. It was not his intention to kill his victims, but to stupefy them, so that he could make his escape. At last, to his relief, he saw the hand come to an abrupt standstill. Then he knew that they had discovered the source of the deadly fluid that was rushing in upon them. All the same, the atmosphere of the tiny room must be deadly.

He found them lying on the floor locked in each other's arms, and as he looked at their closed eyes and pallid faces his blood ran cold; but as he dragged them out of the foul air moans issuing from their lips told him that they were alive. It was enough to satisfy him.

When he returned to the strong-room the disorder of the place came upon him as a surprise. The door of the safe lay open, disclosing a row of well-filled bags, the contents of which, he knew, was gold. The spectacle suggested possibilities that he had never even dreamt of, and his heart beat fast.

Although for thirty years the man had held a position of trust and led an honest life, he had the instincts of a thief. The sight of these well-filled bags tempted him beyond resistance, and he resolved

that he would start on his journey again, but this time, in addition to Lady Melville's necklace, he would take with him just as many of them as he could possibly carry; furthermore, his destination would not be London. He would go farther afield.

It was Sunday morning, and at five o'clock a train, on its way to Queenstown to catch the American liner, would stop at Crossgar. He glanced at his watch. He could do it, but it would be a race.

Hastily gathering together the gold, he packed it into his bag; but when he attempted to lift it he found that he had been too greedy. Reluctantly he emptied out some of it. Even then he felt uneasy about its weight.

The keys were hanging in the doors. Selecting his own, he placed them carefully in his pocket, while Meredith's he returned to their insensible owner. But first of all he locked all the doors. Then he left the house—not as he had left it on the day before, but through a small window at the back.

Once again he was leaving Dooniskey behind him; but everything was so different this time. Before he had abundance of time at his disposal; now he had not a moment to spare. On the former occasion he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was carrying out a well-laid scheme; now he was nothing more than a common thief, aware of the clumsiness of his method.

As soon as was possible he left the road and took to the fields. He fully realised the danger of venturing on unfamiliar paths in the darkness; but he was reckless now; the courage which had sustained him all along had vanished under the strain of the past few hours. Besides, his bodily strength was failing; already his arms were suffering from the weight of the bag, and he had not tasted food since noon of the day before. At all costs he would risk the shorter way.

On, on through the darkness he rushed, running for long stretches, and then pausing to recover breath. But his mad race was soon brought to an abrupt ending. Crossing a fence, he stumbled and fell headlong.

When he recovered consciousness day had broken, and he was lying on his back at the bottom of a dike, with a pain in his leg that prevented him from moving.

For what seemed an interminable time he lay there watching the gradually brightening sky and straining his ears at every sound. At last the noise of somebody whistling a merry tune drifted towards him. To attract attention he shouted with all his might. The whistling ceased, and in a few moments the wondering face of a farmer's lad appeared at the top of the bank.

'Do you know who I am?' John Rogers demanded of him.

'No, sir,' the lad replied, shaking his head.

'I have met with an accident, and I want you to run to the town for help. Will you go?'

The boy nodded his assent; and John Rogers,

rising to a sitting posture, tore a leaf from his note-book and scribbled a line to Meredith.

'Take this,' he said when he had finished, 'to the bank, and ring at the door until you get an answer; and remember, if you meet any one on the way, you are not to stop and talk to him.'

'I must go for my cows first,' the lad remarked as he took the note.

'Cows be ——!' shouted the prostrate man. 'Here, take this to quicken your steps,' and he flung him a sovereign.

The boy picked up the gold and was off like a shot.

It was dawn when Meredith came to himself. The return to consciousness had been slow and painful. By degrees he recollected the horrible events of the preceding night, and then his thoughts flew to Millicent. She was lying at his side, motionless save for a gentle movement of her breast, which filled him with hope.

On the moment he rose to his feet to open the window. Not till then did he realise how weak he was. Everything swam round and round; but as soon as he admitted the pure morning air he felt better.

He then returned to his prostrate companion. In response to a gentle touch, she opened her eyes and gazed stupidly around her.

'What has happened?' he heard her murmur in a weak voice.

'Let nothing trouble you,' he said soothingly; 'we are safe.'

'Has he gone?' she asked after a long silence.

'We are alone,' he replied. 'I do not know what has happened. The door of the strong-room is locked, and my keys are in my pocket.'

Almost before he had finished speaking the violent ringing of the front-door bell startled them both. Feeling instinctively that the summons was connected with their present plight, Meredith hastened to obey the call. An excited boy stood waiting outside the door.

'I was told to wait for an answer,' he said, thrusting a note into Meredith's hand.

A feeling of relief passed over Meredith as he read the message; then he hurried back to discuss its contents with Millicent.

A few minutes later, led by the boy who had brought the note, he was on his way to the place where John Rogers lay.

A long pause succeeded the meeting of the two men. It seemed as if each were waiting for the other to show his hand. At length Meredith spoke.

'You sent for me,' he said calmly.

'Yes,' replied John Rogers. 'I want you to explain your presence in the strong-room with my daughter last night.'

The audacity of the demand astonished Meredith, but in no way abashed him. He had his plan of action ready. 'Much time will be saved,' he said, 'if you will hand me over your keys now.'

'My keys! What do you mean?'

'I mean that I want to place this'—and he stooped and picked up the handbag that was lying on the grass—'in the strong-room. It is much too valuable to be in your sole charge. Besides, it is not well that a stranger should have to carry it. It is very heavy.'

An ugly scowl passed over the face of the injured man, and for a few moments he was silent. Then he suddenly dived his hand into his pocket and threw the keys on the ground.

Meredith picked them up and held them loosely in his fingers. He was thinking of Millicent, and of how glad she would be if the whole of the horrible affair could be kept secret.

'I am willing to return them to you on one condition,' he said.

'What is it?' inquired John Rogers impatiently.

'That in exchange for them you place in my hands your unconditional resignation of the position you hold in the bank.'

An expression impossible to read appeared in the man's face. Perhaps he realised the generosity of the terms.

'You shall have it,' he replied, 'as soon as ever I am able to write; only, for Heaven's sake bring me a doctor. I am in great pain.'

THE END.

THE LAST MATCH OF THE SEASON.

A FANTASY.

By JULIAN KINGSTEAD.



It was the last match of the season, and the Champion County had won within ten minutes of time. Some of the old fogies in the pavilion, we are told, put it down to the spin of the coin on the first day; others thought of the days of the 'Three Graces,' and remembered when those mighty brethren could have faced together almost the whole world. They

sigh, do these critics of our National Game, and recall with sadness the Eton and Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge, and Gentlemen and Players matches in which they themselves took part.

Perhaps you know the ground where this great contest has taken place; it is one of the quickest scoring, and—so old Parsons the groundsman (was he not the great Tykeshire bowler in the seventies?) will tell you—possesses the best-turfed cricket-pitch

in all England. Surely it was Parsons of whom the famous anecdote was told: 'And how, pray,' asked an American, 'do you get these magnificent wickets? I guess we haven't much of this kind in the States.' Said Parsons, 'Well, sorr, we jist mows and rolls, and then we mows and rolls again, and we jist keeps the grass growin' there, sorr, for three hundred years, maybe. That's how we does it, sorr!'

But see how deserted the old ground is now—this ground where the last match of the season has been played! The benches are almost empty. One or two loiterers stroll across the grass to the roped-in pitch, and gaze with wonder and admiration—nay, with something akin to reverence—upon the few yards of green where so many contests have been fought and won, where so lately over succeeded over, run followed run, and the destiny of the Champion County lay undecided in the hands of fate. The crowds have long ago poured out of the great gates; a few pros. are taking whisky-and-soda with each other and good friends at the buffet; old Parsons starts to drag along his big roller; and the little man to whom 'you pay as you go in' saunters up towards the pav., informing Mr Parsons, if you please, that it is the record taking for ten years.

Such is the picture outside. Inside the pavilion are the rival teams. The captains are chatting over old times. The waiters and hired waiters, the cooks, bottle-washers, and what-nots, are scurrying to and fro, breaking plates innumerable, to prepare for the great banquet this evening. For the organisers of the Sparkleton Cricket Week are bowling out the season with a fine dinner, and—so the *Wessex and East Anglian Gazette* has it—the function is to be presided over by none less than that enthusiastic supporter of cricket, the Right Hon. the Marquis of Carabas.

Come, then, my friend, for we are invited. Let us don our evening-dress, let us hunt up all our books of cricket-lore that we may be *au fait* with our surroundings, and let us bide in good time and a hired barouche to the table of my Lord Carabas.

In the pavilion the diners have dined and the tables are set for dessert. 'Gentlemen, you may smoke.' The usual loyal toasts have been duly honoured, as the newspapers put it, and the little, old, wiry captain of the Rest of England XI. rises amid the acclamations of every one.

'I give you a toast,' you will hear him say, 'the toast of those players who have gone before. I drink to the health of old friends and foemen in the field. I raise my glass to the memory of great contests—willow and leather, flannels and stumps; to the memory of great struggles, great finishes, great victories; to the memory of all those great batsmen and bowlers whose prowess has been both the terror and admiration of their opponents.'

And so the time goes on. There are some ninety and nine diners, and there are many speakers.

There is one who rises now. He is a young cricketer. He played for his school and his 'varsity: a man whose strength is in his strong arms, the arms that wield the willow; a man who is a judge and a critic of the game, the scion of a noble house that has learnt for years to command, and whose command means law and the judgment of a sound mind. He is scarcely five-and-twenty, but he captains the Winning County. As he speaks a great hush falls upon the listeners, for his words sound ominous and rouse memories of times long ago.

'Where,' he is saying, 'are all the great players of the past? Have we an Alfred Mynn to-day, a Lockyer, or a George Parr? Or, again, do any of our cricketers approach old William Beldham, the last of the Hambledon Club, who coupled his name with England against an opponent team, and who made seventy-two in his old age against the fastest bowler in England? I call up the mighty dead: Fuller Pilch, William Lambert, the veteran Frederick William Lillywhite, and that noble Englishman "the active Earl of Tankerville"—they will bear me witness; this is the time of batsmen's wickets, of easy run-getting, of increasing scores, and yet there is not one man alive to-day to equal the great players of the past.'

As he speaks the scene fades from my eyes, and suddenly, as it were, I find myself seated in a chair upon the pavilion steps. Behind me a half-drawn blind shows the room where I was lately ensconced. The captain standing at the table is still speaking, and as I look at him through the closed window, but hear nothing, his words—those despairing words of a moment ago—still ring in my ears: 'There is not one man alive to-day to equal the great players of the past.'

I start with remembrance, and look round again. In the bright moonlight I can see across the ground; and as I look I stare, half-amused, half-curious, at a sight which spreads itself before me. It all seems quite natural, quite expected. You will see it also, my friend. This is the picture. There are fifteen men altogether standing upon the grass, and their white flannels and silks shine in the moonlight. I see them take up their positions. I see the umpire's hand drop as he stands aside. I see a great stalwart cricketer lift his bat, and such another spin along to deliver the ball he holds. And then a cry goes up, and I know that I am not alone at this great contest. I scan the faces of the players and those in the pavilion waiting their turn at the wickets, and it seems only right that I should know them. Look, my friend, who is there to-night. There are the three Graces, and there are Lord Harris, A. Lyttelton, A. G. Steel, Shaw, and Morley—these on one side; and on the other, the veteran W. L. Murdoch, Bannerman, Bonner, and Boyle, and the great Blackham behind the sticks. It is an epoch-making match. 'Who are they and what are they doing?' you will ask. I will tell you. This is the first of those greatest contests we Englishmen see

to-day—phantom cricket—England *versus* Australia in 1880, and the heroes of it are the two captains.

How well I recall it! The match seems to last for ages and yet to pass through in scarce more than a moment! There is the truly magnificent score of England: Grace's 152 out of 420; poor 'G. F.'s' 'pair of spectacles'—but he made up for them by that renowned catch in the long field which disposed of the giant Bonner. It was the last big match he played before his death—the bowling of Shaw and Steel, the Australian follow-on, their wonderful second innings' score, and the still more wonderful score of the captain; then England again, the sudden rot with five wickets down and scarcely ten times as many runs; Grace again; and then—

Hark, a wonderful cry goes up! The winning hit has been made. The game is finished, and England has won the first test-match! England has won! England has won! The umpires lift the balls, and I see a great phantom crowd surge on to the field and in front of the pavilion to do honour to the Grand Old Man whose victory it is. Again a mighty cry goes up, the cry of the great sport-loving English people: 'Bravo, sir!' And they press round their 'W. G.', eager, if may be, even so much as to touch the bat with which he made his runs. And then, as I look, those

words of the young captain force themselves with persistency upon my ears: 'There is not one man alive to-day to equal the great players of the past.' I jump from my seat and run with the crowd to greet the hero. Once more there is a glorious cry—and then a clink of glasses.

I am still seated at the dinner-table, and the voices of the speakers have awakened me from my reverie. Hush! The noble Marquis of Carabas is standing up, and he smiles as he raises his glass towards the veteran who sits upon his right. You must know this great stalwart veteran. He is tall, magnificent, and broad-shouldered, and his great beard, once so black, is known to thirty million people in the land. Need I say more? The last match of the season has been played, and we raise our glasses in honour of the National Game and him who is the doyen of it still. 'There is not one man alive to-day to equal the great players of the past,' said one. Heaven forbid! My friend, we have yet with us the greatest of them all.

'Gentlemen, I give you our National Game, coupled with the name of Mr W. G. Grace!'

Again that clink of glasses, and then:

'Mr Grace!' says one.

'W. G.!' says another.

'W. G. Grace!'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE.



THE small percentage of people who realise what an appalling thing it is that the infantile mortality of this country is so frightfully in excess of what it ought to be, will be interested to learn of the efforts

which are being made in northern France to combat this evil. It cannot be too often repeated that this frightful massacre of innocents is almost entirely due to the crass ignorance of mothers. The British Consul at Havre, in his recently issued annual report, gives an interesting account of the work of the societies called *Ceuvres de la Goutte de Lait*. These beneficent societies have at heart the welfare of the children of France, whether they be those of the poorer class or the richer folk, but necessarily they are particularly concerned with the babes of working people, for among this class the greatest ignorance and carelessness, and therefore the highest mortality, are found. The societies in the first place encourage, by every means in their power, the natural breast-feeding of infants, and give good teaching and advice as to the necessity of cleanliness in all matters connected with the child's upbringing. Then, where it is found that hand-feeding only is practicable, the societies provide an easy means of obtaining good, pure, sterilised milk. Each child, as soon as

it comes under the care of one of these societies, is definitely and systematically taken in hand. It is weighed every week, all its symptoms and requirements carefully noted, and the right amount of food portioned out to it. Every day the mother or guardian of the child is provided with a number of sealed bottles, each containing a suitable meal for the babe. Exactly the same attention is given to the case whether the child is the offspring of the richest or the poorest inhabitant; but the very poor people pay only one penny a day for the supply of milk and all the care and attention which the societies bestow, while the children of the richer class receive the same treatment for a daily payment of sevenpence halfpenny. There is a middle class, comprising the well-to-do working people, who pay at the rate of threepence a day for the same advantages. The societies are aided by the State or the Municipality, and by annual subscriptions and donations. The first of these societies originated at Fécamp in 1894, and now there is one or more in practically every town in Normandy. There are three at Havre, having in hand an average of four hundred infants. It is reported that the mortality from enteritis has been reduced in children under the care of the societies from 12 or 14 per cent. to 2 or 3 per cent. Truly a remarkable result, and one which amply justifies the Consul's contention that there is great scope for

such work as this in a world where some three million children are murdered every year by the ignorance and carelessness of their mothers.

DRY FARMING.

There are vast tracts of country throughout the world where it has always been believed no vegetation of a useful kind could be induced to grow because of the lack of rain. Vast sums of money have been expended in big irrigation schemes for bringing water from places where it is plentiful to those drier regions in order to encourage the growth of valuable crops for the food of man. Yet in most of these places vegetation of some kind exists and flourishes without any artificial aid, and it has been contended for many years by Mr Campbell of Lincoln, Nebraska, that where such things as sage-brush, cactus-plants, yacca, and greasewood will grow, the foods suitable to the requirements of man may also be made to flourish under the same conditions. Moreover, according to a highly interesting article by Mr John Cowart in *The Century Illustrated* magazine, Mr Campbell has proved his point. In numbers of places in arid America he has produced most remarkable results without the aid of any artificial irrigation. His method consists in a very careful treatment of the soil, always with a view to conserving to the utmost possible extent every particle of moisture which grudging nature bestows upon it. The surface of the soil is kept always loose and finely pulverised in such a way as to allow the free percolation of rains and melted snows to the harder soils beneath, and at the same time destroy the capillary attraction which ordinarily brings the moisture to the surface and allows it to disperse itself in the hot, dry air above. Below this layer of finely pulverised earth, the soil is compacted to increase its capillary attraction and water-holding capacity, so that it is in the best possible condition for the germination of seeds and the growth of roots. It is claimed for this method of dry farming that by its means an annual rainfall of twelve inches will produce as good results as twenty-four inches by the ordinary farm methods; but it is not denied that dry farming calls for the exercise of keen intelligence and watchfulness, and for much labour. Still, these things are possible of attainment where very often water cannot be had at any price, and if all that is claimed for it be true, dry farming should be a message of hope to many an almost despairing settler.

THE CHICAGO STOCK-YARDS.

The horror and indignation which has been felt in all parts of the civilised world at the highly sensational newspaper reports, and the descriptions in a recent work of fiction, of the methods which prevail in the meat-canning industry at Chicago should be mitigated to a great extent by the report of the committee appointed to examine into the truth of the statements. As an addition to their complete report, the committee have recently issued

a supplement in which they give quotations from the *Jungle* and from the *Lancet*, and append to each quotation their own comments upon the paragraph after having visited and most carefully inspected the scenes of the scandal. The committee went unannounced to all the stock-yards and canning-sheds in Chicago, and they were allowed to pass freely wherever they wished, as indeed, it seems, all visitors have always been able to do. The report appears, on the face of it, to be the work of unbiassed, thoughtful men. Probably many who have read the works in question will, remembering some of the statements, be quite prepared to hear that they are not substantiated by an unprejudiced committee. The cold, unemotional alternation of quotation and comment throughout this pamphlet is very telling, and leaves the reader with the impression that the reports have been grossly and deliberately exaggerated with intentional purpose. Summed up, it would seem that conditions almost as bad as the descriptions paint them did actually exist here and there in some of the smaller canning-houses of Chicago, and that these isolated instances have been collected from all the corners of the city and quoted as applying generally to the conditions of the entire trade of Chicago. It is putting the case mildly to say that this form of generalisation is unfair.

PLANTS UNDER CHLOROPFORM.

A very curious announcement is reported in a recent issue of the *English American*, to the effect that one of the professors of the University of Copenhagen has been making a number of experiments with plants subjected to the narcotising influence of ether and chloroform. The professor's plan appears to be as follows: He first sends the plants into a condition which is described as being in all respects analogous to lethargic sleep, wherein they remain for a considerable period, during which time they are laid aside. When they ultimately revive from this condition of sleep they are said to begin to bud and flourish in remarkable profusion. It is further remarked that the known physiology of plants does not explain the phenomenon, but that those who have seen the results of the experiments testify to their reality. It will surprise most people to hear that the word 'anesthesia' can be applied to plants at all, and it is not easy to conjure up a vision of a plant in a lethargic sleep or to realise the nature of its awakening. The whole report is so very curious that we await with interest the arrival of further particulars. Perhaps, however, they will not come.

DRY MILK.

From time to time various processes have been proposed for freeing the essential constituents of milk from the water which ordinarily holds them in suspension, the idea being that this valuable food, when reduced to a dry form, might be safely transported from place to place without the grave danger of extraneous contamination from which it,

in the liquid form, too often suffers. In the ideal dry milk, it should suffice for the user simply to add an amount of water consistent with that which the manufacturers have removed to produce a quantity of perfect milk indistinguishable from the original. The various processes which have aimed at securing this desirable result have fallen far short of the ideal. Many of them depended upon heat for the evaporation of the water; but heat alters the character of the milk, and the resultant powder, even when very finely pulverised, is not entirely soluble in water. In one of the processes milk is sprayed upon revolving metal rollers heated to a temperature sufficient almost instantaneously to drive off the water and leave the milk in the form of a dry skin, which is removed by scrapers and afterwards powdered. The *Scientific American* publishes a description of a new process for producing dry milk without the aid of a temperature sufficient to alter its character. The process aims at the reduction of the now almost useless skim-milk to a powder, which, when mixed with water, forms a highly valuable food. As everybody knows, the temperature at which any liquid will boil bears a direct relation to the pressure of the atmosphere or other surrounding medium. At the top of a high mountain water boils at a much lower temperature than that with which we are familiar, and in the partial vacuum produced by an air-pump the boiling-point is still further reduced. In the process under review full advantage is taken of this principle, and although a temperature of only 105° Fahr. is employed, the milk boils violently, and is rapidly reduced to a dry form, while its chemical properties remain unaltered. The final drying is accomplished in pans subjected to a blast of cool, dry air, and the resultant crust is then powdered in a revolving cylinder containing a number of porcelain balls, which reduce the milk to a fine flour. It is not contended that the milk reconstituted from this flour by the mere addition of water is quite equal to pure fresh milk, but it nevertheless is of high value, especially for cooking purposes. It is only about one-tenth the weight and bulk of liquid milk, and among the several advantages which it possesses may be mentioned the fact that it is difficult of adulteration. It is obvious, for instance, that it cannot be mixed with water by unscrupulous vendors without immediate detection.

LIQUID LENSES.

It is reported that a Hungarian chemist who has been experimenting for many years in the production of optical lenses has at last succeeded in evolving a new process in place of the solid glass hitherto utilised. He uses two shells of comparatively thin glass, enclosing a liquid of high refractive index between them. This is in reality an application of the old experiment in which a pair of watch-glasses placed together and filled with water are made to perform, very imperfectly, the functions of a glass lens. It is to be presumed that the value of

the invention lies in the character of the liquid employed, for there is nothing essentially new in the idea. No particulars are given as to the character of this liquid, but it is at once apparent that it must possess a number of necessary characteristics if it is to perform the work expected of it. It is said that the new lenses can be manufactured far more cheaply than those of solid glass, and that they compare favourably with glass lenses in their optical properties. It would appear that all the familiar troubles, such as spherical and chromatic aberration, can be successfully combated by the new method, which is believed to be applicable to practically all the optical instruments which at present depend upon glass. The new invention should be especially valuable in connection with telescopic work, for the cost of the huge object-glasses for large instruments is a matter whose difficulty increases enormously as larger sizes are attempted. It is believed that the new liquid lens could with comparative ease be made in larger sizes than can possibly be obtained in solid glass with the necessary homogeneity. It is reported that a number of the new lenses are already in process of manufacture, and the optical world will await with interest further news of them.

LIVING PICTURES OF LIVING PLANTS.

As a part of an American educational campaign, an interesting experiment has been tried in the epitomising, as it were, all the life-history of a plant within the duration of an animated photograph. Thus the familiar Oriental story of the mango-plant which grows to maturity in a few minutes under the spectator's eyes is to be made a reality for the children of the West. The miracle, however, is of easy explanation. In the making of an ordinary animated picture a large number of separate and distinct photographs are taken consecutively on a travelling band of celluloid, at the rate of some sixteen every second, and in the reproduction of the picture the separate images are thrown upon a lantern-screen in the same order and at the same rate of speed. It will be remembered that the blending of these images in the spectator's eyes, which are incapable of perceiving them separately at such a speed, results in the production of the illusion of a single picture instinct with life and motion. In photographing the life-history of a growing plant the separate pictures are taken at a comparatively long interval of time—about one picture an hour—so that the complete exposure will embrace the appearance of the first tiny shoot above the soil, and the entire growth of the plant until it flowers and seeds and withers. A few hundred photographic exposures will cover the entire cycle, and produce a film which, projected at the ordinary rate, will occupy only a few minutes of the student's time. In these few minutes he will observe the actual growth of the plant and its every change and movement—the whole story of its life compressed

into two or three minutes. The practical difficulties in accomplishing this work successfully are many, but certainly not insuperable. How far the educational value of the thing will justify the means remains to be seen.

ALCOHOL AND AGRICULTURE.

The fact that alcohol is looked upon by so many persons as a liquid to be imbibed at any and every opportunity is regarded by many other persons as a matter for lamentation. Quite apart from the point of view of these latter good people, the tendency of the former is to be regretted on the ground that it very seriously hinders the utility of alcohol for other and more legitimate purposes. Were it not necessary, for instance, to surround this spirit with so many restrictions, it would be very largely used instead of petrol for internal combustion engines of all kinds. The sweet-scented air of the country lanes and the less savoury, though equally valuable, air of town streets would not be poisoned with the fumes of partially consumed petroleum, and many valuable products now regarded as waste could be made to do much useful work in the service of man. Agricultural machinery driven by engines of the type used in motor-cars are being constantly introduced, but the cost of petrol, and more especially the difficulty of transporting such a dangerously inflammable substance long distances to outlying farms, stand in the way of their use. These engines could be driven quite as easily and effectually with alcohol, which the farmer could make on the spot from materials which would cost practically nothing if the restrictions of the Inland Revenue people could only be removed. According to a number of extensive tests made in Germany, engines driven by alcohol produce an average of 20 per cent. more power than when gasoline is the motive-agent; and it has also been proved that the exhaust gases under these conditions are far less obnoxious. It is believed that alcohol motors will prove an immense benefit to farmers, especially in the vast western regions of America, where the cost of transport of petroleum necessarily prohibits its extensive use. Here spirit can be readily made from the beetroot, which forms one of the farmer's crops, and made so cheaply that it may be used not only for the farmer's agricultural operations where motor-power can be so successfully employed, but also for pumping water for irrigation purposes.

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS.

The wants of primitive man, beyond the satisfaction of hunger and thirst, seem to have been easily supplied. The wants and necessities of civilised man grow with the progress of the race. The catalogues of the various articles supplied by such Universal Providers as Whiteley, the Army and Navy, or Harrod's (Brompton Road, London) are wonderful and bewildering in the variety of articles offered, and eclipse, in number at least, any Eastern bazaar that ever existed. Harrod's list forms a

volume of over one thousand three hundred pages, every page making an appeal to our needs, or tempting us with the luxuries and superfluities of life. One can order a tombstone or a library; arrange for a box at a theatre or accident assurance; for a funeral, cremation, or embalming; as well as Sunday's dinner. The thousand-and-one useful things are there, with beverages, eatables, clothing, furniture, and some things with names that require explanation, like kyl-kol, lypsy, luxette, and zox. The small dealer does not like this huge agglomeration under one management, and now and again gets starved out; but such emporiums are a creation of our time, meet a public want, and have come to stay.

HOW TO TELL BAD COIN.

A correspondent sends this statement made by the foreman of the jury at the trial of a coinage case at the Old Bailey recently. He said, 'If the authorities will accept a suggestion from twelve business men who have, during the year, to deal with considerable amounts of silver coin, there is a most simple way to detect a base coin immediately. It is by taking the suspected coin between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, and with a good coin held between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, sharply to rub the "grained" edges of the coins together, when the metal of the spurious coin will almost at once slave off; and we think it is one that the public ought to be made aware of.' The foreman added that he had written to three Chancellors of the Exchequer pointing out to them that they should not deprive the public of this simple test by continuing to issue crown and threepenny pieces without 'grained' edges. The Common Serjeant, after making a personal test, said that he quite agreed with the suggestion of the jury that its usefulness ought to be known.

NATURE'S EMBRACE.


Across the valley, mountain-girt, a peak
Of regal pose, whose snowy brow is tinged
Incarnadine at blush of dawn, and fringed
At eve by lingering kiss with saffron streak,
Till, plunged in night, he looms with stoic mien,
Musing through space with lucent spheres serene.

A shimmering mere his shy nocturnal queen,
Clasping with glistening arms his giant girth,
Till, kiss'd at dewy dawn, her morning mirth
Mirrors his majesty in silver sheen,
Where smiles his rugged visage, flocks of gold
The airy thoughts that cross his forehead cold.

FITZGERALD LANE.

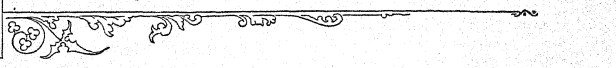
* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 389 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Postical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



CAPTAIN KENT'S COMMISSION.*

By W. VICTOR COOK.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

SIGNAL for a pilot,' ordered Captain Kent.

While the ensign fluttered to the mast-head he looked long and rather anxiously through his glass at a distant expanse of flat islands pierced with navigable channels. In the month of March 1862 mariners coming from a four months' voyage did not know what might be going forward in the port of Charleston, South Carolina.

'Well, captain, and what do you think?'

The sailor looked round, and met a questioning gaze from deep-brown eyes. He measured six feet of wiry Kentucky manhood, but the brown eyes were not so far below his own that he need bend his head. In the face of the beautiful girl who spoke, the rich tints of health were softened by a certain languor that hinted at tropical climes.

'You don't think it promises well,' she said. 'You need not tell me. And I am so sick of this old ship of yours!' She turned and leaned on the rail, watching the distant land.

Captain Kent shrugged his shoulders, though the quick blood sprang to his cheeks. Four months with those brown eyes could scarce pass without leaving some trace in the emotions of a sailor not yet in his thirtieth year. He glanced aloft at the bellying canvas that had brought the bark *Sebastian* through four months of riotous ocean from far Colombo.

'Tell me, do you think the port is open?' said the young lady imperiously.

'Frankly, Miss Maddison, I don't. It looks like a blockade. There is no shipping about, and no sign of a pilot-cutter; and, if I am not mistaken,

that fellow bearing down on us yonder is a Federal cruiser.'

'But we're under the British flag,' the lady objected.

'But we've got American tongues in our heads, and I guess the British flag won't help us any if the Federals hold up the *Sebastian*.'

'What do you advise?'

'I would say, run for St John. We can't afford to be boarded.'

'I would give ten thousand dollars to be able to land. Are you afraid to try?' There was scornful impatience in the girl's tone.

The big Kentuckian's eyes flashed a moment, but his reply was in a steady voice, though his drawl lengthened: 'No, I guess I ain't afraid, Miss Maddison. Only, I tell you, you will lose your fortune if the Federals catch us. We can't give the slip to a fast frigate in our present trim, with her sides all covered with barnacles. It is your venture, and what you order I will stand to. But it is my duty to warn you, and I say, put to sea again before it is too late.'

'And I say, land me right here, Captain Kent,' said she. 'Ah! what is that?'

A white puff rose in the bows of the oncoming frigate, and a dull boom came across the water.

'That means "Heave to, or we'll smash you,"' said Captain Kent, setting his teeth hard.

'Put about,' ordered the proud beauty.

Captain Kent cried an order to the man at the wheel, another to his mate; and as a second puff came from the frigate, and a shot churned into the water a hundred yards ahead, the *Sebastian* swung into stays and ran back in her tracks.

In quick succession three more shots boomed from the frigate. A splinter from the third stretched the steersman bleeding on the poop. Captain Kent sprang to the wheel, and held the bark on her course.

*The sailing-ship *Emily St Pierre* was actually recaptured from the Federalist navy during the Civil War under circumstances very similar—eliminating the purely romantic incidents—to those set forth in this romance.

'They are walking up to us. In a few minutes they will sink us, Miss Maddison,' he drawled.

The lady still leaned on the rail. Her glance travelled from the ship astern to the groaning seaman on the deck. Then she looked the skipper steadily in the eyes. A sixth shot struck the water close alongside, smothering the decks of the bark with spray.

'Heave to,' she said.

A quarter of an hour later an officer in uniform boarded the *Sebastian*, while his men lay on their oars in their boat.

'Lieutenant Munroe, sir, Federal flagship *Florida*,' he said curtly as he returned the bow of Captain Kent. 'Your papers, sir.'

The captain of the *Sebastian* showed his ship's papers, which the officer examined attentively on the deck of the bark. The lady drew near, watching the process somewhat scornfully. The lieutenant gazed up at her more than once with unrestrained admiration.

'Who is the lady?' he demanded at last.

'The lady is my wife, sir.' The question had been anticipated, and the answer arranged with the consent of his passenger; but Captain Kent's tan deepened as he said the word.

The officer bowed low. 'Captain, allow me to offer you my congratulations,' he said. 'We will search the ship, beginning with your cabin.'

'As you please.'

Lieutenant Munroe folded the papers and returned them.

'Bark *Sebastian*, eight hundred and eighty-four tons, alleged to hail from Liverpool; managing owners, Stoner, Holmtree, & Co.; from Calcutta and Colombo for Charleston with gunny-bags,' he repeated with more than a suspicion of incredulity. Stepping to the side, he gave an order to his boat's crew, who rowed round to the stern of the *Sebastian*. Then he followed Captain Kent.

'Nice, safe cargo, gunny-bags,' he commented as they entered the hold. 'No fear of rolling loose and breaking a hole in her side—eh, captain? Ah! what's all this?' He stopped opposite a row of small barrels.

'Sulphure,' said Captain Kent.

'I do not find it written in the bond,' said the lieutenant. He ostentatiously lighted a cigar in close proximity to one of the barrels, watching his companion out of the corner of his eye. But the tall skipper of the *Sebastian* regarded the proceeding with an air of complete indifference.

'What does this blue chalk-mark mean?' asked the lieutenant, pointing with the red end of his cigar to a sign on one of the barrels.

'Eh?' said Captain Kent. 'Purified charcoal.'

'Guess we'll have a look at some of that charcoal,' said the lieutenant.

He prised up the top of the barrel and held the light close. For perhaps half a minute he stood staring into the little barrel. Then, still speechless, he looked in the face of Captain Kent, and

back again into the barrel. At last he found his voice again, and spoke slowly in a tone almost awe-struck.

'What do you figure that your—purified charcoal is worth, captain?'

'Two and a half million dollars,' answered Captain Kent. 'It is the private property of—my wife.'

'Ah!' The lieutenant put his hand gingerly into the barrel, but Captain Kent grasped his arm.

'Sir!'

'I guess you are right, captain,' said the officer. 'Close up your charcoal-box.'

The remaining examination was quickly over, and the two returned on deck.

'I must take you aboard the *Florida* with me,' said the lieutenant.

'Sir,' said Captain Kent, 'as master of a British ship, trading in lawful goods, I demand, if the port is blocked, permission from your Admiral to proceed to St John, New Brunswick. By what right under the law of nations do you detain me?'

'I must refer you to my superiors, captain. As for my right, it rests on the *Florida's* guns.'

Captain Kent shrugged, and gave the order to anchor. Then he accompanied the lieutenant to his boat.

For two hours he waited under guard on the upper deck of the Federal flagship. The distant boom of cannon came at intervals over the water from the low, wooded shore. At last Lieutenant Munroe returned up the companion, and approaching him, bowed stiffly.

'I am to inform you, captain, that the Admiral has decided to seize your vessel.'

'Upon what grounds?'

'Upon the grounds, first, that she carries contraband of war—to wit, a hundred barrels of gunpowder; secondly, that her British registration is not *bona fide*, that many things marked Charleston have been found on board, and that the name Charleston has been scraped off her stern.'

'I protest!'

'I am further to inform you that the *Sebastian* is ordered to Philadelphia under my command, and that you are invited to take passage thither in her.'

'As a prisoner?'

Lieutenant Munroe spread out his hands.

'At least you will allow my wife to land with her property?'

'I regret that that is not possible.'

'Does your Federal navy, then, make war on women?'

'Women who travel the high seas in a Confederate ship with two and a half million dollars of jewellery, in company with a hundred barrels of gunpowder, and married to a Kentucky skipper with a drawl as long as a lead-line!' said the lieutenant dryly. 'Confess, captain, that the lady is not your wife.'

Captain Kent sized up his man with a search-

ing look. The officer, who had a strong, square jaw and steady gray eyes, impressed him not unfavourably.

'As I am to be your prisoner, I will admit that she is not,' he said.

'Two and a half million dollars,' the lieutenant remarked reflectively, 'would be of great assistance just now to the Confederate army. I think, captain, it would be safer for the young lady not to risk losing it at Charleston. The Admiral is of the same opinion.'

Captain Kent said no more, but vowed in his soul that not a cent of the wealth should find its way into Federal coffers. He was relieved to know that the lieutenant had mentioned the matter of the jewels to the Admiral, as not only did it prove that he was a man of honour, but the fact that he had been trusted by his Admiral to carry the captured vessel to Philadelphia showed him to be one upon whose integrity his superiors relied. Captain Kent realised that he had to deal with a man who would not prove easy to trifle with, and as they rowed back to the bark his brain was busy with many devices.

Miss Maddison stood watching by the rail as they climbed aboard again. Her dark eyes turned expectantly upon the lieutenant as he approached her, bowing low.

'Madam, it is my unpleasant duty to say that for

the moment you are a prisoner. I have been entrusted to convey this ship to Philadelphia, where an inquiry will be held by the proper authorities. In the meantime, I beg that, so far as I can be of service to you, you will command me.'

The girl inclined her head in haughty submission, and darted at the Kentuckian a glance of angry accusation.

'I understand perfectly,' said she to the lieutenant.

The ship's company of the *Sebastian* was transferred to the frigate, and Lieutenant Munroe, with a mate and a prize crew of twelve seamen, took charge. Besides the prisoners, only the steward (an Irish lad) and the cook (a fat German) were left of the bark's equipment.

In an hour from the taking over of the prize the anchor was weighed and the *Sebastian* flew northward. Captain Kent, standing solitary astern, watched the low islands of the Carolina shore die into horizon mists. The bright-green wake of the bark stretched steadily away to the southward behind her, straight as a line. In a week she would be a prize in Philadelphia harbour. Gripping the rail with both hands so hard that the skin showed white with the strain, Captain Kent swore deeply within himself that he would never set foot in that city alive.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE AND POLITICS.



ONE of the most interesting features of the new Parliament is the number of literary personages it contains. The previous Parliament possessed some half-dozen at the most; to-day the House of Commons contains at

least a dozen writers of established reputation. It is always a moot question whether the literary worker is well advised in seeking parliamentary distinction. Dickens resisted the temptation from the first, and Thackeray was satisfied with his unsuccessful contest at Oxford. There are those who contend that the great author cannot be at the same time the great politician. The antithesis may be variously set down. It may, for example, be argued that the writer and the speaker use gifts that are nearly always mutually exclusive; and there is much to support such a contention. Of course, literary men have always existed in the House of Commons; but, with two possible exceptions, it may be doubted if ever the same individual achieved the highest distinction both as statesman and man of letters. Those exceptions are the profound Burke and the brilliant Earl of Beaconsfield, the two attaining coequal eminence in both spheres.

Nevertheless, literature has always been worthily represented in the British Houses of Parliament,

and never more so than in recent times; one has only to recall the names of Rosebery, Balfour, Morley, Bryce, Gladstone, Wyndham, Dilke, O'Connor, Parker, &c., to realise how worthily. Mr Morley in his monograph on Burke says: 'The story is told that in the time when Burke was still at peace with the Dissenters he visited Priestley; and after seeing his library and his laboratory, and hearing how his host's hours were given to experiment and meditation, he exclaimed that such a life must make him the happiest and most to be envied of men. It must sometimes have occurred to Burke to wonder whether he had made the right choice when he locked away the fragments of his *History* and plunged into the torment of party and Parliament.' Mr Morley's comment was probably the unconscious confession of his own secret heart. Mr George Wyndham's connection with letters is not perhaps so widely known, although he is passionately devoted to literature. He has written verse—which has not yet been printed—and prose, of which his best-known work is his introduction to North's *Plutarch*, published in the Tudor translations. It is a finished and scholarly performance, lucidly written, with a great charm of style and a thorough mastery of the subject. Mr Wyndham is also an authority upon Shakespeare, and has edited an

edition of the Sonnets. His writing, like his oratory, is prone to purple patches, and yet hides the secret of most felicitous phrasing. His description of the Liberal Opposition in the last Parliament as a 'piebald party with a patchwork programme' was an almost inspired taunt.

In the new House of Commons the list of writers can be considerably lengthened. At least six or seven authors of repute rose on the crest of the Liberal victory at the late election, and now find a place in the 'mother of Parliaments.'

Of these, Mr Hilaire Belloc—most delightful of *causeurs*—is perhaps the most interesting. He enjoys the distinction of having been called one of the 'three cleverest young men in London,' Max Beerbohm and G. K. Chesterton completing the happy triumvirate. Mr Belloc—whose mother was a well-known writer (*née* Bessie Rayner Parkes) and a descendant of Dr Priestley—was educated at the Edward Oratory School, Edgbaston, and afterwards won a first-class in the Honours History Schools at Balliol. Before taking up literature he served as a driver in the Eighth Regiment of French Artillery at Toul, Meurthe-et-Moselle. Led by his love of history and his French blood, he, as a result of his first studies, produced some charming volumes of biography dealing with leading actors in that world-drama the French Revolution. Since then he has earned distinction in various branches of literature. His book called *The Path to Rome*, descriptive of long tramps to the Eternal City, is full of hilarious humour. It abounds, too, in beautiful pen-vignettes drawn by the quiet eye that sees below the surface of things and takes in everywhere the glories of the world and of life. One of the most pleasing things about the literary work of Mr Belloc is its fertility in the unexpected. From history to poetry and from poetry to travel he flashes like an intermittent star. It was inevitable that his versatile and roving pen should sooner or later turn to fiction, and his first novel, *Mr Burden*, created quite a furor in the ranks of the reviewers. No one was quite sure what the book was intended to teach, but the reader is lifted on a ground-swell of humour that defies criticism. His last book, *Esto Perpetua*, a collection of Algerian studies and impressions, is a book of ideas made alive. Mr Belloc's best style—and he seldom falls below it—is characterised by that purity and sense of form which gives the writer an assured place among men of letters. His parliamentary career promises to be no less successful. His début in the House revealed unsuspected resources—a tongue of silver in addition to a pen of gold.

Mr Alfred Ed. Woodley Mason is another literary recruit to legislation. He is a novelist pure and simple. His first book, *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, published in 1896, has been followed at regular intervals by quite a galaxy of novels all written in the same vein of pure, idiomatic English. His most famous are *The Four Feathers* and *The Truants*, the former being an extremely brilliant psychological study. In *Parson Kelly* he

collaborated with Mr Andrew Lang. Mr Mason's reputation has been enhanced by almost every succeeding book, until now his literary admirers must be very much larger than the population which he represents in Parliament. His interest in politics was not suspected until quite recently; and his first speech surprised his most intimate friends by developing a splendid platform style. During the first session in Parliament he managed to catch the Speaker's eye, and his maiden speech in the House was delivered without the least betrayal of that nervous tremor with which maiden speeches are traditionally associated. It was a perfect triumph of coolness, and showed facile adaptation to parliamentary usages. Mr Mason is only forty-one years of age, so that the future promises a rich harvest of honour and success.

Mr Herbert Paul was a political force long before he entered Parliament. He was an old *Saturday Reviewer* in the days of that journal's terrible strength, and wrote brilliant leaders for the *Daily News*. At Oxford he was president of the Union. His *History of Modern England*, beginning with the downfall of Sir Robert Peel in 1846, was one of the notable books of 1904. Reviewing the work, Mr G. W. E. Russell said: 'Whatever else this book does or fails to do, it establishes Mr Paul. Henceforward people may like or dislike him, enjoy his sarcasm or flinch from it, admire his style or condemn it, share his political theories or denounce them as compact of prejudice and illusion; but they can scarcely deny that he is one of the eminent men of the day. Ever since he got his brilliant First at Oxford he has been known as a "promising" man; he has now fulfilled his promise.' Mr Paul's latest undertaking was a *Life of Froude*. He brings to St Stephen's great historic erudition, wide grasp of politics, and a keen intellect, with a ghoulish greed of epigram. He has the secret of putting sarcasm into the smallest measures. This terseness of tongue adds to the strength of concentration and secures him against counter-attacks. It is easy to criticise a speech and to tear holes in diffuse sentences; but to hurt an epigram is almost as difficult as to kill a microbe. Smallness is at once its strength and its security. If Mr Paul continues to develop this faculty in the future as in the past his political epitaph may read, 'Epigrammatist to the Liberal Party.'

Mr Charles F. G. Masterman, literary editor of the *Daily News*, is another journalistic celebrity who appears in Parliament for the first time. A High Churchman in religion and a Radical in politics, Mr Masterman combines in his writings all the charm of his complex personality. Day by day and week by week his wise and facile pen illumines the pages of the *Daily News*. Essays on social subjects, reviews of books, critiques on men and movements, follow one another in inexhaustible flow. Those of us who open our newspapers with

an appreciation of more than mere news, who love the streaks of silver and veins of gold lying between the arid rocks of controversy, will rejoice that so many of Mr Masterman's contributions will be delivered from the ephemeral fate of journalism and produced in permanent book-form. Already one or two such volumes have been published: *In Peril of Change*, a collection of engaging essays; and that striking book, *From the Abyss*.

Few men in the House of Commons have a more intimate acquaintance with both literature and politics than Mr J. M. Robertson, the member for Tyneside. For years this gentleman has fought both with pen and tongue for the rights of Free-thought and Democracy. A disciple of the late Charles Bradlaugh, he has dedicated his life to the rationalistic spirit of the age. After Mr Bradlaugh's death he edited the *National Reformer*, and his presence is familiar in every Secular Hall throughout the four kingdoms. Yet he has found time in the intervals of iconoclastic propaganda for serious literary work. In 1891 he contributed a book called *Modern Humanists* to the Social Science Series, containing brilliant sociological studies of Carlyle, Mill, Ruskin, Spencer, &c., which the *Times* reviewed in terms of exceptional praise. Several more massive volumes are catalogued under his name. Mr Robertson has also written several books for the non-academic home-student: such are his *Letters on Reasoning*, *What to Read*, and *Courses of Study*. The latter is specially suited for public libraries, and should be a boon to all who tread the bewildering labyrinth of modern bibliography. Mr Robertson's militant nature is likely to be as aggressive in the House of Commons as it has been in the cause of Free-thought. Already he has crossed swords with Mr Chamberlain, and proved himself a formidable antagonist.

Mr Augustine Birrell is perhaps the most distinguished man of letters who finds a place in Parliament for the first time. He has not as yet attempted any great work, but all his productions are pure gold. He is last in the line of English essayists. All lovers of books will remember his *Haslett* in the English Men of Letters Series, his *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, and his little books of essays under the title of *Obiter Dicta*. He has also edited *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, and written innumerable articles on men, women, and books.

Mr Winston Churchill's Life of his father has raised his reputation as a man of letters to the highest level. Few biographies were ever anticipated with more eagerness, and few received with more favour. Written in a style conspicuously clear and occasionally brilliant, it combines in nice proportions the filial attitude of a son with the just impartiality of a biographer. Written also to vindicate an erratic but much-misunderstood character, the book glows with such sincerity of conviction, such plausible and persistent reasoning, as to mark its composition a work of faith and a labour of

love. There are those, not a few, who confuse the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies with the clever American author of *The Crisis*, *Richard Carvel*, and *Coniston*. It would be hazardous to set limits to the young statesman's versatility, but so far Mr Churchill has not ventured into the field of fiction. He has written several graphic and descriptive books on South Africa, the outcome of his experiences as correspondent during the war. Some of his best work is to be found in these books of travel and adventure. The following gives an example of his epistolary style: 'I looked at the stars. Orion shone brightly. Scarcely a year ago he had guided me, when lost in the desert, to the banks of the Nile. He had given me water. Now he should lead me to freedom. The elation and excitement of the previous night had burned out. I found no comfort in any of the philosophical ideas which some men parade in their hours of ease and strength and safety. They seemed only fair-weather friends. I realised with awful force that no exercise of my own feeble wit and strength could save me from my enemies, and that without the assistance of that High Power which interferes more often than we are always prone to admit in the eternal sequence of causes and effects I could never succeed. I prayed long and earnestly for help and guidance. My prayer, as it seems to me, was swiftly and wonderfully answered.' It was this extract from Mr Churchill's correspondence that led one of the most distinguished of living journalists to declare, 'That man is destined to be the leader of the Liberal party'—a pregnant prophecy that seems to hold the promise of sure fulfilment.

Sir Gilbert Parker is perhaps the most popular novelist in the House of Commons. Few readers of fiction have not succumbed to the fascination of his *Seats of the Mighty* and other historical novels. Sir Gilbert is a Canadian by birth, and, like many other writers of the day, served his apprenticeship to journalism. For some time he was associate-editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, Australia. His first book, *Pierre and His People*, was published in 1892. Since then his prolific pen has written innumerable tales of heroism and adventure. He is most at home among the heroes and adventurers of the great Elizabethan days. As a writer of the short story he is an acknowledged master. Sir Gilbert Parker is a much-travelled man, given to exploring out-of-the-way places in the Far East and among the islands of the Pacific. His love of politics came late, for he did not display parliamentary ambitions until 1900. Since then he has represented Gravesend in the House of Commons, and few men can represent a constituency with greater dignity and ability.

A striking feature of the new Parliament is the number of journalists elected. Journalism is a recognised stepping-stone to the higher branches of literature, and in many cases these gentlemen of the press are also distinguished and well-known

authors. There is, for example, Mr T. P. O'Connor. Mr O'Connor entered Parliament as member for Galway in 1880, and has lived a strenuous life in the midst of nearly all the great political movements of the last twenty years; yet he has found time to edit newspapers, write books, lecture, and contribute countless articles to the world of magazines. His first venture in literature was a *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, a subject that seized his imagination one day as he sat reading in the British Museum. The book is still valuable as an incisive and brilliantly destructive criticism of the great idol of Tory Democracy. Mr O'Connor is understood to be contemplating writing the book over again, having formed in maturer years a much higher opinion of Beaconsfield's literary power than in the period of his impassioned but callow youth. Mr O'Connor has also chronicled the history of the Parnell movement and of Gladstone's House of Commons, books which contain masterly sketches of parliamentary life. His pen is drawn to the dramatic, the romantic, and the world-moving epochs of the

past, but it is never found to attempt a task beyond its power.

Other well-known journalists and littérateurs in the House include Mr Harold Cox, ex-secretary of the Cobden Club, and formerly descriptive parliamentary reporter for the *Daily Graphic*; Dr T. J. Macnamara, editor of the *Schoolmaster*; Mr Philip Whitwell Wilson, assistant-editor of the *Daily News*; Mr L. G. Chiozza Money, writer on economics; Mr Rudolph Lehmann of *Punch*; and others. The presence of so many industrious and able pens in the House of Commons should do something to arrest that decay of parliamentary prestige over which there is occasional lamentation. The master of the written word is not always master of the word spoken (as in the case of the great Gibbon, whose political career was ingloriously mute); but at least we may look for the large, wise, and gracious leading, the soul of sweet reasonableness, and the sense of inviolate dignity to maintain the best traditions of a noble and venerable succession.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

By GEORGE FREDERICK TURNER.

CHAPTER XXI.



UTSIDE, the stars were shining in the cloudless heavens, and a half-moon had turned the snow of the Klauingberg to polished silver. The great courtyard was impressively silent and absolutely devoid of vehicles, and the lamps of the bronze statuary no longer illuminated it. I wrapped my coat closely round me, for the cold was intense. Was it possible to reach the Brun-varad before the Grand Duke's sleigh? That was the question I asked myself as I stood surveying the magic spectacle of the winter night. I would try, of course; but had I the slightest chance of success? The sleigh had a good start of me, and I could hardly travel over the snow-encumbered roads as rapidly as a horse-drawn vehicle. I looked round in something like despair, and I noticed that on my left something blotted out a long rectangle of the starry heavens. It was the wooden crow's nest, the lookout tower of the Kastel-run, and the realisation sent a spasm of hope thrilling through me.

If I could find a toboggan I could yet reach the Brun-varad by the Kastel-run and be there before the Grand Duke's sleigh. In an instant I was at the base of the watch-tower, and a minute later had burst in the flimsy door of the toboggan store-room. There was an abundance of machines to choose from, and I hastily selected a 'skeleton,' like my own, with a sliding seat. I dragged it breathlessly out and set it at the head of the track, and as I did so the chilling thought struck me that I had no rakes. I

paused. I had once asked the governess, who knew as much about the Kastel-run as any living being, if any one had ever made the descent of that dangerous course without rakes, and her answer had been a scornful denial. Then, because I felt fear stealing into my soul, and I knew that delay meant utter annihilation of my courage, I hardened my heart and cast myself on to the borrowed sledge. As I did so I heard the contact-wire snap, and I realised that the timing apparatus had been set for the ladies' race on the following day. I was off, and at first I did not feel the need of my rakes, for one usually devoted the first few hundred yards of the course to developing speed as rapidly as possible, reserving the use of the iron toe-spikes for the big corners. Nevertheless I kept the toes of my snow-boots well pressed down on the track, anxious above all things to offer every obstacle to a too tremendous and uncontrollable rapidity. Moreover, I did not ride well forward as in racing, but worked the sliding seat back as far as possible; and, travelling thus, I progressed at first at considerably less than my usual speed. I was in a hurry, Heaven knows; but if ever there was a case of more haste less speed, it was on that moonlit, rakeless ride down the Kastel toboggan-run.

Gradually, and in spite of all my precautions, the speed of my sledge increased, and as my iron runners skimmed down the frictionless path and the icy night-air beat on my forehead I felt a tightening about my heart that was half fear, half an awful exhilaration.

Swifter and swifter grew the speed; louder and louder shrieked the wind in my deafened ears. The marvellous beauty of the night was felt rather than seen; but as I went up the bank of the first corner I caught a momentary glimpse of the moonlit snows of the Nonnensee, and wondered, almost without fear, whether I was not destined soon to make their close acquaintance. I thought of Herr Schneider's almost blasphemously expressed desire for a death-leap over Jonathan, with its swooning fall merging, after an infinity of unending seconds, into the annihilation that knows no waking. I had attributed his utterance to the morbid excitement of an unstable brain; and yet, as I sped at that fearful velocity under the starlit heavens, I looked death in the face rather as a sporting opponent in a game than a dread enemy without chivalry and without compassion. I would do all in my power to steer my humming craft to a safe conclusion; but if, as seemed probable, I failed—well, I asked no better termination to my career than that endless plunge over the white precipice that walled the Nonnensee.

The first few bends I negotiated with the ease of a skilled tobogganer; down the straight I tore, and then in a twinkling David gleaned blue-green before me in the moonlight. Fiercely I pressed down the unarmoured, ineffectual toes of my snow-boots on to the glassy track; fiercely I pushed back the movable seat of my toboggan to the utmost capacity of its slide, and, setting my teeth, dashed at the all-familial rampart. I took it early in the bend, as was right, but my unchecked speed took me far too high—far higher than I had ever been before—and I felt that my prospects of safely rounding David were scanty in the extreme. In a flash I was off Jonathan, and the crucial point of the descent was upon me. I forced myself back on my machine to the uttermost possible inch, and stuck out my legs to the left as far as I could possibly stretch them. Higher and higher I rose on that steep, curving wall, half-way up, three-quarters, higher, higher, till my outside runner was within a foot of the clear-cut summit, and I lugged at the head of my toboggan with every ounce of energy that my muscles could command. Higher still I rose, despite my frantic efforts, till an inch of gleaming ice alone stood between me and destruction. With fascinated eyes I watched the narrow band between my uppermost runner and the sky, and so thin was that saving rim of ice that the moonlight shone through it as clearly as through a pane of glass. For a fraction of a second it seemed so narrow, and then, merciful heavens! it grew rapidly wider and wider again, and I knew, with a singing heart, that the almost impossible had been achieved, that the Kastel-run had been negotiated by a rakeless rider!

'Thank God!' I breathed, for I realised that there was plenty of the run yet to be traversed. The remaining part furnished a succession of straight and easy curves quite without terrors for the scientific tobogganer.

Suddenly, in the midst of my self-congratulations, a sound broke through the roaring in my ears which had more alarm for me than the prospect of flying over the summit of Jonathan. I heard the tinkling of a sleigh-bell, and a second later I saw the lights of a pair-horse sleigh advancing rapidly through the pine-woods in the direction of Weissheim. If there is one thing paralysing to the brain of a tobogganer, it is the prospect of something crossing his track; and, in spite of the great precautions habitually employed when the Kastel-run was open, I never passed that crossing of the Riefinsdorf road without a slight stab of anxiety lest some over-hasty driver should disregard the danger-signal and block my lightning course. And now there was no danger-signal hoisted; nor, had there been, was the Grand Duke the man to regard it, under the present circumstances, for an instant. Even had I been wearing rakes I could no more have stopped my flight than one can recall a shell from a fired cannon; but as it was, I was powerless even to check my speed in the faintest degree. The rounding of David had been dangerous, but there some slight scope had been offered to my skill, my nerve, my physical strength. Here I was in the hands of fate, powerless to affect the issue, incapable even of guessing whether I should pass in front of or behind the sleigh, or whether—I know the anxiety of those few seconds almost turned my brain.

Fiercely the coachman whipped his galloping horses, and his strained eyes saw the muffled forms of the two Schattenbergs and two red points of light which told me they were smoking. Then I shut my eyes, for it seemed that I must dash right into them, and in that moment of supreme agony I prayed that my death might not be altogether useless, that the collision might so shatter and disable the conspirators that the night's treason might be utterly confounded and brought to naught.

When I opened my eyes again I knew that I had missed the sleigh, that it had crossed the track a fraction of a second before me, that the tail-end of its iron-shod runner had passed within a foot of my devoted head. Half-dazed, I swung round the next bend—the Dog's Leg, as they call it—and a moment later I had passed the winning-post and was dashing up the steep incline which terminates the run. Mechanically I pressed down my toes on to the track again to check my course; but the speed with which my toboggan leapt up the hill told me the futility of doing so. In the ordinary way the sharp rise in the course and a vigorous application of rakes just sufficed to bring one's craft to a standstill at the summit of Buffer Hill; but I realised, with a fresh accession of alarm, that the process of descending the Kastel-run without rakes had yet to reach its safe accomplishment.

Up the sharp, straight hill I bounded; over the low snow-bank at the end I dashed, flying into space as a stone that is hurled over a precipice. What

would be my fate I had not the faintest idea, for the possibility of overshooting Buffer Hill had never before entered into my calculations.

For an eternity I seemed skimming through endless realms of icy air; then there came a sudden ploughing through deep snow, and then cessation. Breathless, shaken, dazed, I lay motionless, but clinging still to my faithful toboggan. I had not the faintest idea whether I was fatally, seriously, or only slightly injured, though I feared the worst. Slowly I dragged myself to my feet and looked around me. I was in a wide field of deep snow, and there, full sixty paces from me, was the miniature eminence of Buffer Hill. I knew exactly where I was: I was in the Palace garden, and to gain an entrance to the Brun-varad, had to wade through many yards of exceedingly deep snow. My efforts, though of necessity slow, reassured me completely on the subject of my own unimpaired vitality. My breath was short, but my limbs were uninjured; and, determined at all costs to anticipate the conspiring Grand Duke, I struggled manfully to the firm road leading to the Brun-varad. Once on

hard-rolled snow, I ran as swiftly as my shortened breath would permit out to the great entrance in the Wallenthurn.

There were sentinels in the charcoal-warmed sentry-boxes; and as I approached they looked at each other an instant, and then there was an ominous click, and they stepped out to bar my way.

'Good-evening,' I said affably. 'His Royal Highness the Grand Duke Fritz bade me tell you he would be here in five minutes. I am going into the Palace; but you must let no one else enter before His Highness's arrival.'

That the men were hand-in-glove with the enemy was patent, but my assured manner carried the day, as I expected; and, with a 'God be with your Excellency,' they stepped back into the friendly warmth of their shelters.

The great doorway yielded to my pressure; and, taking one final glance round before entering, I listened. The faint sound of sleigh-bells tinkled in my ears. In five minutes the Grand Duke *would* be here.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW CHINESE RAILWAY.



WHILE the great mass of the Chinese people is still unaffected to any appreciable degree by the influences at work for change in the Far East set in motion by Japan, it is an undoubted fact that the merchant classes of China have awakened to a knowledge of the immense benefits derivable from a proper development of the natural resources of their country. A striking illustration of this fact is to be seen in the work now being undertaken for the extension of the railway system throughout the land. Hitherto railway construction in China has been initiated and carried out by European concessionaires in the face of every obstacle that a corrupt mandarin and an ignorant, superstitious populace have thought fit to create for the purpose of preventing and hampering such enterprise. But now the era has dawned for the work to be done under Chinese auspices, and the principle is being enunciated that the numerous concessions already granted to foreigners must revert in course of time to the Chinese Government. When it is remembered that there are only about three thousand miles of railway open in the territories known as the Chinese Empire, which has an area of nearly two million miles, and which embraces a population of over four hundred million people, it will be recognised what an illimitable field is there for railway constructive enterprise.

The most important line of railway now rapidly nearing its completion in China, excluding that built by Russia in Manchuria, is the as yet unfinished one from Peking to Canton, and the

history of its evolution is of both great political and commercial interest. The concession for the construction of the first stage of the line, from Peking to Wuchang, was given to a syndicate composed of French and Belgian capitalists. Once they had secured the concession, the members of the syndicate commenced to organise their plans for the work of construction with a promptitude and thoroughness of attention to detail sadly lacking in not a few instances on the part of British companies in China engaged in similar undertakings. Progress was slow owing to the extraordinary difficulties met with in the country selected for the route, and to the long time it took for the arrival of the fresh assistance so often needed from Europe to meet unexpected requirements. By the end of last year the line was ready for a limited amount of traffic to be borne upon it, and its future success assured as the chief artery of communication between the provinces of North China. It is seven hundred miles in length, and constitutes a notable addition to the engineering achievements accomplished by the combination of foreign skill and capital in the Middle Kingdom. Its terminus, Wuchang, is a busy town situated on the west bank of the Yang-tze River. On the other side of the Yang-tze is the large and flourishing city of Hankow, destined one day to rival, if not to surpass, Shanghai as a commercial centre.

The steady and successful progress made by the European continental syndicate in linking together Peking and Wuchang had no counterpart in the task undertaken by the America-China Development Company to establish railway communication

between Canton and Hankow. The distance between these two cities is eight hundred and fifty miles, and the track marked out for the railway stretched across land admirably adapted for construction purposes. During the first few months of its working the enterprise was boomed in a characteristically American manner. A double-tracked branch-line was opened from Shekwaitong, a town on the southern side of the Shu-kiang river, opposite Canton, to Fatsshan, fourteen miles away. This line was soon afterwards extended by a single track to Samshui, or Three Rivers, the total length of it from Shekwaitong being thirty-two miles. When ready it was immediately opened to traffic, and paid exceedingly well, the Chinese by their patronage of it showing that they know how to appreciate quick methods of travel, even though the spirits of the dead in their graves may be disturbed by the 'fire devils' of the Western barbarians. The rolling-stock in use on this branch-line consisted of two large Baldwin eighty-ton locomotives, six small tank-engines originally used on the New York overhead railway before its electrification, several cars imported direct from the United States, and a number of carriages crudely constructed in the neighbourhood. Such was the humble beginning of a railway which will in the not distant future bring Hong-kong within comparatively easy reach of London by an overland journey of surpassing interest.

Matters came to a standstill upon the completion of the branch-line. Disputes arose between the members of the managerial and engineering staffs of the company, and some of the engineers left the service. To fill the places left vacant untrained and incompetent men were hastily engaged, the natural result being bad and faulty workmanship, which will have to be all done over again. About this time, in the mid part of the year 1904, the company sold a lot of shares in Europe. This action evoked strenuous protest from the Chinese Government, which declared the sale of the shares to be a deliberate breach of the agreement made between the native authorities and the company. Fear of a possible increase of French influence in Southern China no doubt inspired the governmental protest, as most of the shares sold went to French and Belgian subjects. But in spite of the action taken in the matter a Belgian engineer was sent to Canton, and he practically took charge there of affairs connected with the railway, considerable friction arising in consequence between him and the American employees of the company. It appeared likely from the trend of events that, as upon so many former occasions, the Chinese Government would not follow up their protest with energetic action, and that Europeans would eventually have full control of the concession rights and privileges.

It was now that the strength of the Chinese business class showed itself. In every city and town in South China an agitation, supported by the viceregal authorities, was started against the company. The Chinese demanded that if the railway were proceeded with the shares secretly purchased by European capital should revert either to the company or to Chinese purchasers. The newly appointed European shareholders flatly refused to part with their interests, and matters were for a time at a deadlock. Determined that their wishes should be enforced, the Chinese continued their agitation so vigorously that the authorities finally threatened the company with a cancellation of the concession. The prolonged negotiations which ensued between them and the company ended in a demand being made by the shareholders through their representatives for the sum of seven hundred thousand pounds for a retrocession of their rights to the Chinese. An agreement embodying these terms was eventually drawn up and signed by both parties. Two hundred thousand pounds of this sum represented the value of the rails and rolling-stock on the branch-line from Shekwaitong to Samshui, and the remainder compensation money.

Unable to find the necessary funds themselves either to pay off the company or to create an adequate working capital for going on with the construction of the railway, the Chinese were compelled to raise a foreign loan.

From the Hong-kong Government, the Viceroy of Nanking, Chang Chih Tung, who was appointed by the central power at Peking to deal with the whole matter of the railway, secured four million five hundred thousand pounds for ten years at an interest of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a year, the security being the opium revenue of the three provinces through which the railway will pass. Various opinions have been expressed as to the competence of the Chinese to carry on the work of constructing the railway, official dilatoriness and dishonesty being feared in connection with the administration of the work. But Chang Chih Tung is an able, progressive viceroy, animated by a sincere desire for the good of his countrymen, and he may be trusted to see that the railway is built as speedily and efficiently as possible within the next four years.

The whole railway from Canton to Peking should be in full working order in five years' time, playing a part in the development of the richest and most densely populated provinces in the Chinese Empire, which cannot fail to be of incalculable importance to the world.

In connection with the main line of the railway, a branch is in course of preparation to Canton from Kowloon, the thriving and prosperous British possession separated from Hong-kong by the harbour.

THE INITIATION OF JOHN FORESTER.

By Captain P. L. OLIPHANT.

IN the British army there are regiments and regiments—a fact which is sometimes overlooked by the arm-chair tax-payer, who is inclined to reckon the whole of the land-forces of the Crown under a common and not

very complimentary denominator. He has curious delusions concerning the army, has the arm-chair tax-payer. He is convinced that the soldier is an unskilled workman. It is necessary for him to believe this in order that his conscience may be acquitted for paying him the noble sum of one and sixpence a day. Besides, a rooted conviction as to the unskillfulness of military service helps him to enjoy himself at the music hall, where he can shout with the loudest concerning the bravery and patriotism which fire his breast, with no misgivings as to his incapacity for rendering any service to his country in the hour of her need.

Another delusion which he cherishes is that all officers' messes are abodes of luxury and vice; that orgies, accompanied by nameless rites, are nightly held within the unhallowed walls of the officers' quarters. He has heard dark stories of young novices being subjected to mediæval forms of torture, of vast sums of money lost and won at the card-tables, of bottomless potations of champagne and whisky for which he is convinced that he (the tax-payer) defrays the cost. When, by chance, some such story leaks out, he likes to read all about it in the newspapers, under heavy headlines, with the words 'Military Scandal' in the largest possible type. It is the only satisfaction which he gets for paying a shilling in the pound income-tax and fivepence on his tea.

Of course all officers are grossly ignorant of their duties, and know nothing of the science of war. But he cannot explain why it is that one-and-sixpenny unskilled labourers should require such prodigious science to instruct them. Perhaps he does not think that they do require it. Perhaps he thinks that ninety-five pounds per annum is an excessive sum to pay to their instructors and leaders. Perhaps he does not think at all, but only grumbles. There appears to be no incentive to him to do anything else.

But that one regiment should differ from another in its tone and quality is not a matter to which he has given a moment's consideration. He knows that when war breaks out certain regiments are more frequently mentioned in the columns of his daily paper than others. He attributes this—and often rightly—to the fact that their heads are covered by bearskins or their legs by kilts. A scuttle-shaped helmet and trousers have nothing of distinction. They are not picturesque. It is not worth while to dilate upon the virtues of the commonplace. They

must be taken for granted, whilst the enthusiastic reporter expatiates on the glories of the fancy corps. One can imagine that in primeval days the feathered warriors were delineated upon bones and stones in preference to their naked companions-in-arms, and there is generally something to be said for the feathered warriors.

In the British army of to-day there are regiments of various grades. There are the regiments of great traditions, which strive to live up to their traditions; there are regiments of great traditions, which are content to live upon their traditions; there are regiments of no traditions, which are striving to make traditions; and there are regiments of no traditions, which have no desire for traditions. The latter category are the 'grabbies' of the army.

The regiment which is known colloquially as the 'Thrusters' belongs to this class. They christened themselves the 'Thrusters' in sheer despair of attracting attention in any other way. It is an ancient regiment. 'Malplaquet' and 'Oudenarde' are inscribed upon its silken colours; but after the fatigue of Marlborough's wars the Thrusters took a rest from active service for a hundred and fifty years. Their subsequent engagements consisted of a few frontier campaigns in India and the inevitable 'South Africa, 1900.' But it is not recorded on their colours that once they were scattered by a band of charging, fanatical Ghazis, or that the number of the prisoners taken from their ranks by the Boers during their visit to South Africa in 1900 was considerably in advance of the average of other corps, and that is saying a good deal. These are things which are never mentioned in polite circles, and consequently the arm-chair tax-payer knows nothing of them; but the army knows, even if it be silent out of consideration for the feelings of the Thrusters.

But, since every community must have its standard, the Thrusters had ideals of their own. The embodiment of their ideal of the British officer was summed up in the identity of Captain Brabazon-Hurst. He was to the Thrusters the sealed pattern of what an officer should be, and to every youngster who obtained a commission in the regiment Brabazon-Hurst was pointed out as the model of military perfection.

Captain Brabazon-Hurst was tall and 'of military appearance'; he wore aggressively well-cut clothes and drooping moustaches. In conversation he was epigrammatic, though his epigrams were frequently borrowed. Nevertheless, he was computed a wit amongst his brother officers, and he was the originator of various regimental maxims which passed into the creed of the Thrusters. It was Brabazon-Hurst who said, 'Never discourage the adjutant by performing any duty that he could conceivably

perform for you ; ' Life in the army is one gigantic struggle for leave ; ' ' There is no show which will not run itself at a pinch, and the necessary pressure can always be supplied by the orderly officer.' His social aphorisms carried even greater weight, and every young officer was expected to act up to the precepts of Brabazon-Hurst in matters which should have concerned his private life alone. As a man of the world Brabazon-Hurst exhibited the same pitiful limitations that prescribed his military outlook. All women were either dull or complaisant ; all men who took a different view of life from himself were ' bounders.' Rank is possibly only the guinea-stamp, but in this respect he was a philatelist. He was given to talking of hunting, shooting, and polo, and of the chances of the favourites in the classic races. It was rumoured that once he had kept his hunters in Leicestershire, and lost five thousand pounds over La Flèche in the Derby. It was positively known that he played polo when his battalion was in India, and it was whispered by his seniors that he played very badly. But not even the seniors ventured to question the right of Brabazon-Hurst to lay down the law, military and social, to be observed by the Thrusters.

So when Gentleman Cadet John Forester joined the regiment from Sandhurst, he was quietly recommended to take Brabazon-Hurst as his model, to walk in his footsteps, and to become a great and gallant Thruster. Unfortunately, John Forester had views of his own which did not coincide with those of Brabazon-Hurst, and, in consequence, he soon felt himself out of touch with his surroundings. He could not understand why he should be expected to ignore the half-hundred boys who comprised the command which had been nominally entrusted to him in order that he might perform various duties for his brother officers which were totally unconnected with the welfare of his half-company. Nor could he understand why the adjutant should concern himself with the interior economy of his company, and be perpetually interfering in matters which Forester regarded as outside the scope of an adjutant's many duties.

Forester had an aggravating manner of doing things in his own way, quite irrespective of the traditions of the Thrusters. He would return from parade or from his barrack-rooms with unconcealed annoyance at the slackness and dirt which were in evidence on every side, but which met with no rebuke from his seniors. He was discouraged and disappointed. He had expected so much of the regiment to which he was gazetted. His only anxiety had been lest he should be considered not good enough for the Thrusters ; but he had no longer any fears on that account. The subalterns, who at first had looked upon Forester's keenness as the evanescent ardour of inexperience, and had taken full advantage of it, began at last to regard the new-comer with suspicion. What right had he to air his superior views to the Thrusters ? Clearly Forester must be sat upon !

The senior subaltern, having gauged the feeling of the younger officers in the matter, consulted Brabazon-Hurst as to the means which should be adopted to bring Forester to a proper sense of his duties as a Thruster. Brabazon-Hurst deprecated any appeal to physical force, for he knew that if once trial by combat were established in the regiment his influence would begin to wane. Besides, the rough-and-tumble of a subaltern's court-martial was undignified, and ruined the fit of overalls and jackets. He counselled the senior subaltern that disapproval of the behaviour of young Forester should be shown by social ostracism ; and if that had not the desired effect, then he would take the matter in hand himself, and speak to the boy about his conduct.

So John Forester was sent to Coventry. When he entered the anteroom the subalterns withdrew themselves into a group at the far end, as though they feared contamination. At dinner the chairs on either side of him were left vacant for late-comers ; and when they were finally taken, their occupants refrained from speaking to him throughout the meal. They never asked him to play cards or billiards. They only spoke to him when they were compelled to do so.

Forester was only a boy of twenty, and he felt his position keenly. He wondered what he had done to earn the ill-will of his brother officers, who a few weeks before had been only too anxious to let him do all their work for them. He went through the list of the subalterns by name, and tried to discover in what way he had offended each and all of them. So far as he knew, none of them had any personal feelings against him. He could not recall any expression of animosity towards himself made by any one of them individually, and yet collectively they treated him as a pariah. Then a curious fact presented itself to his mind. The dozen names which he had conned over represented one man only—the subaltern Thruster. Davis, Edwards, Poynter, and the rest of them were simply so many *aliases* of a type. They had no individuality. Their ideals and actions were controlled by a hide-bound tradition. Their very thoughts were moulded for them, and found expression in identically inelegant terms. They followed the same pursuits, went to the same tailor, drank the same drinks, shirked their duties with equal ardour. They were, one and all, the outcome of a system which had ground the natural dispositions and originality out of them and left them Thrusters.

John Forester realised with a shudder why it was that his brother officers banned him. He too was expected to submit himself to the system and become a Thruster. He was required to sink his individuality in order that he might arrive at the dead-level of Thrusterdom. At the sacrifice of his initiative and personality he would be reinstated in the good graces of his comrades-in-arms. In time he would pass through the ranks of the subalterns and become a captain. If he paid due

attention to the ethics of Thrusterdom he might hope one day to become such a man as Brabazon-Hurst, who was admittedly the fancy-man of the regiment. Then he would drivel down to the fatuous imbecility of Morgan and Paul, the two majors, whose professional outlook was circumscribed by the barrack-square and the canteen accounts; until, finally, he arrived at the proud distinction of commanding a battalion of the Thrusters, with the knowledge that his position was purely nominal and 'for ceremonial purposes,' and that the system and the fancy-man still dominated Thrusterdom.

The worst of it all was that they were perfectly satisfied with themselves. Never once had he heard any criticism of the system. They had perfect faith in their methods, and bowed down cheerfully to the opinions of the fancy-man. They aspired to nothing above Thrusterdom. Their misfortunes in the field they glibly attributed to bad luck or bad generalship. The unfavourable reports of inspecting officers were put down to personal animosity or stupidity. That they were the worst shooting regiment in the garrison was due to the rotten recruits who were sent to them. The inability of the battalion to march twenty miles in marching order without 20 per cent. of 'casualties' was the fault of the boots, the weather, the roads, or anything except the officers of the Thrusters. John Forester began to understand it all at last, and why it was that the Thrusters so cordially detested the Scouts, who occupied the barracks opposite. For the Scouts never seemed to suffer from adverse conditions. 'They had all the luck,' said the Thrusters, 'and gave themselves airs as though there were no other regiment in the army.' Forester had heard them abused individually and collectively by his brother officers for everything that was in them, from the colour of their coats to the record of their achievements in the field. And yet he had not failed to notice that their lines were always spotlessly clean, that their appearance on parade and on the march was infinitely superior to anything that the Thrusters could show, and that their officers seemed to be very good fellows in private life.

Forester heaved a sigh, regretting that the fates had not decreed that he should be gazetted to the Scouts instead of the Thrusters. Then a bugle-call reminded him that it was the officers' dinner-hour, and that he must once more face the ordeal of the mess-room, with the row of stolid, disapproving faces and the silence of unconcealed displeasure. But when he entered the anteroom he was conscious that the shrinking sensation which of late he had experienced in the presence of his brother officers had disappeared. To-night he regarded the men who drew away from him or suddenly became interested in the prints on the wall as interesting sociological phenomena. Here were a dozen men who had no free-will or ideas of their own. They were simply the hypnotic subjects

of a system. By suggestion they were impelled, one and all, to regard him with aversion; though, had they been able to exercise their own judgment, not one of them would have disliked him.

Brabazon-Hurst was the last to enter, and Forester's interest became intensified, realising that this man was the medium through whose power the system was operative. Forester no longer regarded him with antipathy, only with curiosity; and when Brabazon-Hurst exclaimed, 'Now then, boys, come along to the trough,' and led the way into the mess-room, it seemed quite natural that all should follow him without a word. There was some manoeuvring for places at the dinner-table to avoid sitting next to Forester; but they arranged themselves at last, and the meal began.

There was no need for Forester to talk to his neighbours, since neither of them would condescend to speak to him; he had, therefore, ample opportunity of listening to the conversation of Brabazon-Hurst, who was sitting opposite to him. The fancy-man was at the top of his form. He talked of Lord Rattleshot's grouse-moor in Scotland, where he had killed his share of the bag in August. He enumerated the distinguished company which had been present. He hinted that the Lady Griselda showed signs of wishing to add the names of Brabazon-Hurst to her illustrious title. He mentioned that Strachan and Muirton of the Scots Guards ('the Earl of Muirton, you know') were of the party, and what capital fellows they were, and how he wished they were both in the Thrusters! And what a fine regiment the Scots Guards were! There is this about all 'grabbies,' that however vehemently they may hate and denounce the Scouts and other good regiments with which they are thrown in contact, they look upon the Guards with awe and veneration, as a thing apart from the common army, to whose standard they would not venture to aspire.

Forester listened abstractedly. It seemed that he was merely a spectator of events, and had no part in the show which the mess-room of the Thrusters presented to him. Was it comedy or tragedy? He could not say. He was conscious only of Brabazon-Hurst's discourse and of the pitiful anxiety which some of the younger officers displayed to join in and attract the great man's attention to themselves. From social matters the conversation drifted into the discussion of other regiments, and, as a matter of course, the Scouts came in for violent abuse, which was led by Brabazon-Hurst and echoed vociferously by the rest of the company. To Forester it all seemed as inevitable as the prayers and responses in church. Brabazon-Hurst put forward his sublime ideas, and the congregation joined in with 'Amen' at suitable intervals. To interrupt or raise a doubt would have caused as great a sensation as the presence of a Kensitite at a ritualistic service. But as Forester watched the proceedings an overwhelming desire seized him to try the experiment. The diffidence which had

hitherto possessed him in the presence of his brother officers had completely vanished. He no longer shrank from making his sentiments known to them. They had ostracised him because he could not subscribe to their opinions. He would let them know that he was not to be dragged into the acceptance of Thrusterdom. So Forester awaited an opening, and it was not long before Brabazon-Hurst gave him one.

'They simply exist by cheap swagger,' said the fancy-man, speaking of the Scouts. 'It is all *décoré* *de vuiste* [for show], as we used to say in India—eye service and advertisement.'

'And yet they marched the twenty miles into Luxford camp without losing a man from the ranks, whilst we had seventy who fell out,' said Forester quietly. 'I was in the rear-guard myself, so I know.'

Forester's intervention was received in dead silence. Nobody had asked his opinion. That he should venture to give tongue to his heresies before the assembled officers of the regiment, and in defiance of the ban which they had placed upon him, positively stupefied them all. The men on either side of him edged their chairs away nervously, as if to dissociate themselves from his views. The others looked anxiously towards Brabazon-Hurst for a vindication of the honour of the regiment and for the suppression of John Forester. Brabazon-Hurst tried to rise to the occasion; but the damning fact which Forester had so tactlessly adduced could not be controverted, and he had of necessity to fall back on the well-worn expedient of abuse. He read Forester a severe lecture on talking about a subject of which he knew nothing, and ended by saying that it was a pity Forester had not joined the Scouts since he had such an admiration for them—the Thrusters could very well spare him.

The spirits of the Thrusters revived as Brabazon-Hurst drew to his peroration. They looked at Forester as though they expected to see him sink beneath the table. But when he remarked, quite coolly, that he was entirely in agreement with Brabazon-Hurst that he would have done better to join the Scouts, they were thrown once more into consternation. One of his neighbours whispered, 'Shut up, you young fool!' as though he expected such profane language to draw down upon the mess the vengeance of all departed Thrusters. Brabazon-Hurst pushed back his chair with an exclamation of fury and left the room. The rest, as a matter of course, followed him. Forester was the last to leave.

When he entered the anteroom he found that its only occupants were Major Morgan and the two senior captains. The others had all adjourned to the billiard-room, and it was evident that a solemn convocation had been called in that apartment to

consider the case of John Forester. Morgan and the two captains were engrossed in the papers and affected not to notice him, and Forester picked up a book and sat down to await developments.

Meanwhile a consultation was in progress in the billiard-room. Feeling ran high, and the majority was in favour of personal castigation with a billiard-cue, to be laid on until the delinquent acknowledged the Thrusters to be the best regiment in the service. Men of no minds are crude in their methods; but Brabazon-Hurst knew the temper of John Forester too well to sanction personal violence. He foresaw that trouble would come of it, and that the worst trouble would not be for John Forester. He easily persuaded the others to leave the matter in his hands, and despatched an escort of two subalterns to bring Forester before him.

The sentence which Brabazon-Hurst passed upon him was in accordance with the best precedents of comic opera. He was resolved to make the punishment fit the crime, and therefore he decreed that Forester should be taken at his word, and that he should go to the Scouts that very night. The escort was ordered to march him across the barrack-square to the officers' mess of the Scouts, and to see that he entered the anteroom where they were assembled.

The brilliant suggestion of Brabazon-Hurst was hailed with delight by the Thrusters. It was a stroke of genius worthy of their fancy-man, for not only would it bring humiliation upon Forester, but it would also annoy the Scouts; and if they showed their resentment by violence to Forester, so much the better.

So Forester fell in between Edwards and Poynter and was marched across the square, whilst the remaining Thrusters followed at a safe distance to watch events. Forester was seen to enter the mess-quarters, and the escort withdrew discreetly. Then they waited in silence, expecting to see Forester forcibly ejected, and determined to give him a warm reception on his return. But time went on, and Forester did not come out. After an hour they got tired of waiting and retired sheepishly to their own mess. The thing had not come off, and they were bewildered. Brabazon-Hurst made some excuse to go to bed, and the rest soon followed his example.

None of the Thrusters ever knew what happened to Forester when he entered the mess of the Scouts, for Forester never referred to the episode again. But a month later he was transferred to the Scouts in the *Gazette*, and crossed the barrack-square for good. And now the colonel of the Scouts is never weary of telling Brabazon-Hurst and any other Thruster whom he happens to meet what an excellent young fellow Forester is, and how grateful he is to them for sending him to the Scouts.

ROMANCE OF A GREAT ENGLISH LAKE.

By W. H. BERNARD SAUNDERS.



AFTER an existence of hundreds, if not thousands, of years as one of the largest lakes in England, Whittlesea Mere disappeared fifty years ago. It was a magnificent inland sea of fresh water, covering an area of sixteen hundred acres, having its ports, its vessels, its fishermen, its fowlers, its reedmen, and nurturing various industries and callings; and although it is only half a century since its waters were curling and washing its shores, bordering on Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire, to-day it is difficult to distinguish its exact position. Where it once was are now flourishing farmsteads. The surface of the water, dotted with its various trading and pleasure boats, would be just about where the tops of the chimneys of the few houses that have been built in the bed of the mere now stand.

Its disappearance was due to Mr Wells of Holme, whose estate bordered on the lake, and to whom the lake belonged; and while he was president of the Royal Agricultural Society of England he conceived the idea of draining off the waters and adding fifteen or sixteen hundred acres of land, or thereabouts, to his estate, for the lake was six miles long and three miles broad in some parts.

The mere was a source of wealth to various townships and villages which stood on its shores, especially Ramsey, Holme, Yaxley, Stilton, and Farcet. Travellers on the York road, a few miles before entering Lincolnshire on their way to the north, could on a clear day, near Stilton, get a glimpse of the mere like that of the sea in the distance. Although it was called Whittlesea Mere, its nearest point to that Cambridgeshire town was four or five miles away.

But there were very hazy notions abroad as to its exact geographical position; for, while its waters washed up to the highlands of Huntingdonshire on one side, they skirted Cambridgeshire on the other. Yet an old rhyme still remembered in the locality says:

Yaxley Still Hill,
Glatton Round Hill,
And Whittlesea Mere

Are the three great wonders of Huntingdonshire.

Yaxley stands on an abrupt hill overlooking the mere, and so does Norman Cross (a little farther on), where the French prisoners were incarcerated during the Napoleonic wars. To-day, however, these places look down upon broad acres of agricultural land instead of upon the waters of the lake. But the mere was often supposed to be in Lincolnshire, although its nearest point to that county would probably be eight or ten miles away. Sir Walter Scott was under this

impression, for in *Woodstock* he makes Roger Wildrake come from 'Squattlesea Mere, in the moist county of Lincoln.'

The history of Whittlesea Mere has yet to be written, and when it is it will be found to be a romantic story. There is abundant material for such a work in the memories and stories of old residents who still live in the townships and villages of the district; and it is from the lips of these that the stories and incidents in this article have been chiefly gathered.

For several years the scheme for emptying the mere of its water had been in progress, but it was not until the summer of 1851 that all the preparations were complete. The bank was cut at a pre-arranged point, and the water went swirling and rushing down the river Ouse to the sea. In a few hours the mere had disappeared.

The event had been talked about for several years, and on the day of the disappearance of the waters crowds of people from all parts of the surrounding country gathered to witness the death-throes of a venerable friend.

The scene immediately following the disappearance of the waters was a remarkable one. For miles, as far as the eye could see, there was a vast expanse of blackest mud, with here and there small pools in which fish of all sizes floundered and eels wriggled.

The sons and daughters of the country-folk around tied planks of wood to their feet and trailed across the mud collecting the fish at the risk of their lives. There were gruesome stories told of some of these people having mysteriously disappeared, and of a trespassing horse having gone down as in a quicksand; but the missing people came to life again, full of strange experiences and hair-breadth escapes. And when the blood-red sun sank to rest behind the Huntingdonshire and Northamptonshire uplands in the distance there were still tons of fish left for the morrow.

Then the bed of the lake was left for Mother Nature to perfect the work that had been commenced. The summer sun poured its burning rays on the mud-flat, and the autumn winds blew across it, and all to such good purpose that within a few months parts of the sea of mud had dried sufficiently for dikes to be made and roads marked out, and even various boundaries of farms to be arranged. In some cases the actual terms of letting these farms had been agreed upon, when a series of heavy rainstorms came, and the adjoining rivers becoming swollen, their waters pressed with such force against the artificial barrier that had been erected to keep them out that the bank gave way, and in a few hours Whittlesea Mere was itself again.

A huge steam-pump which had been erected in the event of such an emergency was set to work, the broken bank was repaired, and in three weeks the mere had once more disappeared. As the mud dried great cracks and fissures appeared, and for some time the mud would not allow the weight of a man to trespass upon it; and even when boards were strapped to the feet it was a matter of difficulty and danger to walk upon it. For a year or two it would not bear a horse.

The first year that any crops grew on the rich soil of the bed of the mere they were enormous. An aged man, Mr Siggee, who is still living at Whittlesea, helped to reap the first crop of oats; and not only was the straw of extraordinary length and thickness, but after cutting the crop the difficulty was to get the sheaves to stand on the same area of land on which they had grown.

Innumerable curiosities besides fish were found in the mud. One was a glass chandelier, which when lighted with candles represented the west front of Peterborough Cathedral. It had evidently been lost from some vessel which was crossing the mere. But the most valuable discovery was that made by Mr Joseph Coles, a farmer who is still living at Yaxley. He was a youth of about eighteen when the mere was drained; and, fixing boards upon his feet, he traversed the great expanse of mud from motives of curiosity. Great pewter dishes and jars were observed lying in the mud, some having curious figures carved upon them. He saw, lying quite to view, and not embedded in the silt at all, a beautiful censer; and another explorer saw close to it a navicula, or incense-boat. These had evidently been lost in pre-Reformation days from some vessel crossing the mere, which was a great waterway between the Benedictine abbeys of Peterborough and Ramsey. When young Coles first picked up the censer he thought it was a curious and ancient lamp. He carried it home, washed it, and tested it to see of what metal it was made. He found it to be solid silver plated with gold. The mere had been drained only a few days when he found it. A curious old pitcher was lying close to it, but this he did not remove. Young Coles and his father took the censer to Lord Northampton, because they knew it was something of considerable value, though what they did not know. Lord Northampton arranged to give them twenty pounds for it. In the meantime his lordship, in writing to Mr Wells, spoke of the curious find; whereupon Mr Wells, as lord of the manor, claimed it, and gave young Coles twenty-five pounds for finding it. Mr Wells then handed it to the British Museum on loan, where it remained for some years; but at the sale of Mr Wells's effects a good many years afterwards it was purchased by Lord Carysfort for eleven hundred pounds. He also bought at the same sale the incense-boat, which young Coles thought to be a snuff-box, for nine hundred pounds.

Both of these articles are still at Lord Carysfort's seat, Elton Hall.

That these things were lost from some distressed vessel in crossing the mere there can be little doubt; for Mr Coles, who is now seventy-three years of age, says that sailing on the mere, as he remembers it, was often a very serious matter, for storms would lash the water into formidable waves, and boats would be wrecked. People who crossed the mere in boats as passengers were often seasick, as if they had been sailing on the sea. But the violent nature of these storms does not rest only on the testimony of old residents, for Holland says: 'The lake does sometimes, in calms and faire weather, sodainely rise tempestuously, as it were into violent earthquakes, to the damage of the poore fishermen, by reason, as some thinke, of evaporations breaking violently out of the bowels of the earth.'

The mere was a source of livelihood to large numbers of persons in the neighbourhood. There were boat-yards for building and repairing the boats, many of them being of a special kind, very much like the river barges of to-day, but lighter for easy sailing. Women in the villages were employed in making and repairing nets for the fishermen, and the fowlers sent the wild-fowl—consisting of wild geese, plovers, mallard, widgeon, teal, and many others—by stage-wagon to London and other markets. The plovers' eggs, which were collected in great numbers, were also sent to London in the same way. The reeds which grew on the margin of the lake were despatched to all parts of the country, wagon-loads being sent even into Scotland. They were used for thatching houses principally, and there are numerous old houses in the towns and villages in the vicinity of the mere which are still thatched with the reeds that were cut from the mere fifty, seventy, or a hundred years ago; and many an ancient tenement in the Midlands and north of England probably still remains covered with the old Whittlesea Mere thatch.

Stories are told of the sailing qualities of the various vessels that were well known on the mere. Their names are still remembered. Amongst them were the *Monarch*, the *Lady of the Lake*, and the *Champion*. Regattas were held on the lake between these and other vessels, when bands of music played on board some of the craft, and thousands of people assembled. On one of these occasions, it is said, there were two thousand on the mere, and upwards of fifty small and large craft, well rigged, and having captains, lieutenants, and minor officers.

The margin of the mere was infested with adders and ring-snakes. The latter are still abundant in the district, but the adders have disappeared. The mere-folk believed that however much a snake or adder might be mutilated, and however much the semblance of death might be upon it, no snake or adder ever really died until the sun had set. An old resident relates that on one occasion a boy,

within a space of about twenty yards on the fringe of the lake, attacked and killed nineteen snakes, which he threaded on a stick, and in this way carried them home. The adders were practically exterminated by Mr Wells, the lord of the manor, offering twopence for every one presented. On one occasion a Stilton man went to a straw wall where there was a hen's nest containing eggs, but he did not notice that there was an adder amongst the eggs. The snake bit his hand, and he was at once attended by a surgeon; and although he became very ill, he survived. Adders are now rarely met with in the district.

The mere in winter-time was perhaps more interesting than in summer. It was often covered with a sheet of ice as transparent as glass. The ice would split during the frost, and would make a noise that could be heard for miles away. The mere-folks said it was caused by the wind being forced under the ice by the lapping waves where the water was not frozen over, and then bursting the ice to get free. The surface of the mere on these occasions was covered with sledges and skaters.

Earl Fitzwilliam, whose home at Milton was only a few miles away, would frequently visit the mere at such times, and the mere-folk would take his carriage off its wheels and fix a pair of sledge-skates upon it, when half-a-dozen or more young stalwarts, with the long skates known as Whittlesea runners on their feet, would draw his lordship at a rapid pace over the frozen surface of the lake. Crowds of people, varying in number from six thousand to ten thousand, would congregate on the ice at such times. On one occasion a fight or disturbance took place, when a thousand people congregated in a mass without fear of the ice giving way.

All the mere-folk owned sledges, and when the lake was frozen over, the reed-cutters put on their skates, locally made—some of them with bone blades instead of steel—and took a sledge instead of a boat. Skating, they drew the sledge after them by means of a rope. They cut their reeds, loaded their sledges, and then skating again, drew their sledges home, and were able to draw large and heavy loads in this way with comparative ease.

One of the most extraordinary results of the draining of the mere has been the shrinking of the land which formed its bed, and of the adjacent fenland, for on the north and east sides it was all fenland. When the waters were drawn off an iron pillar about a foot in diameter was driven through the peat into the underlying bed of gault so that the head of the post was level with the top of the soil as it then was. This post may now be seen standing clearly out of the ground ten or twelve feet high. The land has shrunk to that extent—that is, for several miles in extent the whole district is ten feet lower than it was at that time. Ten years after the disappearance of the waters

the land had shrunk or gone down five feet, and fifteen years later it had gone down eight feet.

Ever since that memorable Sunday in 1851 which sent the waters of centuries eddying out of the mere until the land at the bottom appeared there has been a constant fight between engineering science and Nature to prevent the mere from coming into existence once more. The shrinking of the bed of the mere has made this more difficult still, for it has so deepened the basin that the old drains that were cut to draw the water away have become unable to do their work, and in 1892 a new pumping-engine of great power, costing three thousand five hundred pounds, was erected to pump the water into a forty-foot canal which empties into the river Ouse and so into the sea. The first pump, or part of it, used at the draining of the mere may now be seen in South Kensington Museum, labelled 'Appold's Pump, with which Whittlesea Mere was drained.' That pump lasted until 1877, when it was replaced by another. It is only, therefore, at a great cost that the war against Nature is maintained, and that Whittlesea Mere is prevented from reasserting itself.

FOR MOTHER.

I chose a gift for mother: rich gold and rarest gem.
The beauty in her kindly eyes looked down and humbled them;
And had they been God's golden stars close-woven in a crown,
They might have lost their lustre still when those dear eyes looked down.

I twined a wreath for mother: the best of summer flowers,
White lilies and white roses, the pride of garden bowers.
Their petals were no purer than her white hands pure and sweet,
And the flowers were only fitted as a pathway for her feet.

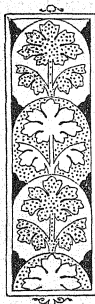
Then I wrote a song for mother: there was love in every line,
And never rang such music yet in any song of mine;
But the words were all unworthy, though the words were good and true,
So I left the song unfinished, and I tore the page in two.

And the richest I could fashion, and the fairest I could twine,
Was fit for no man's mother, and so much less fit for mine!

But I trust at last, in heaven, God will wreath her with His light,
And the angels sing the verses that will praise her worth aright.

WILL. H. OGILVIE.

AMES, IOWA.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE SERVANT QUESTION AGAIN.

By KATHARINE BURRILL, Author of *The Amateur Cook*, &c.



ONCE upon a time I contemplated writing an article 'To the Immortal Memory of Elizabeth Brownrigg'! At the moment I was smarting under various wrongs, and fully as indignant of mien as that 'British Warrior Queen' whom in 'the glow of early' youth we ignorantly hailed as Boadicea, but now in the 'dull decay' of age call more correctly and respectfully Boudicca. Perhaps there may be those who know not the notorious Elizabeth. If there is any one who has never heard of the famous—or, to be more accurate, *infamous*—Mrs Brownrigg, who

Engaged with Satan, to his will resigned,
She learned his great command, 'to act unkind,'

he (or she) will find an engaging account of her life and crimes in *Twelve Bad Women*, published by Fisher Unwin. Augustine Birrell, in one of his recent essays, refers to the book as an extremely depressing record of feminine evil-doing. Mr Birrell seemed somewhat surprised at the downfall of the wrong-doer; but perhaps, like Gilbert, he fancies 'Virtue is only triumphant in theatrical performances,' and only on the stage does 'the boiling oil' await the villain—in the wings. All these female villains came to a bad end; they never flourished on the proceeds of crime; black-garbed Nemesis pursued them with the relentless pursuit of a detective in an old-fashioned Adelphi melodrama. If they escaped the gallows—this was rare—they could not escape the milder joys of transportation; and indeed, in reading their melancholy histories, you cannot but remark that, putting it at the very lowest, it *pays* better to remain in the straight paths of goodness and moral rectitude. Amidst this galaxy of feminine malefactors, Elizabeth Brownrigg shines 'a bright particular star.' Justly execrated as she was in her day and generation, we cannot but feel she received her deserts when she was ignominiously carried to Tyburn, driven through a wildly yelling mob whose furious imprecations terrified her considerably more than the thought of her crimes. A terrible woman Mrs Brownrigg, and

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—'name the waur o' a hangin'!' And yet—and yet—there have been days when I have thought of Elizabeth with complacency, if not affection; days when, gazing Marys-like at the ruins of a dinner-service, or explaining a blackened grate and icy-cold room to an important guest whom we 'delighted to honour,' I have wondered if, after all, Tyburn Tree was not an excessive punishment for merely beating a maid-servant. True, Mrs B. carried her beatings too far, and, with fiendish cruelty, chose her victims from among unfortunate orphan children; but, well, there *have* been times when the rope's-end smiled upon me, and the Brownriggian strap, followed by cellar-incarceration, appealed strongly to my outraged feelings. Mercifully, these moments of extreme irritation are rare; so, after all, I do not think I shall try to whitewash Elizabeth B., or advocate sticks and whips and immersions in tubs of freezing water as fitting punishments for recalcitrant Mary Anns. Modern Mary Ann would very soon invoke the protective iron hand of the Law if she saw a mistress armed with a rolling-pin or producing a pair of taws. Far different from the hapless little victims of the strenuous Mrs Brownrigg, Modern Mary Ann knows very well how to take care of herself; and yet I feel I must say something for her, and try to prove she is not quite so black as she is painted, and that *all* the fault does not lie at the pantry or kitchen door. Alas! I sadly fear a great deal of the fault lies upstairs in My Lady's Chamber, where My Lady has so many charming and interesting pursuits that she has no time for Mary Ann.

I read with much interest the article of an anonymous writer in the March number of *Chambers's Journal*; and, among many other excellent views and theories, *she*—I suppose the cloak of anonymity shrouds a female form—strongly advocates the employment of lady-servants. All that the writer says is remarkably well put, and has much truth in it; but—what an unpleasant little word 'but' is!—I hardly think lady-servants would solve all our domestic difficulties. Anonyma very justly says lady-servants would be a great boon to

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lonely old couples and to single ladies; but—again that little word—the world is broad and wide, and, either fortunately or unfortunately, not entirely composed of kindly, considerate elderly couples softly treading the quiet byways of life, or of gentlewomen living alone, to whom ‘neat-handed Phyllis’ in the dining-room, charming Chloe among the pots and pans, and buxom Hebe with broom and bucket would give not only comfort and freedom from worry, but the delightful companionship of three happy, hard-working daughters of the house. I can imagine the situation being quite idyllic for both mistress and maid; but—that terrible ‘but’ once more!—would not such places be difficult to find? I fear the poor lady-servant might suffer much misery before she discovered a really happy home. Of course I understand the word lady-servant means a gentlewoman by birth and education, who, through various circumstances or causes, finds she has to work for her living. It is somewhat unfortunate that the word ‘lady’ has become a very elastic and misleading term; like charity, it covers a multitude of—most remarkable people. The charwoman who obligingly washes your front-door steps for her breakfast and a small honorarium refers to her ‘lady friends;’ the girl who culls for the ‘weekly wash’ talks of ‘me and another young lady.’ Personally, if it pleases them, and gives them any satisfaction, I see no reason why they should not call themselves ladies. As Mr Squeers would say, there is no Act of Parliament against it; and if the maiden of the soap and tub is as little like our idea of a gentlewoman as Nicholas Nickleby found the Squeerian abode unlike a baronial hall—well, that may perhaps be merely our misfortune for having different ideas. In the case of lady-servants, I fancy your real gentlewoman would not be very insistent over her patent of gentility; she would be quite content to be—a good servant.

Many ladies would make excellent handmaidens—there can be little doubt of that; but there seem to me very many difficulties in the way of their employment in ordinary town-households. To begin with, would they be physically strong enough to cope with coal? There may be ‘little solid pleasure in keeping serving-men;’ but with a ‘serving-man’ of an able-bodied kind on the premises you can ring for coal, and yet more coal, with perfect equanimity. It always gives me a pang to think of maids struggling up from an area cellar with a heavy load of coal; with a gentlewoman-parlourmaid I should certainly have to carry my own coal, for I could not bear to think of the poor dear panting up the kitchen stairs—always dark and precipitous—with a load of coal to keep my unworthy body fairly warm. I say fairly—it is impossible to be quite warm. As for the Master of the House, what man worthy of the name likes to see a woman carrying coal, or portmanteaus, or heavy dressing-bags? If the Master feels unhappy over Jane and Sarah, who may perhaps have been brought up to

lift and carry weights, his life would be a perfect burden thinking of Chloe and Lesbia, who have *not* been used to it, and have only taken to it through the sheer necessity of earning their daily bread. Before we have lady-servants we must have properly constructed houses. Think of Ann Kippis’ remarks when she and her Artie went house-hunting.

‘They build these ‘ouses as though girls wasn’t ‘uman beings. There’s kitching stairs to go up, Artie!’ Ann would say. ‘Some poor girl’s got to go up and down and up and down, and be tired out, jest because they ‘aven’t the sense to leave enough space to give their steps a proper rise; and no water upstairs anywhere—every drop got to be carried! It’s ‘ouses like this wear girls out.’

Then comes Ann’s final and awful indictment: ‘It’s ‘aving ‘ouses built by men, I believe, makes all the work and trouble!’

I believe Ann Kippis is right. You have only to do a little house-hunting with a male relative to realise how very little men really know of the workings of a house; they are quite keen about the public rooms, and what they call ‘a good wide hall’ (I think they like to feel *spacious* when they enter their own abode); but kitchen, scullery, larders, and cupboards never enter their heads. Left to themselves, they would cheerfully take a house for a series of years that had no pantry and no hot water. I was glad to read what Anonyma says of the servants’ rooms; for, whether for little Mary Ann or gently born Chloe, they *ought* to be bright and cheerful and comfortable. The other day I heard of some new London flats only recently built, with every possible luxury, decoration, and improvement; but the maids’ room (constructed for two unfortunate women to sleep in) had ship’s bunks against either wall, and between the bunks there was only space enough for one person to stand at a time. Surely in these days such a state of things is disgraceful. If a mistress cares so little for the welfare of her dependants, why should she expect *them* to be absolutely and entirely devoted to her interests? The hiring *may* flee because she is an hiring. I don’t blame her for fleeing precipitously from a bunk-bed in a room the size of a box; but there is always the hiring who is worthy of her hire. The good hiring is well worth every comfort and consideration, and if the standard of service is to be maintained it can only be done by treating servants fairly and well. There is nothing lowering or derogatory about the words ‘I serve;’ far from it. Are not the words ‘*Ich diene*’ the motto surmounted by the plumed feathers of our Prince of Wales? Who can forget blind John of Bohemia, who, though a king, proudly bore the ‘I serve’ upon his crest?

Stevenson in *Random Memories* tells us how persistently his attention was fixed by the figure of Hackston of Rathillet seated silent upon his horse, his cloak held about his mouth, while the tragedy of Magus Moor was pitilessly and horribly enacted at his feet. It was the folded cloak hiding the possibly

expressive mouth—ever a tell-tale feature—that arrested the great romancer's attention. Does he not hold out to us glorious visions of 'incomplete romances about Hackston'? Alas! they merely 'lumbered the drawers of my youth,' and we are the disappointed losers.

In childhood's lessoned-hour John of Bohemia's blindness attracts our wandering, date-ridden minds as something nearly akin to Hackston's cloak. We are sorry for John; there seems something mean about slaying a man who could not see. 'Tis almost a blot upon the character of the dashing Black Prince, though we are fascinated by his gallant assumption of the three waving feathers. Perfectly vague as to the date of the Battle of Crecy, I cannot forget how the blind king was led into battle, his bridle interlaced with those of his attendant knights. A pathetic and heroic figure, he was a magnificent subject for chalk-drawings in our chalky and artistic youth. Does any child use chalks nowadays? Or have sixpenny boxes of coloured chalks become a thing of the past, as obsolete (so we are constantly told) as good and faithful servants? I am inclined to think that if there are few good maids, there are also far fewer good, comfortable places. It is nobody's fault, but merely the changed times, and perhaps an inevitable result of progress and new ideas. Nothing stands still; and yet the mistresses of households expect to find cooks and parlourmaids as contented and old-fashioned and easily pleased as they were forty or fifty years ago, when four pounds a year (and a winey gown) was considered a handsome wage—a wage for which they worked early and late, a wage for which they would rise 'up in the morning early' to wash blankets and beat carpets. You might as well expect one of our popular modern novelists to be contented and happy with that munificent sum of five pounds Milton received for *Paradise Lost*.

The times have changed, and all we can do is to make the best of it. From the novelist's point of view, of course, things have greatly changed for the better! The old-fashioned servant was no scholar; having no desire to read, she spent her time, when not actually about her duties, sewing or knitting either for herself or for the benefit of the household. Now that she has learned 'The Pleasures of Literature and the Solace of Books,' we can hardly blame her if in her moments of leisure she picks up an enthralling novel, and in consequence of such lettered-idleness buys her stockings and has her print 'wrappers' made in a shop. In the old days she *had* to make her own clothes, because there was no one else to make them; she had to knit her 'two purll, two plain' hose, for the woven stockings at tenpence a pair did not exist. In a great many instances she stayed for years in the same place because there would have been great difficulty in leaving it; locomotion was very different then from what it is now, and people of *all* classes were not in the habit

of tearing about the country or having perpetual changes.

In early childhood I remember being quite horrified by a Lammernuir shepherd's wife asking me what the sea was like. She lived twelve miles from it, and yet had never once seen the blue waves breaking on the shore nor the distant sails of a passing vessel. When in later years she paid a visit to Edinburgh—an Edinburgh that knew not cable-cars or motors—she was bewildered and dumfounded by the wonder of the traffic. When she was prevailed upon to have a cup of tea with us, she electrified us all by pausing on the threshold of the door and remarking with much solemnity, 'Hech, Sirs! Hech, Mem! I feel juist like the Queen o' Sheby veesitir' Soalomon in a' his glory!' Anything less like the Eastern Queen I certainly never saw, nor is there much Solomonic glory about the ordinary Edinburgh house. We are told 'there is no darkness but ignorance.' Well, we have swept away the ignorance of the 'gudewife' from the Lammernuirs; and her descendants are not likely to have remained indifferent to the call of the Sea, nor do they compare themselves to Biblical Queens when they take a cheap trip to Edinburgh. We have the light and yet we are not satisfied. We want all the good points of the fine old-fashioned days of unlettered ignorance and all the pleasant things of the modern up-to-date enlightenment. My Lady still wishes to find the hard-working blanket-washer at four pounds per annum, totally forgetting that all round prices and things and wages have altered.

I suppose the smallest wage possible is the ten pounds or twelve pounds given to a kitchen-maid or 'tweeny-maid'—that unfortunate victim who is neither 'fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring,' but the drudge of the housemaid and the turnspit of the cook. I take it that the modern ten pounds really is not any more than the five pounds of fifty years ago; therefore we cannot call the wages so very excessive. True, you will only get a beginner for a small wage; but why not take the young, strong country girl and train her? Shall I tell you why? Because the modern mistress is not going to be troubled to teach her. In the article I have already referred to mention is made of *trained* lady-servants, and, of course, if trained lady-servants are required, I suppose trained ordinary handmaidens are considered even more necessary. Now, who trained the good, faithful Peggotys of a bygone generation? Their mistress of course, and she is the proper person to do it. But remember, 'there is no darkness but ignorance;' modern enlightenment tells us women were indeed plunged in a dark and hopeless ignorance in those long-ago days that are considered *domestically* so halcyon and peaceful. Is it necessary to be ignorant to know how to look after a house? Of course it is nothing of the sort, and it does not say much for our modern education if we cannot keep our houses better than our great-grandmothers, who

are popularly supposed to have had no education at all!

You women of to-day, who fear so much

The women of the future, showing how
The dangers of her course are such and such—

What are you now?

Mothers and wives and housekeepers, forsooth!

Great names, you cry; full scope to rule and please!
Room for wise age and energetic youth!

But are you these?

Housekeepers! Do you then, like those of yore,

Keep house with power and pride, with grace and
case?

No, you keep servants only! What is more,
You don't keep these!

To-day the modern housekeeper is *too busy* with other things to look after her house at all. Well, that may all be for the benefit of the human race, and generations yet unborn may rise to bless the day when women were so busy in the world that they had no time to attend to their homes. Only, they must *not* blame the servants if their homes are neglected, the meals (if they ever eat any in the house!) ill-cooked and ill-served. Woman's (how nice of me to give her that large capital 'W') place in the world may be one of infinitely greater importance than that of mother, wife, and housekeeper

—I do not *quite* see what she is going to do that could be better than doing her own work (this work has no large 'W'), but then I am dreadfully old-fashioned and ignorant; but until she pays some attention to her household more than a perfunctory dinner-ordering for three minutes in the morning, I much fear she will still cry aloud and in vain for good servants. I have already mentioned King Solomon in this little paper, and I am sure no one is going to dispute with me if I say he was ever considered a very wise man. Solomon has placed it upon record that the price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies; if we take the trouble to read of this virtuous woman we find that in addition to being a very good housekeeper she was also possessed of brains. 'She considereth a field, and buyeth it;' your ignorant woman does not know how to acquire property. She was not so busy that she neglected her own personal appearance or her clothes, for are we not told she wore 'silk and purple'? She knew how to advance her husband's interests. As for her children, did they not arise and call her Blessed? I do not think we shall improve *much* upon King Solomon's ideal woman; and let us remember with all she had to do she yet 'looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the Bread of Idleness.'

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XXII.

MY first impulse on entering the Palace was to bolt the door. As I was about to do so my eyes fell on a sleepy, corpulent figure rising perfunctorily, at my entrance, from the depths of a comfortable arm-chair. It was the major-domo Bomcke, whose duty it doubtless was to see that the last guest was home before making the Palace secure for the night.

He gaped audibly, and was about to shoot the great bolts with which the *Siegersthor* was furnished when I addressed him.

'Herr Bomcke?'

'Yes, Mr Saunders.'

'Where is His Majesty?'

'His Majesty has retired.'

'And who is the officer on guard?'

'Captain von Odenheimer. He is going his rounds.'

'Herr Bomcke,' I said severely, 'are you a loyal servant of the King?'

The major-domo's sleepy countenance displayed considerable mystification at my question; but for answer he drew himself up to a posture of superb dignity and placed his fat right hand on his dress-waistcoat.

'Because,' I pursued, 'I have reason to believe that an attempt will be made to-night on the King's

person. The Grand Duke may be here at any moment.'

'The Grand Duke!'

I never saw a man so robbed of his attributes as was the major-domo in that revealing moment of dismayed astonishment. His dignity, his pomposity, his presence, were gone in a twinkling, and there was surprisingly little left—merely a quivering, spineless, barely articulate jelly of a man. Nevertheless, his collapse proved that he, at any rate, was not a party to the treachery, and I hesitated no longer in giving him my orders.

'Bolt the door thoroughly, Herr Bomcke,' I said, 'and then go and warn Captain von Odenheimer of the impending attack. He is a capable man, and will do everything in his power to make the place secure.'

Then, without further delay, I mounted the stairs in the direction of the King's bedchamber.

The Schattenberg's motives in kidnapping me were doubly clear now. Not only did they wish to remove a possibly dangerous adversary from the scene of their activities, but they knew that until I had returned to the Palace the gate would be left unbarred, or at any rate that some one would readily open it to an expected summons. Outside the King's door I halted a moment in some trepidation. Then I knocked softly—there was no answer. Again I knocked—more vigorously this time—and

almost immediately the door was flung open, and for the second time that night I found myself looking straight down the barrel of a revolver.

It was the King who had opened the door, and his thick, stiff hair was matted with the disorder consequent on slumber. Over his sleeping-suit he had donned a flowery dressing-gown, and his appearance was sufficiently comic to bring a smile to my face. Nevertheless, there was no answering smile on the King's countenance as he recognised me; neither did he pay me the compliment of lowering his revolver.

'What do you want?' he asked brusquely.

'It is I—Saunders.'

'I know. What do you want?'

'If your Majesty will kindly lower your revolver I will explain.'

He looked at me doubtfully for a moment, and then did as I had requested.

'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'I am very sleepy.'

In a few words as possible I explained the situation to him, and the fact that the conspirators might be there at any moment.

'And you escaped from their net and tobogganed here in order to warn me?' he said.

'Without rakes,' I added, with more than a touch of pride.

The King tossed back his head with a gesture which meant much. He was wide enough awake now; and, though his outward composure was remarkable, I read the light of battle in his brightening eyes.

'Let me think,' he said, passing his hand through his matted locks. 'You told Bomcke to fasten the door. Good! Let us take up our position at a window overlooking the *Siegersthor*, and fire on them as they arrive.'

The plan was simple, and might perhaps have been effective had circumstances permitted the carrying of it out. As a matter of fact the King's scheme was barely formulated when the sound of voices reached our ears from below. The King seized me by the wrist and dragged me to the head of the staircase. Next he switched off a light which shone above our heads, and together we cautiously descended a half-flight of stairs till the hall came within range of our vision. Then we waited, gazing silently at the strange scene which met our eyes. The hall contained a group of some half-dozen officers in full uniform, and in the centre was the Grand Duke and his son Max. The former was addressing the throng in deep, low tones, emphasising his remarks with grandiose flourishes of a drawn sword. Of his speech we could catch but occasional phrases, but it was evidently a species of patriotic incitement to murder, with a high-spirited eulogy of his own House and person. I wondered how they had obtained entrance, and concluded that the redoubtable Herr Bomcke had been too paralysed by my alarming information to perform his all-important duty of bolting the *Siegersthor*. This view was borne out by a glimpse

of the major-domo's prostrate body, propped limply against a marble pedestal in a corner of the apartment, a streak of crimson staining his otherwise colourless face.

After a few moments the Grand Duke's oration came to an end, and a murmur of approval or allegiance rose from the surrounding officers. It was clear that, since they had obtained a foothold in the Palace, secrecy and silence were no longer essential to their scheme.

'They wish to lure me down there and pot me,' whispered the King in my ear. '*Pas si bête!* I am going to have one shot at dear Fritz, and then I shall bolt for the *Schweigenkammer*. I want you to rouse Meyer and tell him to get some loyal troops from Weisseim.'

'What about Odenheimer and his quarter-company?' I asked.

'If Odenheimer and his quarter-company were true to their salt they would be down there wiping my cousin's blood off their bayonets. No, there are few men in the world I can trust, and Meyer is one of them. When I fire, run to his bedroom.'

I watched my royal companion take deliberate aim; and then, as his steady finger pressed back the trigger and the clear report rang through the building, I turned and dashed up the stairs in search of the Commander-in-Chief. A muttered '*Höllens glück!*' from His Majesty, who followed close on my heels, told me that the shot had missed. I glanced hastily backwards, and perceived that the pack had recovered from their surprise and were pursuing us with murderous intent. On I dashed, and as I gained the landing which led to General Meyer's room I heard the King stumble over his long dressing-gown and sprawl full length along the stairs. In a second I was by his side again and had slipped out the revolver I had taken from the Marien Castel. Our opponents were still a full flight below us, but in that momentary halt I was recognised.

'Saunders!' I heard Max cry, with a shout of anger and astonishment, and a second later a revolver-bullet ripped up the pine panelling at the level of my head.

'Upwards,' cried the King, who had recovered himself with surprising quickness, and we continued our rapid flight up the easy steps of the Palace stairway. At the next landing we separated, I darting down a corridor to the left in the direction of General Meyer's apartments, the King mounting a further flight *en route* for the *Schweigenkammer*. I had traversed but half the distance to the General's rooms when it became evident to me that I was no longer pursued. The reckless crew, who had staked their all on the successful issue of their plot, had wisely concentrated their energies on the main object of their desires—the capture or death of the royal quarry. For the life of me I found it impossible to carry out the King's behest of rousing Meyer without first learning for certain whether he had reached in safety the friendly shelter of the

silent room. As noiselessly as possible I retraced my steps down the passage, mounted the steps after the pursuing throng, and then peered cautiously down the corridor out of which the *Schweigenkammer* opened. A glance told me that the King had won his harbour of refuge, for the body of conspirators were gathered outside making noisy and desperate efforts to break through the door. I smiled, for I knew the thickness of that sound-deadening portal; and, realising that King Karl was at least temporarily secure, I hastened to complete my mission of summoning the Commander-in-Chief. I found his room unlocked, and, without waiting for an answer to my knock, I burst in. I had expected to find the General in bed, but he was sitting half-dressed in his arm-chair, holding in his hand a small bunch of pinks and gazing with an expression of ludicrous rapture at a full-length photograph of Mrs Van Troeber which adorned his dressing-table. It was several seconds before he managed to transfer his glance to myself.

'General,' I said hastily, 'there is a plot against the King. The Grand Duke and Max are in the Palace with half-a-dozen other conspirators, and they are besieging the King in the *Schweigenkammer*.'

I expected to see him dash out of his chair with an oath, but he remained seated as he was, his long legs stretched luxuriously before him, a smile on his inscrutable face, a model of contemptuous impassivity.

'In the *Schweigenkammer*!' he repeated slowly. 'It will take them some time to break through that door.'

'Doubtless,' I said, irritated by his untimely calm. 'And we must be thankful that we are given that time in which to act. His Majesty bade me tell you to summon loyal troops from Weissheim.'

'Loyal troops from Weissheim! Did His Majesty specify any particular battalion?'

'No.'

'Loyal troops, my dear Saunders, are not a plentiful commodity just at present, nor is Weissheim the most favourable spot in which to search for them. If I went round to the barracks now I should probably be shot. What is Von Odenheimer doing?'

'He is doing nothing—which speaks for itself.'

'He has not put in an appearance?' continued General Meyer. 'I am surprised;' and he shrugged his shoulders significantly, fixing his gaze once more on Mrs Van Troeber's portrait.

I became aware that my temper was rising violently, but with an effort I held myself in.

'General Meyer,' I said calmly, 'have you any suggestion to make with regard to securing the King's preservation?'

'Beautiful creature!' he muttered to himself, still gazing at his divinity's presentment.

'I beg your pardon,' he continued, turning dreamily to me. 'Have I any suggestion to make?'

Of course I have. If you wish to be by the King's side in the hour of danger, it is possible to fulfil your most creditable desire. It is necessary first to mount the staircase to the story above the *Schweigenkammer*. Open the corridor window, and you can climb on to a small tiled roof of a comparatively easy pitch. If you can manage to crawl down this you will find that the right-hand corner of the eaves is furnished with a rainwater-pipe, and by means of this a descent may be made to the level of the *Schweigenkammer* window. It needs a little spring to reach the sill, but the masonry is rough-hewn, and one can do wonders if one's heart is in one's work.'

'Good,' I said enthusiastically; 'we will try it.'

'We?' echoed the General sarcastically. 'My dear Saunders, I am neither a monkey nor a steeplejack.'

'No,' I retorted hotly; 'merely a coward, it seems.'

My companion sniffed his bunch of pinks with an expression of infinite rapture. 'A coward and a Jew,' he said softly. 'It does not need a brilliant intelligence to perceive that.'

'Man alive!' I cried in amazement at his self-contempting admission, 'haven't you the pluck of a mouse?'

Again he shrugged his shoulders indolently.

'I detest violence,' he said simply, 'and I value my skin at an absurdly high price. Before I met Mrs Van Troeber I had an exaggerated detestation of facing death; and now,' he continued, gazing fondly again at the photograph, 'I am very much in love with life.'

'A love that breeds cowardice is an ignoble passion,' I retorted contemptuously. 'Do you know what the King said of you?'

He shook his head slowly with a smile of indifference.

'He said,' I went on, 'There are few men in the world I can trust: Meyer is one of them.'

In a second my companion was sitting bolt upright in his chair gazing at me with piercing eyes.

'He said that?'

'He did,' I replied.

A moment later he had sunk back again to his original position of exaggerated listlessness.

'No, my good Saunders,' he said dryly, 'it won't do. Your plan to rouse my ardour was well meant, but a shade—ingenuous.'

'In other words,' I cried wrathfully, 'I am a liar!'

'Will you swear he used those words?'

'I swear it as I hope for salvation.'

'Swear it on your honour.'

'I swear it on my honour!'

Slowly and deliberately, as if weighing every ounce of his decision, the Commander-in-Chief of the Grimland army rose from his seat. His face was calm and inscrutable as ever, but his right hand, which he held out to me, was trembling with excitement or fear.

'Saunders,' he said hoarsely, 'we must save the

King. Worn your way into the *Schweigenkammer*, and I will do my best to worm out loyalty from Weissheim. Believe me, mine is not the least dangerous task of the two?

I took his hand in mine and looked him full in the eyes. He met my gaze with the shadow of a smile, and then turned his head away.

'I would give untold gold for your temperament,' he said. 'Go, my good friend; go and prosper. You will need all your excellent nerve to reach the *Schweigenkammer*; but the luck of the square-chinned men will be with you.' And as he turned to put on his big military overcoat I left him.

(To be continued.)

THE MEDIEVAL REPUBLIC OF ANDORRA.

By OLIVER GREY.

THE Central and Western Pyrenees have been thoroughly modernised by the French tourists and water-drinkers who flood the pleasant spas in July and August, or the British residents who ascend from their settlements at Pau and Biarritz to breathe the cooler atmosphere of the mountains. But the Eastern Pyrenees, the French and Spanish Cerdagne, have hardly as yet come under the influence of new ideas; while there are places to be found on the high frontier which have altered little in appearance, manners, and customs for the last five centuries. The tourist who visits Le Vernet, with its up-to-date Casino, spacious hotels, and well-kept public gardens, where frost is unknown and the abundant flora of the Mediterranean flourishes, steps as it were from the twentieth into the sixteenth century as he passes up the valley of the Tet and by Montlouis to Bourg-Madame, the last French village at this particular point.

Montlouis has a reputation of its own. It is the highest garrisoned fortress in the Republic, and its ancient gates have never been opened to an enemy; though its defences are no longer the picturesque tree-grown bastions and ponderous portcullis-gate, but skilfully concealed glacis and rampart, constructed upon the best modern principles against long-range artillery. The statue of a forgotten soldier adorns the homely little place—a General Dagobert, of whose exploits the guide-books are silent. But, save for the diligence traffic, conducted for the most part with vehicles which must have been old before the Third Empire, Montlouis offers but little excitement to the 'numerous Spanish visitors' who, on the authority of *Baedeker*, come thither to cool in the summer months.

From the Col de la Perche, a few miles west, the whole character of the country changes. The mountains have completely lost their Mediterranean character; the almond-orchards and barren wastes of Roussillon give place to maize-fields and coppices of beech and hazel. To cross from Bourg-Madame by the Segré Bridge is at once to exchange everything that is French for all that is Spanish—the air of a free country, busy and contented, for a land of stagnation and picturesque decay. Puycerda, ringed by terraces of crumbling walls thrown up against invading Carlists, is nothing if not typical of the Peninsula,

with its lofty balconies and close-shuttered windows, narrow, silent streets, and windowless cathedral church. The pervading priest, moreover, recalls significantly the familiar saying upon the lips of every Catalan, '*Muy católicos, muy pobres*'; and were cleanliness really next to godliness, Puycerda should be the fairest city in Spain—which, alas! it is not. Even the glory of its prince-bishops has passed away. Its abbey is a stable, and all that can be marked for progress in the town is rather the result of accident than design; for, since the loss of Cuba, the huge barracks in which were collected the unfortunate conscripts for overseas service have been converted into a school of arts and sciences!

From Bourg-Madame the oldest existing republic in the world may best be entered. Within a few miles the French and Spanish frontiers run counter with that of Andorra, not only the remotest state in Europe, but also the most inaccessible. For which reason it has been left to govern itself in its own way since the days of its emancipation, attributed by Andorrans to Charlemagne, but placed in French history some five centuries later. Some years ago entry from either the Spanish or the French side was absolutely forbidden to all travellers alike. Ousted from happy hunting-grounds elsewhere, a foreign syndicate was supposed to be contemplating the conversion of this immemorial abode of peace into a sort of Baden-Baden or Monte Carlo. For a long period, therefore, the passes were watched by French and Spanish gendarmes, and all persons, suspicious and otherwise, turned back. Personal experience of Andorra, however, is conclusive that no such invasion is possible under existing conditions, any more than in past days the way was open for an enemy. For there is not a continuous road in the whole of its twenty-eight square miles, and to reach the capital, Andorra 'la Vieja,' it is necessary to ride or to march over mountain barriers of not less than seven to eight thousand feet in all directions save one. Napoleon himself never essayed the task. Probably he did not consider the country worth fighting for as an appanage of empire, preferring, as he said, to preserve it as 'a political curiosity'—an opinion satisfactory enough from the antiquarian point of view, but hardly applauded by travellers upon the villainous stony mule-tracks which take the place of the splendid *routes nationales* originally designed

-and commenced by the imperial road-maker elsewhere throughout the Pyrenees.

From Bourg-Madame to Porte, or from Ax to L'Hospitalet, the two villages east and west, whence paths converge upon the Porte de Saldou, the gate to the inhabited valleys of Andorra, it is a case of riding or walking. In point of speed the pedestrian may reckon upon the advantage, while the state of these mountain paths at all times of the year makes mule or horse a doubtful enjoyment. But whether the approach be made from Porte, by the Col de Puymorens—in July a garden of rhododendrons and scented alpine herbs—or from L'Hospitalet, there is nothing to denote the passage from one Republic to the other. For, as Andorra levies no Customs dues, she possesses neither gendarmes, frontier guards, nor *douane* of any sort, and all are free to enter as they please; though an exit, especially on the Spanish side, is less easily accomplished, since as a half-way house and storage for smugglers it is obvious that Andorra is admirably situated, and the neighbouring powers take their precautions accordingly against the abuse of a trade which is 'free' in every sense of the word. Neither export nor import duties are charged upon commodities; it is open for the whole world of pedlars and *commis voyageurs* to push their wares among the population.

In other respects, too, the state of Andorra resembles the principality of Monte Carlo: there are no taxes, much less rates, levied on the common people. Andorra pays something less than forty pounds per annum to France on the one hand, and a smaller sum to the Prince-Bishop of Urgel on the other, the fixed price of guaranteed liberty as determined by treaty some three hundred years ago. The tribute implies further advantages. As there are no police, so there is no accommodation for convicts, the prison pointed out to me in the capital consisting of a tumble-down hovel in a corner of the 'great' square, whose sole inmates for many years have been bats and spiders. When, therefore, the infrequent necessity arises of incarcerating offenders, they are remitted to France to serve their term at Perpignan, in which region also resides the agent-general for Andorra, by whom such transfers and other affairs of State are transacted. But whereas criminals of the first instance are rare, their punishment is proportionately a weighty matter. When the judge has come to the conclusion that he ought to deal severely, he summons his learned brethren, who name a commission to review the proceedings, and it rests with them to confirm, to increase, or to mitigate the proposed sentence. If they are not unanimous, the matter is referred to the judges again; and if they fail to agree there is a judge of appeal; and from him, again, it seems, the final decision is left either to the Archbishop of Urgel or to the court in Paris. However, in a land where there is no money to speak of, lawyers are few and far between, and these elaborate precautions for 'fitting the punishment to the crime' are little more than ornamental.

On great occasions Andorra is represented abroad diplomatically. For instance, at the jubilee of the late Queen Victoria some difficulty was occasioned in the Lord Chamberlain's office by the appearance of a representative therefrom, who, by seniority of his Government, should have preceded France and Switzerland alike. Among his own people to-day he is something of a celebrity; nor has he forgotten the kindness of the merchant-prince requested by the British Government to look after his comforts. For the Andorran does not travel; nor does he, like the Spaniard, swell the number of those who seek to nationalise themselves Frenchmen whenever poverty pinches or political conspiracy has made their own country too hot for them.

The burden of the tribute and of the other moderate expenditure is met by ground-rents paid by the chief land-cultivators, but more especially by the foreign proprietors in whose hands is the grazing of the mountain pastures. Of the former there are but few, and it is certainly remarkable that scarcely any fruit is grown within the Republic; in all the house and cabin gardens not so much as a currant-tree finding space—an omission the more to be wondered at after one has passed through the great fruit-producing region of the Pyrénées-Orientales, and seeing that the soil is not only extremely fertile and well watered, but so rich in natural minerals as to ensure a profuse and profitable harvest of tobacco. As it is, this plant provides the sole export crop, and for its manufacture a factory has been built recently, which also enjoys the proud distinction of being the only home of organised industry within Andorra. The quality of the leaf is by no means bad; and a good trade is done in cigarettes, which possess a 'bouquet' more like the best full-flavoured Spanish brands than the coarser 'caporal' of France, and such of it as crosses the frontier goes south.

At Escaldas, the village nearest to Andorra, there is, however, another industry. In that pretty spot, situated upon a veritable volcano of thermal springs, a race of weavers has carried on its business from time immemorial, the craft being handed from father to son, and pursued with considerable skill, though modern appliances are unknown and the handloom is still employed. The freedom of the frontier, however, has rendered production unremunerative, for the local weavers cannot compete with the imported cheap materials and woollens. And just as the introduction of cheap French materials is killing the cloth industry, so the denudation of the mountains by systematic destruction of the forests without replanting has in like manner made it impossible to work the primitive foundries of agricultural implements, and must presently compel the people to look abroad for fuel. It seems, therefore, that French influences will sooner or later assert themselves, wake up the dormant energies of the country, and develop those mineral resources which it is known to possess, since it is improbable that Catalonia, the most progressive province of Spain, could ever compete with the enterprise of

the French merchant and *commis voyageur*, who have got the lion's share of even such trade as there is.

Returning from Andorra, and just below the Port de Salden, I encountered a gay cavalcade of mules ridden by sturdy fellows whose red Phrygian caps of liberty, white shirts, and blue overalls gave a touch of colour to the monotonous hillside. Each mule, as well as its rider, carried an enormous iron cauldron, destined for service in the making of cheeses. They were all of French manufacture, the iron-mines in the Eastern Pyrenees, at all events, being so thoroughly worked that Vernet-les-Bains contemplates a funicular railway up Mont Canigou, the isolated outpost of the chain, from the summit of which, confronted by the glimmering sapphire of the Mediterranean, on a glorious July morning, I had surveyed the world from Barcelona in the south to Montpellier in the north.

The same lack of enterprise and dread of foreign influence is everywhere demonstrated. Fruit-trees are grown only in tiny plots where there might be abundant orchards. Ordino is proud of its apples; St Julio rejoices in a few chestnut-trees; the vine is grown sparingly in the lower reaches of the Valira, but the grapes are too poor even for *vin ordinaire*, and kept exclusively for table purposes as raisins. Yet I have been assured by Spanish cultivators cognisant of the country and its possibilities that this virgin soil would bear abundant increase, notwithstanding the rigorous winter. But they were equally convinced that no Andorran will ever be induced either to propagate fruit-trees or replant his pine-woods unless he thinks it can be done with native material. Occupied almost entirely with his beasts, and cultivating the pastures only with a view to their winter upkeep, he is, however, if self-contained, a very happy member of the human race. In Spain, that land of proverbial sayings, 'to play the Andorran' means to hold your tongue and observe extreme caution; but among themselves, judging by what I saw and heard, this shyness and reserve is completely thrown off. I was duly informed, also, that not always is it quiet in Andorra, but that were I visiting the country on the occasion of some of the not infrequent holidays I should see sights and hear songs not inferior to what I might encounter in Spain.

As a matter of fact, my sole experience of music across the frontier, so far, had had little in common with the tinkling of guitars and the clash of the tambourine beloved of Spanish country-folk. Wandering in the ancient and beautiful streets of Puycerda, I had listened spell-bound to the voice of a woman singing Gounod's 'Ave Maria' behind a green-shuttered window. Nor was I alone as audience, for close beside me stood a young man wearing the red Catalan cap, with tears running down his cheeks, and he finally gave vent to his feelings in a long-drawn, scarcely articulate 'Brava!' I noticed, too, that all through the French Cerdagne the people—more especially the men—had fine musical voices; and I remember how, throughout

a long and dusty diligence-drive, one amiable performer, who looked the typical brigand of the opera, melted our souls with exquisite selections from a repertoire ranging from high mass to low comedy. Such of the Andorrans as I heard singing in the fields to their cattle and their sheep appeared to take much simple pleasure in their performances; but though I was told that Arcadian pipes were still in vogue, I encountered no shepherd leading his goats to pasture with a *musette*, as I have seen, and am told is not unusual still, in the hardly more modernised Cévennes.

On holidays, after the celebration of mass, there is open-air dancing when the season allows. Moreover, Andorra enjoys a carnival when all the Catholic world is similarly engaged, with processions and lotteries in which the prizes are fat porkers. At this festival, also, it is the custom for the young people to do their courting, which proceeds rather after the Spanish fashion, the lover loitering beneath his lady's window, from which, if his suit be acceptable, she presently lowers her favours, not in the shape of a red rose or other pretty token, but in the truly bucolic form of a string of sausages or other rural dainties! This, therefore, is called the *festa del casamen*, or 'feast of windows.' At Easter, too, at which is celebrated the *festa dels ous*, the customary eggs are exchanged; while in the autumn the hunter's moon is welcomed with the *festa de la oca*, when a man dressed in a bear's skin is introduced, attacking a pair of lovers, and is finally beaten off in triumph by the bold marksmen of the mountains. These *feste* are of great antiquity, but it is not so long since the bear was a real danger to the Andorran homestead instead of being a fugitive in the remotest mountains. Now game, like every other natural product in Andorra, becomes 'small by degrees and beautifully less,' and under existing methods of capture it seems that the streams which water its fertile valleys are also likely to be despoiled of their trout, abundant though the supply has been, as elsewhere throughout the region of the Pyrenees.

I saw no fishing with the rod in progress; though it is possible that, as it was the time of the hay-harvest, the trout were allowed a respite from the wholesale destruction which native methods imply. But in a Spanish book of tours published in Barcelona I came across the following suggestive account of the manner in which these waters are devastated: 'The fisherman procures a supply of cuca, the narcotic with the alkaloid of which we are familiar in cocaine. A few grains of it are mixed with earth, and a number of worms introduced, who devour the mixture greedily. The worms are then thrown into the stream where the water runs swift among the rocks, and the fish, taking the bait readily, are picked up as they float down in a state of intoxication, "which lasts about an hour."' But sometimes even more deadly methods are adopted, the cuca being mixed with vinegar and oxide of copper.

As to their comforts, a Spartan simplicity pervades the Andorran household; they have neither arts nor crafts, and many of the simplest 'luxuries' are quite unknown. And as for the inns, for dirt and squalidity they are more than a match for the *posada* of southern Andalusia, though a good word may be said for the one 'hotel' in Andorra, which, if primitive, at all events is clean, the bedrooms being provided with a basin and jug about the size of a pudding-bowl and teapot, and an apology for a looking-glass—though I saw no other mirror in Andorra, and this one, unless I am very much mistaken, was made of tin or some other polished metal, which may have served Helen of Troy to set her tresses in array, but would allow no modern to indulge in the luxury of a shave. As on the frontier, the plan of most of these houses of call appeared to be a kitchen, parlour, and dining-room all in one, shared indiscriminately by man, beast, and feathered fowl, to say nothing of vermin. The cuisine, as might be expected under such circumstances, is neither characteristic nor appetising. Baking is only done once a week, and it would require a pickaxe to break up the enormous boulders of bread presented to the wayfarer who happens to arrive after the second day; while the very driest of dried hams constitutes the *pièce de résistance* of every meal.

At the Hôtel Calounes, as everywhere else, it is the custom for all sorts and conditions of men to partake of the evening meal together. A more democratic assembly it would be difficult to collect. My guide, a Frenchman, sat opposite me with a cowherd; the head of the table was taken by a small tradesman; my neighbour was a French gentleman, who regaled me with thrilling tales of his 'night experiences' in the rooms above; and the rest of us—nine o'clock being the hour of the evening meal—were made up of a Spanish priest from Urgel and a couple of nondescripts who, I fancy, were interested in the contraband business, and received attention proportionate to their importance as men of affairs. The cooking was not first class, but it was tolerable, and a ten hours' walk had provided sauce sufficient; the trout aforesaid making a welcome alternative to the weird lumps of fat pork, swimming in hot water and garlic, which opened the banquet. The native cheese, too, is by no means unpalatable, rather resembling that known in southern France as *bris*.

But I was most interested in the quality and manner of serving the wine, which tasted strongly of the classical leathern skins in which it is imported. Throughout Andorra, as in Catalonia, a glass vessel without a handle, and having a double spout, is placed upon the table. One spout serves to pour the wine, and is of the ordinary calibre; the other, long and tapering to a point, is patronised by all true Catalans, and it requires some dexterity to spurt the liquid into the mouth at the orthodox

distance, the lips of the drinker, by courtesy, never touching the conduit.

The language spoken by all Andorrans is a high-land dialect of Catalan, quite unintelligible to the educated Spaniard, much more so to the casual traveller who is master of French alone, and as carefully guarded and preserved as everything else in this most conservative of republics. And how difficult of access are its records is exemplified, perhaps, nowhere more conspicuously than in the little homely building which is dignified by the name of 'The Palace.' Not many Englishmen have described Andorra in print; of recent years I can only find Mr Harold Spender's account of the country, which forms a chapter in his interesting *Through the High Pyrenees*. But he gives an amusing account of the archives box, which requires half-a-dozen keys to open it; and though it hangs in the Palace 'plain for all folks to see,' the simultaneous attendance of the head-men of each parish whose official papers are contained therein is necessary, since only by their united efforts, and by no single key, can the chest be opened. It is not surprising, therefore, that all attempts on the part of casual visitors to determine the antiquity and to throw documentary light on the details of the constitution have, so far, proved a signal failure. Nor was I more successful on a much simpler quest. My guide was sure that no flag of Andorra existed, but that the people were in the habit of planting 'trees of liberty' here, there, and everywhere as outward manifestations of the national spirit. But Mr Spender, apparently, was privileged to see the banner unfurled—red, yellow, and blue in horizontal stripes, a judicious blend of French and Spanish colours, surcharged with a crown, emblematic of the sovereignty of the people.

The Spanish writer, however, who has described Andorra *como el caracol* has summed up this remarkable community of peasants in as many words. The snail moves slowly, and protrudes its head from its shell only when there is no danger abroad. Andorra certainly progresses with medieval deliberation, and at the slightest indication of foreign curiosity and enterprise retires to shelter itself behind an impenetrable wall of reticence. Whether it will be lured eventually from an attitude so strikingly opposed to twentieth-century notions remains to be seen. A railway will presently be driven through the Pyrenees, connecting Toulouse and western France directly with Barcelona. The surveys are complete and the work is already begun. As the line will pass within a few hours' walk of the Porte de Saldué, it seems impossible that the hermit Republic should be able to remain in cloistered stagnation with the great progressive world of commerce humming at its gates. For the French Government of to-day, unlike the great Napoleon, regards the maintenance of 'political curiosities' upon the borders of France with disfavour, however interesting and entertaining they may be to tourists and others in search of the original.

CAPTAIN KENT'S COMMISSION.

CHAPTER II.



THE first gray of dawn was making thin the darkness in Captain Kent's room. He stooped by the door, listening. Three sharp, clear strokes sounded on the ship's bell—half-past five o'clock. He cautiously undid the door and stepped out into the cabin. When he had waited there in the gloom alone for a few minutes, two other stealthy figures joined him.

'Ready?' said Captain Kent.

'Ay, sir.'

'Dennis, Fritz, you'll not go back on me, lads?'

'Divil an inch, sir!' said the young steward, a long, thin limb of a boy, with a shock of red hair sticking out like an aureole round his rough blue cap.

'I will not forsake you, captain, for sure,' said the stout German cook, who had a double chin.

'Remember, there's a thousand dollars apiece for you, boys, if we pull through. Shake hands, all.'

The three conspirators gripped hands.

'The mate is asleep in his room,' said Captain Kent. 'Come quietly.'

They crept to the door of the mate's room, which was unlocked, and the Kentuckian glided noiselessly within. The new mate lay snoring in his bunk. Captain Kent silently passed out his revolvers and sword; then he admitted the others, and together they gagged and bound the sleeping man before he could utter a sound.

Then the captain drew from his breast-pocket a note, and gave it to the cook. 'Take it to Miss Maddison's cabin,' he told him, 'and see that she reads it right there; then go back to the galley and hang around till I want you.—Dennis, bring in the coffee at six sharp, and loiter in the cabin as I told you till we come. All right?'

'All right, sir.'

Captain Kent drew out a chart as the men left to execute his orders, and spread it open on the cabin table. Then he mounted on deck. In the pale light of the dawn, the bark was labouring in a heavy sea. Kent buttoned up his jacket, and nodded a gruff good-morning to Lieutenant Munroe, who was pacing the deck alone.

'Couldn't sleep,' he complained.

Down in her cabin, Miss Maddison sat on the edge of her bunk with a flushed face, her fine hair tumbled about her head, reading the message with which the cook had startled her from sleep.

'DEAR MADAM'—it ran—'Do not be alarmed at anything you may hear, and do not stir from your cabin till eight o'clock. We are trying to win back the ship. If it happens that you do not see me

again, do not think too hardly of me. I have promised Dennis and Fritz a thousand dollars each if we succeed. They are plucky fellows, and if I am not in at the finish I know you will see that they do not fail of their pay. You may trust them.—I am, your most devoted servant, RICHARD KENT.'

Rhoda Maddison, as she finished the hastily written note, coloured more deeply. A thrill of pride went through her. This was the man who, though no hint of the thing had passed his lips, was in love with her. She repeated his name—Richard Kent—Richard. A sudden rush of emotion assailed her, a fierce desire to be with those three who were facing a whole ship's company, who at this very moment, it might be, were going to their death in her service. Two of them staked their lives for dollars; but one, Richard Kent, was throwing his on the table for love alone. She began to dress hurriedly.

Meanwhile, the Kentuckian and the lieutenant paced the deck together.

'We ought to have cleared Hatteras in the night,' said Captain Kent, gazing to leeward at the long flat spit of the Cape. 'What with currents and fogs, navigation is devilish tricky hereabouts.'

'We're all right,' answered the lieutenant a little stiffly.

'Let her go a bit free, sir,' said the other. 'You are too close to the Cape by a good half-mile. I tell you, and I know.'

'We have plenty of offing,' the officer answered. Nevertheless, he turned to the helmsman. 'How's her head?' he asked.

'Nor'-east and by east, sir.'

'Keep her so.—I tell you it is right, Captain Kent.'

The Kentuckian shrugged his shoulders, thrusting his hands into his pockets with the air of a man who feels that good advice is being thrown away.

'Very well, if you say so. I'm not responsible now; but I guess I have navigated these waters five times to your once, Mr Munroe, and I tell you, if you want to clear Hatteras, another two points east will do no harm. I shouldn't like to see the old barkie on the banks, after all the seas she has carried me through. If you don't believe me, believe the chart. I left it open on the cabin table. Guess the coffee is about on the way too.'

Had the tall skipper been a few inches shorter, his anxious sidelong glance at the lieutenant must have caught the latter's eye. Casually he turned and led the way to the cabin, and his heart beat quick as he heard the Federalist follow in his steps.

Inside the deckhouse there was a passage of some five yards from the deck to the cabin, with a door

at either end. Stepping aside to let the ship's new commander enter first, Captain Kent stooped at the outer door as he followed in and picked up an iron belaying-pin which he had laid ready. The lieutenant went to the cabin, where the chart lay on the table and the steward was setting out the coffee.

'Sir!' cried the captain, and the navy officer turned suddenly.

Kent stood within a yard of him, his arm raised, the heavy iron pin in his hand. He spoke quickly, in a low, hard tone:

'The *Sebastian* shall never go to Philadelphia!'

The lieutenant's hand flew to his belt; but before he could draw his pistol or Captain Kent bring down the pin the lanky steward had twined his sinewy arms round him from behind, and the two rolled on the cabin floor together. The lieutenant strove to shout; but the Irish lad had him at a disadvantage, and well-nigh crushed him in his grip, so that only a half-choked cry escaped him. In another moment Captain Kent was upon him, and he was gagged and bound, and flung into a berth. The skipper and the steward were still panting from the struggle when Miss Maddison entered the cabin. Her cheeks were aglow, and in her proud, dark eyes excitement sparkled.

'What can I do?' she demanded. 'I can shoot, and I am not afraid.' With a movement of a jewelled hand she brushed back her hair—which she had coiled hastily—from her eyes, and stood before them like a queen.

'We have to tackle the crew yet, Miss Maddison,' said Kent. 'There are only three of us. Will you stay and guard the prisoners? There may be more.' He took the lieutenant's revolver from his belt as he spoke. The girl put out her hand for it, and he gave it to her, after looking carefully to the charging of it. 'We rely on you, Miss Maddison,' he said, and left her guarding the man with whom, only the day before, she had been playing at love to pique him. Calling to the cook as they returned on deck, Captain Kent dropped the belaying-pin again inside the passage.

'It's the game of bluff now for our lives, lads,' said he, looking cautiously to discover the whereabouts of the watch. 'Dennis, go aft with the lead-line towards the lazaret-hatch, and stand by to give me a hand.—Fritz—you are a good man to stop a gap with—get for'ard by the men's quarters, and the first son-of-a-gun that comes out, choke him quietly. Keep out of sight of the lookout. Give me your pistol; you won't need to shoot.'

The big German handed over the weapon and went to his post. Captain Kent put the revolver under his coat and followed the steward aft.

The deck-fittings of the *Sebastian* were of the usual American type. The crew were berthed in a fore-deckhouse, and the captain's and officers' quarters were in a half-raised deckhouse aft. Aft the house was the wheel, with the lazaret-hatch close alongside it. The steersman could not

see the main-deck forward of the house. Captain Kent boldly hailed the three men of the watch.

'Get a coil of rope from the lazaret, boys! Lieutenant Munroe's orders. Hustle!' he cried.

The men jumped down without a word; they had seen Kent in daily converse with their officer, and his tone had the natural ring of command.

'Dennis, quick!' he hissed.

In another moment the lazaret-hatch was clapped down on the three prisoners. The startled steersman let go the wheel, and in the twinkling of an eye the Kentuckian faced him with his revolver.

'Say a word, or move, and you're a corpse!—Dennis, tie him up.'

They gagged the unresisting man, and made him fast with the lead-line.

'Dennis, can you steer?' asked Captain Kent.

'Not to swear by, sir,' said the Irishman, with a grin.

'Never mind. She'd better rip out her topmasts than take us all to be shot in Philadelphia jail. Stand guard over the lazaret while I talk to the lookout.'

He went forward and hailed the man, who came readily enough.

'See here, sonny,' said Kent, 'I have the ship. Will you help to navigate her to England?'

The fellow stared at him, comprehension dawning slowly upon him.

'No,' he said stoutly. 'I guess I'm an American.—Watch ahoy! All hands on deck!' he sang out lustily.

But at the same moment the big skipper lunged with his fist and felled him to the deck.

'Hold the door for thirty seconds, Fritz!' Seizing the stunned lookout by the collar of his jersey, he hauled him at a run to the cabin door, and breathlessly thrust him within. He caught a glimpse of the beautiful jailer sitting, revolver in hand, by the lieutenant's bunk. 'If he stirs, shoot!' cried Captain Kent, pointing to the new arrival. Then he rushed back.

The watch below had come out leisurely, suspecting nothing. The first lay on his back on the deck; the second was struggling with the fat cook as Captain Kent came up; and he saw a third, knife in hand, rushing out on Fritz. The captain's pistol cracked in the nick of time, and the third man dropped, badly hit in the shoulder. At the same moment the fat German tripped up his man and rolled on top of him.

Five minutes later, the rest of the crew having surrendered at discretion and been locked in the deckhouse, Richard Kent returned to the cabin. Miss Maddison sat covering the lookout with her revolver. The man was standing against the wall of the cabin, his left arm stretched out straight like a railway signal, the other hanging limply by his side.

The girl, without moving or taking her eyes from the lookout, asked, 'How is it, captain?'

'The ship is ours, Miss Maddison. You'—
'Then secure that man, please. I am afraid his arm is broken. He would get out his knife, and I had to shoot.'

'Surrender, sonny,' said Kent, wiping the perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand. 'It's our game.'

'All right, captain. I surrender, but I won't help you.'

'Guess you ain't much use with a broken arm anyway, sonny,' said Kent serenely. He called the cook from the deck.

'Put this gentleman with the rest, Fritz. But handle him carefully. He's hurt.'

Then he turned to the girl, and, to his surprise, found her in tears, her head buried in her arms. So sudden a change in the proud beauty alarmed him for a moment. But at the sound of his voice she stood up and faced him, rosy red with blushes.

'I beg your pardon,' she said. 'You see, I am

only a woman, and fighting is not in my line. Are you sure we have the ship?'

'Sure.'

'And only an hour ago we were prisoners! Captain Kent, I think I have misjudged a brave man.'

The Kentuckian coloured in his turn. 'We have been very fortunate,' he said. 'Nothing else could have saved us. I want to ask you whether you would like me to try to run the gauntlet of the Federal ships along the coast or make straight across to England. If I might advise, I should say cross to England. We are too short-handed to risk being sighted by an enemy's ship. With the provisions which Munroe brought aboard at Charleston we could undertake the voyage. If we are overhauled again your fortune is lost.'

'And you three will hang?'

'Sure.'

'Take me to England, please.'

(To be continued.)

A GREAT ARTIST AT WORK.



HERE is a certain fascination in watching a great artist at work developing an idea or impression which came to him by study or casual suggestion, and which, like the good seed falling on prepared soil, bears fruit, in the case of the author or artist, in the great poem or picture. However much talent and ability the artist may possess, there goes to its development and expression strenuous and persevering labour, guided by that mysterious power called genius, which stamps it 'a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.' A historical scene, fine landscape, or beautiful face may awaken latent power, stimulate fancy and imagination, and, seen through the artist's peculiar individuality, be lifted from a commonplace level and glorified with the light that never was on land or sea.

Tennyson, that great artist in words, in a few minutes after reading that expression in a Crimean letter, 'Some one had blundered,' had the whole scene of the Charge of the Light Brigade flashed before his mind's eye, and penned his poem on that subject. The same poet showed his wisdom in taking nature similes direct from his own observation. At Fowey, in Cornwall, he jotted this down: 'A cow drinking from a trough on the hillside. The netted beams of light play on the wrinkles on her throat.' Good illustrations, stored in a tenacious memory, took their place in his poems when required. 'The Northern Farmer,' old style, was wholly conjectured from the dying words of a bailiff, reported to him, 'God A'mighty little knows what He's about, a-taking me. An' Squire will be so mad an' all!' The poem on the same individual, new style, was founded on the saying of a rich

farmer, 'When I canters my 'orse along the ramper [highway] I 'ears proputtty, proputtty, proputtty;' and so the reader hears the legs of the horse cantering through the poem, keeping time to the very materialistic thoughts of the farmer.

Ruskin has said that the greatest thing a human soul ever does is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. 'To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion all in one.' No artist of the nineteenth century had this gift of seeing in greater perfection, or had more power to make his vision plain and understood, than the late Sir John Millais. He has been called the most accurate observer of nature in the world, one who knew so perfectly what he had to say, and said it in 'strong, simple, and unaffected fashion.' It was said that he could come back from a walk and sketch an exact likeness of almost any one he had met. It was like him to tell a young aspirant, 'The thing that does not tell is muddle. *Clear, direct work is what always tells.*' A president of the Royal Academy said he had never seen a line of Millais's out of drawing. When a face or figure did not please him, his method was to 'alter and alter for ever up to the last moment, and it was not until he could not see how to do any more that he would let his picture go.' Scamped work was his abhorrence. Unless he thought he could put his best work into a subject he left it alone. When a first-rate man did second-class work he might remark, 'Another poor devil gone wrong for the sake of a few sovereigns.' It was Millais who financed and encouraged Holman Hunt while doing his first great, successful picture, 'The Light of the World,' and Hunt said once to him, 'You have really a faculty for painting, such

as perhaps no other man ever had, certainly such as none since Titian possessed.' In estimating his work, Cosmo Monkhouse said he was one of the greatest painters of the nineteenth century, and that he did more than any other of his generation to infuse a new and healthy life into British art. 'He painted what he saw with a force and truth which have been seldom excelled, and his intense love of nature and of his kind filled his work with life and poetry.' Where he fell short was in inventive power for intricate composition.

Like Tennyson, Millais went to life and nature for his models and inspiration. His advice to a young artist was to paint what he saw immediately around him. 'What,' he said, 'can be more beautiful than an English girl, an English child, or a landscape? Nothing like painting one's surroundings and time. I believe that, and now practise what I preach.' Mr Stacey Marks once wrote to him: 'In you I recognise always the painter of human nature and common-sense, the man of wide sympathies, who can invest man with his dignity, woman with her loveliness, and childhood with an unaffected grace quite its own.'

Let us take an example of two great artists 'making themselves.' In the autumn and winter of 1851 Millais, Holman Hunt, and Charles Collins were all hard at work upon different pictures at a Surrey farmhouse. The pictures of Hunt and Millais, when finished, established a growing reputation; Charles Collins, brother of Wilkie Collins, fell away, drifted into literature, and afterwards published *A Cruise upon Wheels*, a clever travel-book, and died young. Sometimes, for accompaniment, these artist-folk had squalling children; and for dinner, for days running, chops, peas, potatoes, and gooseberry-tart. Millais was painting the backgrounds of his afterwards famous 'Ophelia' and 'Huguenot,' which were executed with pre-Raphaelite skill, care, and minuteness. Hunt worked at his 'Hireling' and his afterwards famous 'Light of the World,' bought by Mr Combe of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and bequeathed to Keble College. Hunt might be seen on moonlight nights cheerfully painting by a lantern, from some contorted apple-tree trunks, 'washed with the phosphor light of a perfect moon, the shadows of the branches stained upon the sward.' It was Millais who financed and encouraged Hunt, as we have said, while painting 'The Light of the World,' else he might have lost heart and become a farmer with an acre.

The marvellous background of 'Ophelia,' now in the Tate Gallery, was painted near Kingston, where the Ewell flows into the Thames. There, seated under some willows by a hay-field, the artist painted the flowers and water-weeds in bloom. 'I sit,' said Millais, 'tailor-fashion under an umbrella throwing a shadow scarcely bigger than a halfpenny, for eleven hours, with a child's mug within reach to satisfy my thirst at the running stream.' He was tormented by the wind, by sand-flies, by the swans, who disturbed the water-weeds, and by the farmer,

who looked upon him as a trespasser; and 'certainly the painting of a picture under such circumstances should be a greater punishment to a murderer than hanging.' The background of 'The Huguenot' was taken from an ivy-covered garden wall, which was painted with great care, as were also the weeds and nasturtiums. Strange to say, this picture was sold to a dealer for one hundred and fifty pounds, and the artist had to wait for his money. The dealer made some thousands by it. One wet day, when outdoor work was impossible, Millais played a prank upon the landlady by painting a picture on a lately painted and varnished cupboard door. The rage of the farmer's wife was great at the spoiling of a good piece of furniture, and was only appeased by the vicar's wife exchanging an Indian shawl for this cupboard door. For recreation Millais read Tennyson, chopped wood, or pelted down the remaining apples from the orchard trees.

The male figure in 'The Huguenot' was painted from his friend General Lempiere. The beautiful Miss Ryan sat as model for the lady; she married an ostler, and her after-story was sad. Miss Siddal, who became Mrs D. G. Rossetti, was the model for 'Ophelia.' She was a milliner, tall, slender, with coppery hair and bright, consumptive complexion. In order to get the proper set of Ophelia's garments in water, Miss Siddal had to lie in a large bath filled with water kept at an even temperature by lamps below. The lamps went out one day while the artist was engrossed in painting, and Miss Siddal contracted a severe cold, and Millais had to pay a doctor's bill. The female figure in 'The Order of Release' (1853) was painted from Mrs Ruskin. 'Autumn Leaves,' painted at Annat Lodge, Bowerswell, Perth, Ruskin considered to be by far Millais's most poetical work up till that time. The background of 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford' (1857) was painted in a fortnight, from Bridge of Earn, taking in the range of the Ochils, with the tower of Elcho Castle, six miles below Perth. There was a great battle to get the horse to stand as model in the stable-yard at Annat Lodge. Millais worked away out of doors in winter, in frost and snow, and sometimes in east and north wind, at this picture, which when finished was denounced by the art-critics, but purchased by Charles Reade. 'Apple Blossoms,' begun in 1858, was four years on the way. The central figure is Sir Thomas Moncreiffe's daughter Georgiana, afterwards Lady Dudley; Sophie and Alice Gray, the painter's sisters-in-law, also appear in the picture. While painting this picture out of doors the bees would settle on the apple-blossom on the canvas—surely a triumph for pre-Raphaelitism. After the 'Vale of Rest' (1859) his treatment became broader and freer. This subject was suggested by the site of the monastery at Loch Awe. The garden terrace, hedge, and trees are from Bowerswell; the churchyard from Kinnoull, Perth. While working in Kinnoull churchyard some good Samaritan brought the artist refreshments, looking upon him as a broken-down member of the profession who had betaken himself

to paint tombstones! He painted, and repainted, for some seven weeks at one of the female figures whose form would not come right. His wife, to break the spell, stole the picture and locked it up in the wine-cellar. It came forth fresh; Millais saw what was wrong, and remedied it at once. Mr Spielmann thought 'The Vale of Rest,' with the figures of two nuns at the open grave, one of the greatest and most impressive pictures ever painted in England, where the sentiment is not mawkish nor the tragedy melodramatic. It was bought for seven hundred pounds, re-sold to Mr Tate for three thousand pounds, and is now in the Tate Gallery. The castle and wall in 'The Love of James the First of Scotland' was painted from the ruins of Balhousie Castle, which overlooks the North Inch, Perth. The model for the lady was Miss Eyre of Kingston. 'The Black Brunswicker' was painted from a private soldier in the Life Guards, a very handsome fellow, who clasped a lay-figure when in the studio; the lady who was model for the figure embracing him in the picture leant on the bosom of a man of wood.

With increased popularity came increased prices. For instance, 'The Minuet' was sold for four thousand five hundred guineas, while his early picture, 'Christ in the House of His Parents,' went to a dealer for one hundred and fifty pounds; but lately five thousand pounds, we believe, was offered for it. The Chantry Fund Trustees purchased 'Speak, Speak' (1895) for two thousand pounds.

With a strong appreciation of beauty in women and children, he had a keen eye for suitable models, and made many happy hits. His own family and some of his friends sat for many different characters. The happy discovery of Miss Beatrice Buckstone meant six thousand pounds at least to the artist when the various pictures for which she sat were completed. These were 'Cinderella,' 'Caller Herrin,' 'Sweetest Eyes were ever Seen.' She had an almost perfect face in form and colour, with golden hair, big blue eyes, and long black lashes. A daughter of Mr Scott Russell sat for the British maiden in 'Boadicea,' and the background was painted at Truro, in Cornwall. 'Cherry Ripe' had an amazing popularity; when reproduced as a *Graphic* supplement some six hundred thousand were sold. The model was Miss Edie Ramage, niece of Mr Thomas, editor of the *Graphic*. 'Bubbles,' painted from his grandson Willie James, was equally popular. 'My First Sermon' was taken from his daughter Effie, when a child of five; two years later she sat for 'My Second Sermon,' and both were painted in the old church at Kingston-on-Thames. In two days Millais made an oil copy of this, working incessantly from morning till night. Miss Alice Gray, his sister-in-law, now Mrs Stibbard, sat for 'Swallow, Swallow, flying South.' For the famous and popular 'North-West Passage' (1874), Captain Trelawny, the friend of Byron and Shelley, sat for the male figure. Usually the painter caught the children at a certain moment

when at their very best. His own boys, Everett and George, figure in 'The Boyhood of Raleigh.' Mrs Lehmann said of the portrait of her daughter, 'When I look at that picture I am looking at my child.'

His first successful landscape, 'Chill October' (1870), now the property of Lord Armstrong, was the precursor of a series of fine pictures of scenes in and around his holiday haunts on the Tay at Murthly and neighbourhood. A hard worker, he was a firm believer in the necessity of an annual holiday, and so the swirling salmon-pools of the Tay or the grouse-moor found him sport every autumn. The score or so of landscapes closing with 'Haleyon Weather' in 1892 were labours of love and the holiday-task of a busy professional man. The stained-glass window in Kinnoull Parish Church, Perth, with fourteen designs of the Parables, by Millais, was given to the Kinnoull Church by his father-in-law, Mr George Gray of Bowerswell. 'Chill October,' which hangs in the drawing-room at Crag-side, Rothbury, Lord Armstrong's Northumbrian mansion, beside Millais's 'Jephthah's Daughter,' has been very little at home recently. It was at the Glasgow Exhibition, then at Leeds, and was next sent to the St Louis Exhibition. By an explosion of gas in Baron Marochetti's house, London, the fine picture of 'The Woman looking for the Lost Piece of Money' was sent through the window, frame and all, and totally destroyed. Millais was tenant of Newmill, on the Tay, in 1892, when 'Haleyon Weather' was completed. The house was gutted by fire during the night, and but for the alarm given by a water-spaniel the consequences might have been serious to the inmates. This painting was amongst the items that were saved.

The special exhibitions of the works of Millais, and the excellent *Life and Letters* of the artist by his son John G. Millais, of which a cheap one-volume edition was recently issued by Messrs Methuen, afford abundant evidence, if any evidence were needed, of his marvellous versatility and ceaseless industry. At Bowerswell, Perth, the former home of Lady Millais, now the residence of her brother, Mr George Gray, are the fine portrait by G. F. Watts (1871), and a copy of the portrait of himself done in 1880 for the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, considered one of the most satisfactory portraits of the artist. This is balanced by one of Lady Millais; while Miss Mary Millais appears as 'The Last Rose of Summer.' 'Haleyon Weather,' taken from a mill-dam at Newmill, near Perth, is there also, with many of those marvellous pencil drawings which, like the sketch Millais made of Dickens after death, awaken the wonder of the beholder. The book illustrations by Millais (1857-64) placed him in the front rank of woodcut designers. At his own request, they were engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Of Moxon's *Tennyson*, which contains some of his designs, ten thousand copies were printed at the hand-press. Between 1857 and 1864 the fine series of woodcuts for the Parables was

executed. There are proof engravings of all his best works at Bowerswell, and the Gothic design for a window done for John Ruskin while taking hints from him in architectural drawing.

As we have mentioned Holman Hunt, it would seem worth noting that, encouraged by Mr Charles Booth, author of *Life and Labour of the People in London*, fifty years after his first triumph he painted a replica of his 'Light of the World' on a somewhat larger scale, which is to be sent round the world on exhibition. It has been on view at the rooms of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, London. Ruskin said of the first picture, now at Keble College, that it was the most perfect instance of expressional purpose with technical power which the world had yet produced. Long afterwards Hunt confided to W. Bell Scott that he painted this picture as a confession of his own faith, as by Divine command, and not simply as a good subject. The same artist saw him at work in a house in Chelsea after his return from the country farmhouse in Surrey. He had an elaborate arrangement of screens and curtains for the dark effect, and there was a lay-figure with a lighted lantern. Hunt painted by daylight in a farther part of the room, and peeped into the gloom through a hole. Thus he had much walking backwards and forwards, as Millais also had in his later studio work. An omnibus groom, taking his horses home at one o'clock in the morning, used to see him working at an open window when there was real moonlight. The success of the picture when exhibited was immediate and immense. The fine replica of this picture done for Charles Booth, after being exhibited in London, was sent to Australia, and will also go to Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa. Its wanderings completed, it may be offered as a gift to the nation.

Millais once said that the pre-Raphaelites had but one idea, to present on canvas what they saw in nature. Amongst the seven members of the brotherhood, it was Millais and Holman Hunt working together in complete sympathy that made the movement a power and a success. Millais's later method was to set his model and canvas near together and retire many paces from the canvas, and to go up again and lay on a touch or two. Gradually the painted figure and the model grew so much alike that the one might be taken for the other. Nearly every touch of his later landscapes was done in the open air. In his studio at Palace Gate, which was forty feet long by twenty-five feet wide, a visitor pictured him thus: 'He has a great palette on his left thumb, and in his left hand a sheaf of brushes; in his right hand he holds the short briar-pipe which has just left his lips. His dress is a white linen jacket. . . . The cool north light falls on his high brow and shapely, chiselled features, and, as he steps forward, on such a figure as we English have come to associate rather with field-sports and high farming than with the fine arts.'

During the last twenty-five years of his life Millais added to his reputation by his portraits and landscapes. Tennyson and Gladstone were among the successful portraits. People who sat for their portraits were amazed at the concentration and rapidity with which he worked, always in a 'whirlwind of a hurry,' full of energy and vitality. Mr Gladstone, who sat three times, felt the ordeal most enjoyable because of the way the painter threw himself heart and soul into the work. He experienced to the full the joy of successful work, and the rapidity of the execution amazed all who saw it. In youth he might allow people to talk or read to him while at work, but latterly he seldom allowed any one to come near him. A big looking-glass reflecting his work enabled him to see at once any defect in drawing. In early pictures he made sketches, later rough sketches in charcoal, on the canvas. For subject-pictures he drew a few lines to indicate the broad features of the composition. For portraits there was no drawing; he began at the head, and would secure a likeness in two sittings of an hour each. Great care was taken with the finish of the paintings, and unless he was thoroughly satisfied the head would be painted out and done again until perfection was reached.

In appearance and manner he was handsome, bluff, and hearty, but less like a painter than a successful business man or English country gentleman. His manner was boisterous like a school-boy's, his voice loud and ringing, and the eye keen and observant. Never at school after ten years of age, he would say to a young artist, 'You will never get on unless you go through the mill as I did. . . . I have had a happy life on the whole, but my youth was very unhappy. I had to work hard, illustrating and doing portraits and all sorts of improving work, to help at home, ever since I was a lad, and my early pictures received nothing but abuse.' Sir John and Lady Millais both died within a few years of one another. Sir John rests in St Paul's Cathedral, London.

AN EVENING SONNET.

THE lamp, beside the little bridge which spans
The railway line, burns red against the sky,
Even with semblance of Mar's warlike eye
When all the sleeping silences it scans;
Above the sea, the gentle breeze which fans
The daylight hours is slumbering on high
With folded pinions; peaceful all things lie,
Earth giving ear to young Spring's fairest plans.

Blue is the evening air, and blue the hills,
Which, distant, melt between the sky and sea;
And a soft mist the far horizon fills
With that same tender tint which tenderly
Fills all the world to-night; its beauty thrills,
Vaguely, all hearts which may responsive be.

New Zealand.

CLARA SINGER POYNTER.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

AN AMERICAN IN GERMANY.

I REMEMBER reading, when I was a lad, Tom Hood's unique and humorous account of his trip down the Rhine. He was often in terrible straits even to obtain the necessities of life owing to the fact that he did not know how to express himself in the German language. When he wished an egg, the poor man would clap his sides as a hen flaps its wings, and after cackling like a barnyard fowl he managed to communicate his desire to the hotel waiter, when, lo! a cooked egg would in due time appear; if he thirsted, and desired a cooling draught of milk, the unfortunate man was obliged to 'moo' after the fashion of a patient, sober-eyed cow; and what surprised him above all was the astounding fact that all the little children talked so volubly in the German language, while he, a man of mature age, could only make his desires known by the ridiculous gestures of a pantomime.

I suffered in the manner mentioned above when I first came into this land of singular customs. After a residence of nearly three years I now find myself moving about with a considerable degree of intelligence, and I feel pretty positive that I shall never starve in consequence of not knowing how to ask for bread and water through the perplexing medium of the German language.

I cannot but smile when I think of my unfortunate experience soon after my arrival in this strange land. We had left the steamer at Flushing, on our journey to Dresden, when, at eight o'clock on a Saturday night, we came to a full stop at the pretty little town of Rödera, twenty miles north of Dresden. From conversation with a passenger, I understood that our stay would last five minutes, so I alighted from the carriage and walked leisurely to a lunch-counter and purchased a *Semmel mit Schinken* and a glass of Munich beer. A moment later the bell rang, the whistle shrieked, and the passengers rushed for their seats. I quickly dropped my *Schinken* and ran to the carriage, which was the very last of a very long train.

Now, among the very many laws of Germany, there is one rigidly enforced law that no traveller shall enter a railway carriage in motion. It makes no difference how slowly the train may be moving; the law must be obeyed. I frantically endeavoured to jump into my carriage, and succeeded in gaining the wide step. There stood erect the huge fiend of a Teuton guard glaring and shrieking, '*Nein, nein!*' As I clung for dear life to the railing he actually pushed me off, and I verily believe that uncount individual would have calmly beheld me ground to death beneath the trucks rather than 'one jot or tittle of the law should perish.' To struggle was useless. Away the train flew into the night, and I felt as desolate as Robinson Crusoe when the wild waves had flung him almost lifeless on the sands of the lonely isle in the Pacific. People glared at me by the lantern-light as I vainly endeavoured to speak in an unknown tongue. I seemed like a bit of flotsam and jetsam which had drifted ashore from a shipwreck. In some distant lands, in the olden days, sailors thrown ashore by the waves were quickly put to death by superstitious natives. I almost feared this same fate might be meted out to me.

Fortunately, however, I discovered a telegraph office near by, and at once sent off a wire to the 'Bristol' in Dresden. Shortly afterwards a Napoleonic-looking individual, covered with brass buttons, polished epaulettes, and wreaths of blue braid, his right hand grasping the hilt of a sword, accosted me, and I was made aware that I was 'wanted' at headquarters. Arriving there, I was confronted by my wire, which I supposed had by that time been delivered in Dresden.

The chief inquisitor in that chamber of torments could not decipher the word 'wife' in my wire. Alas! my education had been sadly neglected. For the life of me I did not know that *Frau* was the German word for 'wife.' My explanations and protestations seemed lost upon the stern-faced official; his buttons seemed to stand up and tremble with rage, and after a long inquisitorial examination of my personal appearance, and considerable running about the office and smothered

confabulations by minor officials, and a good deal of hurried writing by a long, thin clerk seated upon a long-legged, dilapidated stool, the chief of police of Röderau approached me solemnly, and, pronouncing some long sentences filled with long German words, cordially shook my hand. He had found an innocent person instead of an Anarchist or political enemy, as was perhaps first supposed. I felt that peculiar delight which thrills a condemned man when suddenly relieved.

But my troubles were not all at an end, for I was shortly after approached by a weedy, carrotty individual, a young man who afterwards developed wonderful powers of suction, and drank in an hour more beer than I had ever seen in my whole life. He accosted me in very bad French, and finally, by means of broken English, indifferent French, and ridiculous gestures, we caught glimpses of a mutual understanding.

I signified a desire for a sort of 'German-before-breakfast book,' and my companion produced from the restaurant in the Röderau railway station a conversational volume badly battered and torn. I seized the little book as a drowning man grasps at a straw. All that I could find, however, was the complete conjugation of the familiar German verb *lieben*, to love.

The man who wrote that book should be kept in solitary confinement for life. The changes which he rang with that little, inoffensive verb were wonderful to behold. I turned page after page in vain, hoping to discover a word signifying 'I hunger' or 'I thirst,' for I hungered and thirsted while others about me were feasting. I desired food and drink (my companion seemed easily satisfied with his beer and tobacco); but though I sought for expressions to convey my desires, I found naught but 'I shall love,' 'I had loved,' 'I shall or will love,' 'Love thou.' In vain I searched for the variations of the verb 'to eat.' I dashed the gruesome Mormon book of love upon the floor and became desperate. By humiliating and ridiculous signs I at last obtained food; and my complacent Mentor, who in vain endeavoured to fill himself with beer at the expense of my willing purse, gave me some interesting facts about Röderau. He informed me that its population was ten thousand, and no one spoke the English language. What chiefly delighted me was the fact that a railway train would arrive from Berlin at eleven in the evening, *en route* for Dresden. When the train arrived I eagerly jumped in and made my exit from Röderau.

At one o'clock a.m. I arrived at Dresden, for I had been travelling in an omnibus train, which of all the slow trains in Germany is the slowest, and that is the style in which I crawled into Dresden in the early hours of a foggy Sunday morning.

I have often passed through Röderau since, and it was with difficulty I refrained from smiling as I looked out upon that little railway station where

I experienced my first serious lesson of German customs. To the reader I can give the same good advice that Hood prescribed to his friends:

Never go to France [Germany]
Unless you know the lingo;
For if you do, like me,
You'll repent, by Jingo!

Such bowing, saluting, and air-scraping as one sees here in Germany! To a visitor just over from England this does seem ridiculous. When a German meets a friend in the street, up goes his hand, off goes his hat, and a foreigner stands astounded to witness the interchange of ceremonies. To look up the long Pragerstrasse and behold the hats in air while their owners are bowing and scraping on the pavement is indeed a singular sight. When one enters a railway carriage or street car or omnibus one always salutes those already seated. This same custom obtains in hotels, beer-gardens, and in all places where people most do congregate. Peasants meeting you on the high-road outside the city always salute you with '*guten Tag*;' every house-servant, the first thing in the morning, greets you with '*Morgen*' or '*guten Tag*;' to which a similar greeting is returned.

Saxon-German is not pure German, and there is great rivalry between the professors at Hanover and Dresden. Each thinks his own pronunciation the best possible to be afforded the pupils. This is a question of long standing, and probably will never be satisfactorily settled.

The manners and customs which I have carefully noticed here have greatly interested me, and to describe even a tithe of them would be a difficult matter.

Schools commence at seven o'clock, with a recess at one o'clock; then they are in session from two to four o'clock. Every scholar wears a distinctive cap; and by a variation of certain colours, by a sort of arithmetical combination or permutation, an infinite variety of caps are produced. The lads are worked very hard, and not too well fed. The result is that they are pale and very anæmic, and many wear glasses owing to the dreadful German script, which tries the eyesight, for the books are held quite near the eyes. On account of this evil the eyesight of nearly every child in the German Empire is greatly impaired.

Outdoor sports are not so popular as in England, and that is why the physique of the German lad is far and away behind that of the young Briton.

A word as to the opera. Its rendering in Dresden is simply a thing of lasting beauty; it is more than this—it is perfect. It commences at 6.30 p.m. and the curtain drops at 10.30, with two pauses of fifteen minutes. Wagner's masterpieces begin at six and close at eleven. The theatre closes before eleven, and Germans retire early and rise early.

Shops (chemists and dealers of all sorts) close at nine o'clock; a minute's delay causes a fine, which

is sure to be collected promptly. Houses must be closed at ten o'clock, or rather the outer door must be double-locked, or a fine is sure to be exacted. This protects the resident from thieves. I have never known of a thief entering a Dresden residence, as all householders keep the law strictly. Houses are well heated in Dresden by means of lofty porcelain-tiled stoves, rather funereal to behold, as they remind one of white marble tombstones; but they heat very nicely, and at an expense of about one mark (one shilling) per diem.

Laws are endless, and so are the fines; in fact, nearly everything is forbidden in this strange but interesting land except the air we breathe. For free Englishmen it is a hard task to obey carefully the very many regulations which are observed in Germany, and the result is that one is daily running up against petty fines, which in the German Empire amount to millions of marks annually!

Then there is the income-tax, which is estimated according to the rent a person pays. If his rent is one hundred pounds he is taxed 4 per cent. on four hundred pounds, which it is thought he is sure to pay out in a year—that is, he is supposed to spend

four times his rent annually—and this gives much annoyance to the English and Americans who live in Dresden. The English-speaking residents who live here number about three thousand; but among these, of course, there are many living in hotels and *pensions* who are exempt. Income-tax is only levied upon the householders. There are no slums in Dresden. Strange to say, the poorer classes live in basements and attics, while the better classes live in the same tenements, in the *parterres* and the three *etages* below the attics. The poor are well clad, and at their windows are pretty but cheap white curtains and flowering plants, and an idea of poverty is not at all in evidence from the surroundings. No idle persons are to be seen at street corners, and I have never seen a ragged person in this fine city. No unemployed people are to be seen, as every man, woman, and child is busy; and although wages are low, no one seems to be poor—which is a singular fact, as Dresden is a fair-sized city of a little over five hundred thousand inhabitants. All seem contented and happy, and poor Germans can exist upon very simple food, and upon astonishingly little of it.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

CHAPTER XXII.—continued.



WITHOUT a moment's delay I mounted the Palace stairs, and as I reached the corridor leading to the *Schweigenkammer* I saw that the enemy were still battering the massive door with ineffectual violence. Unperceived myself, I dashed up another flight to the floor above, and hastened to fling open the casements of the passage window. The half-moon was giving ample light, and the inrush of piercing air helped to nerve me for my dangerous climb. I noticed with dismay that the penthouse roof which it was necessary to descend was far steeper than I had anticipated, but I was still wearing my rubber-soled *Goutie*, as they called our snow-boots, and I managed with the greatest care to creep down to the edge of the red-tiled slope. Had not the roof been cleared of snow my task would have been an easy one, though in that case I might have had difficulty in distinguishing the real eaves from a treacherous snow-cornice. As it was, I lay at full length on my face and peered over the edge at the dizzy abyss into which a false step would land me. At the extreme right was the big leaden top of a rainwater-pipe, and grasping the lip firmly with both hands, I swung myself clear. For a moment I hung wriggling in space, and then my legs found the metal stem, and I began my cautious descent as a sailor swarms down a rope. As soon as my feet were level with the bottom of the *Schweigen-*

kammer window I halted. I could not by stretching out my right leg to the uttermost so much as touch the projecting sill. I could not possibly retrace my steps, while to continue my descent was to land myself once more outside the Brun-varad. As General Meyer had said, the masonry was rough and irregular, and squeezing my right foot between two blocks of stone, I threw my body towards the window, and succeeded in grasping the top of the green shutters which were fastened back flat against the wall. For a full minute I hung there, conscious that the chief danger was past, but incapable of taking the final steps which would land me in the comparative security of the *Schweigenkammer*.

My heart beat heavily, almost audibly, and I hung there between heaven and earth in a condition that was mental blankness rather than acute fear. My nerve had failed me. Distasteful as is the memory, humiliating as is the recital, I must admit the truth—namely, that for the moment I had ceased to be an efficient, self-controlling mortal. What restored my normal balance was neither shame nor desperation—still less, I fear, a revived anxiety for the King's safety—but the purely selfish and not unreasonable fear that the King would discover my presence outside his window, and, taking me for an enemy, empty his revolver into my defenceless body. The idea acted on me like a spur. Heedless of my dangerous position and the paralysing height at which I was operating, I swung my body to and fro

till I had developed sufficient impetus, and then, letting go with both hands, hurled myself against the window. My feet landed on the sill; one hand grasped frantically at the stone mullion of the window; the other, bursting through a pane of glass, clung, torn and bleeding, to a wooden sash-bar. The crash of breaking glass brought the King instantly to the window. He recognised me at once, and the astonished expression of his face is a thing I can remember with a smile to this day. In a second he had opened the casement and dragged me inside, and, to my bewilderment and dismay, kissed me warmly on both cheeks.

'Forgive me,' he said, smiling at my embarrassment. 'To-night my English proclivities are forgotten. I am a Grinlander.'

Then he took his handkerchief from his pocket and proceeded, skilfully and almost tenderly, to bind up my lacerated hand. The traitors were thundering at the door, but though the massive oak shook on its immense hinges, there seemed little immediate prospect of its yielding to their blows.

'Have you despatched Meyer to Weissheim?' asked the King at the top of his voice so as to make himself heard above the uproar.

'Yes, sire,' I shouted back.

'Good! I knew that he at any rate would not fail me. I suppose it was he, too, who told you how you could scramble down here.'

'It was, sire.'

'He knows the Palace like his glove, this wise old Jew. He will not fail, I feel confident, to fetch us the necessary help from Weissheim. However, let me tell you my plan of campaign in case the wolves break through before succour arrives. Briefly it is this: The moment that the door shows signs of giving way we descend into the chamber below by means of the *Zauber-tisch*. It might be possible to escape that way through the dark corridor; but it is probable that the Grand Duke, who also knows his Brun-varad, has posted some one there to block our egress. Anyway, the risk is too great, and we should be safer in the lower room than being hunted about the Palace like vermin.'

'Have you secured the entrance to the chamber?' I broke in.

'I have already made a descent and locked and bolted the door, which is as strong as this one. It remains for us now to extinguish our lights, so that their intrusion, if it takes place, will be in confusion.'

My companion proceeded to switch off all the lights with the exception of the one immediately over our heads, and mounting a chair, he unscrewed the glass bulbs one by one and tossed them carelessly into a corner. I followed his example, and the noise of exploding glass and the ceaseless thunderrings on the door produced the illusion of a heavy battlefield. Conversation under the circumstances was impossible; and when we had destroyed all the lamps save one, the King proceeded cautiously

towards the door with a view to examining its stability. As he did so the hammerings ceased, and we looked at each other with hopeful eyes, believing that the moment of relief was at hand. A second later a loud explosion took place, a stream of thick smoke issued from underneath the door, and the lower hinge was wrenched violently from the woodwork. Our pursuers, finding the door too stout to be forced by ordinary violence, had emptied the powder from their cartridges, and setting a mine, had endeavoured to blow up that most substantial piece of joinery. In a twinkling the King had scrambled on to the circular table, and motioned me to follow him. I did so, and together we gazed anxiously at the shaken portal. The enemy redoubled the violence of their blows, and it was patent that a few moments more and the stout framework would no longer stand between us and our foes.

'We must fall back on our second line of defence,' said His Majesty; and so saying, he leaned deliberately forward and put his hand inside the grinning boar's head over the mantelpiece. Instantly the table began to sink beneath us, and as it did so the King raised his revolver and fired at the remaining electric light over our heads. The darkness that followed was comparative only, for the moonlight streamed through the open window and filled the ancient chamber with a soft, illusive half-light and soft, ghostly shadows. On the other hand, the nether chamber to which we descended was totally dark, with the exception of the *Zauber-tisch* itself, on to which a silver radiance fell through the circular aperture in the floor above. As soon as we had stepped safely on to the floor, the King groped his way to the door, and tried it to make sure that it was securely fastened. As he was returning a crash from above told us that the *Schweigenkammer* door had at length yielded to prolonged violence, and simultaneously we heard the rush of armed men, a jangling of sabres, a confused chorus of oaths and cries, amongst which I distinguished the deep voices of the two *Schatten-bergs*.

'Where the devil are they?' cried one.

'Lights, lights!' cried another; and then, to my amazement, a black object crashed down through the ceiling-opening, and lay sprawling and struggling on the faintly moonlit surface of the *Zauber-tisch*.

'The Grand Duke!' I cried, recognising the fierce features and swarthy beard of the arch-conspirator; and before I had time to recover from my surprise there was a crack and a flash, and the Grand Duke's scheming brain had ceased to dream of principalities and powers.

'Exit Schweinhund der Grosse,' said the King callously. 'Heaven send some of the lesser pig-dogs into our trap!'

My spirits sank appreciably at his words, for I realised that the man whom I had risked so much to help, whose friend I had proudly called myself,

was as fiercely bloodthirsty, as brutal almost, as the treacherous officers who were hungering for our blood. As he himself had said, to-night his English proclivities were forgotten and the Grimlander was predominant. Possibly circumstances excused the undesirable transformation.

My thoughts were interrupted by another flash—from above this time—and I knew that for the second time in my life I had been fired on. The fact that the *Zauber-tisch* was lowered had now become apparent to our pursuers, whose eyes had accustomed themselves to the stunted light of the moonbeams, and kneeling down by the edge of the aperture, they fired hap-hazard at us rapidly and in all directions. The darkness which shrouded us was broken by the repeated flashes of their revolvers, and our position was rendered too exciting to be pleasant. Seizing me by the shoulder, the King dragged me across the room, and a moment later we were standing in security within a deep recess of the great stone fireplace. The satisfaction of being under cover was considerable, and after a little more desultory firing the fusillade ceased. Believing that our antagonists were about to descend into our chamber and attack us at close quarters, we both peered out from our shelter. A lantern—procured I know not how or where—was being

lowered through the hole, and holding the end of the string to which it was secured, and peering into the scantily illuminated depths of our chamber, was Max himself. It was a rash thing to do, if a characteristic one, and I hastened to cover his lantern-lit face with a revolver. To have killed him would have been easy, but the very easiness of the task made it impossible. Changing my aim, I fired at the lantern, and, with a crash of breaking glass, the flame went out. In the darkness that followed I heard Max curse us with loud and sustained profanity.

'Why didn't you fire at the man?' asked the King impatiently. 'It was a simple shot.'

'Too simple,' I retorted curtly.

'*Pulver und Blei!*' he cried angrily, 'can't you try to be a Grimlander? This is not sport, but a matter of life and death—and more. I would shoot my own mother to-night if she were on the wrong side.'

I did not answer, for I felt instinctively that argument would be wasted, reproof resented. I thought of the Princess Mathilde, who had, as far as her intentions were concerned, spared me, and I was glad that I had not her brother's blood upon my hands.

(To be continued.)

TRANSVAAL TREASURE-HUNTS.

By DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.

STORIES and vague legends of the existence of hidden treasure have never failed to exercise a potent fascination upon some natures, and the well-established fact that there is no record of an organised treasure-hunt proving successful has little or no deterrent effect upon those infected with the mania.

South Africa, or at least the Transvaal, has within the past decade been the scene of many of these fruitless quests; though it must be admitted that the clues and evidence that have supplied the original incentive are a little more tangible and credible than many that have lured men to disaster.

Since the early days of the Barberton goldfields, there have been about twenty known and probably as many more secret expeditions undertaken for the purpose of verifying the six treasure-stories which are believed by some to await confirmation. The first and the oldest is the legend that amid the fastnesses of the rugged, fever-haunted borders of the Limpopo River, which forms the northern boundary of the Transvaal, are many hoards of pure unwrought gold which are supposed to represent the illicit gains of the slaves, or otherwise of those mysterious and elusive 'ancients' who unquestionably worked the gold in that region at some remote period which the archaeologists cannot agree to fix. In the early eighties several dis-

coveries of such treasure were made by prospectors from the Barberton district, and the official records of the first Mining Commissioner contain entries of such finds, duly registered according to the Transvaal Gold Law. In every case the gold was found under circumstances which made it highly probable that it had been secreted by human agency, for in most cases it was covered by stones bearing marks and even inscriptions. One of these stones is said to have been covered with characters which the only educated man then in the camp declared to be Phœnician; but, unfortunately, before this interesting and suggestive theory could be verified, the tablet was utilised by a local mason, who built it horizontally into the wall of the Government office he was erecting, so that what might have proved a valuable source of enlightenment as to the original gold-seekers of the supposed Land of Ophir has been reserved for future antiquaries to rediscover and interpret.

A famous Barberton character in those days was a reckless adventurer known as 'Charlie the Reefer,' who at frequent intervals astonished the camp by returning from one of his long and solitary prospecting trips with a handful of gold nuggets of a size and richness never since equalled in that region. He steadfastly refused to register or reveal the source of his discovery, and successfully defeated the many attempts to follow and track him to his

treasure-house. He brought in several thousand pounds' worth of gold before finally disappearing. When loquacious with liquor Charlie would hint mysteriously at having come upon treasures 'laid up for him by others'—which was interpreted to mean that he had discovered the workings of the 'ancients.' But whether he had, or whether it was merely a cumbersome joke intended to imply that he had robbed some one, the hint was sufficient to give life to the old legends of Phœnician treasure, and a number of men have since his day wandered in quest of Charlie's secret hoard, and several have never been heard of since.

Another treasure-legend has its home in the north-east of the Transvaal: the story of the Magato diamonds. Magato was a potent chief of a tribe which in the early days of Kimberley supplied many natives to work in the mines there. This was long before the compound system and the strict law against illicit diamond buying came into force. Every Kafir probably returned to his kraal with one or more valuable stones as a present for his chief. There are credible stories told by white men who declare that they have seen a 'bucket of diamonds' in the possession of Magato, and certainly there seems no just reason for disbelieving the oft-told tale of how the chief promised a certain white man a quart of diamonds if he could succeed in 'running' through for him a Gatling gun. The attempt was made, and but for the alertness of the Portuguese officials on the east coast might have succeeded. Be that as it may, there were many who believed in the existence of those diamonds, and among them the then executive of the late Transvaal Government; for on the death of Magato in 1897 a commando was sent against the tribe. Magato's son and successor, 'Mpfeu', fled with his followers over the Zambesi, while the victorious Boers spent some weeks searching for the treasure. Now and then a native turns up at a camp or *dorp* and offers to supply the missing clue; but so far the fate of these diamonds is as uncertain as that of 'Mpfeu' himself, and supplies material for many theories and conjectures which now and then result in the formation of a small search-party.

The recent disquiet in Swaziland has revived locally the stories that have long and often been told of a wondrous diamondiferous piece of ground in that country, which the late chief Umbandine made it death for his people to trespass upon. He was fearful that he would lose his country if the secret of such vast treasure leaked out. Many efforts have been made to find the spot, but Swaziland being a strictly reserved native location, prospecting has so far been rigorously prevented. It is openly stated in the Transvaal that this diamond-mine is the objective of the present efforts on the part of certain agitators to get the country thrown open. A few years ago a Transvaal official received severe injuries whilst on a mission to Swaziland. It was suggested that he had abused his position by organising a private

prospecting tour, but was detected by the natives. Although he was crippled for life, the Transvaal Government took no steps to avenge the outrage on its duly accredited representative.

About twelve years ago a very ancient Kafir appeared at Pretoria and made energetic efforts to obtain a private audience of Paul Kruger. He was refused, but prosecuted his mission so persistently that he was imprisoned for making a disturbance. To a sympathetic official, who was curious to know the motive for such insistence, the native told his story. He was, he said, the last survivor of a small tribe that had been absorbed into others. He was the son of the chief Induna or head-man of the last chief of the tribe, and, as such, was the sole custodian of a king's secret which now by right belonged to Paul Kruger. Feeling that he had not long to live, he wished to hand it over to the President, but he would not reveal it to any one but him. The secret was the whereabouts of a cave whence the dead chief procured the supplies of gold that formed his treasury. The old man's story was conveyed to Kruger, who authorised the late General Jonbert to verify it; but the old Kafir refused to impart his knowledge to any but the President, and neither threats nor blandishments moved him. He disappeared from Pretoria, carrying his secret away intact. The official mentioned followed up the matter a few years later, and, acting on what he believed to be clues, explored a cave in the Krugersdorp district, but with no result beyond a narrow escape of losing his life.

Since the late Boer war a new phase of treasure-hunting has been in vogue. Some one started a rumour that ere his departure from the Transvaal the late President had a quantity of bar-gold, variously estimated at a value ranging from one to several millions, conveyed up-country and buried. The story received so much credence that the British Government at Pretoria has provided special permits and police assistance to various persons who professed to be able to guide a search-party to the hiding-place. The tragic story of the murder of one of the searchers by his partner—who was duly hanged for the crime—will be remembered. So late as December last a well-equipped party left for the supposed scene of the hide, which, oddly enough, is in the same district as that explored by the hunters after the Magato diamonds and the old Kafir's cave. Faith in the existence of the Kruger millions is dying before the searchlight of history and official inquiries; but up till a year ago it was easy to form a syndicate to explore the district on no stronger testimony than the unsupported assertion of some wily Boer that he had been told all the details by a friend who had assisted in burying the treasure, but who had been killed during the war.

The degree of gullibility that even intelligent and educated men can attain when excited by treasure-mania was amusingly illustrated by a well-known instance. A young Boer from the district supposed to contain the treasure called upon a doctor near

Johannesburg, and told a strange story. He said that one night while riding to the farm of a relative he saw lights in a wooded kloof or gorge, and reconnoitring cautiously, he saw a party of men removing boxes from a wagon and burying them. Carefully noting the spot, he got away unobserved, and returned next day, when he unearthed a box, which, on being broken open, he found to contain bars of gold and quantities of Kruger sovereigns minted on one side only. In confirmation of the story he produced three discs of gold which appeared to have been struck on one side with an imperfect die. His object in calling on the doctor was to borrow fifty pounds in order to procure a wagon and oxen to remove the treasure. He was asked

why he did not bring away the portable coins and thus make himself independent of outside financial aid. His explanation was ingenious. He feared to bring more lest he might be found with them upon him! The doctor accepted this as satisfactory, and advanced the sum asked for. Is it necessary to add that neither bar-gold nor half-minted coins have yet rewarded his faith in Boer honesty?

It is estimated that over ten thousand pounds have been expended by the various search-parties that have undertaken the search for the Kruger millions. How much has been wasted by the numerous parties who have kept their plans secret can only be guessed.

CAPTAIN KENT'S COMMISSION.

CHAPTER III.



ONCE again the bark *Sebastian* turned her head to the ocean. It was no light task that Kent had taken in hand, to carry an eight hundred ton ship over three thousand miles of green water with the aid of only two men on whom he could depend, neither of whom was a seaman. Four of the prisoners, rather than endure a month's confinement, volunteered to help to navigate; but, even so, with the rest, including the officers, to be guarded, and the wounded men to be tended, the captain grew pinched and worn with the strain as the days wore slowly by. One thing alone sustained him: the few short minutes of each day which he passed in the cabin, snatching a hasty mouthful of food in the company of the girl whom he secretly adored. He looked forward to those minutes with a thirsty anticipation; they nerved him daily to endure the unrelenting labour, the lack of sleep, the tense mental strain of holding his mastery of the ship and of the sea. He strove earnestly to hide his weariness from the girl; but since the recapture of the ship she had become unusually observant, and with dismay she remarked how increasingly haggard he grew, how his hands trembled as he ate his food, how his memory played him false, causing him to wander sometimes in the midst of telling her some anecdote with which he sought to amuse her. When she looked at his eyes, from which the life had gone, and saw how tired they were, and how they burned feverishly in dark rings, she could have cried. But most of all her heart went out to him when at some unconscious gentleness of her own the fire and animation returned for a moment to his face, as though answering to a powerful stimulant.

One morning, when Kent came below for his breakfast, he looked so worn-out that, almost against her will, she asked him if anything was wrong.

'Nothing wrong, Miss Maddison. If we can manage another five hundred miles we shall lift

the Irish coast. I think we shall have a little bit of a blow soon, but don't mind that.'

After breakfast she took an opportunity to check this statement by Fritz. She had insisted—clean in the face of the skipper's orders—on constituting herself cook's mate in view of the terribly short-handed state of the ship. There were so many occasions on which the big German could be more profitably engaged than at the ranges in the galley; and, though the heat of the galley had made her faint at first, the girl had pluckily stuck to her task. In these days the big German's portly body was encircled by a belt in which a couple of revolvers were stuck, giving him an air of piratical abandon. In case of emergency, the belt was worn outside his cook's apron.

'How's the glass, Fritz?' asked Rhoda, mixing the materials for a 'spotted dog.'

'Glass is dropping—fery quick,' he answered.

'Will there be a gale?'

'*Sappristi!* I guess so, Miss Mattison. Fery difficult with so few men. Skipper is gone aloft to reef. I hope skipper don't preak down. Guess Captain Kent is a tarnation prave man, Miss Mattison.'

This was an unusually long speech from the cook, and seemed to portend grave matters. Indeed, when the 'spotted dog' was set to boil, and Rhoda went on deck, Captain Kent was still aloft. The reef-tackles had been led to the capstan, and he was toiling to put in the reefs and get the bark under easy canvas. One of the released prisoners was at the wheel, and the rest were busy about. Dennis, belted and armed like the cook, was patrolling the deck, which was never left unguarded for a minute. Overhead, a rack of torn, dark clouds raced across the sky, and the sea far and near was flecked with the tossing manes of the wild white-horses. The bark was heeling over, rushing through the water at a great rate, and throwing up showers of salt spray from her plunging bows.

Only just in time the ship was made ready. The tempest howled down on them out of the blackened firmament.

'Go below!'

Rhoda turned as the Kentuckian shouted in her ear through the infernal din of the storm. His face was grim and stern as she had never seen it, and the rebellion that was in her heart died away before the look in his eyes. He took her by the arm and led her to the cabin. She could not have crossed the deck had he not done so, for, all in a few minutes, the bark had settled to rearing and plunging like a restive horse, and the decks were slippery with spindrift and the wash of the seas. In the passageway, ere he shut the door upon her, the captain shouted again, 'Don't be afraid; but stay below.'

For ten dreadful hours Rhoda Maddison bravely played the woman's trying part, and waited. Once Fritz, shining in wet oilskins and blowing like a vast seal, brought her something to eat, and, rubbing the brine from his wind-redened eyes, bade her be of good cheer.

'How is the captain?'

'Fery goot, Miss Mattison. *Lieber Gott!* that is a man for you.' And Fritz was gone again, panting as when he came, and leaving a trail of seawater on the cabin floor.

But the gale had been too sudden and fierce to endure long. In the dusk of evening Kent staggered into the cabin and flung himself in a seat. The girl persuaded him to eat the food which she had not been able to touch, and he drank deep from a flask of spirits.

'I must go on deck again,' he said. 'The gale is over, but the tiller is carried away, and the steersman went with it. We must rig a jury-tiller at once.'

It was morning before she saw him again. The little band had been working all night, but the jury-tiller was fixed, and the bark, under easy sail, was running before a quiet westerly breeze.

Coming out of her room, where during the night she had passed a few hours of restless slumber, Rhoda found the tall form of the skipper stretched senseless on the cabin floor. A sudden terror clutched at her heart. She threw herself on her knees beside him. His face was white and bloodless, and his head, from which his cap had rolled back on the floor, was heavy and lifeless. The girl glanced wildly about her. 'Captain Kent—Richard! Richard!' she cried, stroking his cheek with her hand in the vain hope of seeing him open his eyes. She laid her hand on his clothes—he had discarded his oilskins—and found them drenched and cold. She felt his heart, and when it beat faintly under her touch the sudden rush of feeling blinded her with tears. She ran up on deck. The Irish lad was in charge, looking weary and hollow-eyed after the night's exertion. She went to him, striving to bear herself calmly before the men.

'Dennis,' she said quietly so that the rest might not hear her, 'the captain has fainted in the cabin. Send the watch below, all except the steersman, and give me one of your pistols; and do you and Fritz go and undress him and lay him in his bunk. Then come back and relieve me, and I will nurse him. If he does not rest he will die.'

'Sure and that's true for you, miss,' said Dennis. 'By good luck they're all below except the look-out, and after last night they will not be after turning out before they're called. Come and I'll introduce you to the steersman.'

They went to the man at the wheel. 'See here, Jake,' said Dennis, 'this lady is Miss Maddison, and she's going to be so kind as to relieve me for a short spell. The skipper's orders are that you are to keep the ship before the wind, and if you move from the wheel, or if Mr Dan up yonder comes two paces this side of the foremast, Miss Maddison is going to empty her pistol into your back hair. Savvy?'

'Savvy, Mr Mate,' said the man, with a grin. 'I'm not taking any more fighting this journey.'

By-and-by the Irishman returned. 'He's come round, miss, and we've sent him off to sleep like a new-born lamb,' he reported.

For twenty-four hours the exhausted captain slept without stirring, while the two faithful men took watch and watch about on deck, and Rhoda alternately cooked in the galley and sat by the captain's bunk, and the bark *Sebastian* ran homewards before the brave westerly breezes.

A week later she lay snugly at anchor in the brown waters of the Mersey, and the town of Liverpool was electrified with the story of her voyage. But her big captain, though he knew he had done that which would keep him in ships and fame for the rest of his days, was heavy at heart, for the last seven days had been such that he would have given more than all the fame that he had won to have them over again; and the moment was come to say good-bye. He stood holding his late 'commander's' hand in his, and for some moments neither found words. In her demeanour there was something strangely appealing. She waited, but he did not speak. Then he saw tears come into her eyes.

'It's very hard to say good-bye, Miss Maddison,' he said at last.

She gave him a swift glance. She had never seemed so beautiful to him.

'I shall never forget our voyage,' he said, crushing down an imperious sudden longing to take her in his arms.

'Nor I either, Captain Kent,' said she in a low voice, quietly withdrawing her hand. 'I want to tell you how much I thank you for—your bravery and—devotion, and—I should like to give you something to remind you of it always, if you don't mind.'

'I need no reminder,' said Captain Kent. Then he saw the tears gather more thickly in her dark

eyes, and added impulsively, 'There is only one thing I would ever want.'

'Yes?'

'But—I daren't ask for it.'

He was looking straight in her eyes now, and as she returned the gaze the colour sprang to her cheeks and a light came into her face. She smiled and answered, 'Of course, if you won't ask for it

I can't give it to you. But I should wish to give you something—something you would really like.'

'Give me yourself!' he cried passionately; and before he knew that he meant to, he had her fast locked in his arms.

'It seems that you have taken me already,' she said, and hid her burning face on his shoulder.

THE END.

IN THE HAUNTS OF 'THE WOLF OF BADENOCH'

IT'S a far cry to Loch Awe, but farther still to Badenoch. When already the nineteenth century begins to feel like history, to hark back to the fourteenth seems a veritable leap into the darkness of the past. Yet a dip into pages of ancient records is not wholly uninteresting. To visit the silent monuments of former days; to stand where other feet once trod—the feet of those who helped to make their country's history; to look upon the hills and glens where stirring deeds were done in an age that held human life cheap: all this tends to bring before the mind's eye a thrilling drama long since played to the bitter end, and helps to make the dead past live.

Some men have monuments erected to their memory by a grateful generation; others rear their own. Now, it cannot be said that the 'Wolf of Badenoch' was a kindly personage. His memorial, in so far as it abides, was set up mainly by his own hands. Time's relentless finger has been surely wiping it out. 'Tis hard to decipher the writing. Perhaps that is well. Yet so great was the dread inspired by his lawless, autocratic behaviour that he cut his name deep into the memory of a turbulent age, so that for generations afterwards its very mention was enough to provoke a sense of horror.

Not without cause was he nicknamed 'Wolf of Badenoch.' We are living in an age of haste and press. A nine days' wonder ceases to be of interest on the tenth day—something else replaces it. Back a few centuries it was different. As in a quiet district the echoes of any great tragedy reverberate for long and only die reluctantly away into silence, so in centuries gone by the name and fame of those who towered above the crowd, whether as heroes or as ruffians, were cherished into many generations.

Hard by Kingussie, the capital of Badenoch, the visitor can scarcely avoid seeing a conspicuous mass of roofless walls on a grassy knoll back some little distance from the present banks of the Spey River. Those ruins are called by courtesy Ruthven 'Castle,' and gazing upon them from a distance, one has no difficulty about accepting the title. At closer quarters, however, it is easy to appreciate their other, truer name, Ruthven 'Barracks.'

Throughout the Highlands of Scotland are the remains of many an old-world castle or keep.

Where, one may ask, can be found any with so little architectural beauty? Here, indeed, distance lends enchantment to the view. On closer inspection the so-called 'castle' proves singularly devoid of those features which usually characterise the masonry of an earlier age. Gaunt gables stab the sky; torn walls suggest the rough usage of battle and siege; but not a single trace of decoration can be discovered. The only things of beauty about the spot are its site and surroundings, and the pigeons and jackdaws which perch unafraid on the tottering stonework or flit in and out among the roofless walls.

Nearness spells disillusion. The Ruthven Barracks are only a castle at a distance. They are certainly a ruin, and an unpicturesque one at the best; nevertheless, they borrow a certain reputation from the fact that they occupy the very spot where once the chief residence of the 'Wolf of Badenoch' stood. The mound which raises them above the level of the neighbouring strath is, so the legend goes, artificial. One hesitates to discredit an interesting legend if its probability is reasonable. This one, however, is hard to accept. Along the Spey valley are several similar knolls, the work of Nature's hand, not man's. Why, then, should the 'Wolf' have gone to the trouble of piling up an enormous hillock as a site for his den when he had his choice of others ready made within convenient distance? If the mound is artificial, the only conclusion possible is that nothing but sheer devilry must have led to its erection. One can admit that the raised peninsula which connects this sealess island in the valley with the adjacent rising ground may be of human construction. There are, however, too many similar mounds within sight of the place to make it credible that the 'Wolf' preferred a heap of human making to one of the gifts of the river.

The stranger learns with a sense of relief the full story of the ruins still extant. They are not the actual castle of the 'Wolf.' It had been destroyed before they reared their barn-like walls upon its site. They are Jacob to his Esau, supplanting a former building which could scarcely have been plainer, and likely was much more picturesque. They only date from the eighteenth century, having formed the headquarters of the soldiery who in the days of the Jacobite troubles policed that section of the northern kingdom. Hun-

dreds of years before the House of Hanover had been heard of in Scotland the castle of the 'Wolf' stood there.

To-day the 'Wolf of Badenoch' is only a memory. Yet the mere fact that his name survives five centuries after his lifetime is eloquent testimony to his character. Who was he? This is no record of his life, which has been given to the world already. The tale of his deeds is too long for narration in a magazine article. Enough to mention one or two incidents of his career. In 1371 a son of the Scottish king was created Lord of Badenoch. It is sometimes convenient to send a troublesome member of a family into the outskirts of empire, as much for the relief of the household as for the benefit of that particular member. This Alexander Stuart, in whose veins ran some of the blood that later warmed the heart of the darling of the Jacobites, was veritably a wild man even in a fierce and strenuous age.

Then, as now, Badenoch must have been a sportsman's paradise. Altogether apart from occasional raids upon his neighbours, the 'Wolf' must have found a hunting-ground quite to his liking at his very door. The Spey sweeping past the castle provided fishing. In the wide moorlands adjoining, the crowing of grouse often disturbed the silence. All around were mighty hills, the home of the red-deer. What is to-day a stretch of separate deer-forests was then one single forest, and the 'Wolf' could make his own game-laws.

His nickname indicates his nature. Can we blame him overmuch? Might is still so frequently right in our later age of civilisation that we must be more or less than human not to sympathise with this prince of the blood-royal sent into the far north for his sins. It was the day of the strong arm. One makes no apology for him. One notes, however, that, like many other mortals, this wild man had his own thorn in the flesh. With Achilles he might complain that he had one vulnerable spot. His trouble was the power and wealth of the Church whose goods he envied but whose censure he dreaded. With the Bishop of Moray he carried on a good-going feud, and seems to have made free with certain lands in which the Church claimed an interest, while he lived in dread of excommunication. It must have been sorely against the grain that he admitted at last that the Cross is mightier than the Sword; for, as the story goes, after raiding and destroying much valuable Church property he was compelled to make his peace with the ecclesiastical powers and do penance at Perth.

This remarkable man, who, like a certain famous smith, fought for his own hand, finally passed away near the end of the fourteenth century. They buried him in Dunkeld Cathedral, where to the present day his tomb may be seen by the curious. It was an unsympathetic and a decidedly unæsthetic Government which erected the barracks—whose grim walls, loopholed all round for musketry, still

attest their lack of beauty—upon the site of a dwelling of such interest.

One might linger, did space permit, over the stirring events, the tempests of battle, and the varied drama of peace and war enacted round that unpretentious knoll in the Spey valley. One historical scene may be referred to. Here it was that after the tragedy of Culloden Moor the clansmen were bidden by Prince Charlie to submit to the inevitable, disperse to their homes, and abandon a lost cause.

With wisdom characteristic of his species, the 'Wolf' possessed more than one den. Persecuted in one haunt, he was always able to flee to another. Ruthven Castle might be his chief headquarters, but farther down the valley of the Spey he had other lairs. Of these one was on Loch-an-Eilean, a dozen miles off; another at Lochindorb, beyond Grantown-on-Spey.

Fortunately, the House of Hanover spared the castle on Loch-an-Eilean from the fate which overtook Ruthven Castle. To this day the ruins on the islet stand like a pathetic tombstone in memory of a man notorious rather than famous in the history of the northern Highlands. The loch lies within easy reach of Arviemore Station on the Highland Railway. All round about stretches the famous Rothiemurchus forest, a wonderful expanse of woodland reaching for miles along the country-side. Behind the loch, range beyond range, the Cairngorm Mountains climb up into the sky. Hills rise up steeply on both sides, while the pine-woods creep down to the very margin of the lake. A little way out from the verge stands the solitary island which gives the loch its name, and there the 'Wolf' had built himself a second dwelling.

The choice of site was prudent. Here, in an age which had yet to discover the virtues of gunpowder, the prowling Lord of Badenoch could lie secure all girded round with water, to snarl triumphantly or vindictively at his foes. To-day, the loch and island enjoy a certain distinction as being one of the few spots in Scotland where the osprey still builds its nest each year and hatches out its young. Five hundred years back a creature much fiercer than the osprey had his nest on the little island; and the ruins of the castle witness in grim silence to the man who harried the district round about at his own sweet will, and sowed fear in the hearts of men.

Even to-day, when motor-cars bear the visitor in noise and hurry over ground once trodden by the paws of the remorseless 'Wolf,' one can recall, when standing by the shores of Loch-an-Eilean, something of the spirit of a century long dead and all but forgotten. The woodlands creeping down to meet the waters of the lake, the solemn hills which girdle it round and keep jealous watch upon the ruined castle, the roaring of the stags in rutting-time, the hawk hovering above its victim, the croak of a raven far out of sight overhead, and over all 'the boundless blue of heaven': these and other signs

remind the visitor privileged to penetrate that sylvan temple of the elemental basis deep down beneath our modern civilisation. Here one feels that Nature must, in the long-run, prove victor over man. From far off the scream of the passing locomotive breaking the silence seems to insult the spirit of the place; Nature responds to the challenge in the hoarse bellowing of a stag on the hill-side summoning his rivals to mortal combat; while the mountain-tops find their reflection on the unruffled face of the osprey's home. In such surroundings one is compelled to realise that man's

vaunted strides in progress are petty enough in the face of the great mother of us all.

Where better could the 'Wolf' have enjoyed greater freedom? On those wood-clad hills he could chase the red-deer when the spirit moved him; in those mystic waters he must have sought trout less wily than now. Here, if there was a streak of something nobler than wolf in his being, he must have felt elevated and soothed by the grandeur and peace that brood over the spot, and may still be enjoyed by those who visit Loch-an-Eilean and imbibe the spirit of the place.

THE STORY OF TOKOLMÉ.

By LOUIS BECKE.



EARLY one morning towards the close of the American Civil War, some native hunters, who were accompanied by a white man, were out on the mountain-tops of the island of Ponapé in quest of wild-boar. The sun was but half-an-hour high, and the white man and his companions, as they emerged from the deep, darkened aisles of the silent forest into a small, cleared space on the summit of a spur, saw displayed before them one of the loveliest panoramas in the universe. For, of all the many beautiful island gems which lie upon the blue bosom of the North Pacific, there is none that exceeds in beauty and fertility the Isle of Ascension—or, as it is more generally called, Ponapé—the largest and loftiest of the Caroline Group.

Three thousand feet below them the hunters could see for many miles the trend of the coast, north and south. Within the wavering line of roaring white surf which marked the barrier-reef lay the quiet green waters of the narrow lagoon encompassing the whole of Ponapé, studded with many small islands—some rocky and precipitous, some so low-lying and so thickly palm-clad that they seemed, with their girdles of shining beach, to be but floating gardens of verdure so soft and ephemeral that even the gentle breath of the rising trade-wind would cause them to vanish like some desert mirage.

To the southward was the small, land-locked harbour of Roān Kiti, whose gleaming waters were as yet undisturbed by the faintest ripple, and the six American whaleships which floated on its placid bosom lay so still and quiet that one could have thought them to be abandoned by their crews were it not that some of them began to loose and dry sails, for it had rained heavily during the night. All these ships were whalers from either New Bedford or New London, and they had put into the little harbour to wood and water, and to give their sea-worn crews a fortnight's rest, ere they sailed northward, away from the bright isles of the Pacific to the cold wintry seas of the Siberian coast and the Kurile

Islands, where they would cruise for 'bowhead' whales before returning home to America.

The white man laid down his gun, sat upon a boulder of stone, and looked around him. He was pleased at the view of sea and verdant shore far below, and pleased, too, at the prospect of a day's good sport; for everywhere on their way up to the mountains he and his companions had seen the tracks of many a wild-boar, and here, on the summit of this spur, they meant to rest a while before descending into a deep valley on the eastern side of the island, where they knew they would find the wild-pigs feeding along the banks of a mountain stream which debouched into Roān Kiti harbour, four miles away.

'How is this place named, and how came it to be clear of the forest trees?' he asked one of his native companions, a stalwart young man, whose naked, smooth, and red-brown skin from neck to waist showed by its tattooing that he was of chiefly lineage.

'Tokolmé, it is called,' he replied deferentially. 'It was once a place of great strength, a fortress made here in the mountains in the olden time—in the old days, long before white men came to Ponapé. See, all around us, half-buried in the ground, are some of the blocks of stone that were carried up from the face of the mountain which overlooks Metalanien.' He pointed to several huge basaltic prisms lying near. 'These stones were the lower course of the fort; the upper part was of wood—great forest trees cut down and squared into lengths of two fathoms. And it is because of the cutting down of those trees, which were very old and took many hundred years to grow, that the place where we now sit, and all around us, is so clear. For the blood of many hundreds of men has sunk into it; and because it was the blood of innocent people, there is now nothing that will grow upon it.'

'Tell me of it, Rū,' said the white man; and Rū told the tale.

'In those days there were but two great chiefs of Ponapé. Now there are seven. One was Lirou, who ruled all this part of the land, and who dwelt

at Roān Kiti with two thousand people; and the other was Roka, king of all the northern coast and ruler of many villages.

"Here in Tokolmé lived three hundred and two score people, who owed allegiance neither to Lirou nor Roka, for their ancestors had come to Ponapé from Yap, an island far to the westward. After many years of fighting they made peace with Lirou's father, who gave them this piece of country as a free gift and without tribute, and many of their young men and women intermarried with ours, for the language and customs of Yap are akin to those of Ponapé.

"Soon after peace was made, and Tolan, chief of the strangers, built the village and made plantations. He died; and, as he left no son, his daughter Leā became chieftainess, although she was but fourteen years of age.

"Lirou, who was a haughty, overbearing young man, sent presents and asked her in marriage, and great was his anger when she refused, saying that she had no desire to leave her people now that her father was dead.

"See," he said to his father—"see the insult put upon thee and me by these proud ones of Yap. Thou hast given them fair lands with running water and great forest trees, and this girl refuses to marry me."

"The old chief sought in vain to sooth him. "Wait for another year," he said, "and it may be that she will be of a different mind. And already thou hast two wives. Why seek another?"

"Because it is my will," replied Lirou fiercely; and he went away nursing his wrath.

"Soon there arose a quarrel between Lirou's father and Roka, king of the northern country, and a great battle was fought in canoes on the lagoon. Lirou's father, with many hundreds of his people, was slain, and the rest fled to Roān Kiti, pursued by King Roka, who burnt the town. Then Lirou—who, now that his father was killed, was chief—sued for peace, and promised Roka a yearly tribute of three thousand plates of turtle-shell and five new canoes. So Roka, being satisfied, sailed away, and there was peace.

"Lirou and his people began, with heavy hearts, to rebuild the town. After the council-house was finished Lirou told them to cease work, and called together his head-men and spoke.

"Why should we labour to build more houses here?" he said. "See, this is my mind. Only for one year shall I pay this heavy tribute to Roka. Then shall I defy him."

"The head-men were silent.

"Lirou laughed. "Have no fear. I am no boaster. But we cannot fight him here in Roān Kiti, which is open to the sea; and never can we make it a strong fort, for here we have no *falat*,"*

* *Falat* is the native name for the huge prisms of basalt with which the mysterious and cyclopean walls, canals, vaults, and forts are constructed on the island of Ponapé.

nor yet any great forest-trees. But at Tokolmé are many thousands of the great stones and mighty trees in plenty. Ah! my father was a foolish man to give such a place to people who fought against us. Are we fools, to build here another weak town and let Roka bear the more heavily upon us? Answer me!"

"What wouldst thou have, O chief?" asked one of the head-men.

"I would have Tokolmé. It is mine inheritance. There can we make a strong fort, and from there shall we have entrance to the sea by the river. Are we to let these dogs from Yap deny us?"

"Let us ask them to give us, as an act of friendship, all the trees and all the *falat* we desire," said one of the head-men.

"Lirou laughed scornfully. "And we to toil for years in carrying the trees and stones from Tokolmé, a league away. Bah! Let us fall upon them as they sleep, and spare no one."

"Nay, nay," said a sub-chief named Kol, who had taken one of the Yap girls to wife; "that is an evil thought and foul treachery. We are at peace with them. I, for one, will have no part in such wickedness." And others said the same; but some were with Lirou.

"Then, after many angry words had been spoken—some for fair dealing and some for murder—Lirou said to the chief Kol and two others, "Go to the girl Leā and her head-men with presents, and say this: 'We of Roān Kiti are like to be hard pressed by Roka when the time comes for the payment of our tribute. If we yield it not, then are we all dead men. So give back to us Tokolmé, and take from us Roān Kiti, where ye may for ever dwell in peace, for Roka hath no ill-will against ye.'"

"So Kol and two other chiefs, with many slaves bearing presents, went to Tokolmé. But before they set out, Kol sent secretly a messenger to Leā, with these words: "Though I shall presently come to thee with fair words from Lirou, I bid thee and all thy people take heed and beware of what thou doest, and keep good watch by night, for Lirou hath an evil mind."

"This message was given to Leā, and her head-men rewarded the messenger, and then held counsel together, and told Leā what answer she should give.

"This was the answer that she gave to Kol, speaking smilingly, and yet with dignity:

"Say to the chief Lirou that I thank him for the rich presents he hath sent me, and that I would that I could yield to his wish and give unto him this tract of country that his father gave to mine, so that he might build a strong place of refuge against the king Roka. But it cannot be, for we too fear Roka. And we are but a few, and some day it might happen that he would fall upon us and sweep us away as a dead leaf is swept from the branch of a young tree by the strong breath of the storm."

"So Kol returned to Lirou and gave him the

answer of Leā, and then Liron and those of his head-men who meant ill to Leā and her people met together in secret, and plotted their destruction.

'And again Kol, who loved the Yap girl he had married, sent a message to Leā, warning her to beware of treachery. And then it was that the Yap people began to build a strong fort, and at night kept a good watch.

'Then Liron again sent messengers, asking that Leā would let him cut down a score of the great trees. And Leā sent answer to him, "Thou art welcome. Cut down one score—or ten score. I give them freely." This did she for the sake of peace and goodwill, though she and her people knew that Liron meant harm. But whilst a hundred of Liron's men were cutting the trees, the Yap people worked at their fort from dawn to dark, and Liron's heart was black with rage, for these men of Yap are cunning fort-builders, and he saw that when it was finished it could never be taken by assault. But he and his chiefs continued to speak fair words, and sent presents to Leā and her people, and she sent back presents in return. Then again Liron besought her to become his wife, saying that such an alliance would strengthen the friendship between his people and hers; but Leā again refused him, though with pleasant words. And Liron said, with a smooth face, "Forgive me. I shall pester thee no more, for I see that thou dost not care for me."

'When two months had passed, two score of great trees had been felled and cut into lengths of five fathoms each and then squared. These were to be the main timbers of the outer wall of Liron's fort—so he said. But he did not mean to have them carried away, for now he and his chiefs had completed their plans to destroy the people of Yap, and this cutting of the trees was but a subterfuge, designed to throw Leā and her advisers off their guard.

'One day Liron and his chiefs, dressed in very gay attire, came into Tokolmé, each carrying in his hand a tame ring-dove, which is a token of peace and amity, and desired speech of Leā. She came forth, and ordered fine mats trimmed with scarlet parrots' feathers to be spread for them upon the ground, and received them as honoured guests.

"We come," said Liron, lifting her hand to his forehead, "to beg thee and all thy people to come to a great feast that will be ready to-morrow to celebrate the carrying away of the wood thou hast so generously given unto me."

"It is well," said Leā gently. "I thank thee. We shall come."

'Little did Leā and her people know that during the night, as it rained heavily, some of Liron's warriors had hidden clubs and spears and axes of stone near where the logs lay and where the feast was to be given. They were hidden under a great heap of chips and shavings that came from the fallen trees.

'At dawn on the day of the feast three hundred of Liron's men, all dressed very gaily, marched past Tokolmé, carrying no arms, but bearing baskets of food. They were going, they said, with presents to King Roka, to tell him that Liron would hold faithfully to his promise of tribute.

"But why," asked the men of Yap, "do ye go to-day, which is the day of the feast?"

"Because the heart of Liron is glad, and he desires peace with all men—even Roka. And whilst he and others of our people remain to feast with you men of Yap and make merriment, we, the tribute-messengers, go unto Roka with words of goodwill."

'Now, these words were lies, for when the three hundred men had marched a quarter of a league past Tokolmé, they halted at a place in the forest where they had arms concealed. Then they awaited for a certain signal from Liron, who had said, "When thou hearest the sound of a conch-shell at the beginning of the feast, march quickly back and form a circle around us and the people of Yap, but let not one of ye be seen. Then, when there comes a second blast, rush in, and see that no one escapes. Spare no one but the girl Leā."

'When the sun was a little high, Liron and all his people—men, women, and children—came and made ready the feast. On each of the squared logs was spread out baked hogs, fowls, pigeons, turtle, and fish, and all manner of fruits in abundance; and then also there were placed in the centre of the clearing twenty stone mortars for making kava.

'When all was ready, Leā and her people were bidden to come, and they all came out of the fort dressed very gaily and singing, as is customary for guests to do. And Liron stepped out from among his people, and took Leā by the hand, and seated her on a fine mat in the place of honour; and as she sat with Liron beside her, a man blew a loud, long blast upon a conch-shell, and the feast began.'

'But how was it, Rō, asked the white man, who had listened with keen interest to the tale, 'that the chief Kol and others who possessed good hearts did not warn Leā of all this treachery?'

'Ah! I forgot to tell thee that. Liron was as cunning as he was cruel, and ten days before the giving of the feast he had sent away Kol and some others whom he knew were well disposed to the people of Yap. He sent them to the islands of Pakin, ten leagues from Ponapé, and desired them to catch turtle for him. But with them he sent a trusty man, whom he took into his confidence, and said, "Tell Rairik, chief of Pakin, to make some pretext and prevent Kol from returning to Ponapé for a full moon; and say also that if he yields not to my wish, I shall destroy him and his people."

'Ah,' said the white man, with a smile, 'Liron was a Napoleon.'

'Who was he?'

'Oh, a great Franki chief, who was as lying and as treacherous and cruel and merciless as Lirou. Some day I will tell thee of him. Now, about the feast.'

'Ah! the feast. After a little while Lirou, whilst the people ate, said softly to Leã, "Wilt thou not honour me and be my wife? I promise thee that I shall send away my other wives, and thou alone shalt rule my house and me."

'Leã was displeased, and her eyes flashed with anger as she drew away from him; and then Lirou seized her by the wrist and threw up his left hand.

'A long, loud blast sounded from the conch, and then Lirou's men, who were feasting, sprang to the great heap of chips and seized their weapons. And then began a cruel slaughter; for what could three hundred unarmed people do against so many? But yet some of the men of Yap fought most bravely, and tearing clubs or short stabbing-spears from their treacherous enemies, they killed over two score of Lirou's people.

'As Leã beheld the murdering of her kith and kin, she cried piteously to Lirou to at least spare the women and children; but he laughed and bade her be silent. Some of the women and children tried to escape to the fort, but they were met by the men who had been in ambush and slain ruthlessly.

'When all was over, the bodies were taken to a high cliff and cast down into a valley below. Then Lirou and his men entered the fort and made great rejoicing over their victory.

'Leã sat on a mat with her face in her hands, dumb with grief, and Lirou bade her go to her sleeping-place, telling her to rest, and that he

would have speech with her later on, when he was in the mood. She obeyed, and when she was unobserved she picked up a short, broad-bladed dagger of obsidian and hid it in her girdle, and then lay down and pretended to sleep. But through the cane lattice-work of her sleeping-place she watched Lirou.

'After Lirou had viewed the fort outside and inside, he sent a man to Leã, bidding her come to him.

'She rose and came slowly to him, with her head bent, and stood before him. Then suddenly she sprang at him and thrust the dagger into his heart. He fell, and died quickly.

'Then Leã leapt over a part of the stone wall where it was low and ran towards the river, pursued by some of Lirou's men. But she was fleet of foot, swam the river, and escaped into the jungle and rested a while. Then she passed out of the jungle into the rough mountain country, and that night she reached King Roka's town.

'Roka made her very welcome, and was filled with anger when she told her story.

"I will quickly punish these cruel murderers," he said. "As for thee, Leã, make this thy home, and dwell with us."

'Roka gathered together his fighting-men. Half he sent to Roïn Kiti by water, and half he himself led across the mountains. They fell upon Lirou's people at night and slew nearly half of the men, and drove all the rest into the mountains, where they remained for many months, broken and hunted men.

'That is the story of Tokolmã.'

A KING OF HORSEMEN.

By 'THORMANBY,' Author of *Kings of the Hunting-Field; Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun; &c.*



How many thousands did Andrew Ducrow, the subject of this sketch—'The Napoleon of the Arena,' 'The Colossus of Equestrians,' 'The King of Acrobats,' as his various admirers dubbed him—afford boundless pleasure in the days when the octogenarians of the present were children! For thirty years he held undisputed sway over the 'equestrian drama,' of which he may justly be termed the inventor, and of which he was assuredly the brightest ornament; for no one has ever approached his brilliant and daring feats of horsemanship, and I doubt whether the world has ever seen, or ever will see, such a marvellous combination of grace and strength as this extraordinary man presented. His muscular power he inherited from his father, a native of Bruges, who was known as 'The Flemish Hercules.' The son, Andrew, was born at the Nag's Head Inn, Southwark, in the year 1793, and from the time he could walk was educated as an acrobat. But that was the extent of his education, for he was never able to

write even his own name, and could only just spell out one of his own posters. Old Ducrow was a disciplinarian of the sternest type, and the unfortunate son had a very rough time of it in his childhood. At the age of seven he was an adept at vaulting, tumbling, dancing on the tight-rope, balancing, riding, fencing, and boxing, and his proficiency in all these accomplishments excited the wonder and admiration of George III., before whom the infant prodigy exhibited his skill at a fête given at Frogmore.

In 1808, when he was fifteen years of age, young Ducrow was chief equestrian and rope-dancer at Astley's, enjoying a salary of ten pounds a week. About two years later he introduced that serious acting upon horseback for which he afterwards became so famous. His first Continental tour was an extraordinary success, and at once gave him a European renown. Kings and queens, dukes and duchesses, Parisian critics and simple countryfolk, were alike enchanted with the grace, agility, dexterity, courage, and clever pantomimic performances of the English

horseman. His style was pronounced original, his daring unequalled. He was the first to introduce into the ring an equestrian pageant or entrée, and nothing like his performances upon six barebacked steeds—as in his famous scene the ‘Courier of St Petersburg’—had ever been witnessed before. All the clever feats of juggling which an ordinary juggler performs standing on a stationary stage Ducrow went through on horseback and at full gallop. The marvellously rapid transformations of character and costume of the cleverest quick-change artists were equalled, if not excelled, by Ducrow on ‘the bare back of a flying steed.’ Nature had gifted him with a splendid physique. He stood five feet eight inches in height, was of fair complexion, with handsome features, and a figure of exquisitely symmetrical proportions. So lithe and graceful was his appearance that no one would have guessed how muscular he was and what prodigious strength he possessed. Nor was Ducrow less wonderful as a contortionist; he could twist his shapely limbs into the strangest forms, and some of the most eminent anatomists of the day made a special study of his grotesque and amazing contortions. His courage and nerve were superb, as the following anecdote proves:

In the summer of 1838 Van Amburgh appeared at Astley’s Amphitheatre with his wild animals. It was their first introduction to an English audience. Ducrow, who had been the sole manager of Astley’s since the year 1825, had invented and arranged, as a tribute to Her Majesty, a sort of allegorical tableau. It consisted of a platform raised upon men’s shoulders, surmounted by a white charger bearing a female supposed to represent the Queen; at her feet was Britannia, surrounded by a number of appropriate emblems. This exhibition, which was hailed as a fresh proof of his taste and ingenuity as a manager, produced a great effect, and was rapturously applauded.

Ducrow’s benefit was announced. A thought struck him.

‘Van Amburgh,’ said he, ‘how well your largest lion would look on the platform by the side of Britannia!’

‘I calculate he would,’ replied the American.

A rehearsal was called—the lion’s rehearsal. All was prepared. Nero, a fine, shaggy old veteran, one of the largest lions ever exhibited, was brought from his cage and led by Van Amburgh on to the platform.

‘Be careful, men, how you lift,’ said he; ‘be careful! If the lion feels the platform shake or slope he will perhaps take fright and make a start. Now, lift!’

The men did lift, but not all together. As Van Amburgh anticipated, so it happened. The lion, who was crouching, rose; the men beneath became alarmed, down went the platform on one side, and off leaped the lion! A simultaneous rush took place, and in one moment the stage was cleared; Ducrow alone remained where he was standing,

fixed and immovable. Van Amburgh pursued the animal, which skulked into the darkest corner it could find, and, with the assistance of the keeper, he restored it to its cage. Ducrow was asked why he had not run.

‘Because,’ said he, ‘it was safer to stand quite still. A lion is like a bully: if you are afraid of him, he will attack you; if you boldly face him, he will not molest you.’

Ducrow, no doubt, was right; but how many men would have had the courage and presence of mind to carry the theory into practice?

As a manager, Ducrow showed an excellent and even refined taste in his production of spectacles, but he had a profound contempt for the literary and intellectual accessories of the drama. His motto was ‘Cut the dialect [meaning dialogue] and get to the ‘osses.’ At rehearsal one morning, after listening attentively to a long dialogue, or ‘dialect,’ as he invariably called it, between the leading actors in his company, Campbell and Gomersal, he suddenly cried out, ‘Stop, gentlemen; there seems a great many words to very little purpose. Hold hard! Wait one minute.’ Then he considered for a moment. ‘I have it,’ he exclaimed. ‘Now, Gomersal, you say so and so; Campbell says, “No, I won’t,” you say, “Obstinate Englishman, then you die!” There, that answers the end of all these long speeches. The audience will understand the matter better, and the poor ‘osses won’t catch cold.’

Ducrow was often rough in his speech at rehearsals, and not very sensitive to the feelings of actors and actresses; but he asked no member of his company to perform any feat which he was not prepared to essay himself. At Astley’s he lived in the private house adjoining the theatre, and would often come upon the stage in his dressing-gown and slippers to supervise the preparations for the evening’s performance. On one occasion a certain foreigner, who had a very exalted opinion of his own importance and ability, was engaged to perform upon the tight-rope. It had been announced on the bills that he would ascend on the rope from the stage to the gallery. The rope was fixed in the morning for practice. Monsieur appeared, felt the rope, tried its tension, found fault with this, altered that; one thing was not quite right, another entirely wrong. In fact, the Frenchman seemed decidedly disinclined to attempt the task. Ducrow was standing by in his dressing-gown and slippers. His patience became exhausted.

‘I say, mounseer, that appears a very difficult job,’ said he.

‘*Mais oui*,’ was the reply, accompanied with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

‘Well, let’s see if Andrew can do it,’ was the quick retort; and with the word, loosely attired and encumbered as he was, Ducrow was on the rope, and in one minute more was in the gallery and back down the rope on to the stage. The Frenchman looked abashed; nor did Ducrow’s parting observation tend to soothe his ruffled feelings.

'There's a good deal of humbug about you, mounseer. *That's* the way to do it.'

But monsieur's dignity was offended and his vanity wounded by having the shine taken out of him by his manager *in slippers*, and he there and then threw up his engagement.

On the 8th of July 1841 Astley's Amphitheatre was totally destroyed by a fire which broke out at five o'clock in the morning. Ducrow and his family narrowly escaped with their lives. The whole of the valuable stud perished in the flames, and the loss was estimated at twenty thousand pounds. Ducrow never got over this blow; he believed himself to be irretrievably ruined, his mind gave way, and he died in the York Road, Lambeth, a few months later, on the 27th of January 1842. He had been twice married: first to Miss Griffith, a lady rider of rare accomplishments and remarkable beauty; and, secondly, to Miss Woolford, long a popular and distinguished equestrienne at Astley's, who survived him. In his will he left directions that eight hundred pounds should be expended on a monument to his memory in Kensal Green, and that the interest on two hundred pounds invested in the Funds should be annually spent in the purchase of flowers to adorn this mausoleum. And there you may see the monument to this day, a glaring proof of the innate vulgarity and vanity of a man whose whole life was devoted to display. The curious-looking Egyptian structure bears this fulsome inscription, written, it is said, by his widow:

'Within this tomb, erected by genius for the reception of its own remains, are deposited those of Andrew Ducrow, whose death deprived the arts and sciences of an eminent professor and liberal patron, his family of an affectionate husband and father, and the world of an upright man.'

The most eloquent and enthusiastic tribute to Ducrow's marvellous horsemanship is that paid by Christopher North in the *Noctes Ambrosianae*. He puts the following glowing eulogy into the mouth of the 'Shepherd':

'Yon's a beautifu' sicht, sir—at ance music, dancin', statuary, paintin', and poetry! The creturs aneath him soon cease to seem horses, as they accelerate round the circus, wi' a motion a' their ain, unlike to that o' ony ither four-footed quadrupeds on the face o' this earth, mair gracefu' in their easy swiftness than the flight of Arabian coursers over the desert. . . . As if inspired, possessed by some spirit, over whom the laws o' attraction and gravity ha'e nae control, he dallies wi' danger, and bears a charmed life. . . . Wha the deevil was Castor, that the ancients made a god o' for his horsemanship—a god o' and a star—in comparison wi' yon Ducraw? A silly thoct is a Centaur—a man and a horse in ane—in which the dominion o' the man is lost, and the superior incorporated wi' the inferior natur'! Ducraw "rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm." And oh, sir! how saftly, gently, tenderly, and like the deevin'

awa' o' fast fairy music in a dream, is the subsidin' o' the motion o' a' the creturs aneath his feet, his ain gestures, and his ain attitudes, and his ain actions, a' correspondin' and congenial wi' the ebbin' flicht; even like some great master o' music wha disna leave aff when the soun' is at its heicht, but gradually leads on the sows o' the listeners to a far profounder hush o' silence than reigned even before he woked to ecstasy his livin' lyre.'

ON THE SEASHORE.

WHERE I a painter, and would paint the sea
A symbol of perpetual unrest,
I would not paint it as it shows to me
By storm and wind distress'd.

For then I say, 'The violence of storm
And mighty wind is working all this harm.
Let me but wait. The sea will change its form;
To-morrow 'twill be calm.'

But I would show it on a summer day,
As I have seen it sleep beneath the sun,
Within the arms of some protecting bay,
As if its strife were done.

And it must be as now for evermore,
Serenely held within that loving belt,
Bringing the lonely watcher on the shore
A peace which can be felt.

For oft as I have paced, alone, the beach
On such a day, or lain upon the sand,
I've heard one wave, far as the ear could reach,
Pass sighing up the land.

A little, little wave, 'tis true, but long—
Long as of sea and shore the meeting line—
With voice enough to bring the unchang'd song
From the sea's heart to mine.

And though no breaker to the eye may show,
Nor storm-betokning wavelet with white crest,
Yet, when it rests the most, the most I know
The sea can never rest.

And I have found it is the same with life!
Not in the deepest trial it has brought,
Nor sharpest pain, has its essential strife
Dawned on my inner thought.

But in those intervals of healing rest,
Wherein I seem to follow my own will,
I ask, 'What is this striving in my breast
That lets it not be still?'

Not in the days when sorrows crowding rife
Fill us with present grief and future fears
It is, but in the very calm of life
That life's unrest appears.

What balm is there? Though like the restless sea
Must ever be the soul's internal strife,
One saving aspiration comes to me,
Calm watcher over my own soul to be,
Upon the shores of life.

L. A. RAWLINGS.

OSAKA, JAPAN.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

GOLF OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

By F. KINLOCH.

FIFTY years ago golf was a pastime known only to a favoured few even in Scotland. To-day it is an absorbing business, with its branches extending all over the world.

Delving into the back numbers of *Chambers's Journal*, we can get a glimpse at first-hand of golf as played, mainly at St Andrews, in the fifties and sixties; and as the golfer, accustomed to the constant *Sturm und Drang* of twentieth-century championships and tournaments, reads, a kind of longing comes over him for the days when there were few golfers in the land, when the game was played in peace for its own sake, and when 'foursomes were more usually played than singles on long links like St Andrews' ('The Golf Tournament,' *Chambers's Journal*, 1858).

There are four articles which may be reread with much pleasure and interest. The first of these appeared on September 4, 1858, and deals mainly with the great tournament of that year, the fore-runner, indeed, of the present Amateur Championship. These articles have one feature in common, in that they assume that the world in general is ignorant of the game of golf, and they consequently begin with a dissertation on the playing of the game. Thus, in the particular article before us, an illustration is given of two average golfers, Jones and Brown, playing the first two holes at St Andrews. We read how the first hole is halved without incident in five. How at the second, one player carries the bunker fifty yards off the tee with a 'swingeing' shot. But his opponent, not being so fortunate, has to take his sand-iron; with great skill he extricates his ball and then gets a raker away with his long spoon. The first player, Brown, now finds his ball lying in a hollow, so he has to take his short spoon, and fails to make much of it. Eventually they lie alike before approaching; and Jones, being a hundred yards from the hole, with a bunker to cross, takes his cleek and lands near the hole; while Brown, using his baffy- spoon to loft over some whin-bushes, misses the

shot and loses the hole. It is all quaint, old-world golf such as our fathers, at least those who played, delighted in.

Then follows the description of the two tournaments of 1857 and 1858, both promoted by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and played at St Andrews. In 1857 the various clubs were invited to send two selected players to St Andrews. A series of foursomes ensued on the 'knocking out' principle, matches of thirty holes (a curious number) being played. Eventually Blackheath won, first blood to an English club; but we may have a shrewd suspicion that that prince of old-time golfers, George Glennie, was the hero of that team.

The next year conditions were changed, and the tournament was fought out on much the same lines as it is to-day. Fourteen couples started, and the final came to be between a representative of Leven, and the late Mr Robert Chambers—presumably the writer of the article, judging from the modesty with which he cloaks the doings of the winner and the praise given to the loser. The match was an exciting one—all even and one to play. It was won by Mr Chambers by a single putt on the last green.

There were no other tournaments after this till the Royal Liverpool Golf Club set the ball rolling again at Hoylake in 1885.

The next article (August 6, 1859) is a pleasant, gossiping one all about the beauties of St Andrews, the initiation of a scoffer, reminiscences at first-hand of Hugh Philp the Chippendale of golf-club making (almost, indeed, might one call him the Straduaris, for varnish such as he put on the heads of his masterpieces is not made now). One also reads of mammoth drivers, including the tradition that a Mr Messieux, a French teacher, once drove a feather-ball from the Hole o' Cross at St Andrews into Hell Bunker, a distance of three hundred and eight yards—no mean feat even with the present-day rubber cores.

The third article, 'Golf as Imported' (January 10, 1863) is a story in fine Scots vernacular of a round played at Blackheath; while the last of the

series, November 10, 1877, is a review of the late Mr Robert Clark's great book, *Golf: a Royal and Ancient Game*, the first edition of which (with fifty copies on large paper, and most beautifully got up) was published in 1875. Here is a book redolent of old-time golf, written or rather compiled by a man who loved his subject. The history of the game in Scotland is traced through bygone centuries by extracts from statutes, wherein, *inter alia*, it is ordained (*circa* 1451) that 'the gofff shall be utterly cryit doon' in order that the lieges shall devote themselves to archery; by extracts from ancient club minutes, from private diaries of golfers (some of whom seemed to spend large sums in wagers on their games); even from the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer in the year 1503, two items of which read:

Feb. 4th, 1503.—Item, to the King to play at the Goff with the Erle of Bothulle.....xlj s.
Item, To Golf Clubbis and Ballis to the King, that he play it with.....ix s.

All the humorous golfing poems and stories that had appeared are collected, among which one may read with especial delight 'The Golfer at Home,' by H. J. M., which appeared first in the *Cornhill Magazine* of August 1867. No better account of a real old-fashioned foursome has ever been written. The partnership of the long driver with the feeble driver but good putter against a wild driver and a steady player, and the various incidents of their round at St Andrews, including, it must be confessed, certain ungallant remarks by one of the players as to the presence of ladies on the links—*O tempora! O mores!*—are depicted with that delightful dry humour which those who are privileged to know the author so greatly appreciate in private life.

Most interesting is an obituary notice of Allan Robertson, who was never beaten in a big match, taken from the *Dundee Advertiser* of 1859. In a prophetic mood the writer exclaims, 'A new era is about to dawn in the golfing world. The old stars are paling; when will others arise?' Many stars have risen and run their orbit since those words were penned, and a new era has indeed dawned; yet who shall say with certainty that the golfers of to-day are better than their forebears? Ponder, golfers, for a moment on the conditions under which Allan Robertson played. The course at St Andrews was narrow, unkempt; a wall of whin on one side, on the other the railway, more whins, or hopeless bent; in the middle stretched the bunkers we still know; the fairway to the ninth hole was a narrow path through heather; the putting-greens were little bigger than a tablecloth, never cut, for there were no mowing-machines; there were no made teeing-grounds (the ball by the rules was to be teed within four yards of the hole), no tins in the holes, and the sand for the tee was brought, as a rule, from the bottom of the hole, which sometimes got so deep that the caddie's arm could scarce reach the bottom. And yet Allan

Robertson in 1858 went round in seventy-nine strokes! His motto was caution, never a risk, and never a mistake. Thus he would rather reach a hole for certain in three than peril himself by trying to get home in two. At the Heathery Hole, coming in, for instance, he would, even with a following wind, take three shots with his short spoon. How would he have fared to-day? How would he have compared with the twentieth-century driving giants?

But while Clark's book is interesting and diverting, it is not, from the point of view of the golfer, instructive. You may search its pages in vain for a hint how to play a shot; the author gives away none of the secrets which made him nearly *primus inter pares*. Indeed, prior to Sir Walter Simpson's book, which deals mostly with the science of the game (published 1887), there was only one manual of instruction—namely, *Golfing*, by Robert Chambers (1863). To this day this little book is a good guide to the game; but how sparse is the space devoted to instruction! It is confined to four pages and two illustrations. Now, in a book by H. Vardon (1905), *The Complete Golfer*, there are no fewer than one hundred and sixty pages and fifty photographs giving that great golfer's views and hints as to how to hold the club, how to stand, how to avoid pulling and slicing, how to pull and slice at will—in a nutshell, how to become as good a golfer as the author.

How golf has changed in the last fifty years! Not only the shapes but the very names of the clubs are different. Here is the list as given in *Golfing*: Play-club, long, mid, and short spoon, baffy-spoon, cutty, cleek, sand-iron, track-iron, and putter. Compare this list with that of Vardon's: Play-club, brassie, driving-cleek, approaching cleek, driving-mashie, mid-iron, pitching mashie, niblick, putter. Out of the whole list there are only three the same—play-club, cleek, and putter. As a matter of fact, the track-iron was the primitive name for the niblick. When the latter name came generally into use does not appear, nor is the etymology of the term clear; but it may interest some readers to know that the tradition runs that the club was originally devised in order to get out of the ruts of the roads running down to the beach across the first hole at North Berwick. In the days when North Berwick was a seven-hole course, that hole was a very long hole, the tee being at the far east end of the links, and the hole, as it is now, on Point Garry. No fewer than three roads, all with ruts sometimes over a foot deep, had to be crossed; and as the rule was strictly enforced that the ball must be played or the hole given up, the ingenuity of some ancient golfer devised the first niblick, which was shaped like a teaspoon. From that club the present serviceable weapon is directly descended. Still, on the subject of old clubs, one notices almost with regret that the old spoons are gone, and with them the grace with which they were wielded. Who that saw him can forget the accuracy and

grace with which Sir Robert Hay 'baffed' his approaches up to the hole? Golf is now all force, cunningly concealed though it may be.

So much for the golf of the past, as illustrated by the articles and books mentioned. Let us turn to the golf of the present, and consider briefly the book (already alluded to) by one who, with all due deference to the present champion, is looked on by many as the greatest golfer of his age, if not, indeed, the greatest golfer that has ever lived—Harry Vardon. This book may be said to reflect the spirit of latter-day golf, in that its main purpose is not to amuse but to instruct; the game is treated from first to last most seriously, and evidently the assumption is that the reader will study the lessons it contains in order that he may improve his golf. A few pages are given to the author's early life, and a few more—far too few, for they are entrancingly interesting—to his rise from obscurity to fame. We learn the inmost feelings of the man whose first championship is within his grasp. Knowing as he does that he has to hole the last hole in four to win, and in five to tie, there is a mental struggle between boldness and caution. Shall he risk all and go for the guarding bunker, or play the canny game? Eventually an outside agency decides the crucial point. He notices an old friend frantically beckoning safety. He plays short, and ties with that most formidable opponent J. H. Taylor. Safety proved the best horse, for Vardon won the tie and the championship, and then, when the last putt had been holed, to quote his words, 'for the first time in my life as a golfer I felt some emotion. It seemed as if my feet had taken root on the eighteenth green, for I don't think I moved for several minutes.' From that time till ill-health came upon him, his was a triumphant progress modestly told; and it will be the wish of every golfer that he may completely recover his health and treat us to some more of those wonderful exhibitions of golf.

Vardon thinks the most important event in his life was his great match with Willie Park. At any rate, it set the seal on his fame as a golfer. *A propos* of these big money-matches, it is easy to see he does not quite approve of them. He thinks that professionals do not care to peril the money they work so hard for on a single match, and further argues that such matches tend to create ill-feeling between the players. We do not quite follow his reasoning. Professionals rarely find their own money in a big match, and there is no reason in this world why a genuine sporting match should lead to any bitterness. Since Vardon wrote, a great international foursome has been played, enormous interest was taken in the match, which was witnessed by thousands, who got a grand exhibition of golf as played by the four best players thoroughly stretched out. The best players won, and all who saw the play look back on the match with great pleasure, and hope

some time in the future to see a similar one—perhaps, if they are Scotsmen, with a pious prayer that the result may be different. That match did nothing but good, and from what was noticed at the Open Championship this year, when Vardon and Taylor were the first to congratulate Braid, it would not seem that old friendships had been interfered with.

Into the technical part of the book, wherein Vardon pours out with prodigal hand the secrets of his craft, it would be impossible, even if desirable, to enter closely; but a few points may be noted. In the first place, while the instructions are by way of being for beginners, there are innumerable and most valuable hints to the golfer of riper years. But herein lurks a most serious and insidious danger, especially if the golfer has a settled style of his own. Often has the ball been heard on the links, 'I was reading that book of Vardon's last night, and it has put me clean off my game.' Therefore, O Golfer! do not try to copy the Vardon swing at the expense of that style which, faulty though it may be, is yet part and parcel of your game. What is true of the swing is also true in a modified way of the grip. The 'Vardon grip' is now almost universally used by the leading players. Briefly, it consists in the right hand overlapping the left, the contention being that thus both hands feel and act as one. That there is an enormous advantage in this grip to those who have certain physical qualities cannot be gainsaid; but, *pace* Vardon, who would insist on this grip to the exclusion altogether of the old-fashioned manner of holding the club with the hands not touching, we are rather inclined to agree with Braid, who in a little book called *The Golf Guide* (published by Messrs Spalding) says, 'Excellent as are the advantages of this way [the overlapping] of holding the club, there are some players in whose case it would be mere folly and waste of time trying to cultivate it. . . . What is absolutely essential is that the player should have for this grip very strong fingers, probably a little above the average in length. *With fingers of medium strength good results cannot be achieved with the overlapping grip.*' If the golfer, then, will take care not to attempt to remodel his style, and will carefully consider the size and power of his hands and fingers before playing tricks with his grip, he may read Vardon's lessons and study the many snapshots of that great performer in various golfing attitudes not only with interest but also with great profit. Specially sound is Vardon's theory of the approach-shot; and the maxim he is always insisting on, 'Never play a full shot with a mashie when you can get the same distance with a half-iron; should be laid to heart. There are many fancy shots described, amongst which probably the most valuable to acquire, though very difficult, is the push-shot with the cleek. Any one who saw the professionals at Muirfield in this year's championship will recognise this stroke, which was a favourite one. How it is accomplished is not for the writer to explain;

but the result as described by Vardon may be quoted: 'The ball is sent forward with a low trajectory until it overhangs the green, then down it comes close to the pin.'

Vardon believes that the reason for most bad putting is to be found in the stance of the player, and suggests that when any one is 'off' his putting he should keep on changing his stance on the chance of dropping into the right one. This advice seems likely to lead to very complete unsettlement of one's putting, and the more probable reason for an off-day or days on the putting-green is that eye and hand are not working together. The technical part of the book concludes with a chapter on 'fancy putting,' which brings out some interesting theories; it will probably, however, be best for the average golfer if they remain as such.

Every word in the chapter on 'general hints,' should be read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested. A few of them may be taken at random: 'Don't play too much golf if you want to get on in the game.' 'When you have made a really good shot bring yourself up sharply to find out how you did it.' 'Don't praise your own good shots.' 'Always make a point of trying to play the first hole as well as any hole you have ever played. The favourite saying of some players, "I never try to win the first hole," is the most foolish thing ever said in connection with golf.' 'Don't say nasty things about your opponent's good shots.' 'Never hurry when playing a match or medal round.' 'Be careful you always stand on the right side of the tee when your opponent is preparing to drive.' 'Do not get into the habit of counting your strokes from the beginning of a round in the hope that each time you may be able to beat your record.' 'Obtain a thorough knowledge of the rules of the game, always play strictly according to them, and adhere rigidly to the etiquette of golf.' 'If you are playing golf in the afternoon do not lunch too heavily.' 'When playing in a foursome, never forget you have a partner.' 'Keep your eye on the *side* of the ball.' 'Always fill in every hole that you may make in a bunker.' 'Never try your shots over again when there are other players behind you.'

One is glad to note that the author regrets that the old-fashioned foursome has been superseded so greatly by the four-ball match, for which he very rightly has hardly a good word. The only time it is worth playing is when all the players are equally matched and really good, and even then he does not think it a good form of golf. Would that every golfer would agree with him on this point! Indeed, it would be a very good thing if an 'Anti-Four-ball Match Society' were started.

There are two other chapters in *The Complete Golfer* which deserve attention. The first of these contains a short criticism of the various first-class links, including, of course, the championship courses. Probably alone among the leading golfers Vardon puts Sandwich at the head of them. It would be out of place in this article to enter into a dis-

quisition on the merits and demerits of Sandwich; but that even the members of the Royal St George's are not all satisfied with the course as it stands at present is evidenced by the fact that an alternative course, by which the outgoing portion of the course has been materially lengthened, has been mapped out and it is possible may be in play before another championship is played there. Prestwick comes next, and due praise is meted out to what is probably the best two-shot hole in the world, the far-famed Alps. Hoylake is damned with faint praise, and of Muirfield it is said that the golf is better than it looks. It is, however, when we come to Vardon's remarks about St Andrews that our faith in him as a critic is somewhat shaken. He complains that the bunkers are badly placed in that they are generally the length of a good long, straight drive. All kind of complaints have been heard about the St Andrews bunkers; that they are too small, too hidden, too near the holes, and that the ball has a most amazing habit of kicking into them; but so far as the writer knows this is the first time that they have been accused of catching a long, straight drive. To any one who does not know the course vistas of long bunkers of the steeplechase genus right across the fairway must naturally arise from reading Vardon's remarks. The truth is that St Andrews course has now got so wide that it is difficult to know the real line to the hole. The seventeenth or Road Hole at St Andrews gets some very hard words; but, after all, why should there not be some hole where a little head-work and placing of the ball is necessary, even in these days when so much is sacrificed to long driving? Most of the other links are dismissed with a very few words, except the links in Islay (Machrie). All who appreciate that splendid course will be delighted to know that Vardon classes it as one fit for any championship. Mount Zion, the third hole, he considers the hardest hole he has ever played, and to quote his own words, 'I never did a hole better than when I halved that hole with Taylor in four.'

In 1900 Vardon had a triumphant tour in America, which is well described. Space will not permit us to deal with his reminiscences; but his views on American golf are alarming. He compares it to the amateur golf of the old country very much to the latter's discredit, and he thinks Mr Travis is merely the advance-guard of the American host, thus his call to the young amateurs is 'practice, practice, practice! Make a really serious business of the game, otherwise woe betide you when you meet the Yankee cohorts.'

And as we close the book it is borne in upon us that constant practice is the keynote of modern golf. The man who is determined to get to the top of the tree must practice his shots for hours at a time just like a billiard-player. But are we not tending to lose sight of the fact that golf, after all, is a game, not a business? Do we get as much pleasure out of it as the past generation? Let us take a glimpse of life at St Andrews in the holiday season, even as

late as the seventies. There were no numbers or starting-box; you strolled down to the tee after a well-digested breakfast about half-past ten, certain not only of getting off within ten minutes but of getting round comfortably before lunch, though there might perhaps be a wait of ten minutes or so at one of the short holes. While you played your single, you and your opponent probably hatched some robbery against two others in the afternoon; for in those days it was almost *de règle* to play a single in the morning and a foursome in the afternoon. At lunch you casually propose this foursome to the intended victims, who jump at it (it is just what they have been planning themselves); there results a keen match, which is halved, and you come in at peace with the world in time for a nice quiet rubber of whist in first-class company. Contrast this peaceful picture with the tale of a day in August on the classic links in the present year of grace. Overnight you and three others have each put in a card in the vain hope of getting a number between nine o'clock and half-past eleven. One of you gets a number at eleven-forty, the others being lost in the supernumerary list. There ensues an acrimonious discussion whether to take the number and not be in till nearly three o'clock, with the possibility of not finishing the second round in light, or to get up 'in the middle of the night,' be down at the tee before nine, and trust to the tender mercies of the starter to get away. Ultimately, three out of the four being young and energetic, and the fourth loath to lose his rubber of bridge, it is settled to be down 'at nine sharp, mind.' Next morning three out of the four turn up, and one, bearding the autocrat of the starting-box, has a favourable audience. 'Ye can have nine-fifteen,' says that magnate. Splendid! A vision of a round over before midday, decent time for lunch, and another round before tea, rises before your eyes. But nine-fifteen arrives and No. 4 is not yet here. You send his caddie round to pull him out of bed, and start without him. After all the bustle and fuss, the tee-shots are missed, so there is no chance of a glorious second over the burn. Who is in front? A beginner and his two children aged twelve and ten, and in front of them again are two middle-aged females carrying their own clubs and incapable

of hitting the ball more than thirty yards. Five couples are waiting on the tee at the second hole, where the sluggish joins the party. Finding out the state of matters, he exclaims, 'Another three hours and a half job! I shall go back to bed; it's the best place here!' However, very shame makes him struggle on, and you ultimately get in about half-past twelve, after a poor match, in which (it was, of course, a four-baller) one man has played decently and the other three vilely, you have barely half an hour for lunch before you go through the same performance again. Then, if a card-player, there follows bridge in a hot, crowded room, with a partner you have never seen before, who for all you know may, and probably does, revoke twice in the same rubber. What a fascination the game must have when, even under these circumstances, in the dark winter days, you look back to your holiday with pleasant recollections.

Still, it is more pleasurable to play the game in peace and quiet, and to do this in the holiday season means that you must either belong to a club with a private green or become a temporary member thereof. That, again, entails a very considerable extra expense. Time was, especially in England, when the stranger was welcomed with open arms, the club and course being made free to him; nay, if perchance he happened to be a member of the Royal and Ancient it was deemed an honour for the club to have sheltered him and for the course to have felt the weight of his clubs. Nowadays, truth to tell, private clubs do not in many cases want strangers; they have too many members of their own. Thus some clubs in England put prohibitive charges on strangers, five shillings a day being quite common, while the exorbitant charge of half a sovereign is not unknown. In every way golf has become more expensive—subscriptions, clubs, balls, caddies, and lunches, especially the two latter items. Following out this train of thought one might moralise to any extent on the luxury of the present age even in games; but this article has been unduly prolonged, and its theme is golf, that glorious game which has come down to us from the dim ages, and which by its wondrous charm unites rich and poor, old and young, duffer and champion into one common brotherhood.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

CHAPTER XXIII

THERE are moments in the lives of the least self-conscious of us when we are forced to look into ourselves and to ask whether our emotions, admittedly strong, are pleasurable or the reverse. I know that as I stood in the friendly recess of that ancient fireplace, silently waiting in the darkness for the next movement of our enemies, I inquired doubtfully as to the nature

of my own mental sensations. On the one hand there was the excitement of partaking in a remarkable adventure, of playing a fairly important part in a drama of European importance. On the other, there was the unpleasant conviction that I had interfered in a wolfish quarrel wherein I had no real part; while the blood and suffering which were trivial and everyday matters to my opponents and fellow-fighter were repugnant and chilling to a

peacefully brought-up Londoner like myself. The conclusion of my introspective effort was that I had been enjoying myself famously till I had begun to think, and that now I was very much the reverse of happy. Moreover, it is trying to the nerves to wait in pitchy darkness for the schemes of a ruthless and bloodthirsty enemy to develop at their leisure, and I kept my eyes strained on the moonlit ceiling-gap, expecting every instant to see the luminous circle blackened by human forms leaping down to join issue with us in a lightless fray.

'Time is on our side,' said the King confidently in my ear.

'Time and a Jew,' I said. 'I hope Meyer's nerve won't fail him.'

'You wrong him to suggest such a thing,' retorted my companion. 'He owes his exalted position entirely to my personal favour, and he will not fail me in the hour of need. Hush! what's that?'

There was a tread of hurried feet, and the disquieting silence maintained since the extinguishing of Max's lantern was broken with sudden violence. The relieving-party was at hand! There was no mistaking the meaning of those rousing revolver shots, the clashing of steel, the oaths, cries, stumbings, and unmanly groans. The heavy pounding of feet shook the ceiling over our heads, dislodging the plaster from the venerable joists; and as the noise of the conflict swelled fiercer and louder I felt the King's grasp tighten on my arm.

'Our place is up there,' he said sternly.

I disagreed with him totally, but had not the moral courage to say so.

To obtrude ourselves into that desperate mêlée was to court disaster alike from friend and foe.

'Mount the table!' said the King imperatively, and in silence I obeyed him. A moment later he was by my side.

'Where is the lever?' he cried, groping in the darkness.

I had not the faintest idea, and said so.

'Strange,' he muttered. 'I could have sworn it ought to be here.'

'Where?'

'Here, projecting from the wall at the height of my head.'

'Perhaps a stray shot struck it,' I hazarded.

My idea seemed plausible, and an instant later my companion was on the floor groping in search of the broken handle.

A little cry told me that he had found it, that my thoughtless guess had hit the truth. I was relieved, for it meant that the fury-shaken *Schweigenkammer* was inaccessible to us. It is one thing to issue in a fair fight; it is quite another to emerge slowly from the floor into the centre of a desperate conflict, the easy victim of the first enemy who sets his eyes on you.

The King took his place again at my side, a prey to disappointment and unconcealed agitation.

Gradually the sounds above our head diminished. There came one final pistol-shot; then all was still.

A voice called down to us, General Meyer's voice: 'Your Majesty!'

'Yes.'

'The enemy are satisfactorily accounted for. It is quite safe to come up. I have sent for lights.'

'Thank you, Meyer,' replied the King. 'If you will kindly press the lever in the board's mouth we will ascend. The lower lever has met with an accident, otherwise we should not have remained down here.'

Slowly the *Zauber-tisch* mounted again towards its original position; and if our reappearance on the scene bore any analogy to the clown's entry in pantomime, the sight that met our gaze as our heads emerged above the floor-line swept all flippant imaginings from my brain. Some one had fetched some candles, and by their flickering light I saw that the floor was covered thick with dead and dying men. Of our late adversaries not one remained alive, and I noticed with horror a fearfully gashed head that had once been Max's.

We waited for the top of the *Zauber-tisch* to reach the level of the floor before stepping off, but when about a foot below it stopped abruptly; and, fearing some breakdown of the machinery, the King and I stepped up hastily on to the floor of the *Schweigenkammer*.

Looking down, I saw with disgust that the leg of the Grand Duke's body, which still lay on the table's surface, was protruding over the edge and causing the unexpected stoppage in our ascent.

General Meyer saluted us, pale but smiling, his sword wet with the blood of the King's enemies, his cheeks crimson with his own.

'They are all dead, sire,' he said simply.

'And our side?'

'Lieutenant Aufermann of the Guides is no more, and Captain Traun-Nelidoff, I regret to say, is *in extremis*. Zuos is suffering from a bullet in the thigh, whilst I myself have a trifling scratch on my right cheek.'

'It becomes you marvellously well. Who else has helped to-night?'

'Schneider is here,' replied the General, and at his words the detective stepped forward and favoured us with a profound bow. He was dressed in evening-dress and an old student's smoking-cap, and he held a revolver in one hand and a sword in the other. 'He fought most valiantly,' continued Meyer. 'He it was who brought down Max when that excitable young gentleman was engaged in the amusing process of slicing his Commander-in-Chief's face.'

'I struck him from behind,' broke in the detective hurriedly. 'I was a good swordsman in my youth, and my blow nearly clove his skull in twain.'

'So I see,' said the King coldly, a shadow of disgust on his gloomy features. 'Well, Meyer, you shan't regret this night's work, nor you, Schneider, nor Zuos, and the others. But it is too soon to talk of rewards yet. Where is Father Bernhard?'

'I will go and fetch him,' I said, for if ever there was work for a priest it was within the blood-splashed walls of that stricken chamber.

As I went I wondered if the other denizens of that huge but scantily inhabited Palace had been roused by the prodigious noise of the night's conflict. That the Queen must have known that trouble was in progress was certain, though with what hopes and anxieties she awaited the issue it was impossible to say.

My thoughts wandered rather to Miss Anchester, and when I reflected that she slept in the children's wing, right at the other extremity of the building, I considered it quite likely that the sounds of firing had failed to break her deep and healthy slumbers.

When I reached Father Bernhard's room I found it empty. The windows, as always, were wide open and the room bitterly cold. The bed, though now unoccupied, had evidently been slept in. That its late occupant had been roused by the hammerings on the *Schweigenkammer* door was not surprising, seeing that his room also was situated in the Waffenthurm. The question was, what steps had he taken on being roused? His loyalty was beyond doubt and his combative instincts more than suspected, and I should not have been surprised had he been found among our deliverers settling accounts with his old enemy. In vain I wandered down the passage, calling him by name.

Retracing my steps, I looked in various rooms where he might possibly have been, but without success. In despair I descended into the hall; and, looking round, my eyes lighted on the unfortunate Herr Boncke still propped up in his corner in a position of inanimate collapse. I approached with charitable intent, and as I did so he groaned feebly and regarded me with a bloodshot and unutterably gloomy eye. He had apparently been struck roughly on the head, and his shirt-front and coat were discoloured and sticky from an ugly scalp-wound. A brief examination showed me that he was no longer bleeding and that his condition was not such as to cause anxiety.

'The fierceness of man! The fierceness of man!' he muttered. 'O Lord, is it possible that such things can be?'

'Cheer up, Boncke,' I said, smiling at his somewhat incoherent pathos. 'His Majesty is quite safe.'

'I am glad to hear it,' he said solemnly. 'I have served his Majesty, as a man of peace, five-and-twenty years come next *Messzeit*. To think that I should live to be struck on the head by a boy with the butt of a revolver.'

'Max did it then? Well, Max is dead.'

'And his Royal Highness the Grand Duke?'

'Is dead also.'

'God be thanked! O Lord, thou art avenged by thy servant.'

'Boncke,' I said severely, 'you are becoming religious, and it does not suit you at all. Talking of religion, do you know where Father Bernhard is?'

He shook his dilapidated head and moaned a negative.

I turned away to resume my search, and there, within ten paces of me, and enveloped in a long black overcoat, stood the object of my quest.

He was standing perfectly motionless beside one of the squat Doric pillars which support the staircase-landing, and his habitually severe countenance was sterner than ever.

'What do you want?' he asked brusquely in his deep tones.

'Your presence is required in the *Schweigenkammer*—immediately,' I said.

'Why?'

'There has been an attempt on the King's life'—

'I know. Why do they want me?'

'There has been trouble—fighting. Men have been wounded, even to death, and they need a priest's offices.'

Father Bernhard laughed gloomily.

'Let them get a priest then,' he said. 'I am one no more. It is no longer Father Bernhard who speaks with you, but Bernhard the apostate. Do I make myself clear?'

'Not in the least.'

'Listen then. I was roused from my sleep by furious bangings and the sounds of excited voices. I robbed myself hastily and descended the stairs, and, passing the corridor which leads to the *Schweigenkammer*, I saw the Grand Duke, his son, and others trying to break down the door. The true condition of affairs was at once manifest to me, and as I went in search of arms and assistance I thanked my God, for I thought it possible I might be killed, that I might die fighting for my King and honour, and be delivered from the power of the Evil One. Unfortunately, Abaddon was in the ascendant, Abaddon and his trusty attendant Aschmedai. I went to find loyal men, and I found—God help me!—I found a disloyal woman.'

'The Queen?'

He bowed assent.

'Well?' I said.

'Must I go on? Must I humiliate myself utterly? She bade me let events take their course. She told me not to interfere with a quarrel which God would decide in the best way. To my shame, I obeyed her. Together, hand-in-hand, we awaited the issue of the conflict, and when we learned that the King was rescued we determined to take the only course open to traitors—flight!'

In spite of the terrible emotion which dominated the self-condemned priest there was a stern tranquillity in his demeanour which argued a finality of resolve which I should assail in vain.

For some reason his lapse angered me.

'Father Bernhard,' I said as calmly as I could,

'you're a damned fool.'

'Ay,' he said, 'you could not speak truer words. A fool damned and irredeemable.'

'I wasn't thinking of your soul,' I said irritably.

'I'm sick of souls. The Queen thinks she has a soul, whereas she is little better than'—

But Father Bernhard was holding up a warning hand, and a second later the object of my smothered rebuke was also standing before me. Doubtless she had been accompanying her guilty lover when I chanced upon the scene, and in a rare moment of shame had concealed herself behind the priest's tall form and the thick stem of the Doric column.

Her face was extraordinarily pale and her eye blazed with anger and excitement.

'Kill him,' she said breathlessly, pointing to me.

'I shall not harm him unless he tries to stop us,' replied the priest.

'Stop you?' I repeated.

'Yes,' cried the Queen excitedly. 'We are leaving this wretched, snowbound country, this mouldering Palace, this icy land of tyranny and unbelief. Do you think it would be safe for me here with my frenzied husband when he discovers that it was I who drugged Odenheimer and the guard. I hear that not a man of the conspirators is left alive. Do you think that he would spare me, who loathe him and have schemed against him—ay, and will scheme against him till his last breath?'

'His Majesty would not raise his hand against a woman,' I protested, 'still less against his wife.'

She laughed hysterically.

'He would shoot me where I stood,' she cried, 'or rather he would confine me in the shaft of the *Zauber-tisch* to let me perish of starvation.'

'Nonsense,' I said soothingly, for I felt it was my duty to strive to avert a domestic tragedy. 'The King is neither a butcher nor a maniac. My influence with him is strong just now, for I have been of great service to him; and if you remain I will guarantee that no violence is offered you.'

It was the priest who replied.

'The die is cast,' he said solemnly. 'I have so sinned in thought and word that to sin in deed is hardly to darken the pitchy blackness of my soul.'

'Souls again!' I cried angrily; 'and what about her Majesty's soul?'

'My soul is white before God,' said the Queen, fervently raising a plump arm heavenwards. 'I am not acting rashly nor without much consideration and prayerful thought. I know now that to remain longer with a blood-guilty atheist would be the true sin.'

'Whilst elopement with a renegade priest would be a true virtue?'

Her eyes blazed hatred at me.

'Brutal Englishman!' she cried spittingly. 'Like all your countrymen, you have the spirit of a pig. Know this, that God can forgive all things, purify all things, and that His mightiest instrument is love.'

I turned away in despair. If it was futile to argue with a patriotic woman, to do so with a religiously pervert was a still greater waste of breath. Assuredly, fate had never thrown a stranger, worse-assorted couple together than that faithless priest

and faithless wife. The former thought the devil ministered personally to his pleasures, the latter that her Creator did so.

'May I ask where you propose going?' I inquired, more to gain time than from a desire for information.

'The Grand Duke's sleigh is still standing at the door,' said Father Bernhard. 'It will take us as far as Kurdeburg, where we take the early train to Vienna. It is useless trying to pursue us, for our horses are fleet, and at the Grand Duke's orders the telegraph-wires have been cut in all directions.'

'Useless if you once leave the Brun-varad.'

'You will not prevent us doing that,' said the priest sternly, producing a revolver. 'That is the Queen's present to me, my wedding-present; and if I do not wish to kill you with it, it is because I like you personally, not because murder is a sin.'

'I too have a present, though not I fear a wedding one,' I said, tapping my breast-pocket where the Schattensbergs' revolver lay; 'but I have seen too much blood spilt to-night to wish to see the colour of it again. Go, if you must go, and may your good friends Abaddon and Aschmedai give you some compensation for the death-pangs of your soul. Who knows that, when they have done with you, the good angels of Common Sense and Honest Work may not turn you once again into a normal, healthy minded mortal.'

He passed his hand across his brow and regarded me with a strained look that had little comprehension in it.

'Don't talk like that,' he said, 'or you will convert me. I don't want to be converted. I can face the prospect of hell, but not the agony of retracing my downward steps.—Come, your Majesty, let us depart.'

I stepped aside and bowed, keeping my eyes on the Queen's pale face. She looked fixedly at me with an intensity of expression which I was incapable of analysing, and then favoured me with a scarcely perceptible inclination of her head. Then, as she neared the door, leaning on her companion's arm, she looked back; something fluttered to the floor—a carnation!

I heard a muttered '*Gedächtniss*,' and the door closed behind them. There was a jingling of sleigh-bells, and the wretched creature and her priestly paramour were off on their wild night's drive to shame and ignominy.

I picked up her worthless token, and advancing to the open fireplace, wherein a dying fire still feebly burned, thrust it into the heart of the glowing embers. Then I hastened to mount the stairs again to inform his Majesty of this latest happening to his fortunes.

As I entered the *Schweigenkammer* the King anticipated my speech.

'You are too late, Saunders; the gallant Traun-Nelidoff is no more.'

'May I have a word with you alone, in private, sire?'

'Certainly, only it shall not be in the *Schweigen-kammer*.—Meyer, I leave you in command. Do all that is necessary, and remember that the Brunvarad is under martial-law.—Gentlemen, I wish you good-night.'

Putting his hand on my shoulder, the King led me from the room.

'You could not find Father Bernhard?' he asked.

'I found him and the Queen,' I replied. 'They are now in the Grand Duke's sleigh *en route* for Kurdsburg.'

'Fled!'

'Eloped. There is passion on the one side and something rather lower on the other. Do you know that her Majesty caused von Odenheimer and his men to be drugged?'

'Meyer told me they had been drugged, and I suspected whose handiwork it was. Anyway, she is gone, that is the main thing. My luck has turned with a vengeance.'

'You are glad?'

'I am in heaven. As a bachelor, you cannot appreciate my sensations of relief. Come into my study and we will drink to their *bon voyage*.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE AUSTRALIAN RABBIT-TRAPPER.



HE newest Australian industry is that of rabbit-trapping. The rabbit-trapper exists in every country where there are rabbits, no doubt; but his class outside of Australia is small and his operations limited.

In Australia he begins to rank as one of the great primary wealth-producers. The value of rabbit exports has come to exceed that of butter; and if the industry be not arrested there is likelihood that it will continue to expand till a rivalry with wool is set up. Over four million pairs of rabbits have been exported in one year; and year by year, as facilities for export are increased and the business becomes better understood, the volume grows. The local consumption is not so great as the export, on account of the prejudice many Australians have against the rabbit as an article of food; but the prejudice is breaking down, and the local demand is a constantly increasing one.

Few who see Australian rabbits hawked through a large city have any idea of the wild, free life of the rabbit-trapper on the far-back Australian plains, or of the profitable nature of the enterprise when capably pursued. Only small capital is required; skill, industry, and method do the rest.

Strike a tent or—as it is called—a camp near sundown. The men have returned from setting the traps, and are free for tea-drinking and killing time. Their day's work has begun, and from now till sunrise it is work and rest, work and rest, hour by hour. Sometimes a camp provides luxuries—tinned salmon, pickles, and preserved fruits; but generally Attic tastes prevail, and damper and salt-beef, washed down with black tea, fill the bill.

In ordinary country a man keeps seventy traps in hand, and in good country as many as a hundred. Eighty make a fair demand on most men, while in cases thirty or forty traps give a man a good night's exercise. There is great variation in the humour of both men and rabbits. The trap resembles a large rat-trap. The ground is cut away about a foot and a quarter long, and six inches deep, and wide enough to take the trap. The place

is chosen because signs have been discovered of rabbits having made a run along it. When set, the trap is lightly covered with soil, so as to hide the ironwork. Trap after trap is so put down until the night's battlefield is laid out. The distance between the traps varies with their number and the character of the warren. With a large number they are placed only five or six yards apart, but with thirty traps or so the distance may be twenty or thirty yards apart. At the tent referred to the men were resting. They await the time for their first catch.

Just as the sun goes down off they start, each man along his own line. The man who sets the trap takes delivery of its contents. Sometimes the traps are found just as set. Something has alarmed the colony and a new run is struck out. Rabbits are heard scampering in all directions but the one desired. Ordinarily, however, a trap here and there holds a victim by the leg. The little prisoner squeals and tugs, but if the trap be in good order and properly fastened the tugging is in vain. The trapper goes along the march, bagging the victims and resetting the traps till all are examined. He repeats this march every couple of hours, and coming on daylight counts his gains in couples. He is well satisfied with fifty pairs, and moderately pleased with twenty; but shifts when only a dozen or so pairs reward him.

His mates are working assiduously all the time; and although they keep separate tallies and prepare separately the lots for market the returns make a common fund, and the principle of division is share and share alike. The mere catching is not all. The animals have to be killed, bled, and paunched. That part of the work needs care and skill, as the livers and kidneys must be left in the carcass. And then the grading and packing have to be looked to.

Trappers doing at all well, and working near, own or hire a horse and trap and carry the produce of their night's work to the nearest railway; otherwise some speculator sends a horse and wagon round the camps every morning and does the cartage at so much per pair. A halfpenny or a penny a pair

meets this demand. From the railways the rabbits are sent into the city for local consumption or are consigned to freezing-works, where they are prepared for export. Were the supply of rabbits constant in one locality it would, of course, be advisable to establish refrigerating works in the vicinity; but the efforts of Government and private individuals to eradicate the pest prevent the contemplation of a permanent industry. Nevertheless, a few large refrigerating establishments have sprung into existence in the interior. In one the rabbits are frozen, packed, and branded, and made ready for export. That proprietary spends fully ten thousand pounds a year in buying from the trappers.

The trapper's work generally ends when he delivers his bags at the railway. It is about the same to him whether his rabbits are sent to the refrigerator and are carried abroad or are consumed in the cities. His returns per pair move from twopence to threepence, but sometimes sink to a penny. Exporting firms give an average of twopence-half-penny; but although rabbits sell retail in the cities for sixpence or eightpence per pair the intermediate expenses are numerous. When everything is counted an industrious trapper on fairly prolific country makes about six pounds per week over expenses, in indifferent country he may average two pounds ten shillings or less; but with millions of acres to choose a camp from, and tens of millions of rabbits to wage war on, there is no reason why he should long confine himself to a poor locality. The land is his for the picking. If he shows he means work

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Of the known means to keep rabbits down the trapper is certainly the most widely approved. His methods are intelligible and the work of his hands visible. The direct effects of the use of poisons prejudice against using the animal as food; the indirect effects create alarm. Even with phosphorus, which, if not eaten, oxidises into a harmless compound and ceases to be poisonous, there is a disquieting fear. The inoculation of the rabbit with a contagious disease is also met with pronounced popular distrust. So far as purely scientific methods have been tried they have failed. The growth of a great trapping industry raises, however, the question as to what effect an industry so widely extended may have on the suppression of rabbits. Some see in it an incentive to the cultivation of the rabbit. The vested interests in rabbit exportation in Victoria and New South Wales alone represent over two hundred thousand pounds per annum, giving employment to between five thousand and seven thousand men. What will be the state of things when trapping is better understood and more fully embraced by the people? Will it not be held that rabbits should be propagated? The question is serious, but for the present and some time to come it need not disturb the trapper.

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The Château de Vanot, a relic of the sixteenth century, stood on a vine-clad hill overlooking the Loire. Though small, it was in good repair, and for generations it had been the pride of the family that gave its name to the castle and the village that nestled between the hill and the river beneath it. But the closing decades of the nineteenth century, that had but played their part in mellowing the building itself, had dealt hardly with the owners. Old Comte Louis de Vanot had been none too fortunate in his speculations; he had narrowly escaped ruin in the Panamá affair, and though towards the close of his life his ventures had been more successful, it was to an inheritance much impoverished that his son succeeded.

Nor was Comte Louis the grandson any wiser in his

generation than his fathers. Though speculation was not one of his weaknesses, its place was taken by tastes even more ruinous. The chance of bettering their worldly position had always hovered over the elder Vanots' schemes; the follies of the young man could only end in certain bankruptcy. With an income more than sufficient to maintain him in a crack regiment of cuirassiers, with a name that gave him the entrée to the best houses in France, Louis de Vanot was not content. Nothing would satisfy him but to vie with the richest officer in the cavalry in his manner of living, to hold his own in the most fashionable society of the cosmopolitan capital. To meet the drain upon his resources one by one the family estates had been sold, till with the Count's twenty-fifth birthday the home of his fathers was placed upon the market to satisfy his creditors' demands.

So the Château de Vanot was sold beneath the auctioneer's hammer, with all that it contained, and was bought by Marcel Sernaig, a cousin of the spendthrift Count, and a prosperous wine-grower of Tours.

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very fact that a relative, one of the commercial class that he despised, had acquired the property added gall to his bitter cup. Rather would he have had the castle pass to some utter stranger, to some Norman farmer, to some mineowner from the East, to any one but a bourgeois of the neighbourhood and one whose constant boast it was that the blood of the old seigneurs ran in his veins.

Only once, as a child, had Marcel entered that gray old pile beside the Loire, six months before his mother died. With the shadow of death upon her, Madame Seraigne had made her last appeal to her father, the old Count, imploring forgiveness for her fault of wedding the man of her heart, of dragging the name of De Vanot in the dust in her love for the *vigneron* Seraigne. With her son she had sought the proud old gambler in the home of her youth, and had been accorded pardon; but as for her husband and her child, they had never been recognised as members of the family, and with Madame Seraigne's death had passed out of the minds of the Comtes de Vanot.

Truth to tell, the bourgeois father and son bore no ill-will to their noble relatives. Had not the house of Vanot given the one a faithful wife, the other the fondest of mothers? Could race do more, be it never so proudly sprung? So in the intervals of business the Seraignes sung the praises of their dislaurful kin, rehearsed their lineage, recited their honours, their services on field and in council, and bored their humbler relations with their knowledge of the history of the lords of Vanot.

Marcel Seraigne's delight in his new possession was not unmixt with a certain sense of awe. Though the blood of the old lords ran in his veins he could but call to mind his father's lowly birth. It seemed all but desecration that he should tread those panelled halls, should sit in the shadow of those great gray buttresses as owner of all from dungeon to turret, together with the old memories that compassed each time-worn stone.

Very proud, very happy, a trifle oppressed was the new possessor. Every hour that he could spare from his office in Tours he spent at Vanot. How he longed all the week for Saturday, when the train would carry him and his brother Maurice away to spend a Sunday in the old-world gardens or in the long gallery with the pictures of those Vanots, his own ancestors, staring him, the bourgeois, out of countenance.

Comtes de Vanot in mail and casque, Comtes de Vanot in lace and ruffles, Comtes de Vanot in curling wigs and perukes, ay, and Comtesses fair and plain, pensive or smiling, with their faces speaking of good deeds or ill, fair lives or foul, great desires, sordid longings, or lack of thought whatsoever.

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It was on journeys to and fro between Tours and Vanot that Marcel Seraigne met Mademoiselle Henriette Vanot. This lady was a daughter to a Monsieur Vanot, a distant relative of the noble house. He lived at Étances, some five miles from the château, and a slight service rendered by Marcel to father and daughter had led to an acquaintance that was fast ripening into intimacy. This Monsieur Jean Vanot had been the legal adviser of the late Count, and of late his wits had been on the rack to extricate Comte Louis from the slough of ruin in which he was sinking. With a successful provincial attorney's business he combined the calling of a vine-grower, and it was no small solace to Seraigne that a bearer of the name should be engaged in the despised commerce.

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first his daughter had been inclined to look askance at the vine-grower. She hinted that he was but a *nouveau riche*, an interloper in the halls of his betters. But when her father assured her that he was a blood-relation of the De Vanots, and proud of the house as was she herself, her opinion altered somewhat. As far as appearance went, the fastidious young lady insisted that he could not compare with his soldier-cousin, who was typical of the *beau sabreur*. Marcel Seraigne was short, his chest was narrow, he stooped as he walked, and his dark eyes—the sole redeeming features of a face that was plainness itself—were hidden behind spectacles.

Yet from that Henriette was a frequent visitor with her father at Vanot; she was beginning to realise that Marcel was an enthusiast, that his heart was aglow with the deeds of those ancestors that stared him out of countenance from his own walls, and moreover that his spectacled eyes were not oblivious of her own very evident charms. The lips that could tell her of the deeds of the dead De Vanots, of Count Henry's sword-play, of his wife's great beauty, could also whisper of other matters beside, could point a compliment anent another's charms.

Now it fell out one Sunday afternoon, when old Jean Vanot was asleep in the inner hall, that Henriette and her host walked after luncheon upon the grassy rampart that overlooked road and river. What they said the honeysuckle that festooned the buttresses alone could tell; but so deep were they in conversation, so engrossed with their own affairs, that they were oblivious of three horsemen trotting upon the road beneath, and it was only when the travellers turned in beneath the gateway that the pair looked up.

The horsemen dismounted, and one of them, a tall, well-set-up figure in a gray coat, breeches, and gaiters of English workmanship, strode across the lawn to where Marcel and his guest were seated.

They both rose, and Seraigne, hat in hand, advanced to meet his guest, of whose identity he was as yet uncertain. But the owner of the castle might have been but a lay figure or invisible as the spirits of the dead Vanots for the notice this well-dressed stranger took of him. He brushed his elbow as he passed him by, and bowed to Mademoiselle Henriette.

'I'm delighted to meet you, mademoiselle,' said he, taking the lady's hand in his, 'though I little thought to find you here. Pray permit me to escort you home, a walk through the Étances woods is really delightful; and I must introduce my friends, Monsieur Saint Moret and Doctor de Breux.'

She hesitated a moment, her fair cheeks had coloured.

'I'm afraid I really cannot, Monsieur le Comte; you see I am Monsieur Seraigne's guest. You know your cousin, I think?'

Following her eyes with his, the soldier turned. His glance was disdainful, his tones insolent.

'So that is Monsieur Seraigne,' said he, staring the embarrassed owner of the château out of countenance. 'I scarcely remember whether we have met before.'

'Let me offer you some refreshment, Monsieur le Comte,' stammered Marcel—he had not seen his cousin since he had joined his regiment, nor would he have known him—'some wine and some soda-water?'

The younger man laughed carelessly. 'Oh no, I think not,' said he, turning his back on Seraigne, 'your own local wine, I dare say.—Mademoiselle, I wish I could offer you some of the champagne that my father kept in his cellars in old times.'

Now Marcel Seraigne was a man of peace, but his cousin's studied affront had stung him to the quick.

'The red wines of Vanot are famous now as ever,' said he hotly; 'but if you wish for champagne it is at your service.'

'At so many thousand francs the hundred dozen, I suppose, Monsieur Wine-Merchant. Château Vanot doubtless you call it.'

Marcel's blood was aflame, though his cheeks were pale as ashes.

'Sir, you disgrace your name. I have offered you the castle's hospitality, and since you refuse it, as the castle's owner I must ask you to leave Mademoiselle Vanot and me.'

The other turned, his eyes ablaze.

'Nay, that I won't for any upstart in France. I have ridden here in search of this lady, nor will I leave at your bidding, owner of Vanot though you may be.'

Marcel glanced at the girl as she sat upon the low stone coping. Very fair she was, small, with light golden hair, blue eyes, a fresh complexion, and full red lips that had parted in astonishment at this sudden quarrel. She looked from one to the other, from the upstanding soldier to the small spectacled figure that fronted him, from the man of war to the man of peace, the one coolly insolent, the other trembling with passion.

With quivering lips and with a glance at Marcel Seraigne and the Comte's two friends, she spoke, 'I ask you to leave us, Comte de Vanot.'

An evil light flashed up in the soldier's eyes—dark piercing eyes were the one feature that the cousins shared in common—and he cried, 'Nay, Henriette, though you ask me I will not go till!—'

On what condition Comte Louis de Vanot would have quitted the house of his fathers the lady heard not. Marcel Seraigne had flung himself upon him. Backward reeled the soldier before the slither man's attack, and staggered against the wall.

'You dog!' he gasped, 'you low-born bourgeois upstart! You prate of the honour of the house and "strike a Vanot beneath his own towers."'

It was the girl that answered him. 'Monsieur le

Comte, does a Vanot insult one of his blood? For shame, sir, to force a quarrel upon your host, on one who has not suffered the home of our race to pass into alien hands.'

At her reproof the soldier lost his head.

'Would that any one but that upstart had profited by my ruin. A Vanot, madame? Were he a Vanot he would do otherwise than hide behind a woman's skirt.'

Then calmly spoke the castle's owner:

'I am of thy blood, Comte Louis, as you know well, and while there is a drop of that blood in my body I will fight for the honour of our house that is so strangely dishonoured in you.'

In vain old Jean Vanot, who had been roused by the angry voices, showed them of their folly.

The Vanot blood was up—each cousin had his share thereof—and the younger men made no effort to back the lawyer in his efforts to mend the quarrel.

'The choice of old Comte Henri's blades shall be yours,' cried Marcel; 'the most valued heirloom of your house. They lie in the inner hall. You have your friends,' added he, bowing to Saint Moret and De Breux. 'Maurice my brother will be my second. In half an hour we will await you upon the lower lawn.'

He turned from the intruders, but Mademoiselle Vanot was at his side in a moment. Her anger had vanished, and tears stood in her eyes.

'Oh don't, Marcel,' she pleaded, her hand upon his arm; 'oh don't, for my sake. The Count is a swordsman, and you are not.'

But the man checked her, smiling in her tearful face.

'But for thy sake I must, Henriette; for the honour of our house.'

So, all out of heart, mademoiselle sought her father's side, while the bourgeois made straight for the picture-gallery. With a hollow laugh, he threw himself into a chair, and for perhaps the last time glanced round the chamber at those portraits he loved so well.

Now, as ever, their eyes were fixed on his. Did they know, those great ones of the house, that another of their blood was like to join them that day in the kingdom of shadows. He did not fear; he did not hope. He had been insulted, and by right of the Vanot blood that was his, for the sake of his honour outraged before a woman, he would fight. But he had no illusions concerning the issue. What match was he for this cousin of his, the expert swordsman? A few passes, a weak parry, and all would be over, and another of the race would be at rest with his fathers. And in the silence of that room, alive with memories of the past, warm grew the bourgeois heart. Enough that for a season he had lived in the ancient pile that these soldier-spirits must haunt. His only regret was on Henriette's account; for her sake alone he could have wished for life now that he knew that she loved him, that she had guessed that a heart

not unworthy a Vanot lay hid beneath the commonplace exterior.

'Marcel,' cried his brother, rousing him from his day-dreams with a touch upon the arm, 'we shall be late. It is almost five. You have been sleeping.'

'Not sleeping, Maurice, dreaming perhaps,' said the other springing from his chair, and arm in arm they stepped out upon the terrace, from which a few stone steps led down to the lower lawn, a stretch of velvet turf flanked by walls of yew two centuries old.

Saint Moret greeted them, and at once began talking in a low voice to the younger brother. Louis de Vanot stood at the farther end of the lawn with Doctor de Breux, who was rolling back the sleeves of his shirt.

Marcel threw off his coat with a last glance towards terrace and château that were bathed in the glow of sunset.

But who was that on the terrace, that tall upstanding figure that was now upon the top-most step? Such a strange dress, too, and such a distinguished-looking man! Sernaigle wiped his glasses, and terrace and château became one indistinct blur.

'What is it, brother?' asked Maurice gravely, stepping to Marcel's side.

'I thought—— Oh, I don't know,' stammered the elder man. 'At least, who knows? But I am ready; so are the others, I see.'

He gripped his brother's hand, and in another moment was facing his scowling opponent.

Steel rang on steel, and all but that glittering point and the handsome, menacing face behind it was forgotten. The first few passes told him that his life lay in his cousin's hand, a hand that seemed loath for a while at least to assert its undoubted superiority. Height and reach as well as skill were with the soldier, and to add to his disadvantage it seemed to Sernaigle that his right hand was playing him tricks. It felt numb; the muscles, too, of his arm, were affected, were acting spasmodically, irresponsibly, were almost beyond his control. Was it fear? He was not afraid. Was it some sudden seizure? He felt as though some one was hampering his movements, was paralysing his efforts, feeble though they were.

Yes, he was sure of it. A mighty grip was upon his arm. Fleshless sinews it seemed were tightening about his hand, were pressing it close upon the rapier's hilt, and a force other than his own was controlling him, was prompting each lunge, directing each parry. Sensation was already dying in his right arm, and little by little a feeling of intense cold was overspreading his whole frame.

Was he wounded, was he dying indeed, was all over? Had De Vanot already made an end of him? But no, there was his cousin before him, his lips set, a flush on his face. He caught a sidelong glimpse of his brother and the fiercely curled moustaches of Saint Moret. And, lapped though he seemed in an icy shroud, his heart was aglow,

beating fiercely with a lust of victory, strung with a yearning to pierce his opponent's guard.

'For the honour of the house,' he gasped, filled with a strange elation at so long withstanding the other's attack; and, as if in response to words that were all but inaudible, he fancied that as a breath from afar there fell on his ear an answering whisper, 'For the honour of our house.'

Alack, for Sernigne, his glasses were becoming blurred, moisture was condensing upon them, his sight grew dim and was playing him sad tricks. He fancied that a yellow sleeve was about his arm, that a ruffle of lace was at his wrist, that a misty shadow was compassing him. Yet for all that he was fighting with renewed vigour. The soldier was giving ground before him—before him the bourgeois vine-grower! And then he saw his cousin's face grow pale, his eyes dilate, for an instant his point fell, and in that instant the strange grip upon his wrist tightened, and as every nerve seemed dominated by a force mightier than his own, he lunged and slipped through his opponent's guard.

It was but a touch, but backward staggered De Vanot, his blade dropped from his grasp, and with a cry he fell prone on the turf at Marcel's feet.

The seconds hurried up.

'He has swooned,' said Doctor de Breux, surprise

in his tones, as he tore the Count's shirt open at the collar. 'The wound's but a scratch, a pin-prick. Heart-failure, I should say, has played its part in our poor friend's defeat. But I congratulate you, Monsieur Sernigne, both on your swordsmanship and on incurring no responsibility for your cousin's mishap.—Gentlemen, will you help me to carry the Count to the château? I have good hopes of soon restoring him to consciousness.'

On the Sunday following, when Louis de Vanot was far away in Paris, they stood in the picture-gallery, Marcel and Henriette. Her arm was about his neck, and tears stood in her eyes.

'Oh Marcel,' whispered she, 'I am so happy, for, oh, I was so afraid! And I am proud, Marcel, proud of one who is indeed of the Vanot blood, who is worthy of these about us.'

She pointed to the portraits that decked the walls.

And Sernigne, glancing upward with radiant, spectacled features, met the gaze of those bright eyes of Comte Henri de Vanot, the great swordsman of the yellow doublet and creamy ruffles.

'Sweetheart,' he answered softly, his gaze on that masterful face, 'mayhap I am worthy of them. Heaven grant I am worthy of thee.'

IN THE MIDNIGHT WOODS.



TRAVELLERS tell us of the horrors of the African jungle at midnight, but few people cast a thought upon what our own English woods are like when the mantle of night settles upon them. The sylvan glades, so attractive and beautiful by day, are a new world, and that a world of fear and mystery, at night. Their impenetrable blackness and their silence are weird, but the silence is broken by sounds so strange that no one hears them at any other time. In spite of the blackness of the midnight woods, for it is often impossible to see more than a foot in advance, the intruder feels and knows that he is in the midst of a strange world of life—of animals, of birds, and of insects that haunt the night-woods, and are never seen by the light of day.

It is given to few people to have personal experience of the midnight woods. Poachers and gamekeepers are really the only classes who are in any way familiar with them.

One night a poacher, a member of a gang, got detached from his party, and as he cautiously pressed his way through the blackness of the wood he felt that something was tracking him. At first his suspicions were that a gamekeeper or watcher was shadowing him. Every effort to shake off his pursuer failed. Once he turned quickly back on his own path for a short distance, but encountered

no one. He could not see six inches ahead of him, and every time he tried to penetrate the darkness he failed to detect anything. Still, he knew he was being followed silently but closely. At length he came to an opening or clearing in the wood. Here, if anything, there was a little more light. He crossed the clearing walking backwards. The darkness seemed to move here and there, but he could see nothing. Suddenly, close beside him, he saw two blazing little lights. They were eyes of some animal. He again pressed forward, not relishing an encounter with such an unknown foe, and eagerly sought to gain the outskirts of the wood or meet other members of the gang; but his pursuer was at his heels. Again and again as he looked over his shoulder he saw those gleaming, blazing orbs. Then he stopped, and suddenly swinging his gun round swiftly and violently, he struck something. An unearthly yelling broke the stillness of the midnight woods, which re-echoed with the howlings of an animal as it retreated. What it was the poacher never knew.

A still more alarming experience befell another poacher. It was a stormy night, rain was falling, and the wind was howling and sighing dismally through the wood, when in breaking out of some brushwood into a clearing he stumbled against an object, and saw before him in the indistinct light the face and body of a corpse; and before he was aware of it his hand had pressed the cold and

clammy face which at once receded into the darkness. Then it came upon him silently and swiftly, and with a cry of terror he stepped back. Again it receded into the darkness, but only for an instant, when it once more came swooping upon him. It glided silently, with an awful and weird movement as though it had no legs. He could see that the sockets of the eyes were tenantless as the fearsome thing came first towards him and then went from him. He was paralysed and speechless with terror when he observed a dark line above the spectre's head, and saw that it was a rope suspending the body by the neck to a tree. The forward and receding movement of the body had been caused by his hand having moved it as it hung suspended, and sent it swinging backwards and forwards. He hastily summoned the other members of the gang, and it then became clear that the body must have been hanging there for some weeks, as it was badly decomposed. The poachers dispersed and gave information to a constable of what they had seen. It was ascertained that the body was that of a suicide.

One night a gamekeeper was patrolling a wood, when he was struck by the rather frequent bleat of a deer that he supposed had strayed into the wood from the adjacent park. But it was repeated a good many times, and in different keys, so that it would seem that there were several such stray animals in the wood. He became suspicious, and, concealing himself, he discovered that the bleating proceeded from a band of poachers. The snapping of twigs gave notice to the poachers of the presence of some one in the wood, and they had this pre-arranged signal among themselves. One of them afterwards explained that each member of the gang while in the woods is lost to the sight of his companions, yet it is desirable that they should keep together. At times they hear the breaking of sticks under the feet of poachers, gamekeepers, or animals, and the switching of the underwood or rustling of dead leaves. For aught they knew, these might be evidences of the presence of a gamekeeper or watcher. Then the poacher cried *baa* as much like a sheep or deer as he was able. If the noise were caused by another member of the gang he responded in the same way. If, however, there was no reply, the poacher prudently sheered off as quickly and as silently as he could. The poachers' signal was selected with a view to misleading a gamekeeper or watcher, who, hearing the evidences of movement in the wood, followed by the well-counterfeited bleat of a sheep or deer, was thrown off his guard, supposing the noise to be due to one or more of these animals having strayed into the wood, which is by no means an unusual event.

Nothing is more common than for gangs of poachers to encounter gamekeepers in the midnight woods; but what chance has a single-handed gamekeeper against a gang of armed poachers? The keeper who meets a gang of poachers sheers off just as quickly as the poachers, but for a different pur-

pose. Finding poachers are in the wood, he retires to seek the aid of other keepers or watchers. If he is not perceived by the poachers, and succeeds in getting his assistants together quickly, the poachers are pursued, and that is when the poaching affrays occur, which are not infrequently attended by bloodshed. On the other hand, if the poachers are aware that they have been seen by the keeper they melt away; and, scattering themselves, are miles from the spot as quickly as possible.

One poacher who had a bad record in Northamptonshire, and was known by the name of Gaff, was full of resource under such circumstances, and had many expedients for throwing pursuing gamekeepers off his track. The keepers would sometimes follow the trail of a poacher almost like Indian hunters; and Gaff, knowing this, would use his coat to step upon in places where a tall-tale footprint would indicate to those in pursuit the course he had taken. At other times he would for a short distance make tracks in a certain direction and then head off at right angles. Gaff was exceedingly bold and daring. He often led his gang in the woods right up to within a few yards of a keeper's house, so that their presence would be detected by the keeper's dog, which would set up a furious barking. Without heeding this, Gaff would lay his nets as though the keeper's house and dog were miles away. Under his direction, too, one of the gang would be left beside the nets, close to the keeper's house, with the dog barking all the time, and the man dare not leave his post. A poacher was once seated in this way watching his nets when he became aware of some animal devoting more than a pleasant attention to him. It was too dark to see what it was, and he was so near the keeper's house he did not care to move. He was not long in doubt, however, as to the identity of his visitor, for he saw a rat run up his leg. He remained quite still, and the rat sprang on to his arm, ran on to his shoulder, and travelled round his neck. Still the poacher never flinched, and the rat finally disappeared, with several companions, into the darkness.

On another occasion a gamekeeper's watcher was lying concealed near a rabbit-warren in a wood, on the lookout for poachers, when he had an alarming experience. He was lying in the brushwood when he became aware of the presence of a large animal close to his face. His first impression was that it was a fox; but as it came closer to him he saw that its body was of even greater bulk though it had shorter legs, and that it was nothing less than a badger, the largest and not the least fierce of the woodfolk. The man felt it go to his feet and then begin to slowly creep up his body. He had heard that its cousins of the weasel tribe often made for the throats of those they attacked, and stealthily it crept towards his neck. He thought his best policy was to feign death. He held his breath, and felt the brute's cold nose press against his chin. At this point he could control himself no longer, but with

a swift movement of his hand he succeeded in seizing it by the skin at the back of its neck and held it from him. Its strength, however, was enormous. It tried to bite his hand, and used its claws to such purpose that the sleeves and other parts of his coat were torn to ribbons, and his arm was streaming with blood. As violently as he could, he dashed the animal from him to the ground, and was gratified to see it disappear down one of the large holes of the rabbit-warren.

About two o'clock one morning a gang of poachers were in the centre of a wood when a dispute arose among two or three of them. Argument waxed warm, voices were raised in reckless disregard of gamekeepers or watchers, and any reminder as to the possibility of the presence of one of these was met by an oath. There was, in fact, a regular row. Poachers say this is by no means unusual.

A poacher had a fine scare one night. By arrangement with the leader of the gang he was left to watch some nets that had been set in a dense part of a wood. Suddenly he was alarmed by an unearthly noise close to him. It was unlike anything he had ever heard in his life before. He was familiar with every cry of the woodfolk by day or night, but he had never heard such a noise as this. It was close to him, and yet the darkness was so intense that it was impossible to attempt to see anything; it was a piercing, thrilling, penetrating, jarring noise; it was all round him too, above him, below him, in front of him, at the back and beside him, so that if he were to attempt to fly he did not know in which direction to turn, and he might run into the very thing itself, whatever it might be. Quite unexpectedly the noise stopped, but started again with the same violence and awfulness. The noise was so strong and full that it echoed through the dark woods, and, as the poacher felt, might have been heard miles away. Again it stopped, and then close beside him he heard the soft signal of one of the gang, who the next instant was at his side. The poacher, gasping and trembling with fear, asked his fellow-poacher in a whisper what it was. His companion laughed as he replied, 'Why, mate, 'tis only a night-jar.'

Early one morning a poacher had gone down a hedgerow on the outskirts of a wood to look after the snares that had at an earlier hour been set there, when he came upon a hare which had been caught in a snare and was plunging violently. As the poacher approached, it attacked him fiercely like a savage dog, and to his alarm commenced screaming like a frightened child. A man was ploughing in an adjoining field, but apparently did not understand what was going forward, or prudently would not see.

A poacher once narrowly escaped capture in consequence of his dog bolting after a rabbit through a hedge where snares had been set, and getting caught in one. It immediately set up a howling that might have been heard in the next parish before it could be released. The noise gave the

alarm to some keepers and watchers, who bore down on the spot, and the poacher only escaped by plunging at once into the darkness of the wood, and thus eluded pursuit.

Every poacher and gamekeeper knows that the weasel is at once the fiercest and most fearless of the woodfolk. Like the poachers themselves, he hunts for his prey by night more than by day, and if he thinks himself affronted, as sometimes happens, he does not hesitate to attack the gamekeeper. Numerous instances are related of the bloodthirsty little rascal suddenly running up the leg of the intruder with the apparent intention of inflicting injury, and only being beaten off with difficulty.

There is a well-known wood in Huntingdonshire known as Thomson's Thorns. It is a famous fox-covey in the Fitzwilliam Hunt. The thorns under the trees are so matted that it is impossible for a poacher or any one else to get through them. Paths or tracks have been made on the top of them, while poachers crawl on their hands and knees under them. One of these intruders having penetrated one night into the centre of the wood found a clearing where he was able to stand upright. To his surprise he found several articles of a man's clothing, apparently recently left there. Fearing that some crime had been committed, he gave information to the police, and for some time a diligent search was made through the wood, but nothing was ever found to clear up the mystery.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

It chanced, in the westerling waning grace
Of a golden autumnal day,
That I met a strange, unfamiliar face,
As I mounted the old stairway.

Time-graven and scored, pale, lustreless eyes,
A gray-bearded, uncouth elf;
With bitter awakening, swift surprise,
Lo! I gazed on my mirrored self.

Beholding, I sighed for the hapless fate
Of my blooming, beautiful wife;
Could love still cherish so sorry a mate,
Still cling to the ruins of life!

A step on the stair: she stood by my side,
Enshrined in the mirror's reflex;
Divining my heart, sore with stricken pride,
She read all its cruel perplex.

And the mirage of years as mist removed,
Pointing truth's portrayal at last:
That beauty had fled from the face I loved,
That youth was a joy of the past.

Then I kissed her cheek, smoothed her hair's soft band
(You may laugh if you will—who cares?),
And like two happy lovers, hand in hand,
We descended the old oak stairs.

SARA ELIZABETH DISTIN.



Chamber's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE YEAR IN A DEER-FOREST.

By C. H. SHARP.



WHEN the Highland train has carried southward the last of the stalking-party from the shooting-lodge, leaving the stolid stalker in possession of the glen, he may be pardoned for thinking he has seen the consummation of his year's work. He may, and as a matter of fact he usually does, chuckle at the thought that there will be no more stereotyped stalks for other nine months; and, although regretting the cessation of tips, he feels a sense of relief that he will no longer have to drain a too arid fancy in search of excuses for the palpable misses of nervous gentlemen. His daily work will now take the form of a sympathetic watchfulness and observation, and there will be few days in the year in which his interest will not have full play within the precincts of the forest.

It is, let us say, the beginning of October. The rutting season is just setting in and will last over a month. During the rest of the year stags and hinds remain separate, the stags keeping in herds on the hillsides and higher parts of the forest, while the hinds frequent the lower and more sheltered parts. Now, however, the herds break up, every stag attempting to form a harem of hinds which he guards most vigilantly from his old comrades. It is not unusual to see a herd of a score of these being thus guarded by one powerful stag, while two or three inferior animals skulk on the outskirts of the drove encouraging defection by every device. It is then that savage warfare is waged among them. They rush at each other in a series of frantic bounds. Crash go their heads with a sound like the report of a score of pistols, and then they proceed to push and jostle each other evidently with the intention of interlocking their antlers. When this has been accomplished they wriggle in a deadly wrestling bout until the weaker neck begins to move round, and then the combatants may be seen motionless, the head of the weaker animal being twisted into an excruciating attitude. In every forest of any size there have been instances of stags having their

necks broken in this manner, and what is still more remarkable, dead stags have been found at the foot of precipices as if they had been voluntarily and wittingly thrown over by their opponents in some such tussle of strength. At the close of the rutting season, as may be supposed, the stag is in a very reduced condition, and it is frequently deemed advisable to open a special sanctuary for his benefit, from which all hinds are rigorously excluded. One of the various reasons for keeping them well out of the way is that, as they are in prime condition, they would soon nibble up all the grass in the vicinity of the sanctuary and defeat the object the keeper has in view in making provision for the stag's recuperation. And unless this recovery takes place there will, most probably, be serious trouble at a later period, and the stalker will have to account for an unusually high death-rate among his animals in the spring.

Hinds are in prime condition in November and December and in these months they are thinned out. Of course they are always much in excess of the stags, but they must not be allowed to outnumber them greatly, for a variety of reasons. If a certain proportion has been surpassed then invariably one of two things happens. The stags either begin to desert their ground and to push towards some neighbouring forest, or they become debilitated and suffer in general health. No animal is more fastidious than the red-deer. Let his feeding ground be soiled by his own kind and he resents it keenly; but let the annoyance be caused by another animal, such as the sheep, and nothing short of the insurmountable will prevail on him to continue on that ground. His feed consists of ordinary grass, and he likes to nibble the knotty variety known as deer-grass; but when snow lies heavily on the ground he will not despise heather, and it is a common sight in a forest to see the deer pawing the snow off the ling to enable them to feed. In most inland and elevated forests, hand-feeding has to be resorted to, Indian corn and hay being used; but there is a feeling that it should not be adopted

unless absolutely necessary, and in some of the longest forests, such as the Duke of Westminster's at Reay in Sutherlandshire, hand-feeding is quite unknown. It is remarkable that it is not during the great snowstorms that deer die off most readily. It is rather during the milder days of April, when the young grass begins to shoot and a surfeit follows the slow starvation of previous months. The reaction is too much for the enfeebled ones, and they readily succumb.

It is during these same spring months that they are molested with the warble—a worm which infests their bodies, living in the flesh below the outer skin. These maggots are most commonly found in the small of the back, are sometimes almost half an inch in length, and as the deer lose in strength they gain and almost force their way through the outer skin. So thin does it become that it ceases to afford sufficient protection against the pelting showers of the mountains, and the animal perishes of cold. Neither frost nor snow is the worst enemy of the deer, but the cold and ceaseless rains of a late spring.

With the month of May the calving season begins. Matrons begin to drop out from the herds of hinds, and to select a secluded nest among the runkest of the heather. The word nest best describes the cavity usually chosen, where the fawn is born and carefully covered up with fog and heather, so that it is almost as difficult to discover the lair of a hind as it is to find a lark's nest. There is a common belief among stalkers that if a fawn of not more than a few days' age be rubbed down with the human hand it will readily follow that person and desert its nest. However that may be, the devotion and affection of a hind for her calf is most remarkable. It is not by any means an unusual sight to see both a calf and a yearling following the patient mother—quite a little family—on the hillside. Her warning bark on the approach of danger (and it is a bark, not a low) is one of the most characteristic sounds in the forest at certain seasons, and has a suggestive ring of primordial feeling in it that is not easily forgotten. To see a hind with a mottled fawn at her foot is to enjoy one of the most charming sights the Highlands of Scotland has to offer.

In the month of May stags cast their horns, and for a time are as nude of head-ornament as the females. They certainly look strange, but not so ludicrous as when one is detected with the one horn off and the other still in place. A yearling stag has merely a stump of a horn, but in his second year he develops an offshoot known as the brow-antler, and it is a stalker's theory that with each casting he goes on adding points till he reaches maturity, and that with the approach of senility the exact reverse sets in, the head becoming poorer with each casting. Horns of fourteen and fifteen points are not uncommon, but the average head carries from eight to ten points. A Royal

has twelve points, including the brow-antler and the tip of the horn, and is as a rule considered the most perfectly developed head. It is noteworthy that the number of points on a head seems all but independent of the physique of the animal, for a finely proportioned stag will frequently show a very poor head, and *vice versa*. The quality, however, of having many points seems to be highly transmissible, for a sire with a fine head usually has progeny showing the same characteristic. It is a difficult matter, on the other hand, to breed animals showing the double quality of a highly developed body and a nicely proportioned head. And both of these are desirable, for when the stag reaches the larder his weight is his main claim to respect. Fourteen stone is now a common weight, and occasionally an animal is grassed that turns the scale at twenty, but that is the exception rather than the rule. Between May and August the stag is getting into condition, and when his new set of horns are completed and 'clear of velvet,' as the stalker says, then the shooting season begins. This occurs, as a rule, about the middle of August.

Every hillman knows that hinds are more alert and watchful than stags, and there is a general impression that their eyesight is keener. When a herd of stags is feeding, it will be observed that almost invariably a hind or two are in the vicinity, and stationed as if actually doing outpost duty; and if the herd takes alarm, the chances are that the hinds sounded the note for retreat. Every stalker knows what liberties can be taken with the eyesight of a stag. Provided his nose and his ears give him no warning, he all but disregards alarms announced by the eye. When a stalking-party approaches him from above, slipping down some steep hillside (perhaps the easiest form of stalk), they may approach to within two hundred yards and be quite visible, when the stag will lift his head and survey the vicinity quite assured—provided always that the party remain rigidly motionless for the time being. When a stag is feeding, and begins to be apprehensive of danger, his ears start to swing backwards and forwards, and presently he may be expected to lift his head. 'Watch the lugs' is a standing precept with stalkers, and is the signal for an immediate halt. The colour of a shooting-party's clothes blends well with that of the hillside, and the stag which sees in the mass rather than in detail is easily deceived. For protection against sudden attack he depends mainly on his power of smelling and of hearing. The distance at which his nose will detect danger varies greatly according to the state of the atmosphere and the force of the wind; but in any kind of weather he may be regarded as safe on the wind-side up to about a mile. His ears are notoriously quick at detecting any short, sharp sound, but frequently fail him when the opposite might be expected, mainly owing to a whimsical self-complacency and assurance which periodically seems to get the better of him. The hind, on the other hand, true to her

sex, is far more vigilant, more suspicious, and more discriminating.

And so from August to August the stalker's life passes on with ever-changing scenes and labours. Those who talk of the monotony of existence among the hills are probably the people who have never experienced life under these conditions, and so imagine a state of matters quite different from

reality. It is not all hurricane and snow even in the dead of winter; and when a storm does sweep down upon the hills it brings a change of circumstances, and frequently a pleasant form of variety. Nature is many-sided, and nowhere is this better seen than among the solitary valleys and glens far removed from the bustle of modern life.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XXIV.



RE you going to bed to-night?" asked the King, as I seated myself in one of his comfortable armchairs and watched him mix me a powerful whisky-and-soda.

I consulted my watch. It was ten minutes past six.

"I think so," I replied. "There is the Caledonian Medal to be played for."

His Majesty laughed.

"How our rivals of the curling-rink would rejoice to know of our nerve-shattering experiences to-night. I guarantee Colonel Stuart and the keener Scotchmen were all in bed by ten. Have a cigar?"

"Thanks. Personally, I regard over-training as a great danger. Give me two hours' sleep and a good breakfast, and I am ready for as hard a day's sport as Weissheim can offer me."

"Bravo! There speaks the Englishman. By the way, Saunders, what reward would you like for this evening's work? I am not going to try and thank you; that is beyond my powers. Would you like to be a baron?"

I shook my head.

"I am a linen-draper and an Englishman," I replied, "and my friends of the Portland Club have a keen sense of humour."

"Why not live out here? I assure you this night's work has settled our dynastic troubles for many a long day."

"It is impossible, sire. I have my business in London to think of."

"I thought that was the last thing you ever thought of."

"To-night my eyes have been opened to the realities of life. I appreciate the true inwardness of the phrase "cumbering the ground."

"I am sorry," said my companion thoughtfully, "for I love you like a brother, far more than most brothers love each other. You must come out here regularly every year. It will be good for your health and for my peace of mind. Also, I insist on giving you some memento of this evening's work. Money you do not need, but we have a gewgaw called the order of the Black Ostrich. Princes of the Blood and members of reigning houses are alone eligible for the first-class; but I should like to

present you with the second-class, set in brilliants, if I may."

"I should value it enormously, sire, as a token of your personal friendship."

"Excellent; that is settled then. Meyer must have a barony, Schneider a thousand pounds and a tie-pin, Zuos and the others third-class Black Ostrich and promotion. Saunders, have you ever been in love?"

"If it wasn't so late, sire, I should blush."

"You have, then, eh? Good. So have I, and the person I was in love with was the Princess Charlotte Zu und von Kreide-Hügelstadt. Unfortunately, I married her, and as Queen and Consort I found her infinitely less attractive than the high-spirited, somewhat flighty Princess I had fixed my youthful fancies on. The fierce light that beats upon a throne seemed to blind all her better qualities and force to an unnatural growth the meaner characteristics of her nature. Love of display, vanity, desire for popularity, extravagance: these were a few of the lesser evils that I saw, with dismay, swelling and growing with alarming aggrandisement. Then she began to develop a temper, and I groaned, for irritability in man is an unbearable fault, in woman it is a damning one. Still, I ground my teeth and bore it, bore it like a most Christian King, for I had chosen her out as my wife, and, as far as in me lay, I was determined that the compact should be loyally maintained. Then, finally, she began to develop a soul. That was fatal; a woman with a soul is a mad cat and a parrot rolled into one, and I learned that marriage-ties may be more burdensome than a convict's chains. On the whole I supported my martyrdom fairly well. She discovered I was unorthodox in my views, and breathed hell-fire on me in the gray hours of the early morning. I tried flippancy as a retaliatory force, but my wife's soul left no room for any sense of humour. She began to loathe me with the loathing of a religious fanatic; and, as is inevitable in such cases, she began to look for spiritual consolation elsewhere. The Archbishop of Weidenbruck, who is as time-serving an old scoundrel as ever donned a cassock, encouraged her in her antagonistic attitude towards me, and she threw herself figuratively, and, for all I know or care, literally, into the arms of the Grand Duke. She played at treason; and, though fear for her

over-massaged skin kept her long from crossing the Rubicon, she dallied with the alluring game till its fascinations ultimately overmastered her. You know her character nearly as well as I do, and if you are a wise man you will blame her as little as I do. A hypertrophied, supersensitive soul is a disease, and has driven more women to deadly sin than want, luxury, or ennui.'

'Heaven help poor old Father Bernhard!' I yawned. 'If your Majesty will excuse me, I will go to bed. I want a clear eye and a steady hand for the medal competition.'

'Good-night then. *Schlafen sie gut*. Personally, I remain awake for the rest of the night, for I have many things to think of.'

Bidding his Majesty good-night, I sought my room; and, casting off my clothes and extinguishing the light, I jumped into bed, wondering if I had ever felt less predisposed for slumber in my life. Then the events of the day blended into a strange, impossible medley, wherein Grand Dukes and toboggans, fascinating princesses and magic tables moved inconsequently in a halo of revolvers to the strains of *La Lettre de Manon*. I was awakened at 9.30 by the King, who was attired in a suit of pyjamas and his flowery dressing-gown.

'I've just had a bath,' he began. 'Slept well?'

'Like a church, sire. Is there any fresh news?'

'None, except that I have just made Meyer a Baron. He is as happy as a schoolboy; I fancy he is thinking of a certain American widow who was intended by nature to bear a title as well as the treasures of Golconda. We are putting Weissheim under martial-law, and the people will rather like it. If they cannot have a revolution they will have the next best thing. We shall publish shortly our official account of the night's tragedy, and when the populace learn that it was my hand which despatched the Grand Duke their goodwill towards me will increase by leaps and bounds.'

'I thought the Grand Duke was popular,' I objected.

'So he was. But the Grimlander is romantic, and the fact that I have shed blood will be counted unto me for righteousness. Henceforth my position will be an easy and comparatively safe one.'

'I am rejoiced to hear it,' I said, getting out of bed and looking out of the window. The sun was still behind the Klaufberg, and the sky was of the pale-blue which heralded another perfect day.

'How about the children?' I pursued. 'Were they disturbed?'

'No; they slept the sleep of the innocent. So did the Fräulein von Helder and Miss Anchester. Now, hurry up, my dear fellow, and get dressed, for the medal-play begins at 10.30.'

'Do you feel like running up a good score, sire?'

I inquired, casting off the warm duvet.

'I shall not compete. I have a busy morning before me. By the way, I would rather you did not mention the events of last night to anybody.'

'Naturally, sire.'

'Well, I must go and dress. Good luck attend you on the curling-rink!'

I hastened to perform my toilet, and attacked my usual breakfast of boiled eggs and honey with an even better appetite than usual. As the church clock struck the half-hour, I presented myself at the Pariserhof curling-rink. The attendance was good, the only conspicuous absentee being his Majesty, who sent a message through me that important business prevented him from taking part in the competition. Rumours that there had been troubles of a political nature were prevalent on the ice; but there was nothing unusual in that, and in the strenuous atmosphere of the competition they were soon forgotten.

Modesty and a respect for my reader's patience forbids my going into details of that morning's play. Let it suffice that I could do nothing wrong, that fortune so favoured me that I grew tired of her unflinching blandishments, and at the luncheon interval I had amassed such a score that my ultimate victory was regarded by every one as a moral certainty. As I turned my steps towards the Palace, where lunch awaited me, I saw Miss Anchester and her royal charges preceding me in the same direction. They had evidently been amongst the numerous onlookers, and I rejoiced to think that my remarkable accuracy had been watched by so critical a spectator as the governess. Not without a desire for her congratulations, I hastened to overtake her.

'Good-morning,' she said, in answer to my salutations. 'Have you noticed the Fish?'

'The Fish?'

'The white cloud that hangs about the base of the Klaufberg. It is creeping up the valley. We shall have bad weather.'

I was annoyed, for I had anticipated congratulations, not a disquisition on the weather.

'I do not mind the least,' I answered. 'The principal sporting events of the season are over—or as good as over—and I return to England next week.'

'You are selfish.'

'For returning to England?'

'Good gracious, no! For not minding what the weather is when you are gone.'

'The dry air of Weissheim is conducive to cold-heartedness,' I replied. 'By the way, did you see me curl this morning?'

'We did. You ought to win the medal if you keep your head.'

'I have not the slightest intention of losing it.'

'The medal or your head?'

'I shall lose neither.'

'Your self-confidence is touching.'

'The small amount of confidence deposited in me by others is more than touching.'

Miss Anchester laughed.

'You think we ought to back you more enthusiastically.'

'I do.'

'Why?'

I shrugged my shoulders.

'We are all from the Brun-varad,' I said.

'You are a guest of his Majesty, I a paid dependent.'

'The distinction lacks point,' I said irritably, and for some moments we walked on in silence. As we neared the Palace the governess was the first to speak.

'I should not have said what I did about being a paid dependent,' she said; 'it was an example of a very rare thing—female snobbishness. But I was angry with you. Do you know why?'

'I cannot imagine.'

'I will tell you later. In the meantime, make a good lunch and keep your nerves steady for this afternoon's play. Our good wishes will be with you.'

Wondering vaguely at her cryptic utterances, and concluding that I must have in some way contrived to offend her at the Schattensbergs' ball, I proceeded to carry out her excellent advice on the subject of maintaining nerve-tone.

We sat down four to lunch—the King, Baron Meyer, Schneider, and myself—and I was rather hurt that no one made any inquiries as to my performance on the curling-rink. Very little, indeed, was said at all; but I gathered that Weissheim had been put under martial-law, that the town was full of wild rumours which would shortly be set at rest by a royal proclamation giving a true account of the unsuccessful attempt on the King's person; further, that the general situation, though not devoid of tension and anxiety, was on the whole as satisfactory as could be expected, and gave promise of a calmer and more settled state of feeling.

So much I gathered by piecing together the brief, disjointed remarks which my companions threw out from time to time to each other, and from the air of strenuous but fairly cheerful preoccupation which they all wore. My presence, indeed, was ignored almost to the point of rudeness; and, had not my common-sense told me that these three had been busying themselves on matters of considerably more importance than curling, and that time was necessary before they could descend to the trivialities of sport and pleasure, I might have been offended. As it was, I carried out my scheme of sustaining nerve-tone with silent efficiency and a certain measure of critical amusement.

Finally, I rose, begging to be excused on the ground that my presence was demanded on the ice.

'Certainly, certainly,' said the King, in answer to my request. 'Go, and success attend you! How have you been doing?'

'Very well, sire. Every one regrets that you are unable to take part in the competition.'

'That is very kind of every one. I am afraid our preoccupation has caused you a very dull meal.'

'Not at all, sire; I merely regret that I am unable to be of any use to you in your deliberations.'

'Your work is done, Saunders, and marvellously

well done too. Happily, the man of action is no longer required.'

'Merely the man of brains!'

The King laughed good-naturedly.

'I should be sorry to exclude you from that category,' he said. 'But what we are dealing with now is detail. In this detail we want the specially trained faculties of the soldier, the detective, and the Sovereign. The first two rôles are admirably filled, as you know, by our friends here. The last is indifferently filled by myself, but unhappily there is no substitute.'

'Say, rather, "happily," sire. With your permission, I go to uphold the honour of the Brun-varad on the curling-rink.'

On arriving once more on the scene of play, I discovered that rumours and reports had been multiplied and magnified to such an extent that it was believed in some quarters that his Majesty's absence from the ranks of the competitors was due to a dagger-wound in the royal abdomen, in others that the tension between the King and Queen had culminated in an attack of wife-beating of unparalleled ferocity. To such and similar legends I gave the lie unqualified, stating that I had lunched with his Majesty, who was in excellent health, and who was about to give to the world a true account of the incidents from which these wild reports had originated. More I refused to say, and was accordingly somewhat sniffed at as a superior person.

Of the afternoon's play little need be said except that it bore a striking resemblance to the morning's. Inwicks, outwicks, drawings to the tee, chippings of the winner, were feats I performed with astonishing regularity; and had it not been for the extraordinary interest manifested by my rivals, and the consciousness that Miss Anchester's gray eyes were upon me, I should have been bored to death by the unflinching consistency of my good-fortune. As it was, I achieved a score which remains an easy record at Weissheim to this day.

At the conclusion of play I received the congratulations of the curling fraternity with becoming modesty and the commonplace regret that we could not all be winners. Then I turned to where Miss Anchester was sitting with the royal children, and as I did so a great sound of cheering broke on my ears. Instantly it occurred to me that the news of my further success had been communicated to the good Weissheimers, and that the double-winner of the Grimland Derby and Caledonian Medal was about to receive an ovation even more enthusiastic and warm-hearted than that which had been accorded me on the previous afternoon. I approached Miss Anchester and her royal charges, determined at last to receive her congratulations, and wondering whether they would be expressed in the coldest and most formal terms, or whether in a spirit of ironical exaggeration such as she had employed in toasting the winner of the Grimland Derby. I recalled with a smile her supercilious comment

after my first essay on the curling-rink : how she had informed me that with practice and patience I might well attain to the position of a No 2, or even conceivably a No. 3 if there was a dearth of good players on the ice. Now that I had won, hands down, the trophy which most of my opponents would have given ten years of their enthusiastic lives to call their own, I determined to remind her good-humouredly of her words. Louder and nearer grew the sound of the cheering, and I was about to address to her my smiling taunt when suddenly, and to my thinking somewhat rudely, she turned away in the direction of the rousing sounds. I followed her gaze, and a moment later I knew that it was not in my honour that the frosty air was being shaken with hoarse cries. At the head of a great throng stalked the tall, ponderous figure of the King ; his head was bare, his brown face wreathed in smiles, and following him, shouting, crying, tossing fur caps and woollen *bérets* high into the air, were the good, excitable folks of Weissheim. Immediately behind him, and at the head of the following throng, were Znos and General Meyer, and in the crowd itself representatives of every trade or profession in the town. Soldiers, wood-carvers, publicans, leather-workers, masons, and shoemakers vied with each other in doing vociferous honour to their old King and new-found hero. As his Majesty passed the Pariserhof rinks, the curlers, amongst whom the broad fact of the King's danger and escape was now recognised, took up the roaring tribute and joined their wild curling-cries to the deep-throated applause :

'Long live King Karl ! *Vivat Majestät ! Sehr gut gespielt !*'

Miss Anchester, a gleam of excitement in her grey eyes, mounted the seat she had been occupying, and, flaunting her handkerchief and almost dancing with exhilaration, raised her clear tones in honour of the happy Sovereign.

My trifling humiliation at finding that I was not the real recipient of the cheering disappeared instantaneously in the prevailing atmosphere of enthusiasm, and, waving my cap aloft, I gave vent to a particularly forcible '*Vivat Majestät*.' The King's eyes fell on me, and advancing to me he shook me warmly by the hand.

'How did you get on at the competition?' he asked.

'I won it, sire.'

'Bravo !' he called loudly.—'My friends, Herr Saunders, the winner of the Grimland Derby, has also carried off the Caledonian Medal. Three cheers for Herr Saunders.'

The bathos of the situation seemed to strike the audience, for there was laughter mingled in their cheering ; but it was all very good-natured and inspiring, and I doffed my cap repeatedly in acknowledgment.

'Not only that,' pursued the King, around whom the crowd had now gathered as about one of whom a speech was expected ; 'it was Mr Saunders who

saved my life last night. You have read my official proclamation describing how a friend, escaping from the toils of our enemies in the Marien-kastel, tobogganed at night without rakes down the Kastel-run in order to anticipate the traitors who had already started on their dastardly journey : that was Herr Saunders. [Cheers.] How the same friend clambered down a rainwater-pipe and with the utmost difficulty and at the utmost risk succeeded in scrambling into the *Schweigenkammer* to be beside me in the moment of peril : that was Herr Saunders.'

There was no mistaking the purport of those cheers now, and, as I stood there bareheaded, facing that shouting crowd, I felt the same thrill of perfect joyousness as when, six years before, I had just completed my half-century in the 'varsity match. Applause is an intoxicating thing. It raises one to the level of the gods ; for the moment one treads the clouds, one's head is in the stars, the earth becomes a puny sphere supremely dominated by the imperial ego. The cheers of the excitable Weissheimers mounted to my brain, and the genial plaudits of my fellow-countrymen acted on me like strong wine. I reeled, figuratively, with the debauch of acclamation ; and then, as the King passed on and the noise of the multitude grew faint, my pulses slowed and the depression of the stale reveller assailed me. I had lived, I had tasted the strongest of life's wine, and I must henceforth drink of water. The reaction was too acute, too sudden to be normal. The exhilarations should have lasted longer, died slower in a healthy spirit, and I almost groaned, for I knew that my spirit was not healthy, but sick of the fever that men call love. I looked round, and of the throng that had been shouting themselves hoarse at the mention of my name scarce one individual remained. The curlers, each disappointed of his secret expectations, had donned their greatcoats and were wending their way back towards the Pariserhof, where the delights of hot chocolate and 'bridge' awaited them. The noisy Weissheimers were still following their tardily appreciated Sovereign, and would doubtless make a patriotic demonstration before the Brun-varad. In that case, fresh cheers might await me did I so choose, for I had but to appear on the balcony of some window for the excitable throng to scream themselves hoarse at the sight. In my present mood nothing would have been more distasteful. Life seemed a raw, unsatisfying thing, and to be forced to smile and smirk and bow to a yelping multitude was beyond the range of the endurable. Vaguely, I desired Miss Anchester's society, but she had gone on ahead, joining herself to the crowd. Perhaps it was as well, I reflected, for in my present mood her usual tone of calm superiority and chilling reproof might have led to verbal reprisals considerably less courteous than my ordinary tolerably unceasing retorts.

An idea struck me. What was happening at the Marien-kastel ? How had the Princess borne

the disastrous news of her bereavement? My conscience smote me for not having turned my thoughts that way before. Unwilling to return to the crowd-invested Palace, I determined to wander

up to the path that fringed the Kastel-run as far as the Princess's home, and make inquiries as to her condition.

(To be continued.)

THE PASSING OF THE DUEL

By ALFRED FELLOWS.



PERHAPS no incident of by-gone life in England is of greater interest to the present generation than the duel. The manifest reason is that human nature cannot be masked in the face of such an ordeal; and,

short of an encounter with an armed burglar or poacher, no modern English gentleman is likely to pass through a similar test of his character. This test was a possibility to our forefathers from the time they left school till they were sixty, or even older, and still remains a possibility to natives and sojourners in certain neighbouring countries, though the laws of some of them may nominally prohibit it. In these countries public opinion may be, from a humanitarian point of view, behind their code law; but in England public opinion countenances, and no doubt approves, a law so stringent that, in a duel with a fatal issue, not only the principal, but both seconds and all other parties present and aiding, are liable to be indicted for murder. In such a case the death penalty might very likely be commuted; but the survivor, even if only the challenged party, might consider himself lucky if he escaped a long term of penal servitude, and the seconds would also receive heavy punishments. So lately as in the reign of Queen Victoria, an English Peer escaped sentence on this count by a flaw in the indictment; but such a technicality would receive short shrift in the twentieth century.

If an English judge had to pass sentence on a duellist—a duty which seems now only remotely possible—he would lay great stress on the fact that the law of to-day is competent to redress all grievances. In the days when its arm was shorter, there might have been some excuse, if not reason, for a man taking vengeance into his own hands; but now procedure is speedy and simple, the administrators of the law have effectually won the long battle against those who break it, and the punishment fits the crime as nearly as can be expected in a world so imperfect; and by logical conclusion, no possible justification could exist any longer for resort to such barbarism.

From the experience of his own law-abiding and well-ordered life, the judge might speak with all sincerity; but the very phrase used in legal textbooks, *damnum absque injuriâ*, indicates that there may be wrongs which the law overlooks, usually for reasons of public policy. Sometimes, also, when the law gives a remedy, there may be a rigid

class-prejudice against having recourse to it. A well-born English girl will not, for example, bring an action for breach of promise of marriage; a man's similar reluctance may partly be due to his extremely remote chance of getting damages. Again, as between men, the defendant who pleads the Gaming Act loses caste, though the law justifies him; and he who preserves pheasants must not always exercise his legal rights of shooting foxes and excluding fox-hunters.

In nearly all such cases a question arises concerning that abstract thing called 'honour,' which perhaps may be defined as a certain personal dignity whose loss the law alone cannot repair, an abstract thing for which brave and good men have willingly sacrificed their lives, and in other ways than duelling continue to do so. The captain who would sink with his ship sooner than save himself before crew and passengers, leaves the docks every day, now as formerly.

The very synonym of the duel—an affair of honour—indicated its nature. In the typical case, a man had suffered some injury which he believed the law could redress inadequately, or not at all, and in these circumstances he invoked the ancient custom which, while it might demand his life, left his honour inviolate.

The custom might, indeed, have been supposed to arise from the law's deficiency if history did not show a different origin. In fact, so far from duels being outside the law's pale, they used formerly, either as ordeals to which both parties had to submit, or as direct combats, to be prescribed as a method of settling claims by the law itself; and in England, within the last hundred years, it was laid down by the Lord Chief-Justice that, on an appeal by a relative of a murdered woman, the accused had the right, unless his guilt was manifest, to challenge the appellant to 'battel,' the latter thus staking his own life by his course. This decision may seem incredible; but it was recorded, and an Act of Parliament had forthwith to be passed to rectify the anachronism.

The very interesting history of the duel in relation to the law cannot be entered into here; but a modern observer should find a certain pathos in the ancient methods before he entirely condemns them. For it must always be remembered that the most sincere desire to see justice done does not carry with it the power to weigh evidence; and the ancient law-givers, who had to risk grievous miscarriages, perhaps chose to give the benefit of

their weakness to the stout heart rather than the plausible tongue. Doubtless, too, there was the hope that Providence would not suffer the wrong-doer to prevail, and would regulate the issue accordingly; but grave abuses ultimately taught men that justice must come from themselves, unassisted by miracles. And, as by more scientific treatment of evidence issues of fact could be dealt with better, it was found that the rational method, though mistakes might be made—they are still—was better than the blind one.

Meanwhile, men of the upper classes, who had more time to quarrel and more property to quarrel over than those of the lower, had become accustomed to single combat with their own weapons for settling their differences; and so it came about that, both parties consenting, matters untouched by the law, or which did not admit of its delay, were thus decided.

One obvious inconvenience to statesmen was that the duel *à la mort*—inevitably the usual kind, with heavy swords as weapons—deprived the country of many promising young men; and the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries shows repeated but unsuccessful attempts to check it, especially in France. But its manifest disadvantages have now long since been fully recognised even by the class who practised it, and with the English-speaking races its prohibition is much more than merely nominal. In France, Germany, and Italy officers, and sometimes journalists and statesmen, issue challenges, or are liable to be 'called out' under elaborate codes of honour, and occasionally private citizens will have recourse to this way of settling a dispute. The issue of the modern continental duel is not as a rule fatal, though—Mark Twain's conclusion notwithstanding—there must be danger to life even for the combatants, unless by secret agreement the duel is in the nature of an advertisement for both participants; but it is clear that a number of modern duels are by no means of this nature.

No one can deny that the passing of this custom has many and very obvious advantages. In the old duelling days the good shot or skilful swordsman might be a bully, and to resent his outrageous behaviour as likely as not meant death to the man insulted, while the other ran little or no risk in the encounter. When gentlemen carried swords and frequented taverns, a drunken quarrel about nothing would often have a fatal ending, and even when there was a clear cause of offence, the ancient and obvious difficulty remained that the offender had as good a chance of victory as the offended. Moreover, if a gentleman wished to resent some boorish breach of manners, for which an apology was not forthcoming, there was no half-way house between ignoring the matter and the stake of life for life, for to give the offender a thrashing—again supposing the insulted man was physically able—inevitably provoked a challenge which could not be refused in ordinary circumstances.

No one, therefore, but the most extremely old-fashioned, can regret the change of custom; but to assume that it is all pure gain is to make a very different inference. It may or may not be the case that manners have deteriorated in the absence of the duel. The Englishman of the present day has perhaps less to be ashamed of in this respect than his critics would have us believe. But, with all its barbarism, the duel did supply a want for which modern law has no prescription.

To consider a very simple example, let it be supposed that a gentleman suddenly discovers that his wife and his trusted friend have been false to him. The law gives him the remedy of divorce against the wife and damages against the lover; but it may happen that while he is willing to forgive the mother of his children he is not ready to condone the man's offence. In this case it is true that the law allows him damages without a divorce if he asks for them—a fact which may not generally be known; but this also involves publicity and smirching his wife's and his own name in the mud, and even now it is very widely considered that the injury in question is not one that can be righted by a cheque. A duel was the ancient remedy. But if the injured husband himself was killed the result was outrageous, if neither was hurt it was absurd, and if the adulterer was killed a sort of wild justice was done; but it is felt in modern times that the punishment does not bely the offence in such a case.

In addition to the one discussed, other less grave situations may still arise which the law either does not touch or deals with inadequately. If, for example, the man's friend and his wife in the last case had been innocent of the gravest offence, it might be that the wife had been compromised. Again, perhaps a daughter or a sister may be jilted, or two men may have a quarrel, in the presence of others, of the deplorable kind that is sometimes called a 'vulgar row.' In the first example, resort to the law is practically impossible, and as to the second, the law is not concerned with vulgar abuse, except that the combatants may perhaps be sworn to keep the peace, which does not satisfy a man smarting under revilement. In any such case the duel was certainly a remedy, but it was a very bad one. The average man will resent being called a liar, for instance, but to kill his traducer is, if he has any decent feelings, to inflict a more drastic punishment than the outrage warrants; and, if the latter were a good shot or swordsman, to be killed as well as insulted would be highly unsatisfactory.

In romances and melodrama these situations arise continually, and are dealt with in an easy manner by the villain being either thrashed, horsewhipped, or put in a duck-pond. Unfortunately, the law that physical strength varies directly as the righteousness of a cause has no sort of existence in fact, and until novel-writers and their readers, playwrights and play-goers, acknowledge this, popular fiction and drama will deserve all the hard things said about their foolishness, and worse. Even Mr Kipling him-

self, who did not dare to allow Private Ortheris to vanquish Lieutenant Oules, is an offender in this respect; and Mr Squeers would surely have cut a better figure against his half-starved usher.

In real life a man cannot thrash or horsewhip another without the thing becoming an undignified scramble, unless he is about three times as strong, when fair-minded spectators would certainly be justified in interfering. The threat to pull a man's nose, if carried out, would probably result in a stupid fist-fight or wrestle, similarly stopped by bystanders; while, if a man beguiled his opponent into an unfrequented place and then fell on him, he would deserve his fate if the latter retaliated by hiring roughs to maltreat him. To sane people, uninfluenced by romance, not a word can be said in favour of the stick, the horsewhip, or the duck-pond. As remedies they are more unfair than the duel.

It thus appears that for definite injuries, recognisable as such by most fair-minded people, a bad remedy has gone, and none remains; and the question arises whether this state of things is incapable of amendment. The usual proposition is for a Court of Honour—some precedents will be found in France and Germany—having jurisdiction as a rule over military men, like the *Tribunal des Mâréchaux*, which the late Prince-Consort wished to see imitated in England. But here, of course, immense difficulties arise. The officer is subject to special laws, and can be dismissed from the army without reason given, so that an offence against honour can always be visited on him by this indirect punishment; but a civilian is not so amenable, and if he has committed an offence against the law, cannot usually be punished at all, except by ostracism or his own consent. Then in a Court of Honour there is the great difficulty of taking evidence, finding facts, and enforcing decrees, those unenforceable being worse than useless. For if both parties agreed to be bound by the findings of fact and the judgment, this would either have the effect of a contract or it would not. In the first case, it would resolve itself into a matter of law, and the remedies prescribed would have to be by legal process, which would probably exclude the best; in the second case, the offending party might simply ignore the order of the court with impunity. Moreover, if for the purposes of the court a man admitted an indiscretion from which legal consequences might flow, it is possible that his admissions might be used against him in an action.

If such a court were established, it would thus seem advisable that at first it should only deal with admitted facts or very strong *prima facie* cases; and as the essence of offences against honour and reputation is publicity, the percentage excluded might very well be a small one. Let it, then, be supposed that such a court could be constituted, and both parties in a quarrel were willing to be bound; and let the case be taken where one man has grossly and inexcusably injured or insulted another, as by running away with his wife. For the reasons given above, a

duel with deadly weapons would be out of the question as a proper solution; and the aim being to punish the offender, such a thing as a fight with fists would be almost as undesirable, for as often as not the injured party would be thrashed. A possible solution would be to order the offender to be trounced up and flogged by the other, or otherwise arrange matters so that no harm could befall the innocent person; but apart from the fact that the guilty would never voluntarily submit to a tribunal which could only punish him, most gentlemen would feel that to hit a helpless man in cold blood was worse than receiving money from him as a solace for dishonour.

A certain affair between two doughty professors of the *arme blanche* has seemed to the writer to suggest a solution of the difficulty he propounds. Each was singlestick champion of England, and said so; but as such a title does not admit of the plural number, a difference arose and became acute when the wife of one of them, at her lord's direction, treated his rival as Svengali treated Little Billee—Taffy's interposition, it may be remarked, is one of the few scenes of this sort in fiction which do not offend the sense of fitness. But the question at issue and the private quarrel here admitted of a single settlement. Before a select company each man faced the other, his head protected by a mask, but with no other protection above his waist but a thin zephyr, and in such wise they broke thick sticks over each other's shoulder till one of them—with poetic justice it was he who had made the unpleasant suggestion to his lady above recorded—was driven back, pinned up to the wall, and vanquished. And the victor, who is still living, can be persuaded to tell the tale without much difficulty.

Thus took place a contest, not dangerous to life, but an ordeal which a man would certainly think twice before facing—for the wales showed visibly after each successful stroke—and one, moreover, which could be modified so as to give some advantage to one party. If, for example, husband and co-respondent were directed thus to settle the quarrel between them, the latter might have thinner or shorter sticks, so that, though he might hurt his opponent, he would probably suffer most himself. A fight with boxing-gloves must always be an affair of weights, and a co-respondent with cushions on his hands might, if a big man, laugh at an injured husband, even if the latter were gloveless. Fencing with a *point d'arrêt* could here be suggested; but the difficulty would be that a long and clumsy scratch would have more effect than a clean hit. The problem is to find something which could be recognised as satisfactory by gentlemen, could take place in a school of arms or similarly suitable place, would not endanger life, would be capable of adjustment according to the righteousness of the respective causes, and perhaps having regard to size and reach (skill ought not to be so discounted), and would yet be an ordeal to both parties: the facing

of sharp, physical pain, and the necessity of ignoring it. If it may be permitted to let imagination run riot for a minute, and to take unwarrantable liberties, a committee might be selected to consider the matter, and the services of Professor Sandow, Captain Alfred Hutton, Mr Eustace Miles, Mr Fry, and a professional boxer be commandeered, with some capable doctor to assist them. Perhaps, also, some professor of *jiu jitsu* would be useful, and these distinguished persons could then safely be left to devise a new and improved 'battel.'

A formal Court of Honour is a thing of which Englishmen have always been shy; but informal references to tactful men of the world, notably to a certain deceased peer, have been frequent. Here, if liberties may again be taken, some rooms in the College of Arms might be annexed, and a few of the heralds and other officials be impressed into the service; but it would have to be made clear to all of them that a 'gentleman' is not exclusively and necessarily one who or whose ancestor has paid them large fees for the privilege of coat-armour. They should have power to order apologies, and, in the last resort, to enjoin the up-to-date duel, which should be carried out under the directions of a committee similar to the one suggested above. Englishmen would have to be shown that the innovation was not ridiculous (for the idea of ridicule frightens them more than anything else), that it was reasonable, and reasonably supplied an obvious want; and public opinion would have to be so educated that a rigid social ostracism like that meted to the cheat at cards would follow

'contempt of court' where its decrees were disregarded. There should also be the equivalent of 'posting' by the court, for which the maximum legal penalty in an action for libel should be a farthing, plaintiff to pay all costs.

In divorce court cases between gentlefolk, where facts were proved, such a duel should be the natural sequence, after proper formalities, even if neither party was anxious for it. The co-respondent's punishment would then fit his offence a little more trimly than it does at present, and it would do no harm to the race if all gentlemen bearing the honourable rank of husband had to keep themselves in fit condition to encounter this possibility. For less serious matters the duel might be made milder, and in all cases the parties would have to bind themselves to pay reasonable court fees. No doubt many improvements would soon be suggested in practice.

If, as our neighbours used to tell us, we are a nation of shopkeepers, critics may consider such suggestions impracticable, and Courts of Honour ridiculous. But so in present circumstances are black eyes, injured husbands, and respectable citizens 'bonneted' by drunken or frolicsome young gentlemen, and persons of the most majestic dignity may, through no fault of their own, be or suffer any one of these things at any time. By the suggestion above being adopted, any man of ordinary physical fitness could ensure his dignity, and the possible price of aches and bruises would not seem to be too great a price to pay for such a privilege.

THE WILL TO BE WELL.



THE medical world has for some years past been paying special attention to what is known as psycho-therapeutics, or the treatment of disorders of health by means of mental impressions suggested to the patient (hypnotism, faith-healing, Christian science, &c.) or voluntarily induced by the patient (auto-suggestion).

This latter portion of the subject has recently obtained considerable popularity among the lay public, as evidenced by magazine and newspaper articles, and even by the publication of a novel which is said to have aroused great interest in our highest circles of society. In the *Contemporary Review* for January 1906, an excellent paper by M. Jean Finot, entitled, 'The Will as a Means of Prolonging Life,' draws fresh attention to one branch of the subject.

It is of the greatest importance that this power of the will, or voluntary auto-suggestion, to subdue diseased sensations and conditions should be advocated by our medical men, and should be practised by us all. The object of this brief paper

is not to find any fault with the popular interest and discussion of the subject; on the contrary, it aims at encouraging such interest. However, it has been asserted or implied that this power of the will is of recent recognition, or at least of recent employment; and my more immediate purpose is to show that this is far from being the case.

It has often been remarked that discoveries which have proved of considerable importance at some period of history have been mysteriously neglected and forgotten; until, in course of time, they have been again announced, advertised, and cackled over as something new and strange. Many of our most valuable mechanical and physical devices were apparently known to and used by races of mankind thousands of years ago; their use has been neglected and forgotten by intervening dark ages, and when some comparatively modern investigator reannounces the discovery we become enthusiastic. With regard to many of nature's laws we confer on them patriotically the name of some countryman of our own, and contest hotly the claim of some foreigner; ignorant that the infant whose birth we have announced, and

about whose paternity we are quarrelling, is of hoary antiquity, and that the name of its human father is lost in the mists of time. This reflection, so well recognised in the physical world, applies equally to the domain of psychology. Views, doctrines, and theories have their day and are forgotten; but when they again come into vogue, as they will if there be any truth in them, there is some slight literary interest to be obtained by looking up their previous history as recorded in the literature of the time.

Upon noticing the present interest in the employment of the will, or of voluntary conduct, to materially influence the life and health of each individual, and so to induce happiness and good health in those exercising it, where otherwise misery and disease would be present, I was forcibly reminded of a pamphlet I read over thirty years ago when a student at the University of Bonn. This essay made a strong impression on me at the time, and I endeavoured to make practical use thereof during the years when I was in medical practice, having found its suggestions of value in the conduct of my own life.

A few extracts from the pamphlet may show how parallel are the views there published with those expressed to-day; while the very titles and applications are identical with those of modern essays on the subject.

The pamphlet is entitled, *I. Kant on the Power of the Mind by Simple Determination to Conquer Diseased Sensations*; and on the cover is printed a testimonial from a Prussian Minister of State, stating that but for Kant's essay he would have died long ago. Inside the cover of this pamphlet is the advertisement of a book by Dr Hartmann, formerly Professor of Medicine at the University of Vienna, entitled, *The Art of Enjoying Life, and thereby Securing and Retaining Health, Beauty, and Strength of Body and Mind*. The pamphlet is in the form of a letter to the celebrated medical editor Hufeland, and was due to Kant's study of a book by Hufeland, the title of which closely resembles that of M. Finot's recent essay in the *Contemporary Review*, being *The Art of Prolonging Human Life*. Hufeland writes an introduction and numerous notes to the essay, so that it may be almost considered the joint production of Kant and Hufeland. In the introduction Hufeland mentions that the essay was the last production of the philosopher's pen, and was written in 1797, when he was seventy-three years of age. Hufeland then adds:

'The life of the body must be subordinate to and governed by each of us if we would lead a true existence; the mental condition must not be subject to the humours, whims, and suggestions of the body. How often are the most obstinate diseases cured by nothing else than joy, enthusiasm, or mental excitement! I do not assert too much when I declare that the great majority of our chronic nervous diseases and so-called spasmodic affections are due to an indolent and passive condition of the mind,

the result of a degenerate surrender to bodily sensations and influences.

'Every one knows the power of imagination. No one doubts that there are imaginary diseases, and that multitudes of beings have no other disease than that they imagine themselves diseased. Is it not, then, as possible, and ever so much better, to imagine oneself healthy? And may we not in this way increase and preserve health, just as by the contrary plan we can increase or produce disease?'

Most people have noticed that paying attention to sensations and impressions increases the effect these have on the body; witness the coughing in church at a pause in the sermon. The morbid effects of cold and other agents upon the system are certainly less when the corresponding sensations are not excited or not attended to. It undoubtedly requires a firm and reasonable man—when plagued with sensations for which no cause can be found, or where, if a cause be present, nothing can be gained by thinking about it—to voluntarily banish it from his mind and proceed about his duties unembarrassed thereby, although this is the best way to cure, or render as harmless as possible, the trouble he has or imagines. Kant mentions that he himself almost got to desire death in the condition to which he was brought by thinking about his narrow and flat chest which scarcely allowed room for the functions of his heart and lungs; but, on considering that this feeling of oppression in the chest was only mechanical and could not be altered, he soon got to disregard it; and, while there might be palpitation and panting in the chest, all was calm and cheerful in the head; and this philosopher lived to a ripe old age. Kant writes: 'Even in real diseases we must separate the disease from the feeling of sickness. The latter generally much exceeds the former; indeed, one would not notice the disease itself, which often consists of a locally deranged function of an unimportant region, were it not for the general unpleasant sensations and pains rendering us miserable.' These sensations, however—this action of the disease on the system—are often for the most part under our control. A weak, enervated spirit, with its increased sensitiveness, becomes completely prostrated; a stronger, more resolute one, resists and subdues these sensations.

Every one allows that it is possible to entirely forget one's bodily troubles when anything occurs of a startling or pleasant nature, anything which conducts the mind from itself. Why, then, cannot one's own mental power bring the same result about by its own determined effort? Kant mentions cases in which he and others have done so, to which Hufeland adds: 'It is incredible what a man can effect by the power of a determined will, even in his physical conditions, and similarly by hard necessity which is often the cause of the exercise of this determined will. Most striking is the power of the mind over infectious and epidemic diseases. It is a well-established experience that

those are the least liable to be infected who have good humour and do not fear or grieve over the disorder. But I am myself an example that an infection which has actually taken effect may be removed by cheerful mental excitement.' And so on.

I quote these extracts merely as samples; the whole essay is well worth study. No doubt the views preached and practised by our authors have cropped up in literature at various times since history began; the Stoics taught and practised similar precepts, and Asiatic races for ages have done the same. The recognition of the power of the will and of imagination over definite physical and physiological conditions in the animal body is as old as religion, as old as quackery.

The power of the will in influencing bodily conditions depends on the determinate direction of the attention to or from the sensations or ideas presented to the mind; and, as Dr Carpenter says, this capacity 'depends, first, upon our conviction that we really have such a determining power; and, secondly, upon our habitual use of it.' It has been proved that this attention, however induced, changes the local action of the part; so that, if habitually or repeatedly exercised, it may produce important modifications in its nutrition, probably through the so-called trophic nerves and through the vasomotor system of nerves which control the capillary circulation of the region concerned. In this way it often happens that a real malady supervenes upon the fancied ailments of those in whom the mind dwells upon its own sensations; while, on the other hand, the strong expectation of benefit will often cure diseases that involve serious organic change. Doubtless, most of us remember where our reading or hearing of some case of illness has caused us to recognise symptoms of severe diseases in ourselves, and where disregard to these sensations, either voluntarily or as result of a medical verdict, has removed all evidences of disorder.

Among the bodily changes more obviously directly resulting from mental influence, especially sudden emotions, may be mentioned fainting, vomiting, change of the colour of the hair, and of the nutrition of other parts, St Vitus's dance, indigestion, important changes in the secretions and excretions, brain-disease, and death itself. On two occasions the writer has seen well-marked jaundice follow in two or three days after the individuals had been plucked at examinations, no other cause than the despondency produced being evident.

Undoubtedly many of the good effects attributed to magnetism, belts, pads, and the nostrums of the day are due to their mental influence; and much of the doctor's cures are due to the same 'expectation' of benefit from the drugs and rules of diet and conduct he recommends. The physician's personality

and individual tact, the 'bedside manner' which has been ridiculed, is often of more importance to the patient than all the drugs in his pharmacopoeia. The marvellous therapeutic effect of many a placebo astonishes the physician and should cause him thought. One of the worst signs in many diseases is despondency or fear or the lack of a desire to recover; while we are often surprised at the tenacity of life evidenced by the hopeful and by those who have determined not to die. The desirable mental state may be induced or aided by the physician and by others about the patient, and is largely under the patient's own voluntary control.

There may be danger of exaggerating the capacities of this voluntary direction of the will towards the benefit of the economy, and such exaggeration can only cause disappointment. The power diffuses greatly in different people, and develops marvellously by practice. It is not sufficient to cry 'peace, peace, when there is no peace;' and Shakespeare tells us

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently;

but in the large class of functional disorders of the nervous system, including the fashionable nervous breakdown and neurasthenia, the first thing is to remove the causes where possible, and improve the habits where necessary, and the next thing is to strengthen the determination to be well. Sleep is largely under the control of the will, and so is pain, as are the various sensations known as symptoms. One method by which the will can act is by switching the attention off from such symptoms by interesting studies or light literature, by music, theatres, cheerful company, and travel, and especially by congenial employment, physical and mental. Ennui, worry, lack of interest and employment are more common causes of nervous breakdown than the unjustly maligned overwork. How rapidly the man ages, and how easily he dies, who has retired from business and not secured employment!

To imitate the child and play at 'let's pretend' is an excellent game. Smile and you will soon feel cheerful, frown and you soon will fret; say and think, 'I am well and happy,' say it firmly and often, and you will excel Mark Tapley as an optimist. 'Laugh, and the world laughs with you.'

Let us recognise the undoubted benefit derived from the mental influence of relics, shrines, faith-healing, Christian science, quacks, and nostrums, and similar stimuli in all ages, and let us determine to have a 'bit on our own.' Recognising the power of voluntary conduct to materially influence happiness and good health, let us determine to be happy and well.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill;
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW METHOD OF TUNNELLING.



THIS is an age of tube-railways, and tunnels driven beneath the bed of broad rivers have ceased to attract attention as anything wonderful. Everybody knows that these tunnels bored under rivers are principally dependent upon compressed air to keep the water from entering during the process of construction. Pumps are kept constantly at work and air is driven into the bores at a sufficient pressure to counterbalance the weight of water outside and prevent it from entering. In the case of a small tunnel this method works fairly satisfactorily; but in the larger tunnels demanded by modern railway construction immense difficulties have to be faced. The pressure of water percolating through the river-bed varies, of course, in proportion to the depth below the water-surface, and it follows that the pressure upon the lower portions of the boring is far greater than that upon the upper part. The counterbalancing air-pressure from within must necessarily be sufficiently great to set against the greatest water-pressure—that at the bottom of the tunnel; and this pressure is, therefore, much in excess of what is necessary to keep the water from leaking in through the upper walls. As a consequence of using an air-pressure considerably higher than is necessary to balance the weight of water above, 'blow-outs' frequently occur, and the air rushes with explosive force into the river above. Apart from the grave danger of flooding the works through these occasional blow-outs, there is always the effect of compressed air upon the human workers to be considered, and many lives are sacrificed in the making of every subaqueous tunnel because of the distressing effect of the compressed air upon the men who have to work in it. A new method of making large borings without the aid of compressed air is being thoroughly experimented with by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Although at first sight it appears to be a roundabout method of accomplishing the result, it is said that these experiments are justifying the means. Broadly speaking, the new method consists in boring a small pilot-tunnel a few feet in diameter, using the old compressed air process, and then by means of a refrigerating system freezing the mud around it so that it can be worked in the solid state. Within the small pilot-tunnel a large number of refrigerating tubes is placed, and for a long time freezing mixture is forced through the tubes from a refrigerating station on the shore. This refrigerating is kept in constant operation for several months, and all around the pilot-tunnel a core of freezing sand and mud is gradually increasing in diameter. When this congealed mass has reached the necessary radial distance all around the original boring the freezing

can be stopped and the tunnellers may enter with safety and proceed to enlarge the tunnel to the required diameter without any fear of the intrusion of water from without.

BRAKE-HORSE-POWER.

Exactly what is meant by 'brake-horse-power' is very frequently not in the least understood even by the owners and users of engines of various kinds. The brake-horse-power of an engine is ascertained by attaching to the flywheel or shaft a slipping brake and measuring the pull upon this brake; which pull, calculated in conjunction with the speed of rotation and size of the wheel to which the brake is applied, gives the relative power of the engine under test. The method is difficult of application and contains many possibilities of error. An ingenious and remarkably simple device known as the 'Sellers' dynamometer' is described in a recent issue of the *English Mechanic*, and it is said to give very reliable results. It consists simply of a long lever designed so that its fulcrum rests upon the floor and its short end presses against the underside of the flywheel of the engine. Upon the upper surface of the lever is a brake-block to press upon the flywheel. The brake-block is mounted on four tiny wheels as though it were a small truck in itself, and connected to one end of a spring balance of which the other end is attached to the body of the lever. The method of using this device is as simple as the machine itself. When it is placed in position so that the flywheel is in contact with the brake-block, a suitable weight is placed on the longer end of the lever and shifted from place to place until the most suitable position is found. The rotating flywheel pulls the brake-block away from the spring balance, which accurately measures the stress. It is simply sufficient to multiply the reading on the balance by the speed of the periphery of the wheel in feet per minute, and divide the result by thirty-three thousand to find the brake-horse-power of the engine. It is believed that a special compact form of this device is to be placed on the market for the use of owners of motor-cars. Doubtless some interesting results may be expected when the figures given by the manufacturers of the cars can be checked by the purchasers.

MOTOR-DRIVEN COMBINED ROAD-SWEEPER AND WATERING-CART.

The rapidly increasing use of fast motor-cars has made the dust nuisance so intolerable that any appliance designed for its abatement deserves consideration. Messrs D. Stewart & Company (Ltd.), of Glasgow, have recently submitted to the Corporation cleansing department a combined watering-cart and road-sweeping machine which, we understand, is doing excellent work. An ordinary Stewart-Thornycroft thirty horse-power steam

lorry-chassis is fitted at the rear with a rotating brush driven through bevel-gearing from the first motion-shaft of the engine, the intermediate shaft being arranged to swivel, so that the brush may be raised or lowered as desired. A galvanised water-tank capable of holding one thousand gallons is mounted on the rear half of the chassis, and the water is conveyed by means of pipes to two sprinklers placed one on each side of the front of the vehicle. These sprinklers are controlled by valves, and with full water-supply cover a width of roadway twenty-two feet wide. The operations of watering and sweeping can be carried on simultaneously or separately, and machines of this description will, no doubt, be found more useful than the horse-drawn vehicles at present in use.

A BALLOON RAILWAY.

Something new in the nature of mountain railways is the subject of an invention by Herr Balduan, an engineer of Salzburg. Among the mountains in the neighbourhood of that place, experiments are being tried which are said to justify the belief on the part of the inventor that his patent will supersede all the incline cable-roads at present in existence. The railroad is laid up the sides of the steepest mountains in places where no ordinary cableway could go without the use of numerous tunnels and cuttings. The ascensional force is furnished by a gas-balloon, which hauls the car upwards along the track to the summit. Arrived there, the car is loaded with water, by the weight of which it is able to descend again, dragging the balloon down with it. It appears from the description that the car is actually suspended from the balloon, the cable passing through its centre to a trolley attached to the track, whereby the speed is controlled.

PROTECTING WOOD AGAINST WHITE ANTS.

Some time ago reference was made in these columns to a new process for rendering wood impervious to the attacks of white ants or termites which ordinarily will destroy any woodwork, from domestic timber to railroad sleepers. The new process has been exploited by the Powell Wood Process Syndicate, who are now exhibiting a piece of confirmatory evidence of a very conclusive character. Two pieces of ordinary yellow deal—yellow deal is considered a toothsome morsel which no healthy-minded white ant would refuse—were the subject of a very interesting experiment. One piece was treated in London by this new process, and was afterwards bolted to the other, which was left in its natural condition. The pieces were then forwarded to the Curator of the Government Botanical Gardens at Singapore, and laid by him—still bolted together—in a place where termites most do congregate. In a little while the untreated portion of the compound block was almost demolished, while its sophisticated fellow remained untouched. They were returned to London before the former

had quite disappeared, and they form a splendid testimonial to the efficacy of the protective process. The solution with which the wood is treated is absolutely odourless and quite unobjectionable from every point of view—except that of the white ant.

HOME-MADE FISHING-NETS.

At one time a knowledge of the art of netting was an essential part of the fisherman's education. Among the many vicissitudes in the lives of those who go down to the sea in ships for the purpose of snaring its edible inhabitants, trouble with the nets must find a prominent place. The result of many weeks, perhaps months, of labour may be destroyed in a single night. The nets are a costly item in the fisherman's outfit, for though, nowadays, he no longer makes them himself in preparation for the short fishing-season, he has to pay out a considerable portion of his scanty earnings to the manufacturer who prepares them for him. About sixty years ago, the invention of a netting machine by one Paterson wrought a great change in the fisherman's life, for hand-netting went out of vogue, and the tedious work came to be better accomplished by machinery. Now there is news of another invention which may have the effect of reversing the state of things and bringing the net-making back to the huts of the fishermen. A Norwegian of the name of Lie has patented a little instrument about the size of a domestic sewing-machine which performs all the complex operations of tying the true hand-made knot in a single turn of a handle. One turn makes one mesh, until a whole row is made, and then the row of meshes is slipped from the machine, and a fresh one formed upon it. The size of mesh is adjustable like the length of the stitch in a sewing-machine, so that every fisherman may satisfy his own particular whims and fancies in this respect. The long months between the fishing-seasons may now be profitably spent—as in years gone by—in making good nets in preparation for the days of labour; and as time in these circumstances is of less account than money, the toiler should be able to afford a larger supply, and therefore be dependant less upon the chances of his trade.

FERRO-CONCRETE.

Reinforced concrete, which is being used in building construction to such an enormous extent in America, is steadily making its way on this side of the Atlantic also. One of the most recent, and at the same time, most remarkable examples is to be found in the new goods station of the North-Eastern Railway at Newcastle. The structure is built entirely of Hennebique ferro-concrete, without a single joint; practically the whole immense station is a huge monolith. The steel embedded within the concrete is absolutely protected from all atmospheric action, and is probably indestructible. It gives to the concrete just that tensile strength which in itself the latter does not possess, while the concrete provides those other elements of strength

wherein the steel is lacking. In this building, the first floor, which measures nearly two hundred yards wide by more than twice as long, is calculated to carry a shifting load estimated at something like twenty thousand tons. This floor forms the high-level goods station, and is provided with railway lines for six goods trains, as well as turntables, capstans, and all the other machinery which goes to complete a modern station. The vibration of moving trains and working machinery, added to the immense dead-weight of the load, will provide a test for this method of construction than which there could hardly be anything more severe.

ELECTRO-PEAT FUEL.

An interesting account of the new factory at Kilberry, Ireland, and a résumé of the process of conversion of peat into marketable fuel is given in a recent issue of the *World's Work*. Peat is normally so saturated with moisture that its valuable fuel-properties to a great extent are nullified. Moreover, it does not suffice to extract the moisture by compression, trituration, or other mechanical means, for the fuel so treated immediately begins to reabsorb moisture from the atmosphere, and soon returns almost to its original state. But by the Bessey process in use at this factory the character of the peat is quite changed in regard to its water-absorbing properties, while its excellent qualifications as a fuel remains unaltered. The process, which throughout is a very simple one, consists essentially in the passing of an electric current through the moist and mashed-up peat. The electricity produces a certain chemical change which has the effect of causing the peat to dry and harden into a substance very like coal, to which indeed it is said to be in many respects superior. First a huge power-grab on a floating pontoon digs into the watery peat deposit and lifts it out a ton at a time and dumps it into electric tramway trucks, whereby it is brought to the factory. Next it is taken by a belt-conveyer and dropped into a water-extractor, which presses and crushes most of the moisture out of it. Then it falls into the electrifier, where it is subjected to a current of over a hundred amperes at two hundred and fifty volts pressure for some twenty minutes. A second hydro-extractor is now brought to bear upon it, and the remaining water is removed, after which it goes to a kneading-machine, and then to the moulder which reduces it to its final shape of briquettes. These briquettes are conveyed to storage-sheds to dry and harden under the influence of the chemicals which have been released by the action of the electricity. Here they remain for ten or twenty days while they contract and harden until their texture is like that of coal. Electro-peat fuel is said to be applicable to all the uses of coal. It burns briskly and well in the domestic hearth or kitchen, without smoke or soot, and it leaves no cinder or clinker, and but little ash. It takes less room than coal, stacks more easily, and improves rather than otherwise by keep-

ing. Good gas for lighting purposes can be made from it, and it behaves well in the gas-producers for power purposes which are coming so rapidly to the front. Lastly, it is much cheaper than coal; and in view of the rapidly approaching exhaustion of the world's coal-deposits it will be very welcome as a substitute if all that is claimed for it be true.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Those who in the early days of wireless telegraphy confidently prophesied the quick demise of telegraphic cables and wires are still a very long way from that justification which prophets so seldom receive. For though in its decade of active existence much has been done to free the new system from the reproach that its messages are incapable of direction into any given channels, very much more still remains to be done before a wireless communication will have that privacy and freedom from interference which a cablegram possesses. But it has come to pass that the very fault which constitutes its greatest weakness from the ordinary telegraphic point of view is a valuable virtue in another direction. A ship in distress sends a message for help out over the waters, knowing nothing as to who may pick it up. All other vessels in the vicinity which are equipped with the apparatus will get that message, and probably some will be able to help. Again, the latest meteorological observations and deductions, with forecasts of storms to be expected, are sent out at random, as it were, from various stations. All ships within some hundreds of miles receive the warnings and reissue them on their own account, to be picked up in turn by vessels beyond the range of the original message, and so in a short time the warnings are flashed all over the navigable seas, and something is added to the safety of thousands, perhaps millions, of people, which some may think is even better than the secret transmission of information regarding the prices of stocks and shares.

POSITIVE DIFFERENTIAL GEAR FOR MOTOR VEHICLES.

Liability to side-slip, which causes so many accidents with motor vehicles, is accentuated by the action of the differential gear which enables the rear or driving wheels to rotate simultaneously at different speeds. This is essential for turning purposes; but it is obvious that if the rear wheels were rigidly fixed to a solid axle they would materially resist sudden deviations from a straight course, such as happen with side-slips. Two Glasgow gentlemen, Messrs Reid and Rickie, well known for their improvements in locomotives, have patented and practically tested an improvement on the ordinary differential gear which gives the effect of a solid rear axle as long as the steering-gear is set for a straight course. A slight motion of the steering-wheel in either direction, however, frees the outer radius rear-wheel, while the inner radius wheel is still kept in rigid connection with the driving-shaft. The apparatus

consists of two locking devices engaging either side of the rotatable differential gear-case, which slide on keys or projections on the two portions of the axle or shaft. The locking apparatus is operated by a simple arrangement of cams and rods worked from a lever on the steering spindle. No separate mental or physical effort is required for manipulation, the movements of the steering-wheel doing all that is necessary.

SALMON FISHING.

Mr W. Earl Hodgson has published a companion volume to his *Trout Fishing* entitled *Salmon Fishing* (A. & C. Black), which may well awaken the story-telling gift in the experienced or inexperienced angler and carry him in imagination to the river-banks to fight his battles over again. The frontispiece, 'Salmon Fishing on the Dee,' is copied from a picture by Mr Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A., while there are twenty full-page illustrations, including the gorgeous model set of seventy-four varieties of salmon-flies by Mr P. D. Malloch, of Perth, reproduced in their actual colours, from the huge Nicholson to the Lilliputian Dusty Miller. The author discusses the peculiarities and appetite of salmon, and concludes that this fish does eat in fresh water, and that when he rises he usually means to eat. The craft of catching salmon by rod and line is dealt with, and there is an account of salmon rivers and lakes in the United Kingdom, and relatively what they are worth to the angler, as well as some that are overseas. Trout-flies seem more uniform in type than those for salmon, which are of endless variety of tinsel, feathers, and fur. The section which deals with the question as to whether salmon are declining in our rivers and lochs is of great interest and importance, and evidence is given on the point. In regard to their propagation, Mr Michie, the King's agent at Balmoral, is not in favour of artificial rearing of young salmon, and thinks spawning fish should be left undisturbed in their natural spawning beds. Quite as entertaining a volume might be made of poachers' methods—of netting, sniggling, burning the water, with accompanying escapes, fines, imprisonments. It would be quite a revelation if done to the life. Some very law-abiding members of society could supply interesting reminiscences. The water bailiff's story and that of the poacher might be made complementary.

ARE SAFES FIREPROOF?

After the great San Francisco fire it was found that a large proportion of the so-called fireproof safes and vaults had failed to stand the test, that their contents were destroyed, and in some cases their owners were ruined. Few safes could, of course, come through such an ordeal with their contents intact. In saving them care was taken to dig the safes out of the smouldering ruins at once, and cool them by covering with sand or swathing in wet blankets. In cases where the

safes remained amongst hot ashes the contents were transformed into charcoal. An article in the *Magazine of Commerce* gives the comments of various British manufacturers on this state of matters, some of whom are of opinion that this result has been largely owing to the use of cheap and unreliable safes. Few, if any of them, seem to have been of British manufacture. The American idea of filling chambers of safes with infusorial earth or asbestos is condemned as sure to cook the contents of the safe in the hour of severe trial. Not a fireproof but a steam-generating and moisture-evolving composition keeps the inside cool, and would dry into a non-conducting material and keep heat from the contents for a longer period. Most of the large safe manufacturers in England understand this, and so are ahead of American makers.

IMPROVED VARIETY OF RHUBARB.

Luther Burbank the famous California plant-propagator has produced a new variety of rhubarb which he thus describes: It is a variety which produces luscious, juicy stalks perpetually throughout the year, and which do not have the rank, strong taste, or, as some express it, ground-flavour which we naturally associate with the older rhubarbs. In place of this is a mild but pronounced fruity flavour very much resembling strawberries or raspberries; so much so, that when this rhubarb is once tasted no one ever cares to taste the old kinds. Being perpetual, it produces a much greater weight of stalks throughout the season than other varieties.

A SPRIG OF WHITE HEATHER.

In a great mountain gully I was nurs'd,
Speckled with random boulders, bleak and barren;
Hidden away beside a rabbit-warren
I watch'd the torrents down their steep banks burst.
Sweet maid, it was your lover found me first,
Trudging toward the ridge of old Ben Bharrain;
And now he sends me with a scent of Arran,
And this shy sonnet which himself hath vers'd.
He thinks my bloom will well with yours compare,
Since you are pure as these white buds of mine;
As among common heather I am rare,
So among women you; and for a sign
That love eternal all his being fills,
I bear a breath from those eternal hills.

A. Y. CAMPBELL.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

HOW LALAVOINE WON THE CROSS.

By ANDREW W. ARNOLD.

CHAPTER I.

IN the corner of a leaky cart-shed at Corneza, beneath a lantern suspended from a rafter, Lalavoine, Resler, myself, and a fellow in the Pioneers named Merton were playing piquet. Around us, regardless of the terrible thunderstorm that was raging without, our troopers in the damp straw were sleeping.

'You fellows can go on playing all night if you like,' said Lalavoine, 'but "the major"* told me to get as much rest as I could, so I am going to roost.'

'Yes, and dream of Catarina,' laughed young Resler.

'I could not dream of any one better. *Parbleu!* why?'

'Her eyebrows, her figure,' I interposed, 'her whole *tout ensemble*, make her the star of'—

But the badinage of our easy-going, good-natured comrade was suddenly stopped by the appearance of an orderly with a lantern, who informed us that the colonel required our presence immediately.

It was certainly hard on Lalavoine, who was half-way up the ladder leading to the loft, for the rain was coming down in sheets. He had had a bad attack of fever, and had only come back to duty two days before. It was during his illness that he had fallen desperately in love with a certain Catarina Gonzalez, who was staying with some relatives in the house where he was taken ill, and who by her tender nursing had, he maintained, brought him back to life. Out of the forty-eight hours that had elapsed since his return, fully twenty-four of them had been spent in singing the praises of this incomparable dark-eyed beauty.

'I am sorry to disturb you, gentlemen,' said the colonel, 'but I have just received very important despatches from *Maréchal* Lefevre, and I must give you your instructions for to-morrow morning.'

*The surgeon in the French service is usually called 'the major.'

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Thereupon he and the *chef d'escadron* proceeded to pin a huge map to the wall.

'We will describe,' he continued, 'an imaginary line from Valcaniz, on the right, on the west, to Albria on the east. We will divide this into three portions. This country is to be thoroughly reconnoitred by the first three squadrons; the fourth will remain with me.' Then he pointed out more particularly the various districts, the peculiarities of the ground, &c., and the precautions we were to take. 'But,' he concluded, reading from a despatch, 'on no account whatever are you to come in contact with the enemy. However small a body you may see, you are to retreat at once, if possible without being seen yourselves; though it is very unlikely you will see any, as our latest intelligence is that Cuesta is not farther north than La Fontana de la Reina, which is five leagues farther south than you have to go, and he has plenty to do watching De Tessier on his right flank. And, remember, there is to be no pillaging. Commanding officers will now take copies of their districts from this map. *Reveille* at four to-morrow. Gentlemen, good-night.'

As soon as the chief had left, the first and second majors left their maps to be copied by their respective captains. The third squadron was under Lalavoine. As the latter was tired, I offered to do his work for him, and soon with paper and rulers we were hard at work.

'Now, don't forget, no pillaging; and I shall hope to see you all here in three days,' were the colonel's parting words.

It was a bright, clear morning towards the end of October, and the storm had cleared the air; though as the day went on we soon found that it was destined, in spite of the fresh breeze from the mountains, to be as hot as September in France.

Alphonse Lalavoine was a charming companion, but intensely sentimental; in fact, I never met any one who was less adapted for an officer than he was. He had only joined the service to please his father,

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OCTOBER 6, 1908.

who from being a drummer-boy at the outbreak of the Revolution had risen to be a General of Brigade. My comrade had not a spark of energy where military matters were concerned, or any ambition to rise in his profession. He had a most lovely voice, which he inherited from his mother, who was an Italian opera-singer, and his great desire was to go on the stage. Young Resler, my sub, was his exact antithesis, for he was full of energy, courage, and resource. He had all the making of a soldier—a trifle impetuous perhaps, as many are at twenty, but he never shirked responsibility; and, above all, he had plenty of imagination. And if his recklessness sometimes got him into an awkward place, by his wits and pluck he always got out of it.

Lalavoine decided to make straight for Alricia, which was the limit on the south-eastern portion of the district we had to cover, then go straight along the southern side, and then work his way back on the western side. We knew all the ground for about five leagues from Corneza to the south, and at first we took things easily. Then we commenced our duties in a more systematic manner. We had about ninety-six men in the squadron. Half of these kept to the chief road, often only a rough track, under Lalavoine; while I and Resler went off on each flank, meeting him at a certain agreed point in the evening. I was well aware, though Lalavoine little knew and cared less, that the ground we had to examine was not the most important; nevertheless, both Resler and I performed our duties in the most thorough way, noting all the streams and fords, the strength of the bridges, &c., the condition of the country, and the supplies we were likely to get from it.

All went well on the first day, and round the fire in the evening Lalavoine talked of his lady-love.

'If ever I get anywhere near Buenaca,' he said, 'I will carry her off. You see if I don't. Ah, my boys,' he added, with a love-sick sigh, 'if she had not been obliged to return to her home I would soon have persuaded the "major" that I should not be fit for duty for a month. "When you come, Alphonse," she said, "I am yours." Those were her last words to me as we parted.'

Both Resler and I fervently hoped that we never should be anywhere near Buenaca, for we had quite enough of Catarina as it was; but we were soon destined to have some more. On the following day, as we approached Alricia, we got into a very woody district, one huge forest of oaks and chestnuts which covered the mountain range before us.

This was just the place for guerillas, and the whole squadron now kept together. It was always well, when these cowardly and crafty rogues were about, to capture any of the natives that one could, to hold as hostages; moreover, it often prevented them from firing if they saw some of their own people among the troops. So, coming across a sleeping swineherd, we made him come along with us. Besides, we thought he might be useful as a guide. He proved, however, to be so dense, and he spoke

such a *patois*, that he was not much of an acquisition; but almost immediately afterwards we had a stroke of good luck, for, coming down a very steep bridle (or what the Spaniards call a 'horseshoe') path at right angles to us, we saw a horseman. He would have retreated if he could, but we shouted to him to come forward unless he wished to be shot, and he did so. He was a handsome, well-built fellow, about fifty years of age, and capitally mounted.

'Who are you?' cried Lalavoine.

'I'm the chief steward,' he answered haughtily, 'of the Most Noble Duque de Fuentado y Marameda, a double grandee of Spain, whose property you are on, and who owns all the land as far as you can see to the west and north.'

We made him also come with us, and we all rode on together, the worthy fellow dilating as we did so on the great power and influence of his master.

It was our intention just to see the little town from the heights, which we learnt was on the other side of the ridge, ere we went under cover of the wood to the west. It was early in the afternoon when one of our videttes came tearing back saying that Alricia was occupied by a battery of Spanish artillery and some dragoons; and to the right, going in a south-easterly direction, was what appeared to be, from their numbers, the whole Spanish army.

I guessed at once what that meant. The Spaniards' intention was evidently to surround De Tessier, otherwise they would never have been so far north. Ever since Baylen, six months before—the only pitched battle they ever won over us French by themselves—they had had a perfect craze for wide, outflanking movements. Wellington always advised them to stick to guerilla warfare, in which they really excelled; but their commanders were too proud and stupid to follow that sage counsel, which indeed was lucky for us.

'*Sapristi!*' exclaimed Lalavoine, aghast at the intelligence, for we had reckoned on Cuesta, in true Spanish fashion, wasting his time for a week or two at Fontana de la Reina. 'Capé,' he said, turning to me with a helpless look on his face, 'what the deuce shall we do?'

'Why, retreat, of course, as we were ordered; but first of all we will go and see for ourselves.'

We left the swineherd with our men, who were ordered to remain where they were, but we took the steward with us. Cautiously we rode to the edge of the wood, having left the Spaniard a little behind with the videttes, and there indeed an extraordinary sight presented itself.

Just beneath us, to the left, in the valley was the pretty little town of Alricia. In the middle of the *plaza* were four guns, the sun shining on them, with their ammunition-wagons behind. The horses had not been taken out, and had their nose-bags on. The chargers belonging to the dragoons were likewise feeding on the shady side. The carbines were all *en faisceau* (stacked) near them. Apart from one sentry who was leaning against the wall of a large inn in the centre of the *plaza* smoking a

cigarette, and another who was talking to a gaudily dressed girl seated on the edge of a well with a fan in her hand, there was not a soldier to be seen, for they had not yet finished their siesta.

Right opposite to us, above the town, was a splendid old castle that we found afterwards belonged to the Marques de Faldurra. The castle was built on what we call *un dos d'âne** which sloped down to the west; and it was at the end of this ridge, on the other side, about a league off, that we saw a large army like a huge snake following a road to the south-east. Under a vast cloud of dust we could see all branches of the service slowly moving.

For my own part I was completely fascinated by the guns at my feet. The sight of them made my mouth water, and yet I was fairly nonplussed. The Spaniards had their own way of doing things; but I could not understand for what earthly reason this little body of artillery and cavalry—for there were not more than fifty of the latter—had gone out of the line. The absence of any infantry, too, was so peculiar.

'Lalavoine, my boy,' I said deliberately as I shut my glass with a snap, 'you have got a chance of getting the Cross now, *parbleu!* and you will never get such a chance again, I will warrant.—Will he, Resler?'

'No, indeed,' said the latter, with kindling eyes. 'They are all asleep, and the guns are there. The place would be ours in ten minutes, and we should be leagues away ere the main body found it out.'

'Do you think I want to be court-martialled?' said Lalavoine. 'Do you remember the colonel's words, "On no account engage the enemy"?'

'But, my dear fellow,' I replied, 'he went on the assumption that they were at Fontana de la Reina. Don't you see that the whole position is changed? Oh, look at those guns! Why, they are waiting for us to take them. *Sacré bleu!* you will never, never get such an opportunity again.'

'Devil take the guns!' said Lalavoine. 'And besides, if we got them, we should probably ride right into a lot more Spaniards who are farther on. There must be more. They could not possibly be there by themselves.'

His lethargy was astounding, and inwardly I swore with rage as I thought of letting such a prize slip.

'Well, anyway,' I said gloomily, 'I suppose I had better take a sketch of the district?'

'Of course,' replied Lalavoine; 'and be quick about it.'

Having finished the sketch, I called to the Spaniard just to give me some particulars. Before I could do so, however, he had caught sight of the guns below us, and his bright black eyes became round with astonishment.

'*Cielo!*' he exclaimed, his face aglow with animation, 'why, that's the young master's

battery. Oh yes, I am certain of it. He has often told me of it. Do you see all the horses are chestnuts? And those dragons! They are the First Dragons *de sa Majestad el Rey!*

'What on earth do you mean?' we asked.

'Why, my young master is in the artillery.'

I knew enough of the Spanish service to know that the sons of the nobility usually went into the cavalry, if they entered the service at all, and I told him so.

'I know that,' he replied; 'but my young master *el marques*, he is different from most of them; he loves his profession. He hates your Emperor;' and as he spoke the man looked at me full in the face, and I thought no worse of him for it. 'He hates, I say, your Emperor as much as I do, but he was fascinated by his history. He vowed that he too would go into the artillery, and that he would rise in his profession. Why, he bought those guns with his own money—ay, and the horses too. He has only got four guns at present, but he means to have six.'

'But what's he doing here?'

'Why, I will warrant he's gone up to the castle to see his lady-love, la Señorita Mercedes Faldurra. It's her brother who is in those dragons. Those two young fellows are great friends; they have evidently got leave to go out of line. The Faldurras own all the land on the other side of the road beneath us. When the war is over the wedding will take place; and, *caramba*, what a wedding it will be!'

The good man would have gone on talking for an hour, but Lalavoine cut him short.

'*Allons!*' he said, 'it's time we were off.'

'Where does that road' to the east lead to?' I asked hurriedly of the Spaniard, as our map ended at Alrica, for, alas! I had not been inclined that night to do more than I could help.

'Two leagues farther on is Corta, and there the road branches off to the north-east to Brenzo, and to the right it goes on to Buenaca and Barra.'

'Buenaca!' exclaimed Lalavoine.

'Yes, Buenaca,' replied the steward, quite surprised at the captain's manner.

'Do you know the place well?'

'Of course I know it; but our property is not that way, and I have not been there for many a day. I have enough to do as it is.'

'Do you know any one named Gonzalez? Have you heard of the beauteous Señorita Catarina Gonzalez?'

'I have heard of the family,' he replied in rather a supercilious way; 'but they are not of noble blood. I have heard there is a daughter, but I know nothing of her.'

'*Parbleu!* to think of that,' said Lalavoine. His whole manner changed as if by magic in a moment; such was the power of love. His eyes shone with excitement; he was a different man. '*Ciel, Capé!* we'll have those guns. That girl shall be mine to-night.'

* A military term employed to describe a shelving ridge.

Resler and I exchanged glances.

'That's right,' I said. 'Think how proud she will be of you when you have got the Cross.'

'Once only let us get the guns, I innocently thought, 'then we could see about the rest.'

The road by which we had come descended straight down into the town, coming out nearly opposite to the inn. It was quite impossible for us to use that, as the sentry would have seen us at once. We learnt, however, that there was a narrow path to the left, but it was so steep and narrow that

the men could only go in single file, and in any case would have to lead their horses. That would never have done, as it would be necessary to rush the place. Each of us had his plan, but we finally decided that Resler should take sixteen men to the right, leave the horses in the wood, and with a dozen men bar the road which led to the main body of the Spaniards to prevent escape in that direction. Lalavoine and I were to lead the attack on foot with sixty men, leaving the rest with the horses.

(To be continued.)

SHEEP-SHEARING: A PASTORAL SKETCH.

By Major-General W. TWEEDIE, C.S.I.

Annandale for meal and beef,
Carriock for a coo,
Nithsdale for a bonny lass,
And Galloway for woo'.



SEEMING that the method of relieving sheep of their summer fleeces is practically the same throughout the United Kingdom, there is no occasion to be too particular as to the site of the 'hill-farm' or exclusively pastoral holding on which the following simple scene of rural life came under notice; but some slight description of it will perhaps prove interesting.

Let the reader imagine himself, then, to be pursuing, on the longest day of the present year, a primitive and but little-frequented highway which runs through one of the minor straths or glens of south-western Scotland, connecting Dumfriesshire with the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. At first the valley expands itself finely. The confining hills throw well back their undulating shoulders, their verdant skirts, and their abrupt ridges or summits. The intermediate spaces make up a picture in which the characteristic features of the pastoral and the sylvan landscapes are charmingly blended. In the foreground, links of flowery meadow through which a small, clear streamlet ripples realise the Hebrew lyrist's ideal of 'pastures green, the quiet waters by.' On either hand gentle acclivities studded with well-shaded homesteads carry the eye gradually upward, past the belts of fir and the groves of beech and hazel, into the higher moorland. 'Facts are stubborn chieftains,' as everybody knows. The glen is slowly making the discovery that with foreign grain pouring in at every port it is better to lay down permanent pasture than to keep ploughmen and teams of horses. Doleful traces of rural depopulation accordingly show themselves: here a cluster of roofless cottages, there a bonnet-laird's homestead which has fallen to the grade of a shepherd's shieling.

The hearts that would have given their blood like water
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.*

And yet to some extent the plough has been kept going. A broad belt of alluvium enriches the opener parts of the valley. Tenant-farmers blessed with strapping sons and sonsie daughters who are content to stay at home and save the cost of paid labour can still cultivate to more or less advantage. And so it is that even on the higher hill-brows enclosures of rising corn, of rustling rye-grass, and of root-crop here and there break and relieve the uniformity of the mountain grasses and rushes.

The public road now being followed by the patient or impatient reader brings him, after an easy ascent of five miles, into the heart of the pastures which are to form the scene of to-day's 'handling.' Towards the same spot it also finds its highest elevation, some seven hundred feet above the sea-level, and, skirting for a few hundred yards the 'banks and braes' above it, partakes of the character of a defile. It is not that the hills which form the background have begun to draw together; but on both sides of the road innumerable massive knoves and heathery knolls shelving down into ferny dingles rise and fall and pass into one another; and it is not till one of these picturesque eminences is ascended that the eye can be satisfied. And then the prospect is unique; in all the fair south country there is none more heartsome. To east and west—that is, looking down and up the valley—the vision is unobstructed. In the former direction vast stretches of Nithsdale unfold themselves, with the bulky form of Queensberry melting into cloudland towards the Solway; in the latter, a 'boundless continuity' of hills and mountains extending through two counties leads the eye almost to the Irish Channel. On the north, Loch Urr and the head of the Urr valley are excluded from the picture by a craggy barrier, the sides of which are clothed with highland vegetation, while the lower skirts, sloping sunward, are divided by mossy dikes into shining spaces of soft green pasture. The view which tends towards the southern skyline is neither very extensive nor—save for its tinge of 'pastoral melancholy'—very impressive, following, as it does, a great sweep of broad hill-surfaces, not unmarked with cleughs and peat-bogs,

* 'Canadian Boat-Song.'

where the cross-bred lamb ripens early, and the grouse and the moorcock compete with the whaup, the plover, and the peesweep in making the up-land wilderness vocal.

When a 'cried fair,' a displeasing roup, or a field-preaching is in progress indications of it usually fringe the road like finger-posts. At a sheep-clipping also, when the ewes with lambs at foot are included in the muster, a chorus of sound, made up of the yearning calls of the 'milchy mothers' folded within the bughts, and the passionate complaints of the lambs shut out from them, spreads itself over miles of country,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.*

But to-day there is hardly a sound to break the deep hush of the hill-slopes; for the milch-ewes have been left undisturbed in their pastures, to lead their young from height to height and meadow to meadow; and it is only the stately, bulky fathers of the flock (Border Leicesters, Yorkshires, and blackfaced or mountain), the 'yeld' ewes and the ewe 'hoggets'†—all blackfaced—whose fleeces are now to be taken, much to their own proper relief and contentment.

During the night it had rained heavily; and when, in the early morning, this part of the hirsel was collected, the fleeces were so drouket-like as to render it advisable to mark time for a little, in hopes of the conditions improving. The consequence is that 'frae mornin' sun till dine' the stalwart shepherds who, in the neighbourly spirit of the frugal pastoral industry and not for fee or bountith, have come from far and near to help matters forward have been kept on the saunter round about the labyrinthine circle of folds or sheep-bughts, the gray-bleached stones of which stand out against the sheen of the bracken, near where a burn rises. 'It takes a lazy fellow to make a shepherd' is a good old Border saying; but the meaning merely is that the man whose understanding has been turned into a sheepfold crammed full of 'auld yowes' and 'gimmers,'‡ 'wedders,'§ and 'dimments,'|| not to mention the unfathomable profundities of 'maunchs,'¶ 'sturdy,'** and contagious or non-contagious 'foot-rot,' does not take kindly, any more than the Bedouin herdsman does, to mere routine labour, except, of course, where his own proper store comes into the question. Almost as reasonably might the minister himself—honest man!—be expected to interrupt his pastoral duties with turns of road-mending. This caution is here inserted lest any one should run away with the idea that an indictment would lie against the able-bodied workers who all this time have been waiting idly

on the weather, with the dikes and gates and palings of the folds falling to pieces before them, so that in the near future a possibly impetuous laird will have to pay forty or fifty pounds to a regular builder for erecting a brand-new set of enclosures to meet the requirements of a tenant.

But all this is by the way. Every time of waiting has its term. From the eighteenth century farmhouse, situated behind a screen of hardwoods on the opposite side of the road, the dounce goodman, after much wrinkling of his weather-beaten forehead, at last gives the signal. After that all is life and motion. Not that there is anything of a hurly-burly; the restrained composure of men whose mental habits are more or less moulded by the sterner aspects of Nature is not so easily broken. But with a quiet alertness the sheep-stock, which has been scattered over the adjoining knowes and hollows to dry the fleeces, is driven pell-mell into the enclosures, much in the same manner as the gentlemen who from time to time assemble to pay their respects to royalty are sometimes made to propel one another into the sacred Presence. A grassy yard in the centre of the folds forms the arena. Within it, a lithesome lassie is minding a peat-fire over which a tar-pot is bubbling. Against a dike are ranged some eight or more sheep-stools, across the narrower ends of which the same number of bare-armed herdsman are seated, the broader ends of the stools serving as tables.

During the greater part of the year, when from any cause it becomes necessary to turn to account a sheep's woolly covering there are only two ways of it. Either the wool is clipped short, as Samson's locks were shorn by Delilah, or fleece and skin are taken together, according to the approved practice of the so-called valuator at an obligatory transference of a sheep-stock when an incoming occupier of a farm who happens at the same time to be the laird of it is being passed through their fingers. But about the summer solstice a beautiful natural adaptation shows itself; that is, the fleece so rises that when it is divided longitudinally from the throat to the region of the udder very little persuasion from the clipping-shears is needed to make it come off in the form of a web or a vesture. Indeed, when the dog-days happen to be too oppressive or the shearing is too long delayed, it is not unusual to notice a ewe trailing her half-shed fleece behind her, as a Court lady does her train. Thus it is that for the separating of the fleece at midsummer a very few minutes are sufficient. When, one after another, the pent-up prisoners, clutched by the horns, are hustled into the presence of their shearers and laid on their backs on the sheep-stools, the colouring of the picture rapidly changes. For every grimy wrapper that falls before the sheep-shears a pearly surface of undergrowth, 'soft as young down,' substitutes itself. A boy or a girl or a graybeard then runs up briskly, and with a

* *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. 1.

† A 'hogg' or 'hogget' is a young sheep before its first fleece has been taken.

‡ Ewes that are two years old.

§ Castrated rams.

|| Wedders, from the first to the second shearing.

¶ Maggots.

** Water in the brain-cavity.

buisting-iron* imprints on this dainty piece of underclothing a tarry mark, to grow with its growth and attest the ownership; whereupon the patient sheep is liberated, and, bounding after the manner of its silly kind over imaginary obstacles, goes to rejoin its companions. Meanwhile a hill-farmer's sprightly daughter—'heather-bred and porridge-fed'—is standing, stooping, running, gyrating before the sheep-stools, intent on picking up the fleeces as fast as they are tossed on the greensward. A reverend divine of a bygone period would sometimes offer up thanks for 'Thy gift of woman, to make us comfortable;' but if he could have stood to-day beside the sheepfolds a broader view of 'woman's mission' would have dawned on him. The weight of a mountain ewe's summer clothing is about four pounds, and the mere collecting of some seven score fleeces would have crumpled up most of the dainty 'misses' whose homes are under lamp-posts and by the sides of pavements. But the rustic maiden—to the manner born—finds it only a little pastime, the while that she brings together the scattered treasure, to clip off all the soiled 'taits' or portions, and lay them aside to be made into stockings by the glow of the peat-fire in the long winter evenings; to twist up every fleece into a well-compacted bundle; and to pile the whole into a hillock, ready for packing, and for trampling down by the feet of the shepherds, in the mighty wool-bags, one of which even now hangs expectant on a kind of gallow.

Till long after sunset the strident click of the sheep-shears carries on the story, with wonderfully few sounds besides to break the monotony; for the dogs are sleeping, and the sheep dumfounded, and the men and women working; and herds as a rule are not talkative like townsmen; and it is only in a casual way, and in the intervals of deep, reflective smoking, that a 'braw yowe' is noticed or the clash of the country-side circulated.

At decent intervals a dram is served, just to sus-

tain sinking nature. One or two of the men, it then appears, have taken 'Touch not, taste not, handle not' as their motto, doubtless for good reasons; but the majority, mindful at once of the Christian example and of the apostolic sanction, place self-control and moderation higher on the list of the virtues than total abstinence. Fortunately there is no call here to thresh out this hard question. Lest, however, any one should make the mistake of associating in his mind drunkenness or 'drunken orgies' with scenes of this description, it may just be mentioned in passing that on the lands to which the reader has now been taken, and which are five miles distant from any licensed house or any village, a single gallon of whisky forms the modicum of 'refreshment' which is consumed on occasions like the present in the course of every twelvemonth.

And now the hours of labour lose themselves in the darkling. The evening star Hesperus has long been looking over the hill-top with a message of rest for the weary. The well-stuffed wool-bags are locked up in the barn against to-morrow, when they will be carted to a railway-station and despatched to Glasgow. In commerce as in politics the 'wave theory' is always receiving illustration. 'The woo's sae weel up the year that it's paid a' the rent,' said the immortal Goodman of Charlieshope in the times referred to in *Guy Mannering*.† From this particular view-point the present days are still degenerate; but a marked improvement is being witnessed. Five short years ago unwashed blackfaced wool scarcely touched fourpence per pound; whereas to-day's consignment was sold before it was shorn, at eightpence halfpenny a pound for the blackfaced, and elevenpence a pound, all net, for the 'bred' tup‡ fleeces. Nor does any one seem to begrudge this tardy gleam of sunshine on the sombre moorlands of the fresh and vigorous hillfolk, one of whose gala occasions, so rich at once in poetic and in practical interest, an attempt has been made to depict in this little paper.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

By GEORGE FREDERICK TURNER.

CHAPTER XXV.

AS I toiled laboriously up the steep ascent by the Kastel-run I noted the familiar landmarks of the course, contrasting the rate of my present progress with that of the previous night's descent. Approaching the Mariencastel, I noticed with surprise that a couple of soldiers were standing by the gate, and as I came up to them they barred my farther progress by crossing their rifles in front of me. I had no

particular desire to enter the building, but I required information.

'Is the Prinzessin within?' I demanded.

'Yes, Excellency.'

'And no one is permitted to enter?'

'Not without a permit, Excellency.'

'Is any one else here?' I asked, after a pause.

'The Herr Schneider is also within.'

Herr Schneider! What the deuce was he doing?

* To buist—To mark sheep or cattle with the owner's distinctive mark.—*Jamieson*.

† *Vide* Chap. xxvi.

‡ The provincial word for ram, sanctioned by Shakespeare in *Othello*.

I wondered; and, knowing his sentiments towards the Princess, I began to feel uneasy.

'Kindly inform the Herr that Herr Saunders is without, and desires an entrance.'

The man hesitating, I backed my authoritative manner with a five-krone piece. The result was satisfactory, and a minute later the detective himself emerged from the castle and secured my admission. His broad face was illuminated by an expression of joyous excitement, and his restless eyes were eloquent of profound self-satisfaction.

'You look happy,' I could not help remarking.

He put his hand to his cravat, wherein was fixed a large and rather vulgar diamond-pin.

'It has been a great day,' he said. 'Much good fortune has come my way; but the best fortune still awaits me.'

'How so?'

'I have an order from the King,' he said, patting his breast-pocket, 'empowering me to arrest the Prinzessin. The events of last night have had an extraordinarily hardening effect on His Majesty's nature, and his feelings towards women are especially bitter. Acting on my advice, he has not only ordered the Princess's arrest, but so worded the order that I should be justified in taking extreme measures in the event of any attempt at escape or resistance on her part.'

'A most improbable contingency, I should imagine,' I remarked.

'I hope so,' said my companion, and his shifty eyes finally shot into their respective corners and looked wickedly cunning. We were in the building now, and I noticed that the floral decorations of the previous evening were still left untouched, and, in view of what had befallen the House, their festive air was grimly inappropriate.

'Have you notified to the Princess that she is under arrest?' I demanded.

'I have. And she is now considering my proposal,' he added.

'Your proposal?'

'Precisely. My proposal of marriage. If she consents to be my wife I am confident that my influence with His Majesty can procure her pardon and release. If she refuses'—here he brought out a revolver and tapped it against the palm of his fleshy hand—'well, she will have made a most determined effort to escape.'

By great good fortune I succeeded in choking down the exclamation of disgust that rose to my lips. Such villainy as this was fitly met neither by rebuke nor violence, but by guile.

'You are a genius,' I said in a forced voice of admiration.

The toad-like features lighted up with manifest pleasure at the compliment.

'And yet you once thought me ambitious!' he said. 'So I was, but not over-ambitious. At length I am in a winning position, and I run no risks. I shall not be content merely with an ordinary promise to marry me, but she must swear to

do so on her mother's soul and the souls of her dead father and brother.'

The man made me feel physically sick.

'A most business-like arrangement,' I said coolly. 'Where is she?'

'In the little *Röthe-saal*, making up her mind.'

'May I go and see her? Perhaps I can help her to make it up.'

'By all means,' he said, after a moment's hesitation. 'I feel sure your splendid worldly wisdom will convince her that the disadvantages of marrying into the middle classes are less than those of a bullet through the spinal cord.'

Not trusting myself to answer him, I advanced to the door of the *Röthe-saal*, an apartment on the ground floor to the right of the ballroom. I had been in the room before, and it was a fair-sized chamber with long red panels in rococo framing, and contained portraits of the late Grand Duke and his exceedingly handsome Duchess. The windows, which opened down to the ground, gave on to the garden, and, looking out, one could see the commencement of the Kastel-run some hundred yards away. In the room I found the Princess. To my surprise, she was dressed in tobogganing costume, but her young face bore the sad tokens of mourning more legibly than any scheme of attire could possibly have done. The change, indeed, from her normal appearance was pathetic in the extreme. The careless laughter, the heedless joy in life, no longer shone in her dark-rimmed eyes or showed in her pale features. Like Herr Bomcke, trouble had robbed her of her conspicuous attributes, only in her case the residue was more appreciable; joy indeed was killed, vivacity was crushed, but there remained pride and the unconquerable courage of the Schattensbergs. Her eyes met mine fearlessly, but the utter hopelessness of their expression moved me deeply.

'I am sorry to intrude upon your sorrow,' I began, 'neither will I weary you with expressions of sympathy, though I would ask you to believe that I feel deeply for you. I merely come here with the intention of serving you.'

'You and I have been playing a stern game,' she said softly, 'and now that you have won all along the line I am too good a sportswoman not to congratulate you on your courage and resourcefulness. Nevertheless, it is too much to expect me to accept your help.'

'Cannot the nobility which congratulates the victor bring itself also to accept his good services?' I said.

She shook her head mournfully.

'For you personally,' she said, 'I have nothing but liking and respect. Your conduct last night, which I have learned of from Herr Schneider's lips, was a splendid mixture of audacity and resource. The trick you played on me I willingly forgive, for my own duplicity fully warranted it; but I cannot forget that but for you my father and brother would be alive to-day.'

'And those who are alive to-day would be even as they are now. I merely did my duty, as you did yours, but Fate set us on opposite sides. And yet of the actual blood of your family I am guiltless. Several times last night I was fired upon, but only once did I pull the trigger of my revolver, and then it was at a lantern I aimed, though I had your brother at my mercy.'

'Is that so?' she asked, and her eyes seemed to wait eagerly for the affirmative that followed. 'Then I am very glad,' she said, and the first tinge of colour that came into her cheeks did me good to see.

'Now,' I said, 'will you accept my help?'

'I am under arrest, I know,' she said; 'but I do not mind.'

'Do you value your life?'

For answer she made a gesture indicating the nature of her garb.

'In my father's lifetime,' she said, 'I was never permitted to venture on the Kastel-run. To-day I have descended it twice. On both occasions I tried to shoot over David, but on both occasions instinct proved stronger than determination; I raked hard and got round the corner safely.'

'All of which proves that life is a burden which it is very difficult for us to set down.'

'And yet,' she said wearily, 'I would set it down very willingly.'

'Doubtless,' I replied. 'Nor am I one who holds that self-destruction is necessarily a crime. Only the number of cases where it is not so is exceedingly small—and yours is not among them.'

'How do you mean?'

'I mean that you cannot destroy yourself without mutilating the hearts of others. There is some one living to whom your decease would be a terrible—an almost fatal—blow.'

She lowered her eyes.

'Whom do you mean?' she asked almost audibly.

'I mean little Stephan.'

'Little Stephan!' She passed her hand across her eyes. 'Assuredly grief is a very selfish thing,' she cried, 'for in the bitterness of my trouble I had almost forgotten him.'

'Therefore,' I continued softly, 'you see it is your duty to live, and I am here to help you to carry out that duty.'

'You are right,' she replied; 'but my life is not in danger.'

'Pardon me,' I said, 'Herr Schneider is in the house.'

'I know. It was he who told me I was under arrest.'

'Is that all he told you?'

'No,' she cried indignantly, 'that is not all. He had the insolence to demand my hand in marriage.'

'I need not ask your reply; but did he not support his suit with certain material considerations?'

'He promised me he could procure my instant release in the event of my accepting him.'

'And in the event of your not accepting him?'

'I do not know. When I refused him he told me he could not accept "No" for an answer, and that in half-an-hour he would see me again, and, if necessary, bring further arguments to bear on me.'

'And you have no suspicion what those arguments are?'

'None.'

'So he reserves his brutality in the hope that it may not be necessary to bring it to light. Your Highness, the argument he spoke of was the same one that your brother employed last night to induce me to take a seat in your boudoir.'

She started in absolute astonishment, but not, I know, in fear.

'He would threaten me!'

'He would not stop at threats.'

'You mean'——

'I mean that he is a lunatic, and a thoroughly dangerous one. He will insist on your promising to be his wife; he will bind you by the same terrible oaths, and if you defy him he is capable of anything.'

'Then your advice?'

'There is only one course practicable, and that is to escape. I am a strong man, and I value my life no higher than you do yours. But I am unarmed; I have not even with me the knife you presented to me at Mrs Van Troeber's ball. Moreover, Schneider is backed by the force of law, and has a couple of soldiers at his disposal. To resist his infamy by force is to play his game for him. We must trust rather to our wits.'

'In that case,' she said simply, 'I thank God that I have you at my side. Your doings of last night fill me with amazement.'

'It is the tactics of last night we must repeat,' I said. 'Herr Schneider, for a clever man, has made two very foolish blunders. In the first place, he thinks I am supporting his odious policy; in the second, he has left open to you a way of retreat.'

'A way of retreat?'

'What is there to stop you stepping out of this window, getting your toboggan, and making your third descent of the Kastel-run? Arrived at Weissheim, you can either put yourself under the King's protection or hire a sleigh and push on to the frontier.'

'I will not throw myself on the King's mercy,' she said.

'Then strike out for the Austrian frontier. The telegraph-wires were cut last night, and in all probability are still unended.'

'And what about Stephan?'

'His Royal Highness Prince Stephan von Schatzenberg is not exposed to the same dangers as yourself. My influence with the King is very considerable, and anything I can do for your brother's present protection and future welfare will be done.'

She held out her hand to me, and I noticed that her eyes were moist with gathering tears. I dreaded

a break-down, for if her purpose failed her it meant a desperate and hopelessly uneven struggle with her persecutor.

I took her hand.

'Be strong,' I said gently. 'The Schattensbergs are ever at their best in the danger-hour.'

She tried to speak—words of gratitude, I feel sure—but her utterance was choked, and she turned away in silence and opened the long French window.

'God be with your Highness,' I murmured, but she did not look round.

I watched her go as far as the toboggan store-room, and then hastily made up my mind to make a detour through the deep snow rather than to retrace my steps through the castle hall where Herr Schneider was biding his time with a revolver in his breast-pocket. I looked upon the man as barely sane, and when he discovered the part I had played in balking his preposterous aspirations his consequent outburst of wrath would in all probability take a homicidal form. Had I been wearing rakes I would have followed the Princess at a due interval down the Kastel-run; but I was unwilling to tempt Providence by making a second rakeless descent of that difficult course. I wandered out into the garden as far as the track, and was about to cross it when a slight scraping sound told me that some one was coming down. It was the Princess, and she was steering as straight and steady a course as the most critical tobogganer could desire. She raised her eyes momentarily to me as she passed, and, raising my cap, I breathed a heartfelt message of 'good luck.'

A second later my eyes fell on Schneider and his two myrmidons. I had looked to see wrath and disappointment on his mobile countenance, but his present expression was rather one of evil triumph, and he shook his head at me as if to point the folly of my attempting to thwart his well-planned scheme. Raising a whistle to his lips, he blew a loud, shrill call. Instantaneously a horse-sleigh emerged from the pine-woods below us and proceeded along the path which crosses the toboggan-run just above the Devil's Elbow. The man's extraordinary villainy was manifest in an instant. Cleverer and baser even than I had imagined, he had foreseen the likelihood of the Princess attempting this particular form of escape; but instead of rendering her attempt impossible, he preferred to let her destroy herself in a fruitless bid for freedom. Foreseeing every detail with fiendish perspicuity, he had retained a sleigh at the upper crossing, with orders to draw across the track on the preconcerted sounding of a whistle. The *crime passionel* is ever hard for ordinary mortals to understand; but the morbid passion that can accept with equal delight the possession or destruction of its object is far beyond a normal compre-

hension. To think was to stand powerless and witness an appalling tragedy, and fortunately I acted by inspiration alone. Wrestling a rifle from the hand of one of the two soldiers, I knelt in the snow and fired at the advancing horse. With a feeling of inexpressible thankfulness, I saw that the shot had taken effect. The beast plunged violently and then fell struggling and kicking to the ground. The sleigh was stopped, and the Princess passed safely on her way to Weissheim.

I turned to Herr Schneider with a smile of triumph, but as my eyes lighted upon his countenance the smile froze upon my lips. Never have I seen human features imprinted with such a look of infinite and diabolical hatred. It was not the face of a man I was gazing on, but the face of a demon. His eyes rolled; his features twitched; his whole frame shook and quivered with the intensity of his unbridled malice. Then he whipped out his revolver and fired at me; but his hand was shaking as if with palsy, and the bullet went Heaven knows where. Again he fired, and yet again a third time; but in spite of our ridiculous proximity I remained untouched. Then he cast down his weapon with a nameless oath and rushed furiously towards the commencement of the Kastel-run.

The soldier whose rifle I had taken tapped the weapon and pointed meaningly to the retreating figure. I shook my head. Herr Schneider's scheme was patent now, and I had no intention of opposing it. The Princess had escaped down the Kastel-run, and he would pursue her by the same road. As he was unprovided with rakes, his chances of negotiating David (if indeed he got so far) were small in the extreme, and the long, death-terminated plunge over the precipice seemed his foreshadowed end. I watched him take a toboggan from the store-room, and, dragging it to the starting-point, throw himself on it with the reckless courage of his distorted passion. It would have been easy for me to brain him with the butt-end of the rifle as he swept past us, and had I deemed his chances of overtaking the Princess appreciable I would have done so unhesitatingly. As it was, I refrained from doing violence to my feelings, and in the light of what was to happen I am glad. Scarcely had the detective flashed by than the wounded horse scrambled to its feet, and, in spite of its driver's efforts, dragged the sleigh across the ice-run and blocked the track. I saw Schneider swerve in his course and bump first into one bank and then into the other; but there was no escape from the adamant confinement of that downward course. There was a moment of fascinated horror, and then one of the soldiers laughed. Herr Schneider's shattered body was lying lifeless in the snow.

(To be continued.)



THE FOODS THAT FEED US.

IN this blatant twentieth century we do not lack advice as to the foods that feed us; while the faddist, the doctor, the man of science, have all a free field and secure a good hearing. If a man, according to the adage, be either a fool or a physician at forty, surely he shall then have learned to feed himself in accordance with the laws of health, by consuming those foods which afford most nourishment for the building up of the body. Digestive ailments have not been banished, although the books are legion which tell us what to eat and what to avoid. Most people of healthy appetites fall in with conventional habits of eating and drinking, and take no thought upon the subject. This answers well so long as no bodily disorder sets in; with ill-health there is an appeal made to the doctor, chemist, or patent food vender; and such books as *What Foods Feed Us*, by Mr Eustace Miles, and others, have a chance. In *The Amateur Cook*, by Katharine Burrill and Annie M. Booth, the subject is dealt with in quite a fascinating way. The romance and interest of cookery have here a new and entertaining setting, while the recipes are by thoroughly competent authorities. There are thousands who still live in wilful ignorance of the food-value of what they eat, and destroy good food in the cooking of it, thus assisting the fell work of physical deterioration. In what follows we give hints and opinions alike from food-reformers and disciples of use and wont.

The British working-classes get the credit of being worse cooks than the Germans, and of spending more on food than either Americans or Germans, not to speak of the frugal and skillful French. When wholesome and intelligent cookery is the rule and not the exception, it will add immensely to the health and well-being of the nation. The Vegetarians—or, as they prefer to be called, the Food Reform people—have done a great deal in showing how health may be maintained without flesh-foods, and in encouraging the use of many wholesome cereals and fruits. It may be that too much butcher-meat is eaten by certain classes. In the new edition of Mrs Beeton's famous cookery-book there is now a vegetarian section. Dr Abercrombie's advice to live on sixpence a day and earn it has been bettered by Mr Eustace Miles, who has published a booklet, *Threepence a Day for Food* (Constable), which costs one shilling, however, and recommends a fleshless dietary. The same writer has published *What Foods Feed Us*, upon which we make some comment. Dr Josiah Oldfield has written on *Butchery and its Horrors and Flesh-eating a Cause of Consumption*. Mr Albert Broadbent of Oxford Street, Manchester, secretary of the Vegetarian Society there, has published, amongst many

other books and pamphlets, *The Building of the Body*, on strictly vegetarian lines. The London Vegetarian Society, which has its headquarters at 34 Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, has also a literature of its own. There are over a dozen vegetarian restaurants in London and many in the provinces. Mr Sydney H. Beard of Paignton has published a fifth edition of *A Comprehensive Guide-Book to Natural Hygienics and the Human Diet*. On principle he refrains from flesh-eating that the 'travail and pain of the sentient creation may be lessened.' His little book is full of useful recipes. The food-reformer uses Dr Haig's statement that we clog the body with uric acid by our flesh-eating. The disciple of use and wont points to the testimony of Baron Tataka of the Japanese navy, who said that the introduction of a meat diet cured of beri-beri those who had been living on rice. The food-reformer says he does not live on rice alone, and points to an enlarged bill of fare, with multitudinous flavours, which, however, requires more care and intelligence to combine, so as to supply the requisite properties for building up the body, than most people can or will bestow.

Dr F. T. Bond of Gloucester has published a pamphlet entitled *The Claims of Cheese as an Article of Diet* (Sanitary Association, Gloucester), in which he regrets that Great Britain, which can make as good cheese as any country in the world, is rapidly becoming only an importer of that valuable article of food. Dr Bond points out that the nitrogenous, or albuminoid, proteid, or tissue-forming classes of food are usually received from meat or fish. Vegetable nitrogenous food-stuffs, we are told, though they have the advantage of bulk, and are, therefore, useful diluents 'of the more concentrated animal albuminoids, are more troublesome to digest, when taken alone, than those of animal origin.' The consumer is consequently between the devil and the deep sea. If he indulges in meat he incurs the risk of loading his system with nitrogenous matter which it does not really want, and which, before he can get rid of it, resolves itself into products, one of which—uric acid—will worry him in various ways before it leaves him, disturbing his health and even imperilling life. If, on the other hand, he consumes sufficient vegetable nitrogen to meet the requirements of his economy, he imposes upon his digestion a burden against which it is apt to revolt, landing him in all the troubles of indigestion. So here we have a choice: the use of meat attended by gout, or vegetarianism by indigestion—although the food-reformer utterly denies this last.

It is at this point that Dr Bond indicates the food-value of cheese. Sixty-five per cent. of good rich cheese represents pure nutritive matter, easy of

assimilation when presented to the stomach in a condition favourable for digestion, and of the highest value for the support of the animal body. 'Weight for weight, and at the ordinary relative prices, cheese is a much more valuable and economic food than meat.' It contains a larger amount of tissue-forming material and supplies as much heat-forming material as fat meat. It has, as concentrated nutriment, advantages over milk in its small bulk and its ready assimilation. But it must be properly masticated, and not sent over in lumps upon which the gastric juice may fail to act. Unpressed cheese has a soft and creamy body, which makes it more nutritious and readily digestible than the pressed or harder varieties. Such cheese as cheddar, stilton, or gorgonzola, in ripening, develops certain volatile fatty compounds and also vegetable moulds which in the stomach are apt to set up fermentation. We argue from this that a half-ripe stilton is better than one that is over-ripe. The Severn Valley Dairy Products Company, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, has prepared cheese under the instruction of Dr Bond which is more easily digestible than ordinary cheese, and which is named *esona*. The curd of this cheese is combined with ingredients which give it digestibility. Butter is receiving the attention of a Government Commission, and it is to be hoped that the wholesale adulteration by water, milk, and foreign fats which is going on may receive a check. Cheese, too, it seems, can be, and is, adulterated by means of 'tiger nuts.'

Mr Francis Fox of Alyn Bank, Wimbledon, the well-known engineer, and author of *River, Road, and Rail*, has written about white flour and bread, and has embodied his views in two articles (*Macmillan's Magazine*, November 1905 and April 1906). He states that in our present method of milling wheat we are losing the valuable portion of the wheatberry next the bran, and the wheat germ, which is used to feed pigs or to make a certain form of patent bread. The old-fashioned horizontal grindstone gave us a better and more nourishing article than the ordinary flour of to-day. The steel roller-mill rolls out the germ into little discs, which do not go to make the flour, but are sifted out with sieves of silk. The result is, we are told, that the public has achieved the white anemic loaf, and in doing so has cast away the most nutritive element of bread. Bread made from flour which contains the germ, as in Hovis, is more nourishing, palatable, pleasant, and will remain longer fresh than the whiter variety.

Doctors differ, for Dr Woods Hutchinson, an American physician, and author of a trenchant paper in *McClure's Magazine* for April 1906, entitled 'Some Diet Delusions,' says pretty nearly the opposite: that 'white bread, and the whiteness of the white, is the best, most helpful, and most nutritive food which the sun has ever grown from the soil.' This writer goes further, and calls vegetarianism a wretched superstition, laughs at the craze for

brown bread, proves to his own satisfaction that oatmeal porridge is positively injurious, recommends pork and ham, condemns so-called health-foods, and concludes that an intelligent omnivorousness is our only safety. 'The vast majority of men are led by their instincts to a reasonably nutritious and sensible dietary, and the more completely we can keep our minds off our digestion and the chemical choice of our food the better it is for us. . . . Our aim should be to keep our food-range as wide as possible. Man's ability to eat and thrive upon everything has gone far to make him the dominant animal living where others would starve.' Dr Woods Hutchinson, who gives this advice, is now a naturalised American. Born at Selby, in Yorkshire, in 1862, he was educated in Quaker schools, graduated at an American University, and began medical practice in 1884. He has held professional posts in anatomy and pathology, and has acted as a London University Extension lecturer. He has published the *Gospel according to Darwin*, and other books.

Dr Hutchinson is, as may be seen, a supporter of use and wont, and thinks that the man in the street who follows his God-given instincts of having three square meals a day, with a preference for rich meats, fats, and sugars, is superior in his instinctive preferences to the vegetarian or food faddist, for 'a breakfast-diet of sausage, buckwheat-cakes, with maple sugar and strong coffee, has carried the white man round the world; while one of salads and cereals, washed down with a post-prandial subterfuge, would leave him stranded in the first ditch he came to.' The broad problems of dietetics were settled long ago in the farmhouse kitchen, in the commissary department of the army, in the cook's galley amidst ships, and in the laboratory. It is a delusion, we are told, to think that particular foods are good for particular things or effects, or that cereals are cooling to the blood, or that spices and curries heat the blood; that fish is good for the brain is a mere will-o'-the-wisp statement arising from the phosphorescence of dead fish in process of decomposition. Pork is one of the slowest but also one of the surest foods to give off all its energy to the body. 'Its very slowness of digestion is what gives it its splendid staying-power for hard work whether muscular or physical.' Dr Hutchinson has seen more cases of dyspepsia cured by the use of breakfast ham than by any kind of drug or restricted diet. Charles Kingsley thought the Scottish peasant might banish consumption if he would take bacon with his oatmeal. The Doctor is especially severe upon what he calls the breakfast-food fad, under which he classes oatmeal and its various preparations. He calls the system 'pompous and pestiferous.' It is no sufficient reason to say that 'the Scots are a great people; oatmeal is their principal food; therefore oatmeal is a great food.' We are told that the most convincing proof the Scotch have given of their greatness has been their ability to live upon oatmeal at all. 'The secret of their wonderful success, both mental and physical,

lies in the fact that any nation trained to survive a diet of oatmeal and the Shorter Catechism could survive anything and flourish anywhere.' Oatmeal has some value as a food, but little to compare with its capacity as a stirrer-up of 'acid fermentations and intestinal putrefactions.' Scotsmen all over the world may have something to say to this, and their minds may be stirred up by something more than an 'acid fermentation' towards this transatlantic traducer of the food of their forefathers.

Spices are valuable intestinal antiseptics, 'checking and preventing putrefaction and fermentation of food in the alimentary canal, and consequent colics.' The appetite for them in the tropics is a healthy instinct. Mustard, too, is a powerful antiseptic. The fact is mentioned that powdered cinnamon has been proposed as a dressing for septic wounds. That meat-fats are too heating for the blood in the tropics is said to be as baseless as the spice-heating delusion. Spice-eaters in the tropics are said to enjoy better health, with greater working power, as well as freedom from dysentery and kindred complaints, than those who do not use them. Most of the restricted hygienic diets are notable for the fact that they are deficient in proper food-value, and whoever lives on them will be dyspeptic. Dr Hutchinson does not deny that human life can be maintained in fair health and vigour upon a chiefly vegetarian dietary, for nearly one-half of the human race has been compelled by sheer necessity so to subsist; but there is no evidence whatever in support of the contention that there is any advantage or superiority in vegetarian diet as such, more than in a purely animal diet as such. The best results are obtained by mixing the two. A vegetarian diet, he says, is the diet of the enslaved, stagnant, and conquered races; a diet rich in meat is that of the progressive, dominant, and conquering ones. No great ape ever lived to maturity fed exclusively on vegetable food. Monkeys die of tuberculosis without chopped meat and insects. There is, therefore, he concludes, no valid reason for excluding any known article of food, whether vegetarian or animal, from our diet-list while we are in health.

Mr Eustace Miles, M.A., coach at Cambridge University, holder of the open tennis championship, and author of many volumes, such as *Muscle, Brain, and Diet*; *Threepence a Day for Food*; and *Foods that Feed Us*, points out in these volumes useful sources of energy, and of proteid or albumen, 'without which we should die.' The things to be avoided, according to Miles, are all flesh-foods, including fish and fowl, oatmeal, coffee, tobacco, and nearly all drugs. The things that suit him personally are cheese, the pulse-foods when he is in active exercise, whole-meal bread, and cucumber. The things most necessary in building up the body are attention to cookery, balance, cleanliness, digestibility, and economy. Regarding this last he has given during the past two years more than four hundred guests sample meals which cost him, on an average, fivepence a

head for raw materials. His *chef*, secretary, and himself lived for a week on simple meals which cost twopence a head daily for raw materials. He says: 'We did this partly in order to show how terribly money was being wasted through wrong choice, wrong cookery, and general lack of economy, alike by the poor and the well-to-do, at a time when England needs common-sense in the choice, cookery, and economy of food more than ever in her history.' It took Mr Miles some time before he learnt how to prepare cereals and pulses. Starchy things should not be sloppy. They should be crisp, or at least dry, to compel mastication. Many people would think they were starved if compelled to follow Mr Miles's list of meals. He justly condemns most of the vegetarian restaurants as giving viands that are poor in taste and consistency, and have too much bulk for all the nourishment. A milk-powder is recommended, which is made in ten-pound tins by the West Surrey Central Dairy Company. Mr Miles has something to say about the acids of flesh-food being undesirable. 'Why,' he says, 'do people eat beef? Partly because of its stimulating effect, partly because of its body-building proteid. Why should people not eat beef? For many reasons, of which not the least is the offensiveness of the trade and its requirements, partly also because of the impurity of a great deal of the beef that is sold, partly because of the high price, partly because of the perishability, partly because of the over-acidity which is very incorrectly termed "uric acid." In the following homely rhyme Mr Miles indicates the food-value in proteid of the articles mentioned, beginning at the highest, and concluding with the lowest:

Cheddar, lentils, haricots,
Chicken, peas; and after these,
Beef, salt-herring, oatmeal, eggs,
Whole-meal flour, some parts of pig;
Walnuts, next fresh fish, then fig,
Cabbage, milk, then prunes, then roots
(Like potatoes), then fresh fruits;
In butter, arrowroot, and tea,
And sugar, less and less we see
Of the body-building stuff,
Of which four ounces are enough
In daily food for most of you,
If professors' words are true.

But to return to Dr Woods Hutchinson: he considers it a delusion to attempt to regulate diet. 'A man who continuously and anxiously considers the kind of food he eats, whether it is going to agree with him or not when he eats it, is a dyspeptic, and will always remain so. In the language of a modern writer, "Nothing survives being thought of," and the digestion is a striking case in point. The vast majority of men are led by their instincts to a reasonably nutritious and sensible dietary, and the more completely we can keep our minds off our digestions and the "chemical" choice of our food the better it is for us.' And so we let the Doctor have the last word on this subject.

REMINISCENCES OF DR JOHN BROWN.



I CANNOT boast intimate personal friendship with Dr John Brown, and I may therefore be thought a little vainglorious in attempting to describe my introduction and first interview with the kind-hearted author of *Rab and his Friends*. It was, however, so characteristic of the man, and so full of kindly geniality, that a short account may prove interesting.

Those who are acquainted with the Doctor's works may call to mind the short story which he tells in the Introduction to *Horre Subcivice*, as illustrating the good effects which may sometimes ensue from a joke, even when made in a sick-room. The Doctor says—for I must be permitted to repeat the story in his own words—'A comely young wife, the "cynosure" of her circle, was in bed, apparently dying from swelling and inflammation of the throat, an inaccessible abscess stopping the way; she could swallow nothing; everything had been tried. Her friends were standing round the bed in misery and helplessness—"Try her wi' a compliment," said her husband, in a not uncomic despair. She had genuine humour as well as he; and, as physiologists know, there is a sort of mental tickling which is beyond and above control, being under the reflex system and instinctive as well as sighing. She laughed with her whole body and soul, burst the abscess, and was safe.'

Now, it was at the house of the comely young wife, in Greenhill Gardens—though the incident as related occurred in Gayfield Square—that I had the honour of meeting Dr Brown, and this is why I have thought it not inappropriate to repeat the story. But when I knew the 'cynosure of her circle' she was no longer the comely young wife which the Doctor calls her, but a kind, comely old lady fast approaching eighty years of age, and one of the dearest types of an old Scottish gentlewoman I ever saw; in fact, a charming edition of the character as drawn by Sir Walter Scott in Mrs Bethune Baliol. She was fond of telling the story, and used to laugh merrily over it. She said she felt very ill, and was nervously watching the Doctor's face and that of her husband, both of whom looked very grave; but when she heard the Doctor say in a subdued voice, as he turned to her husband, 'She can swallow nothing, Mr N'—, and her husband's reply in an equally grave tone, but with a slight twinkle of humour in his eye, 'Try her wi' a compliment,' she was seized with an irresistible fit of laughter which effectually burst the abscess. She used to say she could not resist the impulse to laugh, the Doctor looked so very grave; and her husband, while he also looked grave, had a half-comical expression on his face as he made the joke. 'You know,' she would add, 'I always was vain, and Mr N—, who knew my weakness, often quizzed me on the subject.'

Mr and Mrs N— had been friends and patients of the Doctor's all their married life; and although I was much at their house, and had often heard them talk of the Doctor, I never had the good fortune to meet him until the year 1875. In the July of that year old Mr N— fell and broke his arm, and I had gone up one evening shortly after the accident happened to see how he was getting on. Mrs N— and I were sitting in the drawing-room window looking out for the Doctor, whom she was anxiously expecting; while my dog sat in the street just outside the garden-gate. What his breed was I am almost afraid now to say, but I used to declare he was a 'Mustard-Dandie'; but whatever the breed, he was as honest and intelligent a dog as could be met with anywhere. He had soft, silky ears, and brown eyes beaming with faithfulness and friendship. When talked to he had the habit of looking earnestly in the face of his interlocutor with one ear cocked as if he were paying profound attention to all that was said; in fact, he was just the dog to attract a man like Dr Brown, judging from the enthusiasm he displays in writing about his numerous canine favourites. When the Doctor drove up and stepped out of his cab we saw he was at once taken with Snap (for that was my dog's name), and an animated conversation immediately began. There stood the Doctor, evidently talking to his new friend with great gravity and giving him lots of good advice blended with praise, though we could not hear the purport of his remarks. We could, however, see from his gestures he was making him speeches, while he admonished him with his forefinger just as if he were addressing some mischievous village urchin whom he had caught robbing a blackbird's nest, while all the time Snap sat looking at him with great solemnity, for he was a dog that took life rather seriously, and his ear cocked as usual. He was, however, taking in all that was said, and promising—if one could judge from the earnest manner in which he was listening—to do everything the Doctor was telling him.

My old friend watched what was passing with impatience blended with amusement, for she knew the Doctor's foible and his love for dogs. 'Just look at the Doctor!' she said. 'Is he never coming up? I do think he'll stand talking to that dog of yours all night. I doubt I shall have to send the maid down for him.' This, however, proved unnecessary, as, after a final wave of his hand to his new friend, the Doctor came up the gravel walk and made his way to the drawing-room, where we were awaiting him. The first question he asked as we rose to greet him was, 'Whose dog is that?' Then, without waiting for a reply, he exclaimed almost in the same breath, 'He's the most intelligent animal I have ever seen. I've been talking to him for the last five minutes, and he understands every word I have said to him.' His face was beaming

with pleasure and excitement as he said this; and, entering into the humour of the situation, I smilingly replied, 'He's mine, Doctor; and an old and faithful friend he is, I can assure you.' The Doctor came straight up the room to where I was standing, and placing his hands on my shoulders—although, as I say, we had never met before—gave me a hearty shake, saying as he did so, 'And what's your name, then?' I could not help laughing at this unceremonious style of greeting, but introduced myself with as much gravity as I could command; upon which he gave me another good-humoured shake, and said, 'Well, you are an ugly devil! I should not like to get a rap from your fist.' This he probably intended to be complimentary, as I may say I stand over six feet, and was then in my prime.

He now turned to my old friend, who was an amused spectator of our interview, and began inquiring after his patient. I could not help admiring the gentleness of his manner when he spoke to Mrs N—, and the interest his kindly face evinced in her replies. His patient was a man after his own heart, and many a joke they had had together. He was also a great admirer of the Doctor's works, especially of *Rab and his Friends*, the deep pathos of which strongly affected him, while he used to laugh over the anecdotes contained in *Mystifications*.

I must here be permitted to repeat one of my old friend's jokes, as I feel sure had the Doctor brought out another edition of his works he would have found a place for it. He was, as I have said, laid up with a broken arm, and among the many friends who called to inquire after him was an old lady whose great hobby was knitting stockings; and on Mrs N— going up to his bedroom to tell him that Miss M— had called to ask after him, and was much concerned on his behalf, he immediately replied, 'Tell her, with my compliments, that I am doing very well, and busy knitting like herself; but I'm knitting banes instead of stockings.'

Another story my old friend told me about the Doctor was also so characteristic of the man that it is worth repeating, though some of my readers may think that it exhibits rather a curious side

in his nature. He was attending Mrs N— for some slight indisposition, and they were sitting chatting together in the dining-room, when suddenly the Doctor rose from his chair, walked across the room, deliberately opened a press-door, and looked in. After looking at the contents of the various shelves, he quietly returned to his seat without saying a word; but when he saw Mrs N—'s amused and astonished face he said with a laugh, 'Do you know, I've always wondered what you kept in that cupboard of yours; but I see it's only jams and jellies after all.' When she told this little incident Mrs N— would say if an ordinary man had done such a thing she would have felt indignant; but it only amused her to see the Doctor give way to his curiosity, as he was not an ordinary man, and any little bit of eccentricity was excusable in him. Indeed, she never knew whether he was prompted by curiosity, as he said, or whether he wanted to amuse her.

One more reminiscence and I have done. It, too, shows the kindly old Doctor's methods of cheering up his patients, for he was a firm believer in dispelling gloom from the sick-chamber when this was at all practicable. He was attending Mrs N— some time after she became a widow, and, as she afterwards told me, he used to sit at her bedside chatting about old times, and doing all in his power in his kind, old-fashioned way to raise her spirits. One day, preparatory to saying good-bye, he stood leaning his arms for some time on the board at the foot of the bed, while he looked in her face with an earnest smile. At length she said, 'Well, Doctor, what are ye looking at?' To which he replied, 'I was just wondering if ye were always sic an ill-faured woman as ye are now,' and, without waiting for a reply, hurried off with a quiet laugh, knowing the remark would amuse his old friend and patient, and that she would smile over what he had said when he was gone, for he knew her harmless vanity and keen appreciation of a joke.

There is not much, I fear, in these short reminiscences of the good old Doctor, whose *Correspondence* is being published; but they may prove interesting from the fact that they are genuine stories.

A NEW ILLUMINANT.

By J. E. WHITBY.



SINCE a Higher Power has ordained that our planet shall alternately have its face illumined by sunshine or steeped in darkness, one of the chief necessities of modern life is incontestably artificial light, and it is good news, therefore, that another illuminant has been discovered, for by discovery should come improvement.

Though we may have increased our need for

artificial light, its actual lack was felt by all the ancients; and Flaubert, in his wonderful novel *Salammbô*, describes on undoubted authority the Carthaginians as using petroleum. Reviewing hastily the more recent ages, we pass in turn torches, candles, and oil-lamps, and so come to 1818, when gas was first discovered as a lighting-power. More recently still electricity has waved her magician's wand, and countless brilliant stars have arisen at her call. Yet, notwithstanding all the remarkable progress

made with artificial lighting of late years, the question cannot be said to be absolutely settled, for gas and electricity are for many purposes and many purposes very dear, while the fact that both require a special place of manufacture and each a system of canalisation or of wires puts these illuminants out of the reach of any but those who live in large centres.

There remains petroleum, whose advantages and drawbacks need not be insisted on here, for a new king-light has arisen for which it is claimed that it is three times as cheap as petroleum, and from seven to eight times as cheap as electricity, while giving a far better light and needing no special conduits for its application. The discovery is due to that eminent French engineer M. Denayrouze, who did so much to launch the electric light, since it was he who in 1875 first installed it in the Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, while his frequent inventions and improvements for gas and alcohol lamps have made him one of the first authorities in artificial lighting. He has now not only discovered a new lighting-factor, but has invented a special lamp for its use. So impressed by the possibilities of M. Denayrouze's latest venture is the city of Paris that an experiment is being made with ten thousand of the new burners as arranged for street-lighting. The municipality has been tempted by the promise of a greater lighting-power with *l'usol* and its cheapness in comparison with any other illuminant.

'*L'usol*,' as its maker explains, is merely a commercial name, for it cannot claim a chemical individuality. It is specially rich in carbon, and boasts the advantage over petroleum, motorcarline, &c., in having only a weak tension of vapour.

Without going into the processes of its extraction from coal, *l'usol* may be briefly said to resemble acetylene, and can be called its twin—an acetylene, indeed, in liquid form and minus its explosions. Remembering that the great inconvenience of acetylene is the deposit of black smoke which it leaves, M. Denayrouze has preferred to renounce the incandescent carbon body, and to make use only of the calorific power by placing it in a lamp with an Auer mantle.

It was a matter of some consideration how best to use the ten thousand available calories. A special lamp was devised which deserves description. It is not only a lamp but a small distillery, very carefully made, and so closed as to prevent leakage. This is highly necessary, for *l'usol* being very fluid, very volatile, and highly inflammable, every precaution must be taken that not the slightest ooze takes place or the faintest breath of vapour escapes; nor must the most trifling effusion occur even should the lamp be overturned. For this reason it is furnished with a conical opening closed with a screw. When the burner is unscrewed, a central tube is found which reaches to the bottom of the receiver, and in this a tightly packed wick is fixed on a metallic axis. But a special characteristic is that the tube is closed at the top, so that the

wick cannot emerge, and has thus no direct communication with the flame. The reason for this will be at once apparent when it is understood that all that is required of the wick is to pump by capillary attraction the liquid *l'usol* from below, and to transport it to the little distilling compartment above. In a few words, it is not the *l'usol* which burns, but the vapour.

By capillary attraction liquids rise in a higher or lower degree. Petroleum will rise at seven degrees centigrade, alcohol at ten, and *l'usol* at twenty-four. But in order to secure a vapourisation of any consequence heat is necessary, and to obtain this the inventor has utilised the flame of the lamp itself by means of a contrivance thought out for one of his previous notions. The support of the Auer mantle is usually of wire; but in this case the mantle-frame has been made solid, and soldered to the distilling chamber, being thus a good conductor of heat. When the lamp is working the mantle-frame becomes very hot, and communicates this heat to the liquid conveyed by the wick, which is distilled as vapour as long as the warmth continues. Simply expressed, the heat from the flame of the vapour causes more vapour to feed the flame.

The orifice which allows this vapour to rise is so minute that a fine needle can scarcely enter, and this is the only communication between the exterior of the lamp and the interior. It is, therefore, an impossibility that an effusion should take place. So nicely has the size of this orifice been regulated that it only allows just enough vapour to escape to ensure a sufficiency of air for rendering the flame not only illuminating but heating. It is, indeed, the well-known principle of the Bunsen burner. The little injector is also covered by a wire gauze enclosing a small space sufficient to complete the mixture of air and vapour, and to prevent the recoil of the flame and the danger of its reaching the spirit.

It was a little difficult to arrange for heating the top of the wick without burning it, a heat of one hundred and twenty-five degrees being required. This, however, must be continuous, for should a draught make this flame flicker the lamp ceases its work of distillation. A small cupel in fusible metal gets over this difficulty by bringing into play the latent heat of the melting alloy.

The weak point in the lamp—and in this it is only similar to petroleum lamps with mantles—is its lighting. As long as the lamp burns, the circle, so to express it, of the flame creating the vapour to be transformed into flame works admirably; but when the lamp is extinguished its relighting causes a little delay, and seems an inconvenience to those accustomed to call up a gas-flame by merely striking a match, or to summon the electric light by simply turning a button. The *l'usol* lamp can be lighted by alcohol in different ways; but an ingenious model has a second small burner which is easily lighted and which is self-extinguishing when the

principal burner is in going order. Liquid alcohol has been replaced in this lamp by alcohol in tabloid form, and a recent improvement which prevents its evaporation allows the alcohol to be placed in the lamp when it is being cleaned in the morning, ready for lighting at night. The delay, slight though it may be, in lighting this lamp may perhaps deprive it of the favour of the impatient; but for the drawing-room or the study it is an ideal lamp, for it is quite silent, clean, does not leak, does not smoke, its wick does not require attention, it has no smell, and produces a steady flame of equable strength and having a brilliant white light.

As a test of its power, it should be stated that the incandescent electric lamps are usually made of ten, sixteen, and thirty-eight candle-power; the strongest petroleum lamp without incandescence is of fifty-three, the corresponding Auer burner of fifty, and the acetylene of eleven candle-power. The lusol model lamp as now presented is of one hundred candle-power.

It will, of course, be objected that lusol is highly dangerous; but what illuminant is not unless proper precautions are taken? Electricity electrocutes and short-currents cause fires, gas asphyxiates, and acetylene explodes. Petroleum's dangers are too well known to need mention. With care, lusol is not more dangerous. In its properly closed can it is absolutely innocuous, but must of course be kept away from the fire.

Inside the lamp it is equally safe, since it cannot escape except in the form of vapour, while the flame has no free exit such as is the case with petroleum lamps, where it can recoil. The lusol lamp, it is claimed, can be turned upside-down without any danger. It does not heat, and after burning several hours remains normal. This is due to the ventilation of the central tube, which is double. This tube is made of an alloy that is a bad conductor of heat, and it is one of the particular points of the invention. Should the tube become too warm the capillary attraction is impeded. A thermometer plunged into the interior of a lamp which had been burning for several hours only registered one degree above that of the room.

The lamp is extinguished by closing the capillary orifice; and this, unlike the extinction of the petroleum lamp, is prompt and radical. As long as the mantle-frame remains warm the lamp can be relighted without alcohol. Very great care is required in filling the lamp, which should be done away from fire or any light, and of course only when its light is extinguished. The filling-cans are fitted with interior ventilation that prevents gurgling or splashing.

M. Denayrouze is more ambitious for his lusol lamp than to be satisfied merely to see it light interiors; he asserts that it is most valuable for outdoor illumination, especially where neither gas nor electricity is to be had. But it will be at once recognised that no mere wick could supply capillary attraction for a large flame, and it has been found

necessary to help the lusol to rise in the wick by means of a pressure of air. Owing to the excellent way in which the lamp is closed very little air and a weak pressure secures the desired result, and the street-lamps are fitted with two small receptacles united by a rubber tube. One is filled with glycerine, and hangs about four feet and a half above the other, which is filled with air. The glycerine slowly runs into the lower can, and so sends the air into the upper, where it drives the lusol quicker through the wick. This arrangement need only be renewed once in twenty-four hours, when the glycerine is restored to its original position and everything starts again. There are other adaptations of this principle.

The advantage of the lusol lamp would appear to be its extreme illuminating power, and next its cheapness. In a domestic lamp fifty grammes of spirit are burnt in an hour, and it can be left burning a whole day at a cost slightly under threepence. In a three hundred and seventy-eight candle-power lamp, with the extra air-pressure, one hundred and ninety-two grammes only are consumed, with a pressure of a little over four feet of glycerine; while by increasing this four hundred and seventy-five candle-power can be obtained. For outlying villages, isolated factories, or solitary houses the outdoor form of lamp seems particularly valuable; while for interior use, too, it seems to be exactly what is wanted. It will be interesting to watch the results of the Paris experiment.

THE SONG OF THE SHADOWS.

ISLE OF THE WEST, with the wash of great waters
around thee,
Dim with the hill-mists and shrouded with wind-driven
rain!
Sweet was the voice of the gale o'er thy heaven-swept
corries,
Fair was the sound of the hunting that comes not again.

Dawning of day with the fire of all heaven about thee,
Breaking of rest with the scream of the eagles above,
Shining of steel in the hands of the heroes of ages,
Parting of lips and eyes dim with the sorrows of love.

Swift and light feet and hearts high with the shadow-
less noontide,
Following steps and the slacking of far-driven deer,
Panting of hounds and the sob of an echo fear-wakened,
Deep-throated call that is heard when the hunter is near.

Dusk o'er the sky, and the sleeping of fire-bosomed
waters,
Shadowy hills and the sinking of day to the west,
Turning of feet to the place where the many be waiting,
Dimness of night and the silence of earth in its rest.

LILIAN NAPIER.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE AWAKENING OF HUDSON BAY.

By R. W. WILSON.

Open the Bay which o'er the Northland broods,
Dumb, yet in labour with a mighty fate!
Open the Bay! Humanity intrudes,
And gropes prophetic round its solitudes
In eager thought, and will no longer wait.

IN these lines a poet of the Canadian North-West has voiced the unanimous desire of the people of Western Canada for the opening of railway communication to Hudson Bay and the establishment of an ocean trade-route thence to England. The time has now arrived when the aspiration of the poet is being fulfilled, and before the year 1910, instead of being a rarely visited part of the Empire, Hudson Bay and the country adjoining it will have become a favourite summer holiday resort, easily accessible from all parts of Canada and the United States by rail, and also from Europe by direct ocean steamer. Mid-summer Day 1910 will be the three hundredth anniversary of the tragic death of the heroic Henry Hudson, the great navigator and namefather of the majestic Hudson River and of Hudson Bay, 'Canada's Inland Sea.'

In the last three hundred years there has been little to disturb the silence that has brooded over Hudson Bay; but could the shade of Henry Hudson revisit the Hudson River what wonderful changes he would find! For one thing, he would find the great city of New York where the mighty stream rolls past Manhattan Island. The nineteenth century marked wonderful progress along the banks of the Hudson, proportionate to the general prosperity of the United States during that period. It is a favourite saying of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Dominion's Prime Minister, that, as the nineteenth was the century of the United States, so will the twentieth be that of Canada. So far as the century's opening years have gone, this proud prediction has been fully verified, and in the present year there is greater prosperity and expansion in every branch of life in Canada than ever before in the history of the country. At the end of 1905 Canada had railroads aggregating about twenty thousand

six hundred miles. By the close of the present year another six thousand miles will have been added by four great railway systems: the new Grand Trunk Pacific and National Transcontinental Railway, and extensions of the Canadian Northern, Canadian Pacific, and the Great Northern Railway of the United States, the president of which, Mr James J. Hill, is this year building about nineteen hundred miles of new track in Western Canada and British Columbia.

Few readers can have failed to note the remarkable immigration that has taken place in the past few years to Western Canada. This tide of immigration continues to increase from the British Isles, the continent of Europe, and especially from the United States. In that great country during last century there was always a *West* somewhere out on the frontier that attracted the young, venturesome, and restless spirits of the more settled and sober Eastern States. Free lands were then to be had by any one that would occupy them; but that is a thing of the past, and now there are no free lands to be had for settlers in the United States. Hence it is that great crowds of home-seekers are pressing across the international boundary-line to be in time to secure free farms of one hundred and sixty acres, or larger areas at low prices, in what is now termed the 'Last West'—known as Western Canada—which stretches from the timbered country about sixty miles east of Winnipeg, where the prairies begin, away westward to the foothills of the Rockies, and from the American border north to the climatic limits of cultivation. Recent immigration has been principally into the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and from these and the older province of Manitoba many pioneers are now pushing their way to the lone fastnesses and silent waters of the Great Northland. In a few years more the country that lies between the Saskatchewan River and the west shore of Hudson Bay will be as thoroughly explored and well known as any one of the three provinces of Western Canada to-day.

To the Canadian Northern Railway has fallen the awakening of Hudson Bay by the construction of a north-easterly extension to Churchill, on the west shore of the bay. The Canadian Northern is practically a product of the twentieth century, and a short account of it may here be given, as it is one of the principal factors in Canada's present expansion. Its originators were Mr William Mackenzie, now its president, and Mr D. D. Mann, now vice-president; while Mr D. B. Hanna, who was as a young man in the service of the Caledonian Railway Company of Scotland, became at a later stage third vice-president and comptroller, a position similar to that of general manager of a British railway. Some eight years ago Mr Hanna took over the operative management, with a staff of twelve men and one boy. To-day the employés of the Canadian Northern number many thousands. At the end of last year the Canadian Northern had about two thousand five hundred miles of well-equipped completed railway in operation. By the close of the present year about another fifteen hundred miles, now under construction, will be completed. Starting as a small local railway, under the sponsorship of the Manitoba Government, the Canadian Northern has launched out in all directions, and in a few years' time it will form a complete transcontinental system from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the southern wheat-belt of Manitoba it has paralleled the Canadian Pacific lines, so that in that fertile district no farmer is now distant more than ten miles from a railway. In the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta the Canadian Northern is carrying out the same policy, and providing branch-lines into fertile areas that can be made tributary to the main line. The main line itself, starting from Port Arthur on Lake Superior, runs by way of Winnipeg to Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, and from the time it enters the prairies, sixty miles east of Winnipeg, passes through wheat-lands of the best description for a distance of about a thousand miles.

Mr William Mackenzie, president of the Canadian Northern, is still considerably on the right side of sixty. He was born in Ontario, of Scottish parents who emigrated to Canada from Calthness. He has many of the characteristics of the successful Scot, among which are his prompt decisions in all questions that arise, his inflexible determination in the face of obstacles, his keenness in business matters, combined with great liberality outside them, and his very high standard of business integrity, which makes him slow to give a promise, but once the pledge is given Mr Mackenzie invariably does a little better than the letter of his word. It is these characteristics that have secured for Mr Mackenzie and the railway system he controls an unusual degree of confidence from the Dominion and Provincial Governments of Canada. On leaving the public school at Kirkfield, Ontario, Mr Mackenzie for a short time became a school teacher. Then he started a country store; and as a railway came into

the district he added a sawmill and took contracts for 'ties' (or 'sleepers,' as they are called in this country) and other railway timber. At that time the Canadian Pacific Railway was pushing its way through the Rocky Mountains to make connection with the line then being built to meet it from Vancouver. Mr Mackenzie went west to British Columbia, started several sawmills, and took important contracts from the Canadian Pacific Railway, which he carried out much to the satisfaction of the company and with profitable results to himself. His last work there was in 1886, when the Canadian Pacific was opened from ocean to ocean. In that year Mr Mackenzie erected the enormous, massive snowsheds on the eastern slope of the Selkirk Mountains that protect the track and trains from the great snow-slides that occasionally sweep down the mountain-sides, carrying rocks, trees, and débris in gigantic avalanches with them. In the same year Mr Mackenzie formed a partnership with Mr Mann.

Messrs Mackenzie & Mann then returned to the east, and took contracts from the Canadian Pacific for the construction of part of that company's railway in the State of Maine. Then the partners turned again to the west, and built the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake, and Saskatchewan Railway from Regina (now the capital of the province of Saskatchewan) to Prince Albert, and the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. Both of these lines have for some time been operated as branches of the Canadian Pacific. It was in the construction of these lines that Messrs Mackenzie & Mann came to realise the vast agricultural possibilities of the western prairies if provided with adequate railway facilities. Fortunately for Western Canada, the Government of Manitoba has had for a number of years at its head, as premier, the Hon. R. P. Roblin, a statesman of great political and commercial foresight. On behalf of his Government, Mr Roblin arranged with Mr Mackenzie for a railway from Winnipeg to Port Arthur, making a second means of railway communication between Winnipeg and navigation on Lake Superior, which had until then been a monopoly of the Canadian Pacific. As a result, the freightage on grain has been reduced by about 100 per cent, and many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been saved to the farmers. Generally speaking, the principal lines of the Canadian Northern lie well to the north of those of the Canadian Pacific, where, strange as it may appear, the winter climate is less severe than along the American border-line, and where the soil and agricultural conditions are the most favourable in Western Canada. Competent authorities have given the opinion that the Edmonton district of Alberta alone will produce as much wheat as the entire province of Manitoba, which, most unfairly, has far too small an area to satisfy its reasonable and legitimate aspiration and ambition. Had Manitoba been given the unoccupied land in the territory of Keewatin as far as the west shore of Hudson Bay to add to the province,

the Canadian Northern Railway would by this time be running into Churchill, at the mouth of the great river of the same name—the best harbour in the bay.

The Canadian Northern has a railway from Winnipeg to Prince Albert direct, and quite recently it has arranged to acquire on favourable terms the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake, and Saskatchewan line from Regina to Prince Albert. Its Hartney extension will in a few months' time give direct communication between Winnipeg and Regina. Mr Mackenzie has for many years been a firm believer in the great commercial possibilities of a railway to Churchill and an ocean trade-route to Liverpool, the great grain-market of the world. The Dominion Government has sent several expeditions into Hudson Bay, and as a result are convinced of the feasibility of the proposition, and have pledged themselves to its support. The first step has now been taken by the Canadian Northern Railway, which is building the first section of a line to Churchill. This railway starts from Erwood, a point on the Canadian Northern some distance east of Prince Albert, and runs to Pas Mission on the banks of the Lower Saskatchewan River, the present *ultima thule* of white settlement. The length of this extension is about ninety-five miles, and it is to be completed this year. From Pas Mission to Churchill the distance is about four hundred miles, and for some distance the line has been located. Beyond that Canadian Northern survey-parties are busily at work, and it has been stated in the Canadian press that no particular engineering difficulties have been encountered. In the construction of this Hudson Bay Railway the Canadian Northern is working under an old charter, in terms of which they become entitled to a large land-grant as the line progresses, and no doubt the Dominion Parliament will in its next session grant further assistance, as the immediate necessity of the Hudson Bay route is admitted by politicians of all shades of opinion, except a few members of Parliament from the Atlantic seaboard, who look with considerable jealousy upon the opening up of a rival trade-route in the far north.

Perhaps the best authority on Hudson Bay matters is Mr A. P. Low, director of the Geological Survey of Canada. In 1897 Mr Low accompanied the *Diana* scientific expedition to Hudson Bay, and again, three years ago, Mr Low commanded an expedition which, on board the *Neptune*, one of the staunchest vessels in the Newfoundland seal-fisheries, explored Hudson Bay and Strait for the purpose of determining their navigability and of reasserting to the fullest extent the authority of Canada over that region. During the same voyage Mr Low explored their resources, and found copper on the west and iron on the east side of the bay, while a Scotch company is taking out some excellent mica from the northern shore of the strait. In the great Labrador region, east and north, are found the granite and gneiss as well as silurian limestone

formations; and although the general appearance of these vast wastes, comprising some two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, cannot be said to be attractive from the agricultural point of view, they undoubtedly contain, in Mr Low's opinion, many and varied stores of mineral wealth.

The feasibility of navigation was, however, the main point that Mr Low was sent by the Dominion Government to inquire into, and as to that his report is emphatic. In Mr Low's opinion a Hudson Bay route to Europe is perfectly feasible, and at the same time attractive as a commercial proposition. The distance from Regina to Churchill is, according to Mr Low, practically the same as that from Regina to Port Arthur on Lake Superior, while from Churchill to Liverpool the mileage is about equal to that from Quebec to Liverpool. Thus transportation from Port Arthur to Quebec would be saved to the grain-producers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta by adopting the Hudson Bay route. Hudson Bay never freezes over, and its temperature is said to be higher than that of the ocean off the Labrador coast. Hudson Bay lies entirely within British territory, no other nation having lands bordering upon it or in any way accessible by means of its waters. The only means of access and egress between it and the Atlantic Ocean is through Hudson Strait, which is some four hundred miles in length and about forty miles in width at the narrowest part. In area Hudson Bay ranks third among the inland seas of the world. First comes the Mediterranean with one million square miles, next the Caribbean Sea with six hundred and eighty thousand square miles, and third Hudson Bay with five hundred and eighty thousand square miles. The difficulty to navigation is in Hudson Strait, and is caused not by ice from the bay, but by drift-ice from the north washing into the strait.

Sealing operations begin about 1st May; but by 1st July, and still more safely on 15th July, the strait and bay are open to navigation. This continues until about 15th November for ordinary vessels. The season for reinforced vessels extends to three or perhaps four weeks longer. The main danger to ships comes from the ice-fields formed early in the season, and from the 'growlers' or ice-bergs with the edges worn round by drifting about the northern seas. The autumn ice-fields coming down from the north arrived in November, when Mr Low was there, and made navigation extremely perilous. This is the same ice that reaches Newfoundland about 1st March, and makes the sealing season so prosperous. Mr Low reported very favourably on the prospects of important mineral discoveries. The Hudson Bay Company's factor at Churchill has a considerable collection of gold samples which have been brought to him from time to time by explorers and Eskimos, and possibly another Klondike may yet be discovered in the Hudson Bay watershed. Copper is likely to be obtained in considerable quantity. The natives

obtain it nearly pure, and hammer it out into drinking-vessels and other household utensils. They also use it to repair their old muzzle-loading guns. Game and fish are very plentiful, and the salmon are said to be of better flavour than those taken in British Columbia waters. Altogether the result of Mr Low's investigations have been to make him an enthusiastic advocate of opening up a trade-route *via* Hudson Bay, which he regards as the Baltic of the North American continent.

Speaking towards the end of this year's session in the Dominion House of Commons, Sir Wilfrid Laurier said that he attached the greatest possible importance to the construction of a railway to Hudson Bay. He was prepared to go to Montreal and tell the people there that the Canada of to-day is not to be confined to the St Lawrence valley, but is to be pushed as far north as it can go. He believed that he would yet have the privilege of seeing a great city at the terminus of the Hudson Bay Railway at the mouth of the Churchill River. 'We must,' said Sir Wilfrid, 'push ahead, and go

as far north as colonisation can go. I have great confidence that before many years we shall see around the Hudson Bay, and in that district, populous villages, towns, and cities, where there shall be lumber industries, fishing industries, metal industries, and all kinds of industries.' Observations recorded at Churchill over a series of years by Hudson Bay Company officials show that the temperature during the winter months is about the same as that of Winnipeg, with the advantage of no blizzards or continued high winds. The Churchill winter climatic record compares very favourably with that of the principal towns of Norway, and Canadians are sanguine that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's prediction will be speedily fulfilled. Anyhow, the Canadian Northern Railway has made a start, and when President William Mackenzie has once put his hand to the plough there is no turning back. The centenary of the death of Henry Hudson in 1910 will find Canadian Northern trains running to Churchill and Liverpool-bound steamers lying alongside in its landlocked harbour.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

CHAPTER XXVI.



IBADE the sleigh-driver take back Herr Schneider's dead body to the Brun-varad; and, acting on my suggestion, the two soldiers accompanied the conveyance. Then, solitary and the prey to strange thoughts, I walked down the snow-path alongside that fatal run. At the scene of the catastrophe I stopped; but, save for a streak of frozen blood, the adamantine ice bore no token of the shattering catastrophe that had divorced the detective's unhealthy soul from his unprepossessing body.

Well, it would have been idle to pretend that I regretted his decease, and I prayed that the splendid-hearted little Princess might win her way to freedom, and ultimately to consolation and happiness.

Never, when I set out from England, had I dreamed of the possibility of such events as I had just participated in; and, were it not for one thing, I should have faced the prospect of returning to my native country with the proud consciousness of having not merely moved in events of historical importance, but of having done my duty unflinchingly and with conspicuous success. Unfortunately, there was that in my heart and mind which battled down the proud thoughts of self-congratulation and turned my gladness into a dull pain. Had I been heart-whole I should have been comparatively happy. As it was, I had looked through the gates of the mind into a region of happiness greater than I had ever before conceived of. The doors were shut, but the memory remained, and the brightness of the vision turned the routine of my ordinary life into

a dreary, sunless journey. And yet I could say of myself as I had once said of the infatuated *Fräulein* von Helder: it was better even to dream one's happiness than to miss it altogether. Should I ever revisit Weissheim? I wondered. Would its beauties and its memories call me out again as a sweet song claims irresistibly a second hearing; or should I henceforth shun it as a place of vague unrest, of bloody troubles, and fierce, unsatisfied aspirations? And, lest the latter fate should be the true one, I took what might be my last look from that high point of vantage. The valley beneath me was filled with a white mist, and overhead the usually clear sky was full of heavy purple clouds. In the west the dying sun was setting in a gorgeous panoply of red and gold; and as I looked at the stormy magnificence of the lurid heavens I contrasted their present aspect with their normal one of cool, clear brilliancy. 'They do not remind one of Miss Anchester to-night,' I said to myself. 'There is passion there, passion and tumultuous emotions, and a burning recklessness that knows no mastery.' And even as when I had formerly made my comparison, so now that I had made my contrast, the object of my thoughts was suddenly brought before me.

Breasting the slope from the direction of Weissheim, and wearing the same white *béret* and the same blue-gray cloak, was the royal governess. I stood aside in the snow to let her pass, and took off my cap.

'Are you from the Mariencastel?' she asked.

'Yes; and you, I suppose, are going there?'

'Yes. An order has been issued for the Princess's

arrest. I have a later order from His Majesty rescinding it.'

'You are too late,' I said.

'Why? Has she been already arrested? If so, it does not much matter.'

'She has escaped.'

'Escaped—how?'

'Down the Kastel-run.'

'You saw her?'

'I helped her.'

Miss Anchester opened her eyes in amazement, and a distinct look of admiration crept into them.

'Was that not rather rash?' she asked at length.

'Perhaps; but the circumstances did not admit of excessive caution.'

'Explain, please.'

'Herr Schneider bore the order of arrest, which also gave him authority to fire on the prisoner should she attempt to resist. Armed with this, he made the Princess a proposal of marriage, telling me confidentially that he was prepared to overcome her disinclination by force. Had she persisted in refusing him he would have murdered her.'

My companion shuddered.

'How horrible!' she said in a low voice; 'and yet I doubt if he would have gone beyond mere threats. That would have been bad enough; but Herr Schneider is not a murderer.'

'I have irrefutable proof to the contrary,' I retorted calmly. 'International detectives are not altogether fools, though their villainy may be absolute, and our friend had foreseen the possibility of his prey escaping down the Kastel-run. Accordingly, he stationed a horse-sleigh at the upper crossing, and when the Princess commenced her downward course, the coachman, according to a prearranged signal, proceeded to drive his conveyance across the track.'

'Stop!' Miss Anchester put her hand in front of her eyes as though the vision pained her. I had never seen her display so much emotion, and hastened to relieve her feelings.

'It was all right,' I said. 'I managed to borrow one of the soldiers' rifles and shoot the horse before he could reach the crossing.'

'How splendid of you!' Her face was bright again now with the glow of a genuine enthusiasm. 'And was not Herr Schneider angry?' and she laughed the excited laugh of relieved tension.

'So angry,' I replied, 'that he missed me three times with his revolver at a distance of about five paces.'

'He fired at you—three times?'

'Yes; and if his temper had been slightly more under control I should have been as dead as he is now.'

'He is dead—you killed him?'

'He killed himself. He mounted a toboggan and pursued the Princess. By that time the wounded horse had succeeded in drawing the sleigh athwart the track. They are taking the shattered body to the Brun-varad.'

Again my companion shuddered and covered her face with her hands.

'I am sorry for the Fräulein von Helder,' she said after a considerable interval. 'It will break her heart.'

'I agree with you that it will break her heart, but I am not sorry for her. There are various ways of having one's heart broken, and I am inclined to think that that way was the most merciful.'

There was another pause.

'Mr Saunders.'

'Yes.'

'I have often rebuked you and laughed at you for being conceited. I will never do so again.'

'I shall miss your badinage.'

'Possibly, but I shall have no heart to indulge in it any more. A man who acted as you did last night and have done to-day *ought* to have a high opinion of himself. I respected you immensely for having risked your life so splendidly last night to serve a man. To-day you have done as much for a woman, and the romance is greater.'

'Like all conceited people,' I replied, 'I like praise, but your approval would make me proud were I the most diffident of men.'

'Where has the Princess gone?' she asked abruptly.

'I suggested that she should make for the Austrian frontier.'

'And you will follow her?'

'Heaven forbid! She has been persecuted enough.'

'But you are not Herr Schneider.'

'Heaven be thanked! Still, I am a bachelor and she a maid. The proprieties must be respected even in exile.'

'But surely, if you love her'—

'Love her!' I interrupted. 'I do not love her. I have a respectful regard for her—so deep a respect, so strong a regard, that my heart bleeds for the brave little woman—but that is not love. Moreover, I am neither a Graf, a Von, nor even a lieutenant, and the Schattensbergs do not mate with commoners. You should have seen her indignation at Schneider's proposal.'

'But why compare yourself with him?'

'Why not? An international detective is at least the social equal of a successful linen-draper.'

'But if the Princess loves you'—

'The "if" is the commencement of a preposterous supposition.'

'It is not,' declared my companion emphatically.

'I, her friend, say it is not.'

I shook my head.

'I assure you that she loves you,' persisted Miss Anchester with convincing earnestness.

'I hope and pray not,' I replied, 'for I am incapable of returning her sentiments; and although my affection for her is so great that in a sense it may be called love, it is not love in the most exalted meaning of the word.'

'How do you know?'

For answer I pointed at the amazing glory of the heavens. 'Is not that sunset more beautiful than the ordinary Weissheim sunset?' I asked. 'Even so does love outshine friendship.'

Again she asked me, 'How do you know?' and her voice shook a little.

'I know because I have seen both; and though the greater glory was only vouchsafed me in a dream, its beauty was such that it has spoilt my life.'

'I do not understand.'

'You do not understand,' I replied, 'because you have nothing in common with the passionate majesty of to-night's sky. And yet once, when I had had an accident tobogganing and my senses were just shaking off the dullness of insensibility, I seemed to read on your features, as you bent over me, a look that had more in it than the calm, icy loveliness of our normal sunset. Forgive me if I am troublesome, but I have suffered too much to mind making myself ridiculous.'

'You still'— Her voice broke in a sob. I gazed at her face, and for a second my wits reeled with astonishment. Then surprise gave way to a great burst of hope, and hope in turn to a triumphant certainty, for I read in those gray, tear-dimmed eyes what I had believed could never be written there, the look they had seemed to wear as she bent over my prostrate form by the toboggan-run—the look of a loving woman. A second later she was in my arms sobbing and laughing, and I knew that life was a glory and not a curse.

'You've—conquered me,' she murmured, 'and I'm so—proud.'

'And happy?'

'Absolutely.'

'By the way,' I asked as we retraced our steps towards the Brun-varad, 'you said this morning

that you were very angry with me. What was that about?'

She laughed gaily.

'When you made your wonderful descent of the Kastel-run last night the "contacts" were set and your "time" was registered automatically. You completed the course in one minute and twenty-eight seconds, cutting my record by a second and a fifth.'

I whistled.

'No wonder you were cross,' I said.

'I was very annoyed; but I am so no longer—merely very proud.'

'MY DEAR ROBERT,—The Blackwoods are giving a dance at the Empress Rooms on March 2. I hope you will be back in time for it. Agatha is looking charming.'

So wrote my dear, scheming parent in a letter which I found waiting for me on my sitting-room table. I replied as follows:

'DEAREST MOTHER,—I shall make a point of returning home for the Blackwoods' ball. I am delighted to hear that Agatha looks so charming. Miss Anchester is also looking very charming, and, what is more important, has promised to be my wife. It appears we both fell in love with each other at first sight, which, considering my fiancée is as discriminating as she is charming, is not to be wondered at. King Karl has presented her with a wonderful pearl necklace, and me with the Second-Class Order of the Black Ostrich set in brilliants, all on the condition that we spend our honeymoon at the Brun-varad.—Your loving and dutiful son,

ROBERT.

'P.S.—For better or worse (probably the latter) I shall take over the management of the firm of James Saunders & Son on my return.'

THE END.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH FURNITURE AND ITS IMITATIONS.

By ARTMETER.



THE value of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. furniture has risen enormously during the last few years, and it is quite a common thing for one thousand pounds or more to be paid for a commode or cabinet of the period; indeed, for special pieces five thousand or ten thousand pounds is asked. Nothing is more puzzling than this rage. One can understand great prices being given for a picture by Raphael or Titian or Rembrandt which cannot be reproduced, or even for old Sèvres porcelain or fine tapestries which cannot be matched; but how it is that people can be found to give five thousand pounds for a piece of furniture which can easily be equalled, if not surpassed,

nowadays at a cost of three hundred pounds or so is a mystery.

There is nothing particular about Louis XV. furniture except its elegance and good workmanship, both of which attributes can be, and are, given to modern furniture. No particular genius was required to design the finest commode ever seen at Versailles, and the art applied was not of a higher order than that which was given to the Venetian furniture of the same period. Naturally, under these circumstances, the furniture of Louis Quinze and Seize can be easily copied; and in no branch of art-imitation have forgers reaped such a rich harvest as in this. Every year the market is well supplied with tables, cabinets, secretaires,

and commodes which deceive the keenest amateurs and experts; and, indeed, so close are the imitations that they have found their way into almost every collection as genuine works. It is not at all an uncommon thing for a commode to be sold by auction for seven hundred or eight hundred pounds within three months after it is made, and no season goes by without at least two or three sales of these forgeries being made in London or Paris at prices exceeding two thousand pounds.

Of course I am referring to the fine imitations made in Paris, and not to the second and third-rate copies turned out wholesale in Vienna and Frankfurt. In Paris alone can one find workmen skilled in all the trades brought into requisition in the construction of a Louis XV. cabinet, as well as the perfect master of the business, able and willing to direct. It is not the application of art that is required so much as close attention to technical details such as the preparation of polishes, the gilding of the added ormolu, the manufacture of the fastenings, and so on. Right through a piece under construction, the work must be done precisely as it was accomplished by the workmen of Gouthière or other masters. The bronze-work must have the same chiselling and the woodwork the same peculiar joints; while the tiny screws used must be hand-cut and pointless, and the gilding (the most difficult of all the imitative work) accomplished by mercury amalgam. Much study has been given to the indenting or cracking of certain portions of the wood to reproduce the effect of age on articles usually well preserved, and even the faint aroma commonly permeating an old boudoir-piece is reproduced to perfection. When all is done, and properly done, the cost will have been heavy, but the reward is great. A small oval table of satinwood, a foot or eighteen inches long, will cost fifty pounds to make, an average commode with gray marble top about eighty or ninety pounds, and a cabinet or secretaire from one hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds. These costs may appear heavy to the amateur who thinks he picks up a bargain when he buys an article at half the sums mentioned; but if he would closely

compare his purchase with one of the best Paris preparations he would find a vast difference. His own piece has probably taken a month or two to finish, while from twelve to twenty months are required to complete the higher-class article. The actual putting together of the parts and the casting and chiselling of the bronze-work are of slight importance in regard to time, the more arduous labour being required for the aging of the gilt and the long and tedious polishing and rubbing to make the pateen of the wood, if this term can be used in such a connection. There is, of course, some risk in regard to the amount of profit secured by the maker; but this is very slight. The actual maker seldom tries to palm off a piece of his furniture as a genuine antique. He usually sells it to a dealer or an intermediary for what it is, and therefore his profit is not so great as that of the middleman. A cabinet, say, which cost three hundred pounds to make will be sold for five hundred or six hundred pounds to an intermediary. This gentleman 'plants' it—that is to say, he puts it in an old house, or amongst genuine goods in a small collection, and perhaps provides a provenance for it, with the result that it is sold to a dealer for, say, twelve hundred or fifteen hundred pounds. The dealer will then either sell it direct for two thousand five hundred pounds or so, or send it for auction in another name, and buy it himself for, say, three thousand pounds, upon which he will easily get 5 or 10 per cent. more from an amateur, who will reasonably consider that the price the piece realised in the presence of a crowd of experts and dealers is a fair one. Sometimes the intermediary will join with the dealer in the profits, and occasionally the maker will share with the intermediary.

The high-class imitations of furniture of this period are not always modern throughout. Sometimes the whole or part of the gilt metal mountings will be genuine, and Sevres plaques when used must be real, for they cannot be imitated to deceive a dealer or amateur. These plaques are very hard to obtain. When offered they are snapped up at a long price, and a cabinet is immediately designed to receive them.

HOW LALAVOINE WON THE CROSS.

CHAPTER II.



WE had been talking in French, and all this time the Spaniard had been looking from one to the other, evidently surprised at our sudden animation.

Time was everything, so we rode back as quickly as possible, of course taking our friend with us. If you want men to fight well there is nothing like exciting their cupidity, and I impressed this on Lalavoine.

'All right,' he answered; 'leave that to me. They

can sack the church if they like;' but both Resler and I dissuaded him from allowing that on account of the time it would take.

'*Mes enfants,*' said Lalavoine when we arrived, 'there's a four-gun battery with four horses to each gun, and ammunition-wagons, and about fifty cavalry horses—you know what that means: nearly eight thousand francs for the regiment,' for the Government gave one hundred francs for each horse captured, and this was divided among the men.

'Follow me, *mes enfants,* and we will make a *coup*

this time. We must go on foot, and not a shot is to be fired if we can help it.'

'*En avant, capitaine!*' they cried, delighted at the prospect.

We gave Resler a start, as he had some little distance farther to go, and then, taking the guide with us, crept swiftly down the bridle-path.

Lalavoine was out of condition owing to his recent illness, so, dashing past him with a pistol in one hand and my sword in the other, I rushed to the inn.

'*Rendez, messieurs!*' I shouted, bursting into the building, where I found, to my astonishment, only three officers. Two were sleeping and one was quietly smoking. Taken completely by surprise—for they had, so we learnt, no idea that we were farther south than Corneza (just as we thought they were near Fontana de la Reina)—there was nothing for them to do but to give up their swords. The steward's supposition of the young noblemen having gone up to the castle proved perfectly true, and that was how there were only three officers left. In less than a quarter of an hour from the start the place was ours. But we were not out of the wood yet. All the carbines and swords were broken, and the prisoners mustered and placed under a guard in the church, Lalavoine seeing to all this.

'La Corona de Oro,' which was the name of the inn, was a posting-house, which was fortunate for us, as we found in it far more fodder, especially barley, on which material the Spaniards, like the Arabs, usually feed their horses, than we should otherwise have done; for, with more than eighty extra horses, it was highly important that we should be able to feed them, and I succeeded in finding enough to fill two carts. The harness of the horses belonging to the battery was of a vastly superior quality to any I had ever seen; the guns were beautifully kept, and shone like silver; and *le chariot de batterie* contained every requisite. We took it for granted that we should be followed, so I had two extra horses attached to all the guns; and then, as soon as Resler arrived, placing the officers and guide in a travelling-carriage we found, we set off at a tremendous pace, so much so that we covered two leagues in half-an-hour. Then our troubles began. The first was that we found that the bailiff had given us the slip. However, that did not much matter, as we still had the swineherd to guide us.

I had hoped that Lalavoine had forgotten, in the excitement and success of our *coup*, all about Catarina; but I was soon bitterly disappointed. At this point, as the guide had told us, we arrived at the little hamlet of Corta, where the road forked off to the left in a northerly direction, which of course was the road we ought to have followed, for, without knowing where it led to exactly, we knew that we could ultimately get round to our headquarters; while the other went rather to the south-east, and I could tell by the lie of the land and the low hills, which farther on became great mountains,

that if we followed it we should get leagues out of our way and also be in very dangerous country.

'Where's Buenaca—how far is it?' asked Lalavoine sharply of the swineherd.

'To the right, about a league, *señor!*' he replied.

Both Resler and I saw the danger. We begged, we implored him to keep to the left.

'Think of the Cross; think of the guns,' I cried.

'Confound the guns!' exclaimed Lalavoine.

'What do I care for the guns? It's Catarina I'm after. I shan't get such a chance again, and, *mon Dieu!* I mean to take it.'

'But they will soon be after us,' I persisted.

'It's perfect folly. You must be mad.'

'Who's in command here,' he answered angrily, 'you or I? Do you want a court-martial?'

'*Ma foi!*' muttered Resler *sotto voce*, 'it won't be us who will be court-martialled.' And the fatal step was taken.

We soon entered a forest of oaks with high banks on either side, and on emerging from it, we saw, about five hundred metres distant, on a slight eminence, the filthy little village—for so it proved to be—and we pulled up our panting horses at a wretched *fonda* with a bush hanging outside.

'I say,' shouted Lalavoine to the landlord, who had rushed out in alarm, 'you know Señor Gonzalez?'

'*Sí, señor!*' he replied. 'He lives in a large house, La Villa Hermosa, about the third of a league farther on, just past the Calvary on the right hand of the road.'

'That's all right,' said Alphonse. The *berlogue** sounded, and we entered the inn. 'You know,' he continued to the man in a low voice, 'la Señorita Gonzalez? She is charming; she is lovely; she's the star of the heavens.'

The innkeeper was a fat, vulgar, greasy little man, with small, cunning eyes; and, though he did not know what was exactly coming, I could see he was inwardly calculating what benefit he was to derive from our arrival; though, as Lalavoine continued to sing the praise of his innamorata, I perceived that he could hardly keep down his surprise. He looked at Alphonse, and he looked at me, and I thought—but I may have been mistaken—that he winked.

'*Sí, capitán*, all that you say is perfectly true. As for la Señorita Catarina, she is charming, she is good, especially to the poor.'

'Well, I am going to marry her. I am going to bring her here. I'—

But this was too much for the man. His eyes nearly came out of his head with surprise; he placed his hands on his paunch, and bending down, was slowly turning round, with what I know now was suppressed laughter, but Lalavoine gave him a sharp kick behind that made him stand upright pretty quick.

* The 'disperse.'

'Maraquita, Maraquita!' he shouted at the top of his voice, '*venga acá, venga acá!*' and the next moment his flustered wife appeared. 'Listen; the captain is going to marry la Señorita Gonzalez, and she is coming here to-night.'

'O *purissima! O Madre de Dios!*' the woman exclaimed, and she was going to add more, but Lalavoine interrupted her.

'Is the *señorita* at home?'

'Of course she is,' they both exclaimed eagerly, for they saw there was going to be some profit in this enterprise.

Thereupon Lalavoine told them that he must send her a note to prepare her. This they promised should be delivered into her own hand at once, and they called their eldest son, to whom Lalavoine gave a *paqueta*, and promised him another if he was quick. Tearing a sheet from his note-book, he scrawled a hasty note, and the lad departed. Both the man and his wife, who had been whispering excitedly to each other, now entered eagerly into the scheme. They promised to make ready the only room in the house, and said that they would sleep in the loft with the children.

'You shall have a lovely supper of fish and *olla podrida*,' said the wife.—'Here, José,' she cried to another son, 'run down to the bridge, near the drain, and catch some fish.' And he at once seized his rod and ran off at a great pace.

Then Lalavoine went off to the barber's, and I told a dozen men to get ready. Going out into the road, I found Resler still fuming and swearing by the guns.

'This is terrible! This is awful!' he said savagely. 'We are bound to be followed; we shall lose these guns, and look what beauties they are; look at the coronets and crests on them!'

I did my best to console him, and, anyway, I told him, as we were three good leagues from the main body of the Spaniards, and had got a good start, I did not think there was really any immediate danger; but for all that I took the precaution of sending a brigadier and a couple of men down the road to the wood, with orders to fire at once if any of the enemy approached, so as to give the alarm; and this proved a very lucky idea. As we had got the guns, on my own responsibility I told Resler to load them. He was highly amused at the suggestion, for of course neither he nor I nor any of the men knew anything about such business. Anyway, it served to divert his thoughts. By this time Lalavoine, all spick and span as a bridegroom should be, came out of the barber's.

As the mad enterprise had to be carried out, the sooner it was done the better; so I formed up the men, who, knowing now what was going to take place, were all on the broad grin, especially as their captain promised them one hundred francs if the *coup* succeeded. Even I, angry as I was, began to see the fun of the thing.

Leaving Resler behind, we galloped off. We had gone no great distance ere we met a woman

leading a white donkey, and of her we asked the way.

'You will see the house through the trees in a moment, *señora*,' she said.

'Do you think the *señorita* is at home?'

'Of course she is,' she replied; 'but *la donna* and *el señor* are out for a drive.'

'Of course she is!' These were exactly the same words as the innkeeper had used. I did not for myself see why it should be 'of course,' but Lalavoine was highly pleased, and threw her some *reales*.

'That's all the better,' he said gaily as we galloped along. 'Won't the old birds be surprised when they return to find the nest empty? There's the house. *Parbleu*, what a lovely place! It's worthy of its name. Ah! and there is the Calvary, and here's the gate.' In another moment we were racing up the carriage-drive. Dismounting, Alphonse rang the bell violently.

'Is la *Señorita Catarina* at home?' asked Lalavoine as the man appeared.

'Oh yes,' he replied, with a scared face; 'but you can't see her.'

'Don't stand there like a fool,' said Alphonse sharply; 'go and tell her at once Captain Alphonse is here, unless you want the place sacked.'

Passing through the beautiful *patio*, with a fountain playing in the middle, we were shown into a large room. The *persiennes* were partly drawn, and, coming out of the sun, we seemed almost in darkness; but, getting accustomed to it, we soon perceived that it was very handsomely furnished.

'*Ma foi!*' I said in a subdued voice, 'the family must have money.'

'Of course they have,' answered Lalavoine, and then he commenced nervously stamping up and down. Still the angel did not appear, and I began, as I thought of the guns, to get as anxious as my comrade, who kept on fidgeting about, getting up one moment and sitting down the next.

'Dence take it!' he whispered at last, 'I think I shall go and see for myself.'

Suddenly there was a rustle of a dress. The door opened, and we sprang to our feet.

A tall, slender figure with light-brown hair entered. She stood coyly for a moment by the door, shading her face with a large fan. She may even have been pretty—that's a thing I could not vouch for in such a dim, uncertain light; but I was certain she was nearly fifty. Lalavoine, with all a lover's eagerness, had rushed to meet her, but suddenly he stopped as if spell-bound. She, doubtless taking this as a tribute to her beauty, sprang forward and threw her arms round his neck.

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Lalavoine gave a deep groan—I am not sure it was not an oath. He tried to disengage himself,

this time. We must go on foot, and not a shot is to be fired if we can help it.'

'*En avant, capitaine,*' they cried, delighted at the prospect.

We gave Resler a start, as he had some little distance farther to go, and then, taking the guide with us, crept swiftly down the bride-path.

Lalavoine was out of condition owing to his recent illness, so, dashing past him with a pistol in one hand and my sword in the other, I rushed to the inn.

'*Rendez, messieurs,*' I shouted, bursting into the building, where I found, to my astonishment, only three officers. Two were sleeping and one was quietly smoking. Taken completely by surprise—for they had, so we learnt, no idea that we were farther south than Corneza (just as we thought they were near Fontana de la Reina)—there was nothing for them to do but to give up their swords. The steward's supposition of the young noblemen having gone up to the castle proved perfectly true, and that was how there were only three officers left. In less than a quarter of an hour from the start the place was ours. But we were not out of the wood yet. All the carbines and swords were broken, and the prisoners mustered and placed under a guard in the church, Lalavoine seeing to all this.

'*La Corona de Oro,*' which was the name of the inn, was a posting-house, which was fortunate for us, as we found in it far more fodder, especially barley, on which material the Spaniards, like the Arabs, usually feed their horses, than we should otherwise have done; for, with more than eighty extra horses, it was highly important that we should be able to feed them, and I succeeded in finding enough to fill two carts. The harness of the horses belonging to the battery was of a vastly superior quality to any I had ever seen; the guns were beautifully kept, and shone like silver; and *le chariot de batterie* contained every requisite. We took it for granted that we should be followed, so I had two extra horses attached to all the guns; and then, as soon as Resler arrived, placing the officers and guide in a travelling-carriage we found, we set off at a tremendous pace, so much so that we covered two leagues in half-an-hour. Then our troubles began. The first was that we found that the bailiff had given us the slip. However, that did not much matter, as we still had the swineherd to guide us.

I had hoped that Lalavoine had forgotten, in the excitement and success of our *coup*, all about Catarina; but I was soon bitterly disappointed. At this point, as the guide had told us, we arrived at the little hamlet of Corta, where the road forked off to the left in a northerly direction, which of course was the road we ought to have followed, for, without knowing where it led to exactly, we knew that we could ultimately get round to our headquarters; while the other went rather to the south-east, and I could tell by the lie of the land and the low hills, which farther on became great mountains,

that if we followed it we should get leagues out of our way and also be in very dangerous country.

'Where's Buenaca—how far is it?' asked Lalavoine sharply of the swineherd.

'To the right, about a league, *señor,*' he replied.

Both Resler and I saw the danger. We begged, we implored him to keep to the left.

'Think of the Cross; think of the guns,' I cried.

'Confound the guns!' exclaimed Lalavoine. 'What do I care for the guns? It's Catarina I'm after. I sha'n't get such a chance again, and, *mon Dieu!* I mean to take it.'

'But they will soon be after us,' I persisted.

'It's perfect folly. You must be mad.'

'Who's in command here,' he answered angrily, 'you or I? Do you want a court-martial?'

'*Ma foi!*' muttered Resler *sotto voce*, 'it won't be us who will be court-martialled.' And the fatal step was taken.

We soon entered a forest of oaks with high banks on either side, and on emerging from it, we saw, about five hundred metres distant, on a slight eminence, the filthy little village—for so it proved to be—and we pulled up our panting horses at a wretched *fonda* with a bush hanging outside.

'I say,' shouted Lalavoine to the landlord, who had rushed out in alarm, 'you know Señor Gonzalez?'

'*Sí, señor,*' he replied. 'He lives in a large house, La Villa Hermosa, about the third of a league farther on, just past the Calvary on the right hand of the road.'

'That's all right,' said Alphonse. The *berloque** sounded, and we entered the inn. 'You know,' he continued to the man in a low voice, 'la Señorita Gonzalez? She is charming; she is lovely; she's the star of the heavens.'

The innkeeper was a fat, vulgar, greasy little man, with small, cunning eyes; and, though he did not know what was exactly coming, I could see he was inwardly calculating what benefit he was to derive from our arrival; though, as Lalavoine continued to sing the praise of his innamorata, I perceived that he could hardly keep down his surprise. He looked at Alphonse, and he looked at me, and I thought—but I may have been mistaken—that he winked.

'*Sí, capitán,* all that you say is perfectly true. As for la Señorita Catarina, she is charming, she is good, especially to the poor.'

'Well, I am going to marry her. I am going to bring her here. I'—

But this was too much for the man. His eyes nearly came out of his head with surprise; he placed his hands on his paunch, and bending down, was slowly turning round, with what I know now was suppressed laughter, but Lalavoine gave him a sharp kick behind that made him stand upright pretty quick.

* The 'disperse.'

'Maraquita, Maraquita !' he shouted at the top of his voice, '*venga acá, venga acá !*' and the next moment his flustered wife appeared. 'Listen ; the captain is going to marry la Señorita Gonzalez, and she is coming here to-night.'

'*O purissima ! O Madre de Dios !*' the woman exclaimed, and she was going to add more, but Lalavoine interrupted her.

'Is the *señorita* at home ?'

'Of course she is,' they both exclaimed eagerly, for they saw there was going to be some profit in this enterprise.

Thereupon Lalavoine told them that he must send her a note to prepare her. This they promised should be delivered into her own hand at once, and they called their eldest son, to whom Lalavoine gave a *peseta*, and promised him another if he was quick. Tearing a sheet from his note-book, he scrawled a hasty note, and the lad departed. Both the man and his wife, who had been whispering excitedly to each other, now entered eagerly into the scheme. They promised to make ready the only room in the house, and said that they would sleep in the loft with the children.

'You shall have a lovely supper of fish and *olla podrida*,' said the wife.—'Here, José,' she cried to another son, 'run down to the bridge, near the drain, and catch some fish.' And he at once seized his rod and ran off at a great pace.

Then Lalavoine went off to the barber's, and I told a dozen men to get ready. Going out into the road, I found Resler still fuming and swearing by the guns.

'This is terrible ! This is awful !' he said savagely. 'We are bound to be followed ; we shall lose these guns, and look what beauties they are ; look at the coronets and crests on them !'

I did my best to console him, and, anyway, I told him, as we were three good leagues from the main body of the Spaniards, and had got a good start, I did not think there was really any immediate danger ; but for all that I took the precaution of sending a brigadier and a couple of men down the road to the wood, with orders to fire at once if any of the enemy approached, so as to give the alarm ; and this proved a very lucky idea. As we had got the guns, on my own responsibility I told Resler to load them. He was highly amused at the suggestion, for of course neither he nor I nor any of the men knew anything about such business. Anyway, it served to divert his thoughts. By this time Lalavoine, all spick and span as a bridegroom should be, came out of the barber's.

As the mad enterprise had to be carried out, the sooner it was done the better ; so I formed up the men, who, knowing now what was going to take place, were all on the broad grin, especially as their captain promised them one hundred francs if the *coup* succeeded. Even I, angry as I was, began to see the fun of the thing.

Leaving Resler behind, we galloped off. We had gone no great distance ere we met a woman

leading a white donkey, and of her we asked the way.

'You will see the house through the trees in a moment, *señors*,' she said.

'Do you think the *señorita* is at home ?'

'Of course she is,' she replied ; 'but *la donna* and *el señor* are out for a drive.'

'Of course she is !' These were exactly the same words as the innkeeper had used. I did not for myself see why it should be 'of course ;' but Lalavoine was highly pleased, and threw her some *reales*.

'That's all the better,' he said gaily as we galloped along. 'Won't the old birds be surprised when they return to find the nest empty ? There's the house. *Parbleu*, what a lovely place ! It's worthy of its name. Ah ! and there is the Calvary, and here's the gate.' In another moment we were racing up the carriage-drive. Dismounting, Alphonse rang the bell violently.

'Is la Señorita Catarina at home ?' asked Lalavoine as the man appeared.

'Oh yes,' he replied, with a scared face ; 'but you can't see her.'

'Don't stand there like a fool,' said Alphonse sharply ; 'go and tell her at once Captain Alphonse is here, unless you want the place asked.'

Passing through the beautiful *patio*, with a fountain playing in the middle, we were shown into a large room. The *persiennes* were partly drawn, and, coming out of the sun, we seemed almost in darkness ; but, getting accustomed to it, we soon perceived that it was very handsomely furnished.

'*Ma foi !*' I said in a subdued voice, 'the family must have money.'

'Of course they have,' answered Lalavoine, and then he commenced nervously stamping up and down. Still the angel did not appear, and I began, as I thought of the guns, to get as anxious as my comrade, who kept on fidgeting about, getting up one moment and sitting down the next.

'Dence take it !' he whispered at last, 'I think I shall go and see for myself.'

Suddenly there was a rustle of a dress. The door opened, and we sprang to our feet.

A tall, slender figure with light-brown hair entered. She stood coyly for a moment by the door, shading her face with a large fan. She may even have been pretty—that's a thing I could not vouch for in such a dim, uncertain light ; but I was certain she was nearly fifty. Lalavoine, with all a lover's eagerness, had rushed to meet her, but suddenly he stopped as if spell-bound. She, doubtless taking this as a tribute to her beauty, sprang forward and threw her arms round his neck.

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Lalavoine gave a deep groan—I am not sure it was not an oath. He tried to disengage himself,

but she clung closely to him. Gently he led her to a sofa, gave one good look, shook himself free, seized his helmet, and rushed towards the door. In his haste in the semi-darkness he knocked over a bowl of goldfish and sent the servant (who had probably had his ear glued to the door all the time) flying. Regardless of the piercing screams of the poor forsaken woman, I rushed after him.

Outside, with a horse with a lady's saddle, which Lalavoine had especially ordered them to get, the troopers were waiting. Without a word, Lalavoine jumped on his charger. It all happened so quickly that up till then I hardly knew what I was about. It seemed like a dream. I got on my horse somehow, and I dare say I gave the order to follow; but the ridiculousness of the whole affair then burst upon me to such an extent that I could hardly keep my seat for laughter. The idea of actually running the risk of losing those guns for this no doubt very amiable but middle-aged lady was too much for me. I wanted to pull up, but I was perfectly

helpless, and I feared I should fall forward on my charger's crupper. My companion, riding as though the fiend himself was behind him, was far ahead—nearly, in fact, at the gate—when suddenly a carriage turned into the drive. With an effort I composed my countenance, but the look of astonishment on the faces of a very aristocratic old gentleman and his wife, as I dashed past them, sent me off into another fit; the tears ran down my eyes, and I thought I should have died of laughter.

When one horse is following another, if the first one gets out of sight, the second—out of curiosity, I suppose—always quickens its pace, and I could not hold mine in, and unfortunately I was pitched clean off. This—for I was rather bruised—stopped my laughter for a time, and I got up in a very sober state of mind, clambered on again, and went after Lalavoine ere my men, who were racing behind me without any proper formation, reached me.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVANCE OF THE TELEPHONE.



If any one were to name the device which has grown most rapidly in favour in the countries of the civilised world within the last twenty years, the answer would probably be the telephone, for it must be remembered that it was really not in use thirty years ago, the few instruments then in existence being merely utilised for experiments. Those who attended the Centennial Exposition in America in 1876 saw the first form of the Bell telephone, which afterwards was to become a familiar appliance throughout the world. With its huge transmitter made out of leather, and its curious receiver, it appeared to be one of the numberless inventions which could not be placed in practical use; but it was improved so rapidly that during the following year the first telephone exchange in the world was located in the city of Boston, Massachusetts.

It seems incredible that less than thirty years ago we began to use this wonderful instrument in communicating with the voice, for there is now no civilised community which is without the telephone. While it has become a necessity in the home and elsewhere throughout Great Britain and on the Continent, a better idea of the wonderful expansion in the telephone service can probably be gained in the United States, since the American people employ it to a much greater extent than those of any other country. Yet as recently as twenty-five years ago only about fifty thousand telephones were in use throughout the United States among its fifty million people, and fourteen years later the total number of telephones was only three hundred thousand; but within ten years so many of these

instruments had been manufactured that the number in use was nearly two million five hundred thousand, or one to every thirty-four people in the United States.

Since 1902, however, the number of telephone-talkers has increased far more rapidly than during any previous period, for at the beginning of the year 1906 nearly five million telephones were connected with exchanges all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. Statistics obtained from the various companies making the instruments show that fully one million five hundred thousand more will be added to this number by the end of the present year. Such an enormous quantity of wire has been stretched on poles and laid underground in cables in the United States that those over which persons carry on conversations for a distance of fifty miles or more—the long-distance wires—would make a line actually stretching to the moon, according to the distance calculated by the astronomers, while enough wire would be left to stretch around the earth three times at its greatest diameter. The long-distance telephone service is so extensive that a man in New York or Chicago can use it to talk with no less than seven million different people, which represents the number of persons using such instruments in their homes or places of business. At the present time a person in the city of New York and a person in the city of St Louis can hold a conversation by telephone, the words being clearly understood. As yet it is impossible to talk across the country; but improvements are being made in the telephone which it is believed will result in extending this long-distance service from ocean to ocean across America.

One of the reasons why these little sound-

transmitters have become so popular is because the quantity of electric current required is so minute. Scientists who have measured the actual electric energy, as it is called, needed to pronounce a word in the transmitter at New York which can be heard over the wire in Chicago say that it is so small that the current used in a single incandescent electric lamp would furnish enough energy for no less than five million words. Another calculation which has been made of the current necessary in telephone service is that the electricity in a magnet sufficiently powerful to lift a weight of fifteen ounces would operate a telephone line one hundred feet in length for a period of two hundred and forty years.

Consequently the expense of talking by telephone is so small as to be insignificant, while the cost of the transmitter and receiver has been greatly reduced, for the reason that patents held by the inventor have expired to such an extent that any one with sufficient genius can design a telephone and be permitted to manufacture and sell it according to the laws of the United States. Therefore, these appliances have become necessary in so many ways that they are almost innumerable not only in the United States but throughout the world. The principal business, law, and banking houses have been installing telephones in large numbers. The idea is to put a telephone on practically every counter or desk. Communication within the store or bank is free, an employé without leaving his desk being able to talk with any one in the store. The actual saving in time in this way is worth hundreds of dollars to a large business establishment in the course of a year. A single department store in New York has one thousand five hundred telephones, another eight hundred, and a number from two hundred to five hundred. Many banking-houses in America and Europe have from twenty to fifty telephones apiece. The telephone has not affected the transaction of business alone. In the larger American cities almost every apartment house and private residence has a telephone. The ordinary social telegram is practically a thing of the past for short distances, having been supplanted by the telephone, and an increasingly large amount of the daily shopping is done every year in the same manner. Indeed, so widespread has become the use of the telephone in the larger cities that the telephone-book is being used instead of the ordinary city directory to ascertain the location of persons, as it contains the residence addresses of thousands of people who keep telephones in their houses as well as their offices.

One of the interesting outgrowths of the telephone is the theatrephone, which is an arrangement whereby a person can hear the players in a theatre or opera-house by sitting in his home with the specially arranged double-receivers at his ears. Experts have been experimenting with the theatrephone for several years, and have so perfected the system that it is possible to hear distinctly the lowest stage-whisper or the softest note of an opera.

The question has been seriously considered by one hospital in New York of installing theatrephones in every room. During the week the patients can hear the various operas and concerts, and on Sunday connection can be made with a church of any denomination and the patient can hear the sermon.

A company has been organised in the United States to furnish electric music to be transmitted through the telephone to the homes of the subscribers. Strings, reeds, and other devices with which we have been accustomed to sound our notes are dispensed with. Electricity will transmit musical waves, adjusted to as many different vibrations as are the strings of a piano. To play the instrument a piano keyboard is used. The pressing of a key produces just the note that the piano-string would produce. Musicians who have heard the quality of the notes say that the delicacy of expression is remarkable. The imitation of the violin and 'cello is so perfect that the auditor can hardly believe he is not listening to the bow gliding over the strings. The notes are not sounded in the ear of the performer operating the battery, the vibrations instead being communicated to the telephone wires, which transmit them to the telephone receiver, and there the note is sounded. The receiving telephones are fitted with a device which carries the notes through a room as clearly as if played by an organ. One of the receiving telephones is connected with the operator, and he can thus hear how his playing sounds. The promoters of this company believe that eventually hotels generally, because of the very much lower cost, will install these telephones and use them instead of orchestras. It is also expected that they will be placed in private residences, when the subscriber can order music for dinner, a dance, or a concert for his guests.

Recently the telephone has been placed in most American restaurants, so that it can be used by the patrons at any table. It is on the bill of fare, and is ordered with other items. The coaches of long-distance trains are also being provided with telephones, which are connected to the exchange system whenever the train stops for a few minutes in a city, giving the passengers an opportunity to telephone if they wish to do so. Thus it is possible for a business man, whether travelling or dining, to keep in close touch with his office and his family.

One of the most striking features of the development of telephony has been the growth of rural lines. Even the rural postman has been anticipated in many sections of the country by the telephone, and remarkable as has been the growth of the telephone industry in the eastern States, it has been far exceeded by the growth in the west. These rural lines are nearly all mutual companies, the wires and instruments being owned by the farmers themselves, and being operated primarily for their convenience and not for revenue. Any deficit in the expense of operation is met, as a rule, by assessments on the owners, and the surplus, if any, is usually expended in improving the system. It

is estimated that there are to-day more than four hundred thousand miles of telephone wires owned by rural companies. On these rural lines a number of telephones, sometimes twenty or more, are connected with a single wire. Each subscriber has a different ring or 'call,' and the wires are in use nearly all the time. The uses to which the rural lines are put are almost innumerable. In Minnesota and South Dakota a daily telephone news service has been inaugurated. Twice a day, at noon and at seven o'clock, in response to a given signal, all the farmers on the rural circuits pick up the receivers, and the operator at the central office reads a brief summary of the principal news items of the day just received by telegraph from Chicago. In this way farmers living twenty and thirty miles from the nearest railroad or telegraph station receive the news of the world almost as quickly as dwellers in the great cities. The idea has proved most popular, and is spreading into other western States. In a number of instances the telephone lines have been connected with the schoolhouses. While the news is being received the children are given a recess, after which the teacher imparts to her pupils the news she has just heard from far and near.

The telephone has effected almost as great changes in the business methods of the farmers and planters of America as it has in the great cities. Instead of hauling his wheat or cotton twenty or thirty miles to market, there to be forced to accept whatever price may be offered, the farmer now telephones to the nearest railroad station and learns the day's prices. If the quotation is satisfactory he can sell over the telephone before sending his produce to market. In this way the farmer and planter are in close touch with the markets of the world, and are in a position to take immediate advantage of every favourable fluctuation in prices. Many of the large plantations in the south and ranches in the west have their own private telephone exchanges. One ranch in Oklahoma, extending over eighty-seven thousand acres, has thirty-five miles of private telephone-wires connecting with every foreman.

Without leaving his chair the owner of this ranch can telephone to Chicago and sell ten thousand cattle or one hundred thousand bushels of wheat, or call up and give directions to a foreman twenty miles away.

Having revolutionised business methods during this brief career, the telephone promises to play a prominent part in the wars of the future. In Europe stationary balloons sent up to observe the movements of the enemy are equipped with telephones, enabling the aeronaut to keep in constant communication with headquarters. In the previous great wars the line of battle was so contracted that the commanding general, with the aid of a courier service, could easily control and direct the entire field; but now, owing to the use of modern rifles with a range of five and six times that of thirty years ago, the disposition of troops covers an area of so many miles that it is impossible for a general to direct the movement of his forces with the courier and signal service in use in previous wars. The army under Marshal Oyama in its advance upon Mukden was at times extended over an area of more than two hundred miles, and yet the Japanese commander-in-chief was at all times in complete and immediate control of this immense army, directing the movement of the different divisions with a facility that astounded the world. This was rendered possible through the establishment of a telephone system which kept Marshal Oyama and his staff in constant communication with every part of the battlefield. The telephone lines were, of course, of the most temporary character, no effort being made in their construction for their preservation. Where possible, the wire was reeled from wheeled vehicles like so much rope along roads and across fields. When the army advanced into wild country where the movement of wagons was difficult, the coils of wire were slung over the shoulders of the soldiers and carried great distances on foot. In this way the telephone department of the Japanese signal corps was able to complete its lines as fast as the troops moved.

REMINISCENCES OF A BACHELOR.

A MOONLIGHT RIDE.

WHEN I was a boy my greatest enjoyment used to be to lie ensconced in a little wood overlooking the English Channel, with the surf rushing on the shingle, and my mind wrapped up in a book about the adventures of Frobisher, Drake, Morgan, and others, and the doughty deeds done far beyond the waves that thundered at my feet. One day I came across an old book of travels in the Far East, and a story therein especially attracted me. It dealt with the wanderings of an Englishman in the Philippines and his experiences amongst a strange people in

the interior of Luzon, the principal island of the archipelago once belonging to Spain. These people, the Tinguianes, lived in the mountain fastnesses of the island, and no Spaniard dared enter their domain. Their warlike spirit and the nature of the country enabled them to set at defiance all attempts to subdue them; and the haughty Don thought it best to ignore their existence and to leave them to the tribal feuds with their neighbours the Gaddanes and Igarotes.

The Tinguianes build their houses twenty and more feet above the ground, amongst the branches of trees, so as not to be subject to sudden surprise

by an enemy at night. Some of their weapons are large rounded stones picked from the abundant rivers flowing through their country; and from an altitude and the proficiency they have attained these weapons are most effective against an enemy not provided with firearms. They carry a lance, a war-hatchet, and the terrible blowpipe—a hollow reed into which is inserted a thorn, to the base of which is attached a flake of wild cotton, whilst the tip has been dipped into the deadly poison extracted from the upas-tree. An enemy or a quarry comes in sight of the warrior hidden by the leafy tangle of the palmettoes, a gentle breath into the mouthpiece, and away speeds the silent messenger of death. A slight scratch, hardly noticed—and, if so, thought to be due to the brambles and thorns which are the bane of the traveller traversing these wilds—then all at once a giddiness seizes the brain, the limbs refuse to move, the blood seems on fire, and the victim is attacked by an agonising thirst. Whether man or beast, this thirst must be quenched at all costs; and when the first drop passes the lips, and the victim thinks that he has found alleviation from his tortures, down he falls as if struck by a bolt from the heavens.

When reading all this little did I dream that in not so many years it would fall to my lot to pass through an experience with these very same people, the like of which happens to few men, and which has left an indelible impression on my mind. Although after many years the spirit may yet feel young, the fact still impresses itself upon us that the time is going fast. The young live in the future and the old in the memories of days gone by.

At the age of seventeen I entered a merchant's office in London; but after four years of City life my longing for foreign lands and strange countries became too strong, and I set to work to find employment across the seas—the farther the better.

In the meantime I lived the life of a healthy English lad: I played cricket, and above all indulged in boating. How happy would I be on a still summer eve, reclining in my canoe, with the gentle lapping of the stream against my frail craft, reading some favourite book until the waning light and the fleecy mists rising from the bosom of old Father Thames would rouse me! Slowly I paddled back to the little cottage, and sat and dreamt of life and all it might contain until it was time to go to bed; and then next day back to the old City, grimy and yet dear to every one who has passed the days of his youth therein.

After many disappointments, fruitless interviews, and hopes deferred, I at last met with success, and secured a position with a firm trading to the Far East. In due time I sailed, and as the route is such well-trodden ground I need not weary my readers with its description. At Singapore I left the luxurious mail-boat and boarded a little steamer

of some four hundred tons which was to take me to my destination. About six days later we steamed through the narrow channel into the bay, past the island of Corregidor, and before us lay in the distance the city of Manila. It was a beautiful day; a gentle breeze rippled the dark-blue waters, and as we glided onwards little by little the features of the landscape became more clear. We dropped anchor about a mile from shore, and the old and grim-looking fortifications came in full view, sheltering within their walls a multitude of churches and quaint Spanish-Moorish houses.

I was received in the kindest manner by my chief and colleagues, who vied with each other to make me feel at home. Everything was new to me and entrancing—the bright dresses of the natives, the uniforms of the Spanish soldiery, the monks (of whom there were hosts), the strange cries of the street vendors, and all the diversified sights of the glorious East.

As I was a light-weight and considered a fair rider I got no end of mounts and invitations to picnics. Those were the halcyon days of youth! The little spirited ponies carried us splendidly, and the country is just lovely. In the distance loomed high mountains, and away beyond them lived the strange people I had read of and not forgotten. The months and years rolled by, and yet the longing to visit them still lurked in my mind. However, I bided my time. I studied the native language; made many acquaintances, some friends, and some enemies; got into scrapes and out of them; but my principal recreation was riding. For some time I had been coveting a beautiful Arab imported from India. He was a splendid bay with dark points, and his stride compared to the fussy movements of the lively little ponies was a revelation. When at last I became his proud master I believe there was no happier man on the island. Soon we were fast friends, and every day cemented the bond between us, as, although very high-spirited and fiery, he was as gentle as a lamb. To crown my contentment, one day my chief presented me with a puppy of a breed he fancied very much—a cross between a Dane and a Russian wolfhound, a great, strong beast; and soon Olaf, Said the Arab, and myself were out of business hours inseparable, or nearly so. I explored the country round the city for twenty to thirty miles, and there was hardly a village or hamlet where we three were not known and always heartily welcomed. For as much as the natives hated the Spaniards, they could well distinguish between one of them and an Englishman, whom they were delighted to entertain wherever he went.

I had now been several years at my desk, so I applied to the chief for a short holiday, which was cheerfully granted, with a lot of good advice, most respectfully listened to, but most disrespectfully discarded as soon as I was out of his sight, for

I had made up my mind to visit the Tinguianes. Some time before, I had become acquainted with an old Dominican monk who in his early days had tried as a missionary to convert these people, but, as he said, without success. However, he had a fund of information to impart about them; and, what was especially of use to me, he taught me the language.

My preparations for the trip were soon made, as they were of the scantiest: a shot-gun slung over my shoulder, a revolver and hunting-knife in my belt, a change of underwear, and I was ready. I took some cheap jewellery for the women, with pocket-knives and other little things for the men, as presents.

With a light heart I mounted Said, whilst Olaf went wild with delight. Little did I dream of what was in store for us, else I might have hesitated on the very brink of this adventure.

The sun was rising as I trotted out into the country, a noble beast between my knees, a faithful hound bounding by my side, and in the crisp morning air I felt the young blood rushing through my veins, so that, in the full enjoyment of all that is life unto a healthy youthful mind, I just shouted with joy.

Soon I had passed my known rides and haunts and entered a wilder country. The cultivated fields became rarer, and rapidly I left the little civilisation there was behind me. The only sound I heard was the sighing of the wind in the tops of the trees, the chattering of countless monkeys, the screeching of parrots, the hoarse croak of the hornbill. A big python glided across the path, making Said snort with terror and Olaf growl, and the deer scampered away in grand style. The loneliness was intense. For hours I would ride and only encounter, after many weary miles, a clearing settled by a few natives, who stared at me suspiciously; but when I spoke to them in their own tongue they would unbend and become quite friendly, and as soon as they were assured that I did not belong to the hated race they most hospitably offered me all they had.

I questioned them carefully about my journey, and they invariably tried to persuade me not to proceed, as the people I intended to visit were so treacherous, and I would never come back.

What youth ever lived who listened to such counsels? All this advice, so well meant, was only an incentive to go on with my search, and an inexplicable longing for what was awaiting in the future got hold of me. After three days' more travel I halted at a squatter's hut, where I was treated, as far as the poor native's resources went, like a prince. I had to tell him about the outside world, and much he marvelled at the many things he heard, strange to his untutored mind; but when he realised where I was going he shook his venerable head and said, 'Young man, young man, life is sweet to the young. Do not go and venture it

amongst the wild men of the woods;' and then he lapsed into a reverie which I dared not interrupt. In the light of the young moon and the ruddy gleam of the fire we were sitting at he looked so weird and supernatural that, in spite of all my youthful flippancy, I was awed. Then he broke into a chant, and what I could gather was: 'Go not into the wilds, O young stranger from far across the seas! You will find there what will set your soul aflame, but'—he stopped, and then resumed with a wail that had something terrible in it—'you will come to the valley of the shadow. I see you enter it; but will you emerge into the joy of sunlight?' I must confess that this warning, on the top of all the others, was distinctly disagreeable, and I had my misgivings when I went to sleep; but the bright dawn chased away these fancies.

On I rode into the recesses of the mountains, when of a sudden I found myself surrounded by fierce-looking men, and I knew I had met the Tinguianes. I saluted them in their own language, and a look of astonishment overspread their features. They made me stop, and shortly an old man in all the savagery of his warlike undress stood before me. I had to dismount, and he put some terse questions to me, which evidently were answered to his satisfaction, for he motioned me to remain at his side. We came to a narrow gorge, which we climbed in silence, as it was woefully steep, and I pitied poor Said scrambling between the boulders, the roadway evidently being the bed of a mountain torrent in the rainy season. After a long climb we emerged on a ridge and looked down into a valley of surpassing loveliness. A purling stream threaded it, and in the groves of trees I could see the houses perched like birds' nests amongst the branches. Down we wended our way, the sinking sun lighting us; and the beauty of the place would take a master-hand to depict.

The women and children, at the sight of the white man, shrank away until reassured by the shouts of my captors that I was not a Spaniard, and then they thronged around me with more questions than it was possible to answer in a calendar month. Soon a banquet, rude but plentiful, was spread, and I had the seat of honour at the chief's side. I told them stories about our wars with the Spaniards; and what did it matter that I spoke of ancient history, and they thought it contemporary? The more I related the more excited they got, and with every victory I recited their acclamations waxed more furious, and I was beginning to dread that I was overdoing my part.

A big drum boomed forth a deep note, and silence fell on all. The moon had risen, and into the space round which we were seated there entered a score or so of dusky maidens dressed in garments fashioned of leaves. To the accompaniment of the wild music they glided through the maze of an intricate dance, and it was of wondrous charm. Gently wafting to and fro, it seemed as if leaves were drifting before

a summer wind on a breeze as soft as a beam of moonlight. Then from the midst of the dancers there darted forward a form as lissome as a fawn, and as she looked at me I gazed deep into the eyes of Sampaguita. Woven in her dark and abundant tresses, shrouding a nearly faultless face, were the white, star-like petals of the flower she took her name from, and as delicate and fragrant as that beautiful blossom seemed she. Then I knew what had drawn me across the seas, and after many years made me meet my destiny. Not a doubt assailed my mind; forgotten were all the prejudices of race, of civilised *versus* savage life; all I realised to the fullest extent was that it was *kismet*.

I will not speak of the days that followed—the midsummer madness so strange, so sweet. Four short days passed like a dream, and then the crash came. The chief announced in open council that he had decided to take to himself Sampaguita as his fourth wife. The leering old savage! I could have knocked him down to think of my beautiful flower in his satyr's grasp.

That night we decided to escape, and, for fear of what the morrow might bring, it was to be at the rise of the moon. Ostentatiously I retired to rest, and when I could reasonably count upon every one being asleep—if at the time I could reason at all—I gently slid down the ladder from the house and made my way with a beating heart towards the little copse where we had arranged to meet. There I found Sampaguita holding Said, and gently I laid my hand on Olaf's head to keep him from showing his joy. I lifted my love on the bare back of my faithful steed, for I had to leave saddle and arms behind me to avoid suspicion. Carefully we took the downward path, and at last emerged from the rocky defile. I mounted, and through the moonlit aisles of the forest we rode, knowing that if captured a fearful and lingering death awaited us.

The miles sped by, and I was beginning to hope that we should make good our escape when a growl from Olaf arrested my attention. I listened intently, and then I caught a sound coming down on the wind which turned my blood to ice. It was the war-cry of the savages, who had taken a short cut across the mountains known to them only, and who were endeavouring to head us off from the only ford of the river for miles around. However,

I doubted not that Said would carry us through. My knees pressed his heaving flanks, and nobly he responded.

Onward he galloped, and I was getting more confident of outdistancing our relentless pursuers, when from afar the low growl of thunder smote our ears, and I felt Sampaguita trembling in my arms. I tried to comfort her, but still she moaned, 'The river, the river!' I had not time to inquire what was troubling her; every sense and every nerve in my body was needed in that reckless ride. I saw the river gleaming in the moonlight, and the excited shouts of our foes gave me hope that we should win, for on the other side of the stream was territory into which the savages rarely passed.

Arrived at the brink, we dashed into the current so grateful to the touch after the long and heated ride, when a distant noise became momentarily louder, and I of a sudden knew what Sampaguita had meant by 'the river.' A cloud-burst had occurred in the mountains higher up in the range, and our only chance lay in crossing before the flood came down. No need to urge the gallant beast; he seemed to know the danger, and strained every muscle. The thunder of the rushing waters became intense, and round the bend of the river swept towards us a wall of foam with a sullen roar. The hand of death was on us. I pressed Sampaguita to my heart in a last, speechless farewell. No words could be heard in such a tumult, and then a gasp, a choking cry, and all was oblivion.

Hours must have passed before I awoke with the sun shining on my face, and I wondered where I was, when I caught sight of Olaf crouching by my side. My brain was flooded by the memory of the night's happenings, and I remembered the old native's saying, 'You will pass through the valley of the shadow. Whether you will emerge from it I know not.' I had, but at what a cost! I hid my face in my hands and groaned in the anguish of my spirit, whilst Olaf raised his voice and howled a dirge for the dead. Both my love and my faithful Said were gone, and their bodies were never found.

Wearied and footsore, I made my way back to civilisation and drudgery.

Decades have passed, I have visited many lands, yet ever the night wind whispers, 'Sampaguita, Sampaguita!'

THE NEW CENTURY FRICTIONLESS MOTOR.



None in the present day can possibly question the remarkable revolution in society at large wrought by the introduction of the free spider-wheel, pneumatic-tired cycle, with its innumerable advantages and delights, soon followed by motor-carriages of all kinds with greater swiftness and power. Still, it must be

admitted, when the first glow and pleasure of the beginner have faded before the stern exigencies of the road, many sighs and longings have been expressed for some further effort to release travellers from the bondage of stony and muddy roads, grinding friction, with the general wear and tear, not to mention the after-cleaning of the machine.

If only the same thought and care were bestowed upon a new coming power as have been spent upon other modern inventions, may not a less expensive, more durable, and yet as swift and safe a power as the cycle, with far less requisite care, succeed, only waiting to be taken in hand by science, perfected, and applied to the immeasurable advantage and comfort of a world-wide community? May not this new-found power of locomotion offer a world-lead to the British mechanic, in face of the recent sensational heading in a French paper, 'Forty Thousand Pounds Paid for an Aeroplane,' as yet unconfirmed?

Who has not watched with admiration and envy the graceful gliding track of the untiring swallow upon the surface of a stream, skimming the untouched surface, whilst feeding on myriads of gnats dancing above its glittering face? So is it a well-established fact amongst naturalists that our largest birds of flight can with outstretched pinions sail calmly and majestically without flap of wing along the surface of the sea or in air, following and circling around the fastest steamers in their homeward passage, and maintaining this course for hours with apparently no fatigue. The Atlantic albatross and the South American condor alike supply observant and inventive men with object-lessons of air-locomotion of the safest and simplest kind. All that is needed for ultimate success is patient, careful observation and imitation of Dame Nature's wonderful contrivance and design. Professor Darwin has drawn a vivid and scientific picture of the soaring powers of the huge South American condor: 'Near Lima I watched several condors for half-an-hour without once taking off my eyes. They moved in large curves, sweeping in circles, descending and ascending, without a single flap. As they glided close over my head I intently watched, from an oblique position, the outlines of the separate and great terminal feathers of each wing; and these separate feathers, if there had been the least vibratory movement, would have appeared as if blended together; but they were seen distinct against the blue sky. The head and neck were moved frequently, apparently with force; and the extended wings seemed to form the fulcrum on which these movements acted. If the bird wished to descend, the wings were for a moment collapsed, and when again expanded, with an altered inclination, the momentum gained by the rapid descent seemed to urge the bird upwards with the steady movement of a paper kite.' The movement of the albatross is more like the lunging of a skater to and fro.

All that is required to secure this gliding action is a pair of stiffly extended air-blades cleverly handled by patient exercise and practice, with power to collapse and expand these blades according to the force of the wind. A lightly framed breastplate is necessary on which to recline horizontally, and strong to resist the crushing force of the ends of the blades, with a

projecting breast-bone to support the extended blades, quickly secured to the traveller with a single strap, to be afterwards easily folded up and carried under the arm, and bestowed where most convenient.

A machine 'heavier than air' is without doubt the one of the period—no longer unwieldy gas-bags at the mercy of every wind that blows; but we may look for the coming light, trim, skimming air-glider with plano blades keen as a scimitar, cutting its way steadily and easily in the face of a headwind, and even putting on pace from its opposing force; clear of all dust, mud, and stones; guiltless of punctures; frictionless from scraping and heated bearings; bright, safe, and clean. To secure all this offers an attraction worthy of the closest attention of all inventive mechanical minds. The writer of this article has seen a working drawing of the only machine which will secure the steady upward movement of a paper kite, as described by Professor Darwin. In this coming machine the *weight* of the traveller, as in Nature, is the only propelling force.

NAVIGATOR, BECCLES.

IN MEMORIAM.

SOUTH AFRICA, 1899-1903.

WHERE Kaffirs idly loiter and the circling vultures fly,
Among the scattered boulders with the sweet mimosa by,
The soldier sleeps in safety, and round his weary head
The angel-sentries ever guard his longest 'night abed.'

His grave is graced at daylight with the kiss of early dew,

And straying oxen wander where the hissing bullet flew;
And for the hearts that love him still, that sigh so far away,

Perhaps the green amantis kneels beside the place to pray.

The springbok slumbers near him throughout the summer's heat,

And little dazzling lizards play with silent, dancing feet;
Except the ox-bird calling, the veldt is still around,
And nought will e'er disturb him till the Great Reveille sound.

No foeman now can fear him; no more his British cheer

Will echo up the donga-path until the mountains hear;
The grave has closed about him in a tender, long embrace,
And found him where he last obeyed, his final halting-place.

In Nature's hallowed keeping safe; no need there be to mourn,

The Guard dismounts at sunrise and the Sentries watch the dawn,

Yet, England, through the watches of the long, calm night serene,

For him, in thine own honour bound, oh, keep thy memory green!

C. J. L. G.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

SAM BOUGH, R. S. A.

By WYBERT REEVE.

THE chief event at one of Christie's sales in London lately was the record price of nine hundred and eighty guineas given for a landscape painted by the Scottish Academician Sam Bough, an artist of great and original merit, whose works hitherto have been best known and appreciated in Scotland, in Liverpool, Manchester, and the north of England. Another picture—'Newhaven'—was sold at the same place on April 21 for six hundred and sixty guineas; and the *Daily Telegraph*, in speaking of the sale, says: 'On February 24 last we noted the signs of a Bough boom. For years past his works have been carefully garnered in Scottish collections.' No greater proof is now wanting to show that connoisseurs are waking up to the fact of his merits, and that his pictures are becoming more generally known and are increasing in value year by year. It is the opinion of many that time alone is necessary for him to find a place as a painter of landscape and a student of nature by the side of John Linnell or David Cox.

In looking over the list of nearly five hundred pictures exhibited at various exhibitions, institutions, at the Scottish Academy, and Royal Academy, there are very few during his artistic career from 1847 to 1879 that were sold for a price exceeding one hundred pounds. The prices for oil or water colours, large or small, seem to have been from twenty to fifty pounds; and I could not help thinking of the intense pleasure a sale of one of his works at nine hundred and eighty guineas would have given Bough in his long years of struggle against poverty and disappointment. I met him one day in Princes Street, Edinburgh, looking very savage; and on my asking the cause, he replied, 'Just my luck. I looked in at the sale of B.'s furniture and pictures, and saw one of my own knocked down for one hundred and fifty guineas. He only paid me thirty pounds for it not twelve months ago.' I tried to calm him by saying, 'You should feel proud your pictures are going

up so much in value.' 'So I should if the money was in my pocket,' was his reply; 'but it isn't. It never is. These infernal middlemen get the benefit of my brains.'

There was a great deal of truth in this; but there is some explanation in the fact that for so many years his necessities made him accept low prices to get cash in hand; and he had the misfortune—considering him in the light of a true artist—of being able to dash off a picture in a few hours. So numbers of what he called 'pot-boilers' came into the market, and lessened the value of paintings that did credit to his masterly genius.

Looking over the very excellent collection of pictures in the Melbourne Gallery, I saw a large one, 'The Weald of Kent,' a charming English landscape stretching between the North and South Downs, with all its variety of corn and meadow, the land undulating but not rising to the dignity of hills, here and there the old forest-trees, and the windmill, one of the distinguishing features of this part of England. Bough was wonderfully natural in his atmospheric effects. We see an example in this picture: the breaking clouds, the coming thunder-showers, and the flock of birds sailing down before it. Very little is left to the imagination: the dusty country-road stretching away into the distance; the military baggage-cart in the foreground, and the wagons, one with three horses, coming round by the quarry; the military escort, in the absurd marching-order of uniform, toiling along, soldiers following in the distance, the wives and children riding in the carts; and the browsing sheep disturbed by the passer-by. The correctness of detail and finish in the picture is the finest illustration of his best work, and for it the Victorian Government gave the absurdly small sum of one hundred and twenty pounds in 1871. In the list of his pictures I find 'The Weald of Kent' marked as the property of the Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. The date of this is 1858, and it is catalogued in Melbourne as painted in 1857. I conclude this must be the same picture.

In June 1875 I was in Edinburgh in connection with a very fine but most unwise speculation in a new and far too extravagantly built theatre. Bough, who knew me only by name, hearing of my being in town, told a gentleman connected officially with the same speculation to bring me to him, as he wanted to know me personally. I was taken to his studio. A very queer place it was—a front-room high up in an Edinburgh flat. I should think it had never been cleaned for all the years he had worked in it. Dust was everywhere, on everything—two or three old broken chairs (not one fit to sit down on), half-finished pictures that he had begun and put aside, worn-out palettes and brushes, old and odd bits of plaster-casts, models, draperies, a few pieces of armour, weapons—everything in disorder; and Bough, at work on a picture, dressed in an old brown velvet coat worn a good deal about the pockets and at the elbows, seedy wide trousers, old slippers on his feet, and a short black clay pipe in his mouth that made you wonder how his nose escaped burning. He had evidently had his lunch, for bits of bread and cheese, and a jug and glass which had contained beer, were on a small table near him; and on a rusty stove were a variety of cutty-pipes in odd lengths and various shades of blackness from use.

'Well, Bough, as you wished, I have brought our friend to see you,' said my introducer.

'Glad to see you,' said Bough, shaking me heartily by the hand; 'often heard of you. Glad to see you. We've known each other by name some years, eh? We've never met before. Glad you have turned up at last.'

'Yes,' said our friend in his usual rather pompous manner, 'you see I have carried out my promise. Thought it would please you, old man.'

'Yes,' replied Bough, eying him; 'and it will please me better, old man, to give Reeve a piece of advice.—Look here,' he continued, turning to me, 'how are you off for boots? Have you got a pair of thick ones—very thick?'

'Well,' I replied, 'tolerably so; thick enough to keep out the water this wet weather.'

'Water be blowed! You will want them for something worse than water, I can tell you.'

'For what, then?' I asked.

'To kick our fat friend here out of your office; that's what you'll have to do before a month's up. Kick hard, for he's so thick-skinned he won't feel it.'

Our fat friend looked much annoyed, and I felt very uncomfortable; but Bough burst out into a hearty laugh, and turned to work on his picture.

'You will be funny, and say such odd things,' said the gentleman. 'With anybody else I should take offence; but everybody knows Sam Bough.'

'Do they? It's a good job everybody does not know you, my friend,' replied Bough, still working at his painting.

Thinking it was getting rather warm, I changed the subject, and brought the interview to an end; but it served for an introduction, which afterwards

ripened to good fellowship and many talks on men and things of common interest to both of us.

That Bough was a rough diamond there is no denying; but he had to contend nearly all his life with the harsh environment of poverty and the hard struggles of an ardent, ambitious nature, depending solely on its own resources, fighting its way to public recognition and artistic success. By his Bohemian instincts, and his rough—some people thought rude—habits and mannerisms, he made enemies, no doubt; but I question if many of us could have come through the ordeal and retained, as he did, the straightforward honesty of purpose, the affectionate nature, and the large-hearted generosity which often characterised his actions in helping others.

We are indebted to Mr Sidney Gilpin's *Sam Bough, his Life and Works* (Bell), for some of the facts which follow.

Born in Carlisle in 1822—his father a poor shoemaker, intelligent, somewhat shiftless, but kind-hearted and affectionate; a mother wayward and energetic, as erratic as her son—Sam had no good controlling influence, and only the poor education such parents could afford. For him, shoemaking was out of the question. As a child he was always drawing, trying to copy on paper every object that came in his way. First he helped at a bookseller's, then migrated to London to learn landscape-engraving. His friendly employers could not stand his erratic and restless ways, and they parted. With a few shillings only he started to walk back to Carlisle, made a round of the country by way of Oxford and Woodstock, consorted on his way with gipsies and odd wayfarers, drawing and studying all the way, walking barefoot some miles at the end of the journey, his boots having given out. At home he turned an old shed at the back of his father's shop, which had served as the stable of a donkey, into a studio; here he elaborated many of the scenes he had sketched on his long journey, enriching his stock still further by visits to Wetherall and neighbouring forests, where he spent days and nights, sleeping in the open with such shelter as the trees or rocks afforded. Finding Carlisle a poor place to make money in by the sale of his pictures, he accepted a situation as assistant scene-painter at the new Theatre-Royal, Manchester, at a salary of thirty-five shillings a week. At the end of a week it was raised to two pounds, and Bough felt himself rich enough to contemplate taking a small house and giving a home to his sister. After a time he wearied of scene-painting, and removed to Glasgow; but there he was again obliged to fall back on it under the well-known Glover theatrical management. His engagement here was distinguished by his marriage with Miss Taylor, a vocalist and student of the Royal Academy, introduced to him by Daniel Macnee, the future President of the Academy. This caused a break with Mr Glover, and Bough afterwards removed to Edinburgh to join Mr Murray as scenic artist. Leaving him, he settled down, devoted

ing himself entirely to his art as a landscape painter. His first appearance as a public exhibitor was in 1844. Admitted after a time as an Associate of the Academy, he was unjustly kept back from the full honours of an Academician until 1874. In the theatrical profession he was well known and very much liked by its foremost members. I remember when at supper with Charles Mathews at the Alexandra Hotel, Edinburgh, his saying, 'I called on Sam Bough to-day. I always like to see him when I come to Edinburgh. He's a clever, good-hearted fellow. Did I tell you, one day I was with him, and a friend of his asked me, "Do you do anything in the artistic line?" "Yes," said Bough quickly; "a good deal. His father taught him to draw houses." I call that smart.'

On another occasion I was in the Highlands with Joseph Jefferson. We were fishing on Loch Katrine. He was trying to paint the effect of a fine sunset. 'Ah,' said Jefferson, 'I wish I had the skill of Sam Bough; he is the man for sky-effect. When at his best I know of no artist to beat him.'

To any one who 'put on side' Bough was a terror. To quote his own words again, 'I glory in taking the starch out of them.' He did so, and often gave offence by so doing.

One evening he was invited to dinner at the house of one of the Law lords, and amongst the guests was a gentleman who sat next to him. After a little ordinary dinner conversation the gentleman said, 'Mr Bough, I am an admirer of your pictures.' 'Thank you, I am glad to hear it,' replied Bough. 'Have you bought any?'

'No, not yet,' was the answer; and, looking hard at Bough, he continued, 'Do you know, I think we have met before, I cannot think when or where.'

'I can remind you,' said Bough, his eyes twinkling with fun. 'It was Monday last, in George Street near the bank. I was passing; you were on horse-back. You beckoned to me, and said, "Here, my good man, just hold my horse." I did so, and you gave me sixpence. I expected more. However, it bought me an ounce of tobacco.'

Everybody laughed heartily except the victim, who looked and felt, no doubt, very awkward. It was perfectly true; the circumstance had occurred, and Bough chuckled with pleasure at the joke when he afterwards told it to me. Seeing him in his slovenly dress, slouch felt hat, and short pipe, the gentleman had taken him for a loafer and given him the job.

There is another dinner-party anecdote, in which Bough was deservedly sold. It was a small one given by a Law lord, to which an English nobleman was asked. Both the host and hostess were known to be very exacting about evening-dress and the usual demands of society functions. Bough decided to give them a little shock by wearing his old velvet coat and working costume. It so happened that, the host hearing of it, he and his guest and other friends put on their shooting-jackets and oldest clothes. When Bough arrived,

chuckling to himself over the sensation he was about to make, he was met by the host and company in their roughest clothes. The laugh was turned against him, and he felt rather ashamed of himself.

Bough's house in Edinburgh, Jordan Bank, Morningside, was a very pretty, commodious villa, which he had purchased for one thousand two hundred pounds. It was in every respect kept in direct contrast to his studio. The credit of this was in a great measure due to his wife. It was fitted up with great taste, full of choice articles of china, bijouterie, pictures, rare pieces of antique sculpture, and all that one might expect in the home of an artist of refined and cultivated taste. Mrs Bough was fond of society, and ambitious to take her place in it. It sometimes, no doubt, caused a little matrimonial friction between them; but as often happens with men who are assertive and self-willed towards others, if they are blessed with a good partner they do not take this side of their character to their homes—the wife rules there; and I think Bough wisely gave way to the inevitable, and was, taking all things into consideration, an obedient husband. I saw an illustration of this.

As I have before said, Bough disliked society (except artistic), and had a contempt for it. If there was one thing more than another he hated, it was to put on evening-dress. No man was ever more uncomfortable in shackles than Bough in what he called his 'swell togs.' One evening Mrs Bough gave a dance. Sir Daniel Macnee, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and other artistic and social magnates were there. The house was too small for the number invited, and we were too crowded to do much dancing. Bough was, of course, in full evening-dress; but his wife had insisted on further innovations on this occasion: a high, stiff collar, patent-leather boots evidently too small for him, and white kid-gloves. Before the evening had far advanced both gloves had burst from the thumb to the wrist; they were too long in the fingers and too small for the rest of the hand, so they remained unbuttoned. It was amusing to see him in the square dances figuring away under the instructions of his wife, frequently going wrong. With the utmost good humour he whispered to me, 'How am I going on?' 'First rate,' I replied. 'I feel,' he said, 'like a hog in armour.' The rooms were very hot, and, as he warned, his collar, tie, and shirt-front became more limp and uncomfortable. We did not end until an early hour in the morning, and by that time he looked something of a wreck; but I must say I was surprised at his good temper all through, his thoughtful and kindly attentions to his guests, and the help he gave his wife to entertain them.

There is an amusing instance of his total disregard for dress, in his going up to the Exhibition in London in 1851 wearing an extraordinary garment in the shape of a coat made by his sister. On his going into a barber's shop to have his hair cut, 'May I ask,

said the barber, 'where you last had your hair cut?'

'In bonnie Scotland,' replied Bough.

'Oh,' said the barber, 'I thought you must have had it cut, perhaps, with your coat, in the Sandwich Islands.'

To speak of his higher qualities, knowledge, and good taste as an artist: I knew a bachelor gentleman living in Tynemouth who had travelled a great deal, and had remarkable taste in selecting during his travels a wonderful amount of curios and antiques. He decided to have all his living-rooms decorated according to a different age and country: very Early English, mediæval, Venetian, Japanese, Chinese, &c. Even in his glass he had different services. The night I dined with him everything on the table was Venetian. The walls of each room, including the bedrooms, were decorated to suit the age and country represented; and here it was I first saw the low tones which, exaggerated during the æsthetic craze, have developed the present style of art decoration so wonderfully in advance of the gaudy colours of a past generation. The windows of this house were mostly of stained glass, some very old, collected in Italy and Germany by the owner. Bough had been the presiding genius of the arrangements of the whole, and had lived for a time in the house, to the pleasure of Mr S., who told me he was a delightful companion, with a thorough knowledge of art of different periods and of different countries. I was not surprised to hear this, for he was well read, being familiar with the writings of our best authors, in poetry especially: Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott he could quote by the hour, as also Shakespeare, Tennyson, Byron; Spenser was far from being a closed book to him. He had a wonderful memory. No greater proof of this was wanting than the fact that on reading Carlyle over two or three times he could repeat pages almost verbatim.

There are many stories of his kindness and generosity. It was in Manchester I heard, amongst other stories, of his meeting a blind fiddler and a little girl in the street; the man was playing most discordantly. 'I say, old chap,' said Bough, 'you're the worst scraper ever I heard in all my life. Give me the fiddle; let's see what I can do.' Linking his own in the arm of the old man, he took the fiddle and played some lively jig-tunes very well through Market Street to the Infirmary, collecting the coppers. By the time he finished he had enriched the old man by some five or six shillings.

Two of the best illustrative stories of his sympathy for the suffering of others I heard in Edinburgh from William Brodie, R.S.A., the sculptor. A far less fortunate artist died, leaving a widow and children in poverty. In her distress she consulted Bough, who, after trying to console her in his own way, regretting he could do little for her, and so on, advised her to have an exhibition of her late husband's pictures in some public, or, if that were too expensive, in some large private, room,

and try to sell them. He would help her. She failed to see the chance of success in the scheme, as there was very little demand for her husband's works; and all her friends were equally doubtful; but Bough persisted. He took the thing in hand, got some of the Scottish Academicians to lend a few works, and put what seemed to be prohibitive prices on several of the best of the dead artist's pictures. On the morning the little exhibition opened everybody was surprised to see these pictures with a ticket 'Sold' attached to them. No one knew who had bought them. The poor widow and her friends were delighted. It set the ball rolling, and the smaller-priced pictures readily found buyers. In the end a most acceptable sum was realised. Only a few suspected who was the purchaser in the first instance. It was found out afterwards that Bough had taken this means to assist his dead friend's widow and spare her any sense of obligation to him.

The second story is still more characteristic.

A lady was left a young widow, and had a posthumous child she doated on. It was the only consolation of her widowed life. After two years the child died, and her one deep regret after the loss was that she could not afford the cost of a monument over her darling's grave. She called on Bough, who had been a friend of her late husband, and told him her grief. After she had finished he tried to look rather stern, and said:

'Oh, nonsense, my dear woman; it's very foolish of you. What on earth do you fret about that for? What possible good would a tombstone do your child?'

'It would do him no good, poor darling! but, remember, it is the last thing on earth I can do for my lost baby-boy. Oh, if I only had the money! I would go without food, sacrifice anything. If you only knew what my life is without him! If my baby had a tombstone I could at least go and sit by it, and picture him the better. I could console myself with the thought that I had done the last and only thing left me, that his name should not be forgotten.'

'You had better keep away from the grave; it only makes you think of him the more,' said Bough in a voice somewhat choked with suppressed emotion. 'A bit of earth is good enough for us all; it will do for me. Why shouldn't it do for your child? Grow some flowers; they are cheap enough, and much prettier. You can't do anything better.'

'Flowers wither, and a mound of earth will be forgotten. No one can tell the child is there. I want something that will always last.'

'That's like you women,' roughly replied Bough. 'Now, look here. Don't you bother yourself. Your child is all right. In heaven, I suppose. I don't know—none of us know. I have got some business to attend to, and I really can't stay talking any longer. Don't you cry—don't cry. It will be all right;' and he abruptly left the room.

The next morning he was round at Brodie's studio

with a very chaste design he had made for a tombstone. He told Brodie to say nothing about it, but to get it done at once, and gave directions how and where to erect it. The work was carried out, and Bough paid for it. That was all Brodie knew until some time afterwards; then he learnt the facts by chance, and spoke to the widow, who said she never had been more astonished than she was one morning on going to the grave and finding the pretty tombstone with the name of her child, his birth and death, and a touching allusion to the mother's grief. She went to Bough to tell him.

'Oh,' said Bough, 'I told you it would be all

right. Some angel knew your grief, depend upon it, and dropped it there; but never you mind, it's there, so don't you cry any more.'

She knew at once it was his doing.

There are many true souls who do good for the sake of good alone. There are many others who like to show a feigned sympathy, which is very cheap. There are some who are princely in their generosity, and take care the world shall know of it. So charity has many disguises. With Sam Bough it was the outcome of a simple large-heartedness that shrank from the knowledge of its own generosity.

HOW LALAVOINE WON THE CROSS.

CHAPTER III.



S I rode along I tried in a collected way to think of what had just occurred. In Spain there were probably dozens of Catarinas Gonzalez; for they are both very common names, and to my mind there was no doubt that my comrade had been misled. Moreover, putting two and two together, I was convinced that the poor woman was mad. Lalavoine, who had got half-way back to the village, now pulled up to await me.

For a wonder the good-natured fellow seemed in none of the best of tempers.

'I shall never hear the end of this,' he cried angrily, 'and it's all your fault. Yes, *parbleu*! you are to blame.'

At first I was too much surprised to answer.

'Yes,' he continued, 'if it had not been for those confounded guns I should never have made a fool of myself.'

'Calm yourself, my dear fellow. You talk like an idiot. I begged you not to go after that girl. Those guns will get you the Cross yet if you listen to reason. It's my belief that the woman was out of her head.'

'Well, that makes it all the worse. No, I shall never hear the end of this.'

We had now nearly got to Buenaca, when suddenly in front of us we caught sight of the old woman we had seen before, with her donkey.

'I say,' I said to her, 'we have seen the Señorita Gonzalez. Tell me, is she mad?'

'Of course she is—*absolument loca*! ['quite mad'], she replied. 'All the world knows that.'

'Then, why on earth did you not say so?' said Lalavoine angrily.

'Well, I thought every one knew it. She was engaged as a girl to Captain Alphonso Gomez, and he was drowned, and that turned her head. To this day the poor creature wanders about the park, for she is never allowed outside it, calling for him.'

We stayed to hear no more. 'That rogue of an innkeeper,' I said to Alphonse, 'must have known

all along,' for I recalled now his mysterious behaviour when Lalavoine told him the object of his visit.

'Yes, the rogue!' replied my comrade. 'You'll see I'll make it warm for him. *Ma foi*! I'll'—

At that moment three sharp reports rang out one after another. We knew what that meant.

'*Allons!*' cried Lalavoine to the men, who had now come up; and we raced on to the village, and soon, ere we reached it, saw about seventy Spanish dragoons drawn up across the road down by the wood, but they remained motionless.

'I say,' cried Resler when we arrived, 'we are *au pied du mur*. We can't retreat; the bridge has been swept away behind us at Barra. Take your glass; you will see they have dismounted a lot of their men, and they are swarming in the wood.'

'*O ciel!*' exclaimed Lalavoine in his helpless way, 'whatever shall we do?' For, of course, with less than a hundred men, eighty extra horses, the guns, and the prisoners, it would have been pure madness to try to fight our way through them.

'The question is,' I said, 'whether they know the bridge has gone. The only thing for us is to pretend to retreat, and try to lure them from that wood. If that does not succeed, we must spike the guns and swim the river.'

Both my companions agreed to this plan. The trusty Resler had made all arrangements for meeting our foes. He had drawn up the guns in a line across the road. It was probably the sight of them which had kept the Spaniards where they were.

Before we set off we resolved, as the guns were already loaded, to give them a taste of their own shells, though we hardly expected they would wait for it. So, to deceive our foes, we drew up the men in front of them, with the horses' heads facing the guns, as though we were going to retreat. It was not our *metier*, and we knew little about judging the flight of the shells; still, every one thought he did, and that it would be the easiest thing under the sun.

So Resler and I and two *maréchaux de logis* began our preparations.

'Now, are you ready?' shouted Lalavoine.

'All right,' I answered.

'Well, plump it into them;' and he ordered the men in front of us to the rear. We who were manipulating the guns had been completely hidden by the screen of horsemen, so that our enemies had no idea of what was coming; but no sooner did the 'canaries' realise our manœuvre than they turned and fled. This rather disconcerted our aim, and two shells fell short, one went over their heads, but another landed right in the middle of them.

'Bravo! that's got them, anyway,' cried Alphonse excitedly. 'Just give those fellows in the wood a turn.'

The men needed no urging. They looked upon it as a fine joke.

'Now, take your time,' said Lalavoine, with his telescope to his eye.

The first shell burst harmlessly far above the trees, but the moral effect was very good.

'*Parbleu!* you are stirring the devils up finely,' laughed Lalavoine. 'They are all running about like ants when a stick is put in their nest.—Now, No. 2.'

I had sighted this gun lower, and in consequence our Spanish friends soon became even livelier, for this time the shell burst well among them; and, as our men had got the range, so did the others.

Then the horses were put to, Resler went to the head of the column with a dozen men, and Lalavoine and I remained in the rear.

We were just on the move when the landlord appeared, and excitedly asked who was going to pay for the bridal supper that had been prepared with such care.

'You little scoundrel!' cried Lalavoine, 'you knew *la señora* was mad.'

But the fellow bolted like a rabbit, for Lalavoine had half-drawn his pistol from its holster.

Then, with due deliberation, we set off. The ascending road took a sharp turn to the right about three hundred metres from the village and entered a large wood. No sooner had we reached this point, where our column was quite hidden, than Lalavoine ordered a halt. He hated all physical exertion himself, for he was stout and heavily built, so he told Resler and me to climb up the bank and see what was going on. Advancing very cautiously among the trees, we threw ourselves on the ground. We had not waited long when through our glasses we saw the 'canaries' gallop towards the village.

'I am afraid the game won't come off,' muttered Resler in a low voice; 'they will find out about the bridge.'

I feared he was right in this supposition; but, to our relief, in a very short time they went back again, taking with them a light cart. They required this, we found out afterwards, for their

wounded, which proved that our artillery practice had not been so bad after all.

Then there was a long wait. My heart began to sink within me. I feared our ruse was destined to fail. All this time Lalavoine, who was getting impatient, had kept shouting questions to us, and at last he actually came up himself, but he had hardly done so when, to our unbridled delight, we saw the head of the column emerge from the wood. Of course they might still have left some men behind—a dozen could have made it very awkward for us—but we could not see them. On they came, first one *peleton*,* then the cart in which we saw the wounded, then another troop.

'Good heavens, what fools they are!' exclaimed Lalavoine, giving me a nudge as he lay beside me.

Then another appeared, making about one hundred and fifty sabres. If they did not halt at the village there would be nothing for us to do but to spike the guns and bolt; but, some way or other, we all felt sure they would, and they did. In fact, they played right into our hands, for as soon as they got there they actually dismounted half their men, leaving the other half to hold the horses, and commenced to carry the wounded into the *fonda*. Nothing could have been better for us. Our ruse had indeed succeeded.

'Got them, *mon Dieu!*' said Lalavoine excitedly, springing up.

We ought, by all the laws of gravity, to have broken our necks as we scrambled down that bank, but we did not. The guns were quickly horsed, and all was ready. Lalavoine and I were in the van with one squad; then came the guns; then all the captured horses, each on the left of a trooper; then the three prisoners; and finally Resler with the rearguard.

'Now, my lads,' cried Lalavoine, 'it's our one chance—our only chance. Follow me, and we'll give those fellows a lesson they won't forget. Are you ready?'

'*Oui, mon capitaine,*' came from many voices.

'*Allons, avancez moi!*'

Then began one of the finest and wildest rides I ever had in all my life. It makes my blood tingle now. Our very horses seemed to know what was expected of them; for, excited by the clatter of the hoofs and the jangle and the rumble of guns and the neighing of the led horses behind, they simply flew. We had covered a third of the distance ere the Spaniards realised they had been tricked. Then the confusion began. Their *alarma* rang out, but it was too late. Many rushed from the houses; but, fearing we should be on them ere they mounted, they darted back again. The men who held the horses turned and fled, some taking their charges with them and some leaving them. In fact, many of these horses actually followed ours. Some raced down the road in front of us,

* A *peleton* is an indefinite quantity, but it is usually half a squadron, same as troop in English.

but most took to the fields. Like a whirlwind we dashed through the village and went tearing down towards the wood.

'We sha'n't be out of the wood till we're through the wood,' I shouted with a laugh, for I knew a dozen men among the trees could play havoc with us yet. Still, the danger made my spirits rise to such an extent that I was perfectly reckless, and for the moment cared nothing for what they might do.

Every minute I expected to hear the whiz of the bullets; but no, they had lost their only chance. Straight in front of us now was Corta, which we quickly reached, and, wheeling round at full speed, we were on the Brenza road. Then Lalavoine gave the order to trot, and finally to walk, while he and I pulled up to see the column pass.

'Saved!' cried Resler as he appeared at last, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, his bright boyish face beaming with delight; but poor Lalavoine was so fatigued that he could hardly sit in his saddle. The men and horses too were tired, so a halt was called, long ere we reached Brenza, in a deserted stone-quarry at the side of the road, well hidden by trees all round it.

Lalavoine never did anything himself that he could get done for him, so he ordered me to go round with the guard. When I returned I found him wrapped in his long cloak, with a saddle for a pillow and his feet nearly in the fire, fast asleep, and Resler smoking near him.

'I say,' said the latter in a low voice to me, 'why did you not bring the girl back? I heard the men roaring with laughter. There's some mystery, some joke I don't understand.'

'Hush, hush!' I replied, pointing to the sleeping figure. 'I would rather not say anything about that affair.'

'But it's sure to come out,' he urged; so, as he pressed, and I knew it must, I told him all under a promise of secrecy. The result was that he laughed so long and so loud that it was a perfect marvel he never awoke the innocent sleeper. The worst of it was that the more I tried to stop him the more he laughed.

'Don't be a silly fool,' I said, for it was as much as I could do not to join in his mirth.

'Oh, *parbleu! je n'y puis; je n'y puis. Mon Dieu! j'en ai mal aux côtés.*' ['I can't help it; I can't help it. Oh! my sides ache.'] 'And as regards the goldfish, when he upset them what did you do?' he asked, wiping the tears from his eyes. 'Did you tread on them, or did you stop to pick them up?'

'What stupid questions you do ask!' I replied. 'With the poor woman screaming at the top of her voice I had something else to think of.' And, to prevent him from asking any more particulars, I left him till he had recovered himself a little. In the next few days both Resler and I found it no easy matter, when we looked at our comrade and thought of his unfortunate escapade, to keep our countenances; but, needless to say, we never made even the most distant allusion to it.

It was nearly a week before we reached Corneza. We might have been there sooner, but with such valuable prizes as we had got—for fully twenty of the Spanish horses had joined ours, so that we had about one hundred—we would not risk going through any dangerous passes, and made a great detour. Of course we received, as we deserved, a splendid reception. It was, however, impossible to keep Lalavoine's amorous adventures quiet, and for many a day he was most unmercifully chaffed about his Catarina. But *il rit mieux qu'il ne le dernier*; and two years afterwards, I may say, he discovered the real Catarina at a place called Buenarga. The similarity of names of the two places had undoubtedly led to his first mistake. Catarina proved to be so lovely and charming that had I been in his place I almost think that I should, for her sake, have run the same risks as he did.

The day after our arrival Maréchal Lefevre, Duc de Danzig, arrived, and Lalavoine received the coveted Cross; though perhaps this great honour—for it was an honour in those days—was conferred upon him as much for the information that was gained from the three prisoners as for the capture of the guns and horses; for it was owing to what the Maréchal learnt from them that he was able to press through the mountains and gain, a short time afterwards, the memorable victory at Tudela on the 23rd of November 1808.

THE END.

AMERICAN RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

By DAY ALLEN WILEY.



HE tourist from Great Britain or the Continent who comes to the United States for the first time, and starts on a railway journey across the country, sees many strange sights and hears many strange sounds.

When he enters the train at the city from which he is to depart his attention is attracted by the clang of a bell. Accustomed as he is to hearing the short

blasts of the whistle when the engine pulls out of Charing Cross or Victoria Station, he does not understand its meaning, but every few minutes the sound comes to his ear. The locomotive's bell is one of the warnings which is necessary on American railroads because there are so many grade crossings—so termed in the States—places where the rails are laid directly upon country highways and city streets where people are continually passing. While

in the larger towns gates and watchmen are employed to prevent persons from crossing the track upon the approach of a train, literally thousands of such openings in the rural districts are left unguarded, so the tourist becomes accustomed to hearing a peculiar series of whistle-signals as well. They are made up of two long and two short blasts, and are sounded when the trains approach such crossings as a warning. As the locomotive comes nearer and nearer, the fireman, who answers to the stoker on the British railway, begins ringing the bell as a further caution.

Fortunately, most of the foreign tourists who come to the United States make journeys of considerable length. It has become popular not only to visit such noted resorts as the Niagara Falls and Washington, but, if time permits, to continue westward sometimes across the continent. Even a trip as far as the Mississippi River, however, is of such duration that if the traveller does not break the journey *en route* he must remain at least one night aboard the train, and as a rule secures what the American calls a berth in the sleeping-car. Here again he is impressed with the difference between his accommodation and that furnished him in his own land, for it must be admitted that the sleeping and drawing-room cars in the United States are very comfortable, and even luxurious. They answer to the first-class coach in Great Britain and Europe, but are so much longer and wider that they are far more commodious. The traveller may not be aware that they are also by far the safest conveyances, owing to the manner of their construction. The modern sleeping-car, which he also occupies during the day, has a framework of steel, upon which the wooden lining of the exterior and interior is laid. The wood itself is carefully selected for strength and hardness, and the parts of the car are fastened together by massive bolts and screws. In fact, the 'sleepers' are of such size and so heavy that one weighs nearly twice as much as the ordinary passenger-car which answers to the second-class coach of other countries. At each end is placed compressed-air apparatus for lessening the effect of any blows which the car may receive when being attached to a train or in case of accident.

This is why so few inmates of a sleeping-car are killed or injured on American railways; but coupled with the sleeping-cars are the ordinary coaches in which the great majority of the public travel, especially those whose journey will occupy but a portion of the day, as well as those who cannot afford to pay the extra tariff which is required for a compartment in the 'sleeper.' From this class come most of the victims in casualties. Usually the sleeping-cars make up the rear of the train; consequently the second-class coaches are between them and the locomotive. If the locomotive comes in collision with another train they may be forced against it; while if a train in the rear should strike the sleeping-cars it would force them ahead upon the others. Consequently many an accident occurs in which the day-coaches are literally crushed together by impact with the ponderous engine or the sleeping-car, which may

be said to act as a battering-ram. As the number of passengers in the sleeping-cars is but few compared with those who ride in the other coaches, instances have occurred in which all those who were killed and nearly all of those who were injured were what would be termed in Great Britain and Europe second-class travellers, those in the sleeping-cars escaping unhurt. Photographs which have been taken of disasters within the last few years form a sad proof of this fact. The illustrated papers have contained many scenes where the coaches *de luxe* are shown merely thrown to one side of the track, sometimes left on the rails without a scar, while in front of them is a distorted mass of wood and metal in the form of broken timbers and planks, wheels, bent bars and rods, under which possibly a score or more of human beings have lost their lives.

Such features are not pleasant to the foreign tourist; but fortunately few of them are aware of the remarkable loss of life which occurs yearly on American highways of steel. In a single year the number of victims who have met their death either aboard trains or on the railroad track has aggregated nearly ten thousand, while the number of those injured has actually been over seventy-five thousand. Reports compiled by the United States Government show that during the year 1903 alone no less than nine thousand eight hundred and forty persons were killed and seventy-six thousand five hundred and fifty-three injured in various ways on American railways. Enginemen, stokers, conductors, and brakemen to the number of one thousand six hundred and seventy-four thus lost their lives, in addition to two hundred crossing-tenders and nearly one thousand one hundred others engaged in various duties on railroads. The passengers killed on trains numbered three hundred and forty-five, while five thousand two hundred and seventy-four people either crossing railway tracks or walking along them were struck down to their death by the engine. The list of employés of the companies who were injured in the performance of their duties is startling. Over twenty thousand connected with the train service alone are included in it, while nearly seven thousand passengers were more or less hurt.

If the tourist is familiar with the technical features of railways in his own country he soon notes methods of operation in the United States which account for a portion of the disasters that have caused such a loss of life and limb. If he passes over even a few of the systems he notes that nearly the whole of the track is laid upon the surface, and that only here and there it is raised upon an embankment. Accustomed as he is to travelling along elevated road-beds, it seems strange indeed. The long distances between the principal cities of the United States have caused the companies to make embankments only where absolutely necessary, to save great expense. In fact, until recently the tracks of the railways passing through such cities as Chicago, Pittsburg, and St Louis were laid level with the surface of the streets. In the country the

only embankments which exist are where the natural depressions, such as valleys, must be crossed. The gorges and valleys which are of considerable depth are usually spanned by viaducts either of wood or metal. In the Southern States and some portions of the West where railroads have but recently been constructed, the train frequently rolls across a bridge formed entirely of wooden timbers. Some of these bridges range from seventy-five to one hundred feet in height from the rails to the last portion of the depression of the span. Accustomed as he is to the massive arches of masonry which support the trains across the watercourses of Great Britain, the tourist may be astonished at what seems to be the slender-looking steel-work of viaducts in the United States. If he crosses the Susquehanna River, for instance, he may gaze down from an elevation of no less than one hundred feet. The train moves along a steel way which is nearly a mile in length, yet nothing prevents the cars from falling into the river below should a wheel chance to slip from the rail except an outer rail on each side, which is termed a guard-rail. The upper part of the bridge is enclosed for only a few hundred feet. The Mississippi and other great rivers of the United States are likewise crossed by viaducts of the same kind, over which sometimes a hundred trains pass in a day.

The tourist will see a hundred steel viaducts in the United States for one composed of masonry, for engineering skill has developed to such an extent that these structures, despite their fragile appearance, can be built strongly enough to support the heaviest trains; but, once completed, they must be kept in good condition. They must be covered frequently with paint to keep the metal from rusting by exposure to the weather. The thousands of bolts and rivets required to hold the parts together must be examined from time to time, as the jarring caused by the passing of the cars loosens them. The towers which support the metal-work must also be repaired from time to time, as frost loosens the mortar which holds the material together. If not given proper care the bridge is liable to 'fail,' as the engineers say, and a portion may fall with a trainload of human beings. Unfortunately this is a frequent cause of disasters in the United States. As the masonry viaducts need but few repairs, accidents due to their failure occur but seldom. The steel bridge is only used because it costs less to construct, and where the railway companies can afford to do so they are replacing them with concrete or other masonry. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for example, has recently built the longest stone-arch bridge in the world used for railway service, substituting it for metal-work.

It is a fact that the American tourist feels a greater sense of security while travelling in Great Britain than he does while travelling in his own country when he becomes acquainted with the methods used by English railroad men to avoid accidents, and especially collisions. As the train whirls along mile after mile, he notes the 'block' stations which pre-

vent his train from entering upon a section of track which may contain another. He sees the apparatus by which the block-tender can absolutely prevent more than one train from being in his district at a time. As yet this safeguard is almost unknown in the United States; for, although American trains now pass over two hundred and twenty-five thousand miles of rails, but few of the larger systems are divided into blocks, and only one or two of these have cutting-out mechanism such as is almost universally used in Great Britain. On the railroads in the United States the blocks are marked by towers which contain telegraph or telephone instruments. As soon as a train runs upon a certain block the operator in charge informs the stations at each end, in order that their operators may keep out all other trains if the line has but a single track. Should the train in the block stop on account of some defect or for some other reason, no others are supposed to enter the section, no matter if it should remain there several hours. This is supposed to be the case; but, as already stated, train service is principally controlled by the telegraph or telephone, the block-tender being unable to cut off one section from the rest of the line by shifting the rails, as is done out of America. He can merely show signals. This is why collisions too frequently occur upon railways provided with the block system. The telegraph operators, strange to say, sometimes forget instructions, and instances have occurred when the engine-men have been going at such a high rate of speed that they have not noticed the signal hung out from the block-tower warning them to stop. Even on some of the railways which have a track for trains going in one direction and a second track for trains going in another, accidents have occurred in these blocks, the rear coaches of a train being struck by the engine of a train following, through the neglect of either the signalman or the engineman.

Undoubtedly the block system has proved a great protection in American railroad travel; but, as already stated, only a few roads thus far have been provided with it—embracing less than twenty-five thousand miles. Again, there are stretches of metal hundreds of miles in length over which trains pass each other in both directions by means of sidings and switches, as the railroad-man terms them. At intervals of five to twenty miles apart, sections of track a mile or two miles long are built, connected with the main line by levers, which, when moved, will allow trains to be shunted from the main line to the switch, or *vice versa*. As the movements of trains are controlled almost entirely by orders sent over the railroad from its terminus or some other convenient point, when a train going in one direction is in the vicinity of a train coming towards it, one of the trains is ordered to go on to the siding, thus allowing the other to pass it. These orders are telegraphed or telephoned to a station where one of the trains must stop before meeting the other. Usually one order is sent to the conductor and a second to the engineman, so that if the one fails to receive in-

structions or misunderstands them the other will carry them out. But in spite of this safeguard many of the recent serious accidents in the United States have been caused by misunderstanding these orders or neglecting to obey them, so that the locomotives have come together going at a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour. This accounts for the fact that sometimes fifty or sixty persons are killed outright and twice as many injured in the 'head-on' collisions, as they are termed, for usually the shock when the trains come together is such that the luggage and day coaches are demolished, being thrown against the locomotives with terrific force owing to the speed at which they are moving.

The great stretches of prairie-land and other level country, especially in the western part of the United States, make it possible to build railways directly on the surface of the ground. In some of the States they are actually used as pathways for pedestrians where the ordinary highways are far apart. The railway line may afford a much shorter route between two towns than the wagon-highway, and it is a common custom for persons to walk along it rather than follow the safer but longer road. Here is one reason for the great loss of life which is yearly caused by persons being struck by the engine. A speed of forty or fifty miles an hour means that the locomotive runs at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. Consequently, if a person is walking in the centre of the track he must move quickly to get out of the way of a passenger train. If his vision is obstructed by a curve in the road or by some hill,

the engine often gets within such short distance before he is aware of its approach that he is too late in endeavouring to escape. Very few of the American railways are enclosed by fences or other protection, and one can easily get upon the track either in the city or in the country. With reference to the long list of persons killed in railway accidents in 1903, it is estimated that nearly one-half were struck down while on the 'right of way' of the engine.

Possibly the tourist who comes to the United States a century hence, and goes here and there, may note a greater similarity in the methods of Old and New World transportation than exists at present; but the territory traversed by the lines of steel in the United States is so vast that it has not permitted them to be constructed with the care which has attended railroad building, especially in Great Britain. The Americans are also behind their English cousins in the thoroughness with which they care for the safety of the traveller; but every year laws are being enacted and devices invented which are intended to lessen the possibility of accidents. Already the loss of life caused through fastening cars together by the hand has been greatly reduced by the invention of the mechanical coupler. The use of the air-brake has prevented many a collision which would have occurred otherwise; while automatic signals operated by compressed air and electricity are now being utilised on some of the trunk-lines, which aid in warning the engineman of the proximity of another train.

NOTABLE AUSTRALIANS.



USTRALIA has long ago ceased to be a dumping-ground for our criminal population, and she is now working out her high destiny as a flourishing colony of Great Britain. Her commercial, industrial, and agricultural progress has had checks by droughts, and labour and other troubles, but the Commonwealth has shown splendid recuperative power. The makers of modern Australia have been men of grit and intelligence; and a convincing proof of how they are making history is shown in the thin octavo volume by Mr Fred Johns of the *Adelaide Register*, entitled *Notable Australians: Brief Biographies of Men and Women of the Commonwealth* (George Robertson & Company, Melbourne). Here the brain and brawn, the mental and bodily vigour, of the Anglo-Saxon race come out in the achievements recorded of men some of whom only left our own shores within the last thirty or forty years; in other cases there is an Australian-born ancestry reaching back through fathers or grandparents to a home in Great Britain. This little volume, on the same lines as our useful *Who's Who*, is bound to grow

in value and importance as the years roll on, and is already an interesting and valuable contribution to colonial history.

While gold-miners and 'pastoralists' figure largely amongst makers of the Commonwealth, it is most encouraging, in turning over these pages, to find such a number of the so-called intellectual and professional classes, with literary men and journalists, explorers, clergymen, lawyers, and medical men, who are also making the colony, and adding a lustre to its history.

As in our *Who's Who*, recreations are given of notable Australians, those of the Hon. Alfred Deakin, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth since July 1905, being cycling and reading; those of the ever-popular Dr W. H. Fitchett are 'hard work and golf,' a partial explanation of his great popularity as an author. Mr Deakin, who is a successful colonial lawyer, was born at Fitzroy, Melbourne, in 1856, and amongst other public-spirited acts has taken a great interest in national and local systems of irrigation. He declined a knighthood when in this country in 1887. No page can be scanned without examples of men who have been the architects of their own fortunes. Sydney

Kidman, the 'Australian cattle-king,' born near Adelaide in 1857, left home at thirteen, became a cowboy at ten shillings a week, carted wood, drove bullocks, and was on the goldfields; and now he is owner of many station properties. Mr George Lansell, the 'Australian quartz-king,' was born at Margate, in England, in 1823, and is now the largest employer of mining labour in Australia. He came to the country in 1853, went to the Bendigo goldfields, started a soap and candle factory, and persevered through good and evil fortune in buying up mines, until one lucky venture alone yielded one hundred and eighty thousand pounds in its first stoop, and, with a depth of three thousand seven hundred and fifty feet, is the deepest goldmine in the world. Mr Charles Rasp, born in Germany in 1846, is credited with being the discoverer of the Broken Hill silver-lead deposit. The Hon. Samuel McCauley, born at Ballymena, Ireland, has been in Australia since 1856, and is now understood to have more sheep than any other colonist. He has expended thirty thousand pounds in importing stud-sheep, and has interested himself in irrigation and cultivation of the land generally. The Hon. Sir Malcolm Donald McEacharn, born in Ilay in July 1852, went to Australia in 1879, and has been a pioneer in the frozen-meat trade.

Professor R. L. Jack, LL.D., born at Irvine in 1845, was Government geologist for Queensland, and virtually initiated artesian-well boring. Mr Louis Brennan was associated with Professor N. C. Kermot in the development of the first torpedo, sold to Government for one hundred and fifteen thousand pounds. Professor T. Hudson Beare, Professor of Engineering in Edinburgh University since 1901, was born at Edwinstown, near Adelaide, in 1859. He was the first to win the South Australian Scholarship, which took him to University College, London, in 1880. The Rev. Llewelyn D. Bevan, of Melbourne, has had a distinguished record as a preacher and writer both in London and Australia, and he has a family of sons following in his footsteps. The Hon. Sir John Alexander Cockburn, born at Corsbie, Berwickshire, in 1850, has been Minister of Education, Premier, and Chief Secretary of South Australia, as well as Agent-General for the colony in London, and has written upon Australian federation. The Hon. George Brookman, born in Glasgow in 1850, organised the syndicate which discovered the Kalgoorlie group of mines. Mr Samuel Hordern, of A. Hordern & Son, Sydney, is a member of the firm which has the largest 'emporium' in the Commonwealth. Mr John Waugh, pastoralist, was the first to use wire-fencing for telephone communication with homesteads and outside stations. Mr J. Henniker Heaton, born at Rochester, Kent, who spent about twenty years in Australia, is styled the 'apostle of postal reform' and of universal penny postage. Mr T.

Tebutt, astronomer of the observatory at Windsor, N.S.W., has solved many astronomical problems and has published *Forty Years of Meteorological Work*.

We find a son of William and Mary Howitt in Australia, a nephew of Captain Marryat, and a son and grandson of Edward Irving the famous preacher, whose life was written by Mrs Oliphant. Alfred William Howitt, ethnologist and explorer, who now resides at Metung, Victoria, was born at Nottingham in 1830, went out early in life to Victoria, assisted in opening up the Gippsland county, took part in the relief expedition for Burke and Wills, was a warden at the goldfields, is now an authority on Australian ethnology, and has written upon the aborigines. Martin Howy Irving, LL.D., the son of Edward Irving, sometime Professor of Classics and English in the University of Melbourne, was born in London in 1831, and has had a distinguished record in Australia. His son, Edward Irving, M.A. Oxford, has been an editor and lecturer in classics at the University of Melbourne. The late Lord Tennyson paid Professor Rentoul of Melbourne the compliment that he had written "the best or one of the best estimates" of his meaning and art. Mr James Inglis, head of James Inglis & Company, merchants, Sydney, born at Edzell, Forfarshire, in 1845, has given a delightful picture of his boyhood, with many pawky Scottish stories, in *Oor Aun Fook*. He has in turn been an indigo-planter, merchant, and journalist, and travelled in New Zealand and India before settling in Australia in 1877. He is a typical Scot, who falsifies the saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss.

If Australia cannot boast of many outstanding and world-compelling names, there are some of undoubted popularity and great reputation. One hardly thinks of Mrs Humphry Ward or Mrs Campbell Praed as belonging to Australasia, but this is so. Mrs Humphry Ward, born at Hobart in 1851, arrived in this country in her teens, and since the publication of *Robert Elsmere* has established a great reputation, and is one of the most highly remunerated writers of fiction. Her father, Thomas Arnold, was the second son of Arnold of Rugby. A brother, Theodore Arnold, is engaged in fruit-farming in New Zealand. He wrote a paper on 'Sub-Tropical New Zealand' for *Chambers's Journal*, and is an accomplished botanist, with a knowledge of Maori life and customs; for about twenty years he was New Zealand correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. Mrs Campbell Praed, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Lodge, of Murray Prior, Queensland, has produced quite a respectable number of novels since she came to England in 1876. Her husband, Arthur Campbell Mackintosh Praed, who died in 1901, was a cousin of the poet W. M. Praed. Mr Charles Haddon Chambers, playwright, born at Stammers, Sydney, in 1860, has been in England since the early eighties. Mr Johns seems to have missed George Egerton (Mrs Golding Bright), author of

Keynotes, who was born at Melbourne. Mr Joseph Jacobs, born at Sydney in 1854, resided and worked in England for a time, and went to America to assist in the work of the great Jewish Encyclopædia. He has a long list of folklore and fairy-tale books against his name. Dr George Ernest Morrison, the famous Pekin correspondent of the *Times* since 1897, born at Geelong in 1862, spent some time in the South Sea Islands in order to study the Kanaka labour question; in 1882 he crossed Australia on foot from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Geelong, two thousand and forty-three miles, in one hundred and twenty-three days. While heading a pioneer expedition in New Guinea in 1883, he was wounded and left for dead. A spear-head remained in his body until cut out in Edinburgh in 1884. One of his exploits in the East was to walk across China from Shanghai to the Burmese frontier, which gave him material for his *Australian in China*. Professor Gilbert Murray, born at Sydney in 1866, sometime Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, and now resides near Farnham. He is author of many learned works on Greek literature.

Australia did her duty when 'she heard her mother calling' for help in the Boer War. Mr Andrew Barton Paterson ('Banjo'), editor of the Sydney *Evening News* since 1903, represented the Sydney *Morning Herald*, and was one of Reuter's correspondents in the South African War. With Gwynne of Reuter's, Mr Johns tells us, he rode into Bloemfontein in advance of the army and brought out leading residents to surrender the town to Lord Roberts. He has written to the *Times* on the Australian labour question, and has visited the Philippines, China, and the New Hebrides as representative of the Sydney *Morning Herald*.

There is no better-known or more versatile modern Australian writer than the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, LL.D., author of *Deeds that Won the Empire*. A native of Lincolnshire, who accompanied his parents to Australia in 1854, he has been principal of the Methodist Ladies' College, Hawthorn, Melbourne, since 1882, and has done much hard and useful journalistic work in connection with the *Australian Review of Reviews*, the *Southern Cross*, and *Life*. Many popular volumes stand to his credit. 'Rolf Boldrewood' is the pen-name of Thomas Alexander Browne, born in London in 1826, the son of the late Captain Sylvester John Browne, of the East India Company's service. He came with his father to New South Wales in 1830, was educated at Sydney College, and was in turn a pastoralist, a police-magistrate, and warden of the goldfields in New South Wales (1870-95). Since the publication of *Robbery Under Arms* in 1888, he has written many stories with characters and local colour drawn from his experiences. Guy Boothby, born at Adelaide in 1867, wrote most of his works in England, where he died in 1906. His knowledge of colonial life proved a valuable asset to him as a novelist. George

Lewis Becke (or, as he simply signs himself, Louis Becke), was born at Port Macquarie, New South Wales, in 1857. His parents belonged to Bideford, in England. In turn Louis Becke has been a trader, pilot, and recruiter for the Kanaka labour-trade in the Pacific islands, and his experiences in these departments furnished him with his best literary material used in *By Reef and Palm* and its many successors. Mr Ernest Favenc, journalist, historian, and explorer, was born in London in 1846, has been in New South Wales since 1863, and has written much regarding Australian geography and geographical history, and is author of a *History of Australian Exploration*. The three last-mentioned authors have contributed tales to *Chambers's Journal*; so has Mr W. J. Jeffrey of the *Town and Country Journal* (Sydney), and Mr John Arthur Barry of the *Evening News* (Sydney), both of whom have written sen-tales with abundant realism as well as imaginative insight and adequate knowledge. Mr J. A. Barry was born at Devon in 1850, has been at sea intermittently for over twenty years, worked at the goldfields, travelled with stock in Queensland, and has been engaged as stock-riider, drover, and manager. In this way he has gained the wonderful knowledge of the lights and shades of colonial life shown in his stories. He has few living equals at a sen-tale.

Mr Mortimer Menpes, the well-known painter and book-illustrator, was born at Port Adelaide in 1859, but is now resident in London. Mr D. Orme Masson, a son of Emeritus Professor David Masson of Edinburgh, is a professor of Chemistry in Melbourne. Dr J. G. Paton, a pioneer missionary to the New Hebrides, born at Kirkmahoe, Dumfriesshire, in 1824, now resides in Kew, Victoria. His remarkable autobiography is one of the most interesting books of its class.

We find English literary veterans spending the evening of their days at the Antipodes. Mr James Smith, of Hawthorn, Victoria, born near Maidstone, England, in 1820, was an early contributor to *Punch*, associated with Douglas Jerrold in some of his literary ventures, and acted for a time as editor of two British provincial journals. He is said to have given the first public readings in England from the works of Charles Dickens, and in 1852 organised at Salisbury the first provincial Exhibition of Art and Industry in England. He came to Melbourne in 1854, engaged in journalism, and was one of the founders of the Melbourne *Punch*. He has been elected an officer of the French Academy for his services to French literature, and the King of Italy conferred on him the title of Cavalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy for his *Dante* and other Italian studies. He boasts of a library of between six thousand and seven thousand volumes, and has edited a *Cyclopædia of Victoria*. Mr John Plummer, of Sydney, born in London in 1831, was engaged upon Charles Knight's literary staff, and afterwards upon that of John Cassell (1862). He assisted in founding the London *Picaro*, and was on the

staff of the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Hornet*, and the *Home Journal*. For many years before coming to Australia he acted as English correspondent of the Sydney *Morning Herald*. Mr William H. Ogilvie, born at Holefield, Kelso, in 1869, has a genuine lyrical gift, and finds a place in Mr Johns' book because of the years he spent in the bush droving or horse-breaking. He is now in charge of a department of agricultural journalism in Iowa State College. His volume of verse issued in Australia proved popular. Mr Henry Archibald Lawson, born at Grenfell, New South Wales, in 1867, was a carriage-painter ere he took to literature with considerable success, as in *While the Billy Boils* and its successors. Mr David Syme, son of a schoolmaster at North Berwick, where he was born in 1827, is now proprietor

of the *Melbourne Age*. Madame Melba (*née* Nellie Mitchell) was born at Melbourne in 1865. A self-taught poet, Mr Sydney Wheeler Jephcott, is a grazier on the Upper Murray River; his recreation is 'turning the bread-and-butter mill,' an occupation not unknown in the old country. The founder of the *Pastoralist's Review*, Mr R. E. N. Twopenny, was born in Rutlandshire in 1857, and is famous also for his breed of fox-terriers. Professor Walter Murdoch, of Melbourne, born at Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire, in 1874, is author of a *Manual of English Constitutional History for Schools*, of which ten thousand copies were sold during the first year. He is now writing a *History of Australian Literature*.

So still we say, 'Advance, Australia!'

WHITE LABOUR FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

By A BRITISH WORKING-MAN IN SOUTH AFRICA.



ORD ELGIN'S despatch intimating the home Government's intention of bringing to a close the immigration of Chinese into the Transvaal has been the means of placing before the Empire the labour problem in South Africa. In the hope that it may interest home-staying folk to have the views of a working-man on the subject, I have here attempted to describe the matter simply and fairly as it appears to me after two years' sojourn in various parts of the country.

In nearly every pursuit in an agricultural and mineral country the labourer required must possess strength, but that strength must be accompanied by at least a modicum of intelligence. Up to the present Kafir labour has been the chief source upon which South African colonists have depended; and while this class of labour possesses to the full the qualification of strength, it almost entirely lacks that of intelligence, thus causing it to be expensive and vexatious in the handling, and unremunerative in the result. Its full extent, also, and the location economies which cause it to fluctuate, do not seem to have been studied in a scientific manner by the colonies and protectorates in combination. The influence of Lovedale may in the course of another century remove the first drawback, and a system of co-operation among the colonies the second; but it appears to me that the rate of increase in the Kafir population will eventually leave it far behind the requirements of such a great country. The Kafir, therefore, may be left out of consideration as a large, permanent labour factor, and will probably merge among the whites, occupying a lower place in the social scale, and doing the more menial work of a white community, much as the negro does in America. At present the Kafir labourer gets twenty-five to thirty-five shillings a month (with food and shelter) in the Transvaal and Orange

River Colony, from fifteen to twenty-five shillings in Capetown and Durban, and in country districts in Cape Colony and Natal he gets from eight to fifteen shillings. His food costs on an average for all parts of South Africa about six shillings a month, while the shelter in most cases does not deserve the name. The Kafir is always strong and healthy, and is the happiest person I know; nothing ever appears to hurt his health, the only exception I have noted being the 'boys' who haul the 'rikishas' in large towns, and they suffer from consumption, caused by being continually exposed to all weathers at all hours.

Indian labour comes next in point of numbers. This class of labourer is practically inexhaustible, and is fairly intelligent, but of poor physique, and is probably as unremunerative as the Kafir. These Indians are drawn from the southern peninsula of India, and are perhaps the poorest type in the Indian Empire. It is in my recollection that Lord Roberts, when Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army, disbanded all the regiments composed of this class as worthless. They are employed only in Natal, and work at everything, from household servants—in which capacity they are excellent—up to tea and sugar cultivation and railroad construction. The only industry, indeed, in which I do not think they are employed is coal-mining. They are brought over by immigration companies, under Government control, and indentured out to private persons, who pay them twelve shillings a month, with food and lodging. They may be sold by one employer to another until their term of contract is completed, and then sent back to India by free passage or allowed to remain in Natal as free colonists; in the latter case the Indian usually becomes a fruit-cultivator on his own account. As a shopkeeping class they are to be found everywhere in South Africa, and in every line of business, some of their firms doing a very large

business. The only line they appear to be backward in is the grocery trade, which is fast being monopolised by the Chinese, especially in Capetown and Durban.

Cheap European labour, such as Italian, Norwegian, &c., does not seem to favour South Africa in any appreciable quantity; but if, in the future, native coloured and Asiatic labour were to be relegated to the background, this class of labour would probably become as large a factor in South African industries as it is in the United States and South America.

Chinese labour, which is at present being tried in the gold industry, possesses all the qualifications which make for success. The Chinaman is at least the equal of the British, German, or Scandinavian labourer in strength, and is his superior in the matter of intelligence, as also in education. He is temperate, industrious, and law-abiding in a marked degree, the Rand outrages notwithstanding. The insuperable objection to the yellow man, however, is that he is too clever and industrious to remain the servant, but would in time become master of the country, which would be all right if it were a Chinese colony instead of a British colony that has cost the mother-country dear in blood and money. Opinion of the Chinese ought not to be prejudiced by the conduct of some of those employed on the Rand, as they were recruited by the Rand magnates, who are the last persons such a matter, affecting the moral and physical well-being of a large number of people, should have been entrusted to. Owing to the manner of recruiting, a portion of the criminal class has crept in. The majority of the men, who are respectable, are, however, dissatisfied with the pay and the whole condition of their lives. The pay is less than in California, where they can obtain little home-luxuries at a reasonable cost, and may even have their wives with them; whereas in South Africa such things are simply out of the question, and they find themselves compelled to live, for the term of their contract, under conditions less satisfactory than in other countries.

British labour, then, is the only remedy that will put South Africa on its feet and place its industries on a solid basis. When this has been accomplished other European labour will no doubt flock in; but I am convinced that British labour, in the first instance, is the main thing that is wanted just now to set the country going. 'But,' says the reader, 'I have always understood that white labour could not do the rougher kinds of work, owing to the climate.' In reply to that I may state that I am a blacksmith, than which there can be no more arduous work, and have been in South Africa for the past two years. The first year I worked near Johannesburg, doing the same work as I did in Scotland, except that—there being no machinery to speak of, such as steam-hammers, &c.—the work is sometimes harder. The next eight months I worked, or tramped in search of work, in Natal, which is the hottest part of South Africa, and the remainder in

East Griqualand, Cape Colony, where I am at present employed as a wagon and coach smith.

I may remark in passing that, being unemployed in Durban, and depression in trade being very great, I started on the road to look for work. I had five shillings and sixpence in money, the clothes I stood up in, and a change of shirts and underclothing, which I carried in a small bundle, together with some food, all rolled in a blanket and slung over my shoulder. I applied at every sugar-estate, every farm, and of course every blacksmith's shop on the way for two hundred and thirty miles before finally succeeding. As there are a great number of unemployed on the road, the majority of whom cling to the railway lines, I determined to strike clear away from the beaten tracks. My course lay along the east coast to Port Shepstone, then inland through Albert county of Natal, passing over the border into Cape Colony at the point where the recent rich discoveries of graphite have been made. All the way the road kept continually rising and falling from sea-level to three thousand and sometimes four thousand feet high. There were also some bigish rivers to negotiate in the absence of bridges. One day, indeed, in the course of eighteen miles, I had to strip four times, the water at the ford being up to my shoulders; in addition there were several smaller rivers which could be crossed barefoot. As the rainy season had commenced I was frequently drenched to the skin, and on several occasions had to sleep at night in outhouses or stables alongside Kafirs. It is with pleasure I have to record that the Kafirs were always very courteous, giving me the driest corner and the cleanest hay or sacks, as the case might be, without apparently expecting the slightest recompense. I was twelve days on the road; and yet, such is the climate, I started work at once as fresh as if I had been on holiday.

From the foregoing incidents it will be seen that what can be done in the way of hard work or roughing it at home is equally possible in South Africa. As regards health, it may interest intending emigrants if I give my personal experience. Before leaving home I had suffered for several years from liver complaints and indigestion (the latter making life almost unbearable at times), and accompanying these was a continual drowsy feeling, making me averse even to exercising the faculty of thought, and occasionally leading to excess in alcohol. On the voyage, which is an ideal sea-trip, I slept a good deal both day and night; but the moment I landed in Capetown I felt active and alert, and have remained so. My former troubles seem now to be like a far-off remembrance, and I have the priceless pleasure of partaking of three hearty meals a day with absolutely no fear hanging over me of the consequences. I am not afraid to smoke whenever inclined (South African tobacco is lighter, and perhaps purer, than that at home); and as for intoxicating drinks, although I occasionally take a glass of whisky or beer, I have absolutely no

desire for them, as there would appear to be something elevating in the climate which acts on the spirits as a gentle stimulant.

To return to the labour question. It may safely be asserted, I think, that South African gold is the only gold in the world which has not been secured by white labour as its perquisite, and the reason South Africa is the only exception may be stated thus: The Dutch, who were the pioneers in nearly all the settled parts of South Africa, are an easy-going race of people, who have no special desire to become rich, but are content with their stock and poultry and a little cultivation. It is obvious that, to a people thus constituted, Kafir labour, cheap and inefficient, would present itself as a Heavenly blessing which a wise man would be foolish to reject. Kafir labour, then, was either coaxed or coerced into service; and British colonists, following on behind, simply accepted what had become a custom, the majority gradually deteriorating to the unprogressive level of the Dutch, content that they do not require to work, but to sit on the 'stoep' and order the 'boys' to their several jobs, which may or may not be performed; but the climate is kind, and there are many days in the year! With the discovery of gold this condition of things might have disappeared; but the Boer Republic was easier of access to the financier than to the white labourer—who, if it had been a British colony, would have surely fastened on to the gold to the exclusion of all other labour—with the result that the Kafir secured the work, not because he wanted it, but because ingenious South African Governments hut-taxed him to such a degree that he was compelled to work, thus causing the laziest and happiest man in the world to lose some of his gaiety, as well as bring back some of the contamination of the mine to the location; all of which seems hard lines for the Kafir, whose country we take and then compel him to work.

With the Dutch institution of Kafir labour an absurd custom has grown up and been pushed to an extreme in the gold-area. This is a custom, grown into a tradition, of relegating to the native certain work which no white man may perform without losing caste. For instance, a blacksmith must be a white man, but his hammerman must be a coloured man; a white girl may be a barnmaid, but must not be a housemaid; a miner must be a white man, but all the other work in a mine must be done by the coloured man. The result of this custom is seen in the statement so often made in quarters favourable to the mineowners that white men cannot do the work of Kafirs in the mines, the public being left to infer that this disability of the white man is due to climatic reasons, the real reason all the time being this absurd caste tradition. As one gets away from the octopus-like grasp of the gold, this caste prejudice begins to abate, and in Pietermaritzburg and Durban I have worked alongside coloured artisans, while I have seen white men doing labourers' work. Here in Cape Colony, also, I have

met Kafir artisans, while white men sometimes do labourers' work without losing caste. These remarks are intended to show that although the caste prejudice obtains over the whole country, it is only near the mines that it becomes a hard-and-fast rule; and I believe that it has been fostered by mine-owners and officials so as to stave off the evil day when they will have to face white labour, with its organisations and strikes, and other evils too numerous to contemplate, so long as Governments will allow them to exploit coloured labour.

Sir William Preece, who was here with the British Association, said, in a lecture recently delivered before the Society of Arts in London: 'The white man may or may not be able to work in South Africa. That is not the question at issue. The question at issue is, is it politic or wise to place the white man and the virtual coloured barbarian shoulder to shoulder to do the same work and earn the same wage?' This, it will be perceived, is voicing the sentiment I have already spoken of as caste prejudice. In reply, I would just say that I, who am a good workman of my class, have worked shoulder to shoulder with these coloured barbarians, and I dare say I am as independent and conceited as Scotch workmen usually are, yet my dignity was not impaired the least bit more than when I worked alongside Italians, Americans, and Germans in Manchester. I have seen colonials here go into a paroxysm of rage because a Kafir has unwittingly entered a house or workshop without first removing his hat. My feeling on those occasions was that so long as the black man was civil he might wear a dozen hats at once if he felt so inclined; nor can I understand why men of British instincts should develop such racial feelings, for, after all, a man is still a man whether he be black, white, or yellow.

The question, however, for the British working-man should not be a question of race or colour. That was settled at the commencement of the war by the fact that Great Britain decided, although she could have let loose nearly the whole Kafir race upon the Transvaal, and terminated the war in half the time and at half the cost, to make it a fight to the finish between white and white. This was done at a cost to her of twenty-five thousand lives and two hundred million pounds in order that South Africa should provide room and work for her surplus working population. But that was not to be yet awhile, for the capitalist stepped in and declared that the first need of the country was coloured labour. And to-day there are over a thousand British men living on charity or starving in Johannesburg; in Capetown, on relief works or starving, nearly a thousand; while in Durban there are five hundred breaking stones in the workhouse or begging from door to door. And these men are not of the class which hangs on to charities or frequents the casual wards at home, but are smart, intelligent men, over 30 per cent. of them artisans. And yet, if the capitalistic control of South Africa were itself controlled by a firm, just home Govern-

ment for a year or two, there would be room for fifty thousand white workers on the mines alone, in place of the one hundred and forty thousand coloured men, with profit to the mineowners and a complete revolution in all the other industries of the country.

With regard to the mineowners' contention that the mines could not be worked at a profit by white labour, Mr Maurice Evans, member of the Legislative Assembly of Natal, in the Durban press recently adduced some very pertinent facts relative to the employment of white labour in other colonies, with the object of showing that cheap labour, on account of its inefficiency, is the dearest in the long-run. In New Zealand, for instance, all the labour is white, and yet that small country exports in one year fifteen million pounds' worth of produce raised by white hands. He goes on: 'I saw in New Zealand men employed during the harvest at ten shillings a day and three excellent meals, and the oats they were reaping would only yield one shilling and eightpence per bushel of one hundred and ten pounds. This was an exceptionally low price; but what Natal farmer with indentured coolies at, say, twelve shillings a month and rice would grow them at twice or even three times the price? In the same colony, with high-priced white labour, potatoes are grown to sell at thirty shillings to forty shillings per ton, or two shillings to two shillings and eightpence a bag. I have heard Natal farmers who had cheap Indian labour, and who lived near the railway line, offered six shillings and sixpence a bag, and decline, saying they would rather let them rot than take such an unremunerative price!' That portion of the press which is not controlled by the capitalistic ring expressed itself entirely in accord with Mr Evans in his contention that well-paid white labour is the cheapest labour in the world; that is also the view of all white men in South Africa except the gold-ring, the Dutch, and the colonial-born. Strange to say, the two latter are the bitterest against the Chinese, when, by the law of consistency, they ought to hail them with acclamation, seeing that every Chinaman over a certain number throws a Kafir out, thus increasing the farmer's supply of labour. This only helps to support my contention, however, that the Dutch and colonials have got side-tracked on the road of intelligence.

A few details regarding artisans' pay and the general cost of living may be useful to those intending to come out here after things brighten up. It is to be understood that I am giving the current rates, which are at bottom price owing to the depression, and are, roughly, ten shillings a week less than in normal times. In the Transvaal and Orange River Colony tradesmen get two shillings an hour in country districts, up to two shillings and threepence and two shillings and sixpence an hour in Johannesburg and on the Rand. The cost of living for a single man is six pounds ten shillings a month in Johannesburg, and five pounds ten shillings else-

where. It should be understood that living is on a higher scale all over South Africa than at home; the meals, for instance, comprising four courses for breakfast and lunch, and six courses for dinner, which is taken at night. In country districts of Natal three pounds to three pounds ten shillings per week is paid, while in Durban and Pietermaritzburg fourteen shillings a day is the average. The cost of living in Natal is cheaper and better than elsewhere in South Africa, ranging from three pounds to three pounds ten shillings a month. In Cape Colony wages in country districts range from fifteen pounds to twenty pounds a month; while in Capetown, Kimberley, and other towns fifteen shillings a day is paid. The cost of living in this colony is five pounds a month. In the Transvaal the bulk of the artisans are Australian, Canadian, or Scotch. Natal and Orange River Colony are nearly Scotch; but of late the Italian seems to be gaining ground in Natal, while there are a number of West of England men in Orange River Colony. In Cape Colony Englishmen predominate, there being also a goodly number of Germans and Norwegians, who jocularly refer to the colony as 'German South Africa.' The Dutch and colonials all over the country seldom learn a trade, and are mostly engaged in agriculture and stock-raising. Rhodesia and Bechuanaland appear to be pushing ahead lately, but I cannot speak of them from personal knowledge.

In conclusion, I will say that South Africa as a whole is a healthy country, and that a man's pay and food are much better than in the old country; and if the drink is left alone money can be saved quickly. But there are few means of enjoyment for the single man. With the married man, of course, it is different, and I should say that a married couple can live as cheaply as a single man. To the married woman this country should be Elysium, for children require practically no care, and her husband, even if he is a person whom, in the old country, she never saw except at meal-hours, becomes in this country a confirmed home-bird, finding there his great and only means of recreation and enjoyment.

COMING HOME.

Out in the West I've roamed; but, O my land!

Gladly do I return to thee. Thou hast

These years been calling me. I come at last.

Each autumn have I heard the stern command
Of thy wild mountains summoning me to stand

On their high peaks amid the dark storm's blast;

Each spring thy sweet green fields have held me fast,
And I have watched the waves die on thy strand.

When, from the sea, thy rocky shores appear,

Let it, O God! be when the sun does lie

Ready to rise from the great crimson deep.

Then, 'mong the falling stars perchance I'll hear

Thy whispered welcome drifting slowly by,

Whilst mountain-tops from out the mists do creep.

C. FRED KENTON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE CURSE OF MONA.

By A SASSENACH.

DONALD was a very independent person, quite a relic of a time long past. He was a proud clansman who owned allegiance to none but his king and his chief. He would never have allowed himself to be called a crofter, and go whining to a Government official to make his bargain for him with any landlord. Equally he objected to being the tenant of a Campbell, so he had managed to acquire a 'feu,' which, being translated into English, means that he had a perpetual lease of his holding. It is a permanent tenure subject only to the payment of a small annual 'feu-duty' in money.

The Sassenach had come to Argyllshire to fish and 'enjoy himself for ever.' But the pursuit of trout, combined with an ever-kind and bounteous Providence, led him up one of those small burns which run out of the hills into the river Cur. There he came upon a whitewashed cottage, old and thatched, but shining with cleanliness and shrouded in creepers, and, best of all, Donald working in his perfect little croft among the potatoes.

There are better fish in the burns than ever came out of them, and the burns are always there; but there is only one Donald, and he is an old man, so the Sassenach soon realised that the fishing must be reduced to the means which is justified by the end, and the end was the companionship and confidence of Donald.

The cottage stood on a sort of terrace on the face of the hill, rounded off and obliterated now by the passage of the centuries, but still looking somewhat artificial. From the odd mounds which flanked it peeped an outcrop here and there of crumbling masonry which seemed to indicate the ruins of some much greater structure.

The Sassenach would often find Donald sitting at the edge of his little domain when the day's work was over. They would sit and smoke their pipes while Donald talked of 'my chief,' 'my clan,' and 'my country.' Dressed in his brown homespun coat and kilt, with a blackcock's feather in his

tam-o'-shanter, and leaning on his stout hazel stick carved by himself into an eagle's claw, he might well have been a ghost returned out of the old times in which his soul lived.

The cottage was buried in deep shadow, but Ben Bleula opposite was lit up by the red glow of the dying sun. To the south lay Loch Eek, shining like a pale-blue topaz beneath the shadow of Ben More. To the north, the yellow road disappeared in a patch of sunlight over the low horizon towards Loch Fyne. The rumbling coach had passed down the road for the last time that day; the *Lord of the Isles* had whistled and departed again for his home in the Clyde. The peace and silence of the evening were all around them when Donald murmured almost to himself, 'The chief was right when he built his castle here.'

The Sassenach looked round for the castle, but then he remembered that the villagers accused Donald of thinking himself a chief.

'Yes, for observation or defence there isn't a better spot in the valley; but I never heard that the Duke had a castle here,' he said tentatively.

'The Duke! Who is the Duke? I said the chief.' Donald broke into Gaelic, muttering strange oaths; but, remembering the ignorance of the Sassenach, came back to the inferior tongue. 'No, no; a Campbell will never be my chief. Donald Macnaughton, and a Macnaughton always, though I were the last.'

The instinctive Highland politeness came back, and he spoke again in his quiet old voice, with its soft western accent.

'This is where the castle stood when the young chief Eochan sailed away to Ireland with Sheila, his beloved; the castle was taken, and the broad lands, by the Campbells. The Macnaughtons may be heard of no more in Cowall,* but the curse of Mona remains for ever, so long as the black-hearted Campbells rule in Eochan's place.'

That night old Donald lived again among his

* A district of Argyllshire.—Ed.

ancestors. He told the legend of his clan as a seer tells out his prophecy. To him it was a present and a living thing; all the web of tradition and romance which centuries had woven around it he accepted and believed as indeed truth.

This is the tale of the Curse of Mona. It is Donald's tale, at once the epic of his own chief's romance and a satire on his hereditary enemies.

The Campbells have never won their way in fair fight. They began, eight hundred years ago, by a marriage,* and since then they have married and intrigued, stolen or betrayed, till now they plant one foot upon the shores of the North Sea and one on the Atlantic, while with their arms they gather in the islands and the mountains to themselves.

The Macnaughtons were a small clan in Cowall, but sturly and independent; and the Campbells wanted to round off their territories in that direction. They thought that because Eochan, the chief, was a youth and an orphan they might capture his people and his lands; but no intrigue was needed to wed Sheila and Eochan. She was a tall, graceful Highland girl, with the light-blue eyes and yellow hair which have come from the Norsemen.

'She might have been a maid of Norway such as she who lies buried in the cemetery down there by Loch Eek,' said Donald as his eye turned towards the dark woods by the loch where the old cemetery is hidden under the hill. I will tell you that story too some day,' he said; 'but Sheila's story is enough for the present.'

Sheila's heart was young and innocent when she first looked into the dark eyes of Eochan; for he was of that Spanish type which is so strangely mingled with the fair through all the glens. They seemed from the first to know that absolute trust which cannot die, the faith and love that knows no ending.

Eochan was to marry a Campbell, and many shook their heads; but Mona, who was his old nurse, said that it was well, and that Sheila had only to smile upon them, and they would all love her at once.

The wooing goes quickly when all are agreed. Eochan was an orphan of twenty-two years, and Fergus, his old bluff uncle, with his great spade-beard white as the ptarmigan's wing, but his step as firm and his laugh as hearty as his nephew's, came out of Morven to stand by him when he went to Inveraray to bring home his bride.

The reception in those days was held before the wedding. Eochan strode up the vaulted Gothic hall of old Inveraray Castle; and Sheila, standing in

her flowing pure-white robe, with only a gold girdle about her waist and a thread of gold holding back her hair, smiled proudly as she saw her tall, handsome boy stride strongly up in his tartans and all the trappings of a Highland chief.

He takes her two hands in his and gazes one moment full into her sparkling eyes, then turns and presents her to Uncle Fergus and his followers. The hall resounds to cries of 'Sheila and Eochan!' 'Eochan and Sheila!' Swords flash and cups are drained amidst the laughing clamour of the general welcome.

All the while stands Una, the elder sister, with a haggard look as of one in pain, and very white and sad, as though something oppressed her. Eochan felt a shiver go through him as he took her cold, chill hand. But his light heart was merry, and he gaily laughed as the mother of Sheila and Una cried, 'You and Una will soon be near relatives, Eochan, so there need be no formality in your greetings.'

Sheila is hurried away by the maidens to be prepared for the wedding. The old men drink again to 'Campbell and Macnaughton!' 'Macnaughton and Campbell!' but they excuse Eochan with a laugh.

'He who soon will gather roses from the lips of a lovely bride may well keep his own unpolluted by the red wine of France.'

Then came the ceremony in the chapel. Eochan stands by the altar, the clansmen lounging round the door and the women pressing up to the front. There is a rustle of soft garments, and the bride comes in upon the arm of the Campbell chief. Eochan looks round with a beating heart; but she is veiled in a thick white gauze, and holds her head bent low so that he cannot see her face. He takes her hand as the ceremony proceeds. She trembles, and her hand is cold; her voice, though very low, sounds hard and toneless as she makes the responses. Eochan thinks it is just her nervousness; and though now he is troubled himself, he whispers, 'Courage, Sheila; it will soon be over now.'

It is over, and they are walking down the chapel together. The white veil still completely conceals her face, and the people only see her bent head and the yellow hair behind. Into the great hall, set out now for the marriage-feast, up on to the dais at the top, and at last the bride looses his arm and throws back the veil. The moment has arrived, and Eochan puts forth his arms to embrace her, but steps back with a cry.

'What is this? What means this foolery? Where is Sheila? What have you done with her? Ah, treachery!' His sword is out, and he backs away as her people come trooping into the hall. 'Ah, where is my beloved? Where is Sheila?' he cries again.

For the bride is not Sheila, but Una, her elder sister. She stands there exposed, but in her face is no triumph, no cynical smile. Only sadness un-

* Donald must have referred to the marriage of the Campbell who acquired Lochoy in Argyllshire by marriage in the eleventh century, and from whom was descended Callean Mor (Great Colin), who really founded the fortunes of the family in the fifteenth century.

utterable sits there, and a look so piteous and so pleading that Eochan's young heart is touched. He forgets for the moment his own wrong in the consciousness of her utter misery, and so his sword-point falls to the ground as he looks with a sad compassion upon the poor haggard girl.

'Good my lady,' he says, 'I ask you what have you done with your sister?'

'Oh, Eochan, think not of her; she is but a girl, and girls are heartless and inconstant. I will give to you the love and faith and trust of a woman. In me you will gain a wife; in her you merely lose a lover.'

The spell was broken. The very suggestion that Sheila could be unfaithful roused him again to a burning anguish, and all the ardour of his love pent up came surging through his veins. He looked around, but among those Campbells there did not seem to be a friendly face. His own people, with his uncle, were now gathering in a group, dumfounded and silent, behind him.

The mother comes now towards him smilingly, and there is a murmur and a rustling among the women. It is clear that they understand, while he is all in the dark.

'Eochan, we know it is ill to bear,' she begins; 'but we have done what we could. If a girl is heartless and forsakes her plighted word 'tis better to let her go. A woman married against her will is no true wife. All we have done is for the best; take Una home and your castle shall be radiant with the joy of a loving wife. Your honour is safe with her who loves you dearly.'

'I cannot understand,' said Eochan; 'but let Sheila tell me to my face that she loves me no more, and I will go as I have come—alone.'

'Will you not spare her shame? She has refused to see you, arrogant boy.'

'Ah, repeat not that lie, lest it choke you with its falsity. Sheila is mine, and I am hers for ever. You may try to stem the tide as it roars across the Falls of Lora, you may face a wounded stag pursued by hounds, fight with a willow-wand against the stoutest claymore in Argyll; but don't attempt to stand between Eochan Macnaughton and his affianced bride.'

Old Fergus laid his hand upon Eochan's shoulder gently.

'Come, Eochan,' said he, 'we are done with this treacherous crew for the present.'

They turn and walk away through the wide-open doors. Eochan's face is very white, his teeth hard set, and his fingers open and close nervously on his sword-hilt. But never a word he speaks, although he hears Una's piteous cry again, 'She does not love you. I, and I only.' The rustling and the murmur grow behind him as he marches on, then once in the open he dashes out across the drawbridge, and calls, to gather his men, the battle-cry, 'Eochan! Eochan!'

He is still all in the dark; his absolute trust in Sheila is unbroken; but why should they use him

so? Once out of earshot of the castle, his men gather round him, and some cry for vengeance when they understand the terrible insult which has been offered to their chief.

But Eochan looked back and up, and from the topmost window of an angle tower he saw floating through the bars a kerchief which he knew well, for he himself had given it to Sheila. In his heart he was glad, because he knew that she loved him and trusted him still.

From that moment the calm of a great resolve settled down upon him, and he led his men away into the hills. Only when topping a rise and the castle was going out of sight, he made them pass on while he stood alone. He waved the fellow of that kerchief at the window, and waited till the answer came and he knew that so far at least all was well.

Sheila from her lonely tower saw him disappear; but she never doubted him. If they did not kill him, or her, or both, he would come for her again.

The Lord of all the Outer Isles, the Chief of all the Campbells, did not think that the boy-chief would dare hold out for long or revolt against his authority. He carelessly gave him a week to reflect, and then set out for Castle Bheula with a sufficient following to overawe the people. He came in state with his daughter Una to claim her lawful husband.

But the boy-chief had not been idle. No news of him had reached Inveraray, which seemed to show that even around their own castle the extraordinary treachery made every Campbell sympathise with him. His plan was simple: to raid the castle, carry off his bride, and sail for Ireland, where he had cousins, and where a good swordsman was always welcome for their constant wars. He would not allow his people to suffer; but the young men flocked to his call, and he selected fifty of the best. These should help him in the work, and boats were collected ready along Loch Fyne to embark the whole party for Ireland.

There were plenty people in Inveraray Castle with enough love for a true romance and sympathy with true lovers, especially among the women. So when the Campbells arrived at Castle Bheula they found that all was silent and empty. Meantime, as soon as their force had left the town strange men appeared singly and in pairs in Inveraray. The gates were suddenly seized, the sentries gagged, and willing hands within restrained half-hearted warders. There was more laughter than cries as Sheila hurried down to meet her lover half-way up the turret-stair. No time for any explanations. They hurried away, and soon the whole party were off down the western side of Loch Fyne. While the Campbells were moving in leisurely fashion round the head of the loch, Eochan and Sheila, with their little party, were speeding down to the mouth of Leachan Water,* where the boats were gathered.

The Campbells came back in hot haste, you may be sure, when next day news of the flight reached

* Furnace Quarries.

Bheula; but Eochan and Sheila were safely away upon the high seas.

'So that is how my chief is in the north of Ireland now,' said Donald, 'and my cottage is all that was Bheula Castle, and I perhaps the last Macnaughton in Cowall.'

Donald seemed to be finished, but the Sassenach felt as much in the dark as ever. Also, Donald had said something about the Curse of Mona, and his interest in the occult had been aroused.

'But what does it all mean; and, anyway, what is the Curse of Mona?' said the Sassenach.

'The women said that when Una came to Bheula she was much in need of a husband. That may be what it all meant. Then, as for the Curse of Mona, there was a son born to Una, and it was no son of the Macnaughtons; but the Campbells could not allow the family to be disgraced. Perhaps treachery is not a disgrace among the Campbells.'

He was silent again, and then:

'So they drowned the child in the loch. They married Una to one of their own clan, and they gave him Castle Bheula for a dowry.'

Still himself of Mona and her curse.

'They came to Bheula and took possession. But there may have been an accident, for there was a

great fire, and no one could put it out. The Campbell and his lady came out to watch her dowry burn. But Mona watched it too. They said that Mona had been all distraught since her boy had gone away. So she dashed out of her cottage and would have run into the flames; but they caught her, and she stood with her black eyes lit by the fire, her gray hair floating in the breeze, and no clothes but a long white robe. She saw the Campbell and his lady, Una, there, and she lifted up her withered hands and cursed them.

'She used most terrible curses,' said Donald. 'They would not be good in the English, but it came to this, that never so long as the Campbells ruled in Cowall should a male heir succeed to the new owner of Bheula or his descendants. That was in the sixteenth century,' said Donald in his quiet voice, 'and since then they say there has never been a male heir, and the land is held by some Englishman now. The Curse of Mona holds, and I often think of Sheila over there in Ireland, and how much happier she would have been here in Eochan's own place.'

The last of the sun left the crest of Ben Bheula. The valley was cloaked in darkness, and the Sassenach sat on long without a word, listening to 'all the multifold noises of the night which make up one big silence.'

THE SOVEREIGN AND THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

By HENRY LEACH.



NEW view is taken in these days of the capabilities of the Sovereign in the British Constitution, and it is something of a coincidence that when a striking display of power is being made by the working-classes at the other end of the social scale, the position of the monarch as an active personal force in government is at the same time being strengthened. Whereas for several reigns the Sovereign was regarded chiefly as the figurehead of the State, he is now acclaimed as the most successful because the most tactful statesman of the time. Monarchy has never been more popular with the British public than it is to-day, the people being properly grateful to the ruler who by his own initiative and his own efforts has brought about such pacific relations with other States, and chief of all others with France, as successive Governments had failed to do with tons of despatches. The situation, with new developments at the opposite poles of society, is novel and interesting, and from the present point will be watched with eagerness.

To view the Sovereign as an active statesman, as indeed a superior Foreign Minister, is a new idea to the modern British people; but their minds have been in preparation for it for half a century or more. Whilst King Edward is active and constructive in statesmanship, Queen Victoria seemed at least passive

and never negligible. She too was said to be a strong Minister, and constantly exercised a powerful influence in favour of the maintenance of peace with foreign Powers; and her son the King, with even greater discretion and a broader view, only continues the development of monarchical authority beyond the limitations to which the Queen appeared confined partly by her sex and partly by the seclusion which she imposed on herself after her bereavement. From time to time during her reign the people were made vaguely aware of the masterful exercise of her influence in diplomatic affairs; but it was always felt rather than seen, and the screen was seldom raised to satisfy the public curiosity regarding the work of the royal hand. But with death and the passing of time an increasing publicity is given to these matters, and few literary works have provided such detail, and for the most part new, as the *Life of Lord Granville*, by Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, recently published (Longmans & Co.). There have been other biographies of the utmost importance written during recent years which, like this one, traverse the political history of the larger part of last century and deal with events from the inside, but none that has shown more explicitly the negotiations and transactions between the Sovereign and the Ministry in matters of the greatest consequence to the well-being of the State. This is an almost necessary result of past and pre-

sent circumstances. The Sovereign's part is almost exclusively with the higher politics of the Foreign Office; for a variety of good reasons domestic matters are not so frequently subject to such interference.

Foreign Secretaries, then, or the Prime Ministers who are above them, are the chief persons prescribed for intimate dealings with the Sovereign, and of those who flourished when the Queen was most active there have been few biographies written since her demise such as could include an account of these transactions. Mr Gladstone, by reason of a peculiar antipathy on the part of Her Majesty, never enjoyed her full confidence, and it is said that only on the occasion of his last visit to her did she offer him her hand in greeting or parting. The Life of Beaconsfield, highest in her esteem, is not yet written. Lord Salisbury belonged to a late period of her reign, and his story also is as yet untold. Those of Palmerston and Russell were printed at a time when a close reserve had to be exercised upon these matters; besides which, neither enjoyed the confidence and satisfaction of Her Majesty. But this interesting *Life of Lord Granville* was written at a time when the biographer was unfettered, and it is the story of the career of a man who, either as Foreign Minister or leader of the Government or of the Liberal party in the House of Lords, or as all at once, was on terms of close official relationship with the throne—all the closer because of Her Majesty's evident partiality for his services towards her in preference to those of other leading statesmen. Opinions differ to some extent as to Lord Granville's statesmanship. By some he is held to have been lacking in individual force; but at the close of his first term of office as Foreign Secretary Lord John Russell wrote that the country was losing one of the best Foreign Secretaries it ever had, and, while he was almost born in office, he nearly died in it, and his periods included many of the really anxious times in European diplomacy during the reign of the late Queen. His tact and humour were priceless qualities at a time when contemporary statesmen were conspicuously wanting in them. A glance, then, at this link between Sovereign and Executive Government is of interest, and may give to some a new idea of the inner workings of the machine of State.

And first of all there is a very remarkable example of the Queen's superior authority and power of meddling, as it might be said, on the occasion of Granville's first appointment as Foreign Minister towards the close of 1851. Lord Palmerston had suddenly disappeared from that office on account of a renewal of former difficulties as to its proper relations with the Crown and the Prime Minister; and when it was offered to him, Granville, surprised and somewhat nervous, accepted. (By the way, in passing, one is reminded by the official biography of Lord Randolph Churchill, which has recently appeared, of the entertaining story of the serious dispute between him and his chief, and

indirectly with the Queen, when the first-named was in charge of the India Office, because Her Majesty chose to go over his head and to make a direct inquiry of the Viceroy concerning the Duke of Connaught's proposed appointment to the Bombay command. One lightly wonders how the leader of the Fourth Party might have fared in his official relations with the Sovereign if by any chance life and success had given *him* to the Foreign Office.) Now, the Queen was in a state of great irritation on account of the constant disputes which she had had with Palmerston, and, moreover, she was alarmed at the threatening appearance of the prospect in Europe; so that at this time of change she deemed it well to make a personal examination of the new-comer to the Foreign Office to satisfy herself of his fitness. She virtually asked him to write for her private perusal an essay on British foreign policy in general; and so he did. Writing from Windsor Castle to Lord John Russell only five days after the selection of Lord Granville for the post, the Queen said that she thought the moment of the change in the person of her Secretary for Foreign Affairs afforded a fit opportunity to have the principles upon which our foreign business had been conducted since the beginning of 1848 reconsidered by Lord John Russell and his Cabinet. She said that she had become 'painfully convinced' that though the principles of Lord John's foreign policy had been right, the manner in which they had been practically applied had worked out very different results from those which the correctness of the principles themselves had led her to expect. In the further course of a very long letter, she complained also of deviations from the principles laid down, suggested that foreign policy might at this stage be more specifically defined, wished that a regular programme might be prepared, and invited Lord John to ask Lord Granville to prepare such a paper and lay it before her, after having revised it. 'This would then serve as a safe guide for Lord Granville, and enable the Queen as well as the Cabinet to see that the policy as in future to be conducted will be in conformity with the principles laid down and approved.' In this sentence we have an extraordinary assertion of the superior and active authority of the Sovereign, and an attempt, indeed, to make impossible conditions for the service of the Foreign Secretary. Lord John, having told the Queen that policy, after all, depended upon circumstances, and that any rule might be broken through, passed the letter on to Lord Granville, who duly wrote his essay.

Thenceforth the Minister's relations with the Queen prospered exceedingly. He had every advantage. With his personal charms of manner he combined a knowledge of persons, events, and things that was only possible to one with his multitudinous connections. Speaking in the House of Lords on one occasion, he declared: 'My Lords, I had better make a clean breast of it at once; and I am obliged to admit that some of those who went before me

had such quivers full of daughters who did not die old maids that I have relations upon this side of the House, relations upon the cross benches, relations upon the opposite side of the House, and I actually had the unparalleled misfortune to have no fewer than three cousins in the Protectionist Administration of my noble friend opposite.' So, what with one thing and another, the Queen in 1852 was led to confide to Lord Aberdeen that she thought Lord Granville 'a most agreeable companion;' while on another occasion she said that she 'was glad to have to trust to a Minister who felt that it was impossible for diplomacy to act with more effect than when it does so in a quiet and unostentatious manner.'

He happened to be Minister in attendance in the autumn of 1855, when the Court was at Balmoral, and it was there that the Queen received the anxiously expected news of the fall of Sebastopol. Two telegrams arrived together at half-past ten, one being for the Queen and the other for the Minister. The first was from Lord Clarendon, giving details of the destruction of the Russian ships as well as of the forts on the southern side of the harbour. 'I have still better news,' said Granville to Her Majesty, and then he read his own telegram, which was from General Simpson, and which stated simply: 'Sebastopol is in the hands of the Allies.' In a letter which Granville wrote to Clarendon he described the scene which followed: 'Phipps and I had had a long walk, and not much sport, after some grouse yesterday. I was trying to keep myself awake by arguing with Her Majesty that it was better to receive commonplace messages by the telegraph which I could read than to receive important ones in cipher which Her Majesty could not understand, when the page came in with a message for each announcing the great news. You may imagine the sensation. The Queen rather upset, and her first words rather curious. The Prince in the most extravagant spirits. Poor jaded Phipps and I had to rush up a precipitous hill after him, over some very rough ground, to light a bonfire, drink whisky, and say "Urray!" as like a Scotchman as we could.'

Writing to his friend Canning in India, from Windsor, at the beginning of 1856, he said: 'The Queen is most gracious, but complained to Marie of my eating too many sweets.' On the occasion of these temporary sojourns with the Court opportunity was taken to give a little monarchical lecture to the Minister on some principle of government, the Prince Consort usually being the Queen's intermediary in the matter. Thus, on the occasion of this same visit, Granville says: 'The Prince sent for me yesterday, and kept me in his room without a fire for two hours and a half. [This was on 9th January.] He was very agreeable, as he always is when talking on serious matters. . . . The Prince attributes to the want of philosophical training the principal deficiency in English statesmen. They never look at any subject as part of a

whole. He instanced the administration of the army and navy. Nobody ever asked themselves the question, "Why we wanted an army?" and then, "What that army should be?" He discussed the characters of several of our public men. He said that the only office which was creditable to England was the Foreign Office under Clarendon; that the *system* of not only the War Office but of the Admiralty was infinitely inferior to the French, while the conduct of foreign affairs by Clarendon had been more free from mistakes than that of any country in Europe.' And so on this occasion the Prince gives to Granville for his perusal a little book on German philosophy by a French writer.

Lord Granville was at the high-water mark of his favouritism with the Queen when, in 1859, on the difficulties between Russell and Palmerston, Her Majesty invited him to form a Cabinet; and though his attempt to do so failed, it nevertheless resulted in his becoming the most influential member of the Cabinet in regard to foreign affairs next to 'the two old ringleaders' themselves, as Clarendon described the two chiefs. But on this same occasion he came very near to giving the most serious offence to Her Majesty; for after one of her earnest conversations with him during the crisis she saw an account of what had taken place printed in a newspaper, and the very words she had used to Granville included. 'Whom am I to trust? These are my very words!' she exclaimed to Clarendon; and, challenged upon the matter in the House, Granville admitted that on returning from Her Majesty's presence to consult with his friends he explained the situation to them with as much detail as he felt to be necessary, and unwittingly was led, possibly, to use Her Majesty's expressions, and so they got abroad. He regretted his indiscretion. The matter ended there.

However, it was only a few days after this that the Queen went out of her way to show how intimately she regarded him as her official deputy in regard to foreign affairs. The Italian war was on hand, and Her Majesty was inclined apparently to concern herself with the management of the British attitude towards it more actively than she had done in regard to any previous affair. First she wrote to Lord John Russell upon his proposal to 'lend the moral support of England to the Emperor Napoleon at Verona,' and, not hearing what he had done with the letter, and resenting not being made acquainted instantly with what the Cabinet was doing, she (per the Prince) wrote to Lord Granville for information on a long list of points. 'The draft to Berlin went on the 7th. The Queen asked for a copy, never having seen it again since it came under review at the Cabinet. . . . Lord John says now that he thought himself justified to send it off after the Cabinet had seen it. To this the Queen has, of course, no answer; but the responsibility of the Cabinet becomes all the greater to exercise an efficacious control.'

The Queen was putting Granville in a difficulty, and he told her so. He wrote to her and gave her

a large parcel of Cabinet secrets; but he had to beg her not to tell any one that he had done so. To the Prince he said, 'I feel deeply grateful for the confidence the Queen and your Royal Highness show me. It, however, places me in this dilemma: Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell are the Ministers to whom it is natural that the Queen should look for information respecting discussions in the Cabinet respecting foreign affairs. They would resent such information being afforded through any other channel. They would consider it as a want of confidence on the part of Her Majesty, and an improper interference on the part of a colleague. . . . It is desirable that no one should know that I make any written communications to your Royal Highness on this subject.'

There soon followed an incident, or series of incidents, which came very near to bringing about a serious rupture between the Court and the Cabinet, and which in some quarters occasioned the use of the word 'unconstitutional' in reference to the Queen's conduct. She was determined on having her own way, and perhaps not in the time of any living person or of his parents or grandparents has there been such a dangerous assertion of authority. The Foreign Secretary (Lord John Russell) wrote a despatch which proposed to ask for information as to the intentions of the Emperor of the French before his invitation to a conference on the Italian business could be entertained. Her Majesty objected to this inquiry on the ground that it was a veiled form of intervention, and after much recrimination the despatch was suspended until after the Conference of Zurich. Subsequently another kind of despatch was proposed, and the Queen again objected, declaring that it was contrary to the pledge that had been given not to interfere in this way until after the Zurich Conference. She gave a kind of ultimatum; and when things were looking black the Prince Consort wrote to Granville: 'You will be sorry to hear that we have had disputes about drafts daily for the last two weeks. On the Queen's refusing to sanction, they were withdrawn, but others *worse* in tendency submitted. It has arrived at that point that Lord John himself asks for what the Queen has all along stood out—namely, the necessity of a meeting of the Cabinet.'

Then Mr Sidney Herbert wrote to Granville: 'Pam has been to the War Office with rather a long face on the Queen objecting to all Johnny's despatches. The Queen further forbade giving any advice or opinion at Paris on the Italian question as intervention. Pam, who in this is entirely with Lord John, wrote to remonstrate, and to point out that she permitted the other Government to intervene up and down. He seemed a good deal annoyed, and said he doubted whether he ought to call a Cabinet or not. As he goes to Osborne to-day, I recommended waiting till the result of the personal interview was ascertained, and that he should not put what he calls the "constitutional" argument to the Queen, which, after all, is a threat and means,

"You must yield, or I resign." I expressed a wish that he would not *lâcher le gros mot*, or he would in the long run, to say nothing of the short one, get the worst of it. In the present evenly balanced state of parties and strong anti-French feeling the Court could ride its race its own way. I shall be a little anxious to hear how the Osborne visit goes off, and I am a little nervous about Pam's way of describing our relative positions. "If we differ, your opinion must yield to mine," is not an agreeable statement to hear, nor a prudent one to make to a person who has a good deal of indirect power, and the spirit to use it if *poussée à bout*.' Lord Granville wrote to the Duke of Argyll to say: 'Sidney Herbert told me that Lord John was in a state of great irritation, that he said we might as well live under a despotism, and that he threatened resignation. Gladstone told me that he had heard the whole story from Pam, and that he thought the Queen had been somewhat unreasonable.'

Eventually this awkward business was patched up; but Russell did not altogether abandon his plans for intervention; and when the Court removed north to Balmoral, and he himself was close by at Abergeldie, he, supported by Lord Palmerston from Broadlands, carried on a sharp paper-warfare with the Queen and his colleagues. The Prince Consort told Lord Clarendon afterwards that the royal sojourn in the north had been embittered by this 'most painful paper-warfare with the two men.' Here, indeed, the Government had felt some touch of monarchical force. The Queen did not forget. When Granville visited her at Osborne shortly after the death of the Prince Consort he wrote: 'I am afraid that there is little chance of the thing happening which the King of the Belgians says justly is the most important—namely, that she should be very cordial with her Ministers. She retains some of her husband's feelings about Pam and John, and this is increased as regards the former by recollection of great enmity between them at one time, although I believe both the men have entirely forgotten and forgiven it.'

There was again serious trouble between Queen and Cabinet when the Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein question became acute, and the country generally and the two leading Ministers were showing a strong anti-German spirit which greatly distressed Her Majesty. Lord Granville had to warn her of the necessity of extreme caution in the midst of a noisy and excited opinion. 'The Queen is up in her stirrups,' he told Lord Clarendon, 'very German, and determined if necessary to resist the Prime Minister. I was obliged to hint that it was a question on which she could not hope to be omnipotent.' Throughout this crisis the Queen was constantly anxious and active. She wrote to Granville that 'Lord Russell is evidently very uneasy and very sore at the failure of all the endless proposals on the part of this country. We have done too much, been too active, and done ourselves no good. We are, alas! detested in Germany. . . . Lord

Granville, while not mentioning this communication, may use the Queen's name whenever he thinks it may be useful. If Lord Granville thinks it necessary, the Queen is ready to write anything to the above effect to Lord Russell.

When war had broken out Her Majesty wrote a piteous letter to the servant upon whom she had so often relied. 'The Queen has heard nothing from Lord Granville,' she wrote to him, 'so she trusts all is going on quietly. . . . The Queen suffers much, and her nerves are more and more totally shattered and her rest broken. If Lord Granville only reflects, he will understand how terrible her position is. But though all this anxiety is wearing her out, it will not shake her in her firm purpose of resisting any attempt to involve this country in a mad and useless combat. The Queen relies on the support of the Cabinet. When all seems dark around, then she feels her faith and strength strongest in God's mercy and protection.'

Shortly afterwards Her Majesty's foot went down with a stamp. The Cabinet would have to take her orders! Her expressed determination is one of the most extraordinary things in the history of our limited monarchy. Having asked Granville how things were going on in the Cabinet, and having been reassured, she then wrote to him: 'The Queen thanks Lord Granville for his reassuring letter. She can only repeat that she is so thoroughly convinced of the awful danger and recklessness of our stirring up France and Russia to go to war that she would be disposed to make a stand upon it should it even cause the resignation of Lord Russell. There are duties and convictions so strong that they outweigh all other considerations; but the Queen will not say this till Lord Granville tells her there is danger of anything of the kind; but she is quite determined upon it, solely from a regard to the safety of this country and of Europe in general. . . . Though the Queen said she would not declare her determination to prevent her subjects from being involved in war recklessly and uselessly, Lord Granville is quite at liberty to make use of her opinion on this subject when speaking to his colleagues.'

Then followed the outcry in the country against the Queen's alleged too pronounced pan-Germanic sentiments, voiced in the House of Lords by a bold speech by Lord Ellenborough, and followed by Her Majesty's bitter and tearful protests. One day she writes to Granville: 'Oh, how fearful it is to be suspected, uncheered, unguided, and unadvised; and how alone the poor Queen feels! Her friends must defend her.' A week later: 'Alone and unaided, she writes to Lord Granville as a faithful

friend and not as a Minister, to hear from him his opinion as well as that of the Cabinet generally;' and then she, with the help of her secretary, writes three letters to him in one day, saying in one of them, indited personally at half-past eleven at night, that 'she fears she has written quite illegibly, but she is so tired and unwell she can hardly hold up her head or hold her pen.' At the conclusion of this remarkable episode, the biographer remarks, 'amid the personal sorrow and the political disappointment caused by these events, the Queen was at least able to remember with pride that owing to the determined stand which she had made against her two principal Ministers she had saved the country from an unnecessary war. In this stand Lord Granville was her mainstay in the Cabinet.'

In one respect this was the farthest point of the Queen's adventures in foreign politics. Thereafter she showed something of a disposition not to act with her Ministers as one of them. Upon occasions of the utmost urgency she herself addressed notes to foreign Sovereigns. Gradually she withdrew her confidence from Lord Granville, and she complained that his tone was too decided in writing to her. So Lord Granville told Mr Gladstone. Another Minister of another party had arisen upon whom she placed her utmost reliance, and not in vain. Through this channel she chiefly exercised her statesmanship in many of the succeeding years. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice observes that 'the great knowledge and acquired experience in affairs of the Queen was more and more from this time onward to make itself felt as a serious power. The Constitution is always subject to the law of incessant change; and even apart from the personal factor, there were circumstances then beginning to operate, though as yet only dimly recognised, which tended to increase the weight of the Crown.'

Revelations as to acts of the Sovereign create a vague wonderment in the minds of some people. Is the British Constitution exactly what it is believed to be? If not, is it any better or any worse in its difference from the Constitution of the popular conception? Probably the average answer will be that while this exercise of powers that were supposed to be almost, if not entirely, obsolete is improper, and incompatible with the spirit of the most modern times, it is justified by the circumstance that it has been wholly beneficial in result. The completer histories of Queen Victoria's statesmanship, as they now appear, serve to increase the suggestiveness of the more public display of the influence of the Crown by a monarch who is nothing of a recluse, and is imbued with a whole-hearted desire to be of service to his people.



A M U T I N Y S C A R E .

IN India some alarmist periodically sets rolling what may be called a 'mutiny scare,' which results in a certain amount of amusing correspondence from imaginative individuals in the Anglo-Indian press, and in very little else.

On one occasion, however, some years ago, my friend Jameson of the Ninety-ninth Bengal Cavalry was placed, owing to one of these scares, in a position which might have led to very unpleasant consequences.

Shortly before his little adventure some observant person had discovered that the trees in a certain part of India were being smeared with mud, and wrote to the papers about it. This caused people to discover the same curious circumstance in other parts of the peninsula, and it appeared that gradually the trees all over the country were being treated in a similar manner. Our alarmists remembered the *chayutti* tale of Mutiny days, and accordingly for several months we were given warnings and lectures by wiseacres who signed themselves by such names as 'Action Front,' 'One who Knows,' 'Mutiny Veteran,' and so intent were these writers on trying to make us believe that 'a gigantic political conspiracy was afoot' (I use 'Action Front's' own words) that I almost hesitate to proceed for fear one of them may again rush into print and give us another dose. Trusting, however, that these words may never be read by any of these busybodies, I venture to state that the investigations into the 'mud-daubing' led to the discovery that water-buffaloes, goats, donkeys, and other animals invariably rubbed themselves against tree-trunks to try and get clean on their way home from grazing; and in those places where mud had been found on the branches some eight feet from the ground, it was ascertained that camels stretched up their necks and got rid of the irritating patches of earth, acquired when rolling in the mud, by rubbing their cheeks against the boughs. The fact was also brought to light that certain native students were not above playing on the susceptibilities of these gullible gentlemen by placing patches of yellow powder here and there on the trees.

That some of these correspondents wrote with considerable force is quite certain, for I came across many persons who were deeply impressed by their vagaries; but it is difficult to believe that an Indian civilian of some standing could have been so bamboozled as the man who was responsible for Jameson's little adventure.

Watson was at the time collector of Mitapur, and from first to last had taken an intense interest in the discussions about the mud-smearing. He had evidently been looking over the confidential documents in his possession about the Mutiny;

and, as every one will remember, Mitapur was one of the places from which it received its greatest impetus. One of his predecessors in office happened to be a man who suspected every one and everything, and was responsible for a huge file in the collector's confidential box containing a vast amount of information about supposed conspiracies and intrigues. Nothing, in fact, delighted Watson more than the investigation of these mysteries, and unfortunately he had no difficulty in finding persons who were ready to indulge him to his heart's content.

About a week or so after this particular scare had commenced Watson was strolling through the native city, when his observant eyes happened to light on the Hindustani word *roshan* scratched on the stone at one of the stand-pipes. This word means 'light,' and gave our friend plenty of food for reflection; while his suspicions as to its being a secret sign were confirmed when, a search having been made by his confidential agents, he was informed that the identical word existed on two other stones in the city and on those in the native infantry and cavalry lines. They had taken good care to see that it did appear elsewhere, and were well rewarded for their information.

That evening—it was a Friday, I remember—Watson was dining at the Gummer mess, of which I was a member, and at about 10.30 p.m. he received a letter, which the servant said had been brought by a native with the intimation that it was *saruri* (urgent), but that there was no *jawab* (answer). Asking permission, he opened it immediately, and found it contained an anonymous letter written in very bad English, but, such as it was, entirely corroborating his views as to the mysterious signs on the stand-pipe stones. The informer stated that the native regiments were combining with the roughs of the city for an attack on the British troops and residents, and that the word *roshan* was a preconcerted signal between them. The letter concluded with the significant words, 'Prepare for thunderburst this night,' and was signed 'Loyal Servant.'

Watson was not the man to be caught napping, as some of his predecessors in 1857 had been; he at once informed the officers at mess of what he had discovered, and managed to convince most of them that they were in for a scrimmage. The mess broke up, and the married men went off to their bungalows to make the best arrangements possible for the safety of their families, the others proceeding to their quarters to change preparatory to joining their men; while the colonel commanding the artillery accompanied the collector to the residence of the general officer commanding. The latter happened to be dining out, and it was close on half-past eleven before he was found. Urgent messages were at once sent flying round the British

lines, and orders given for the troops to turn out with ball-ammunition and hold themselves in readiness for anything which might occur; a battery of artillery and two companies of infantry were sent to protect the civil treasury, and troopers were despatched round the station to warn the European residents; while officers' patrols were told off to reconnoitre towards the city and the lines of the native troops, which were about three miles away.

While these and numerous other arrangements were being made a thrill passed through every one, for the alarm, in the shape of three guns fired in rapid succession, resounded through the stillness of the night. Then commenced a scurrying of officers here and there, the doubling of companies to the positions they had to take up, the galloping of mounted orderlies hither and thither, the rumbling of the artillery moving to the treasury and other points in accordance with the standing orders in case of alarm.

When the alarm sounded the brigade-major made a sudden exclamation, and muttered to himself, 'By jingo, that must be it!' He followed this remark by rushing out of the orderly-room of the Midford Rangers, where he had been in consultation with the officers, jumping on his horse, and rushing off as fast as it could carry him in the direction of the station staff-office. On arriving there he breathlessly informed the General that the alarm was a false one, and was merely the signal for the 'movable column' to turn out; he had given orders for the alarm to be fired at twelve o'clock that night, and had quite forgotten to countermand it on hearing the collector's story.

The 'movable column,' I must mention, was a small force composed of one company and one squadron from each regiment in a station, a couple of guns from each battery, with a proportionate amount of transport, and a *dhooley* with its bearers and a subordinate surgeon by way of medical arrangements. It was the duty of the brigade-major to issue orders for the alarm to be fired at some time during the night once during each fortnight, and on its sounding the component parts of the column had to proceed with all speed to a particular point previously decided on, and there await orders. Each regiment and battery told off a fresh officer and the necessary details fortnightly for this duty, and the field-officers had to take turns in commanding the column. It thus happened that Jameson was on duty this particular night.

Now, let us see what was occurring at the native end of the station. The officers of the Two Hundredth Bengal Infantry were entertaining their colonel on his promotion to take up a post on the staff, and several of the Ninety-ninth Bengal Cavalry were dining as guests; all were in blissful ignorance of the havoc old Watson was creating a few miles away, for he had left undone the very thing he

should have done, and had never even sent word to or consulted with the officers commanding the native regiments.

At the Ninety-ninth Bengal Cavalry mess Jameson and another man had dined in solitary grandeur, and then retired at about eleven o'clock, both being rather weary after a long day in the lines and numerous *chukkers* of polo. When the alarm sounded Jameson's *chowkidar* (watchman), according to instructions, woke up the bearer and told one of the *syces* to get a charger ready. The bearer went into his master's room, and, gently pressing one of his feet, murmured 'Sahib! Sahib!' until the sahib awoke with a start and a 'What's up?' to see the well-trained domestic standing respectfully near the door, to which he had cautiously retreated in case the sahib was having nightmare. '*Kya hai?*' ('What is it?') asked Jameson. '*Top hogya*' ('The gun has gone'), replied the bearer. '*Ah, vurdî tayar?*' ('Ah, uniform ready?') inquired the master. '*Ha, hazoor*' ('Yes, sir'), said the servant; and within five minutes of this brief conversation Jameson was giving a final twist to his *loomgi* (turban), his bearer was buckling on his sword, while another domestic fastened his spur-straps. With a few words of admonition to his *syce*, who was only just bringing the horse out of its stable, Jameson mounted and cantered off towards the lines, on the way to which he encountered his squadron trotting in sections towards his bungalow. Being pleased at their smartness in turning out, he greeted the native officer in charge with a few words of praise, and, wheeling round, placed himself at their head and ordered 'Walk—march!'—directly after singing out the word 'Trot!' in that elongated drawl peculiar to cavalry commands. Having proceeded at a smart pace for about a mile, Jameson caught a glimpse in front of a couple of horsemen, seemingly British troopers, who wheeled round and dashed off at full gallop down the road. While he was still wondering what they were doing, a native orderly galloped wildly up from the rear yelling out, '*Hookam mansook hogya*' ('The order has been cancelled'). Up went Jameson's sword—not that a single man could see the signal in the dark—and out rolled the command 'Halt!' with the result that the horses were almost brought on to their haunches, after which they commenced to fidget into their proper places, while a conversation took place between Jameson and the orderly.

It appeared that the man had just received instructions from the adjutant of the Ninety-ninth Bengal Cavalry to inform Jameson at once that the orders for the movable column had been cancelled, and that he was to return with the squadron to the lines and meet him there. Taking the man with him, Jameson carried out these instructions, and found the adjutant in mess-dress in the lines along with several other officers.

Later on the colonel arrived there with a staff-

officer; and after he had held a rather lengthy conversation with some of the senior native officers, and had taken a stroll through the lines, all returned to their bungalows quite convinced that there had been a false alarm that night.

The next day Jameson was told by several officers of the British regiments that if his squadron had gone much farther they would have had a very peppery kind of reception, and I for one think that he had a rather narrow squeak.

Watson spent the next two or three weeks out

in camp, I believe; at any rate, he did not put in an appearance at the club, and I never saw him again. I should think he must have had a certain amount of influence at headquarters, for the affair was hushed up, and he stayed on in the service for several years after, although he had to put up with rather out-of-the-way districts. I do not expect he left a very long confidential note for his successor at Mitapur concerning the disaffection in the native lines, and he probably gave up some of his ideas about conspiracies.

CHANGES IN COVENTRY.



HERE are cities and towns in Great Britain which undergo strange changes in the course of a generation. There are, too, towns which either spring up entirely in the course of a few years or expand from small townships into great centres of industrial and civil life. In the latter category may be included Middlesbrough and Cardiff, and what were London and Glasgow suburbs, but which have now been incorporated within the general geographical limits of either one city or the other, and so belong to the common life of the community.

Among the former class of towns—those which undergo striking changes—is the city of Coventry, which, for a variety of reasons, not infrequently has widespread attention called to it. In mediæval times Coventry was the third largest city of England. At the Reformation its population fell to below ten thousand. In the minds of aged people living at a distance, the place is associated with the collapse of the ribbon trade in the sixties, and with a distress not less poignant than, if not so widespread as, the Lancashire cotton famine a few years later. Again the number of inhabitants declined, and so did material wealth. Since then, too, the city has had its ups and downs—no place more—but the population has continued to increase, and when, in the month of May of the present year, the Corporation took a census of the people, there were found to be close on eighty-four thousand residents within the city boundaries, as against over sixty-nine thousand in 1901.

It is scarcely necessary to tell anybody to-day that Coventry founded the cycle trade in 1868 and started the English motor industry in 1896. Unfortunately the great demand which set in for cycles (at almost any price) ten years ago led to a species of discreditable company promoting in connection with the acquirement of businesses, and such large sums of money were thus obtained from the investing public, with disappointing results, that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of persons have come to look upon Coventry without favour or even goodwill. That many people are poorer

to-day in consequence of what is known (with ugly name) as 'the cycle boom' is undoubtedly true.

But Coventry is not alone associated with what is somewhat contemptuously called 'cycle finance,' for numerous manufacturers and factors elsewhere, in the Midlands and in London, sold their businesses to the public at prices which now seem appalling. What defence there may be to the work and ways of 1896-97 is to be found in the statements that men sold what they had to offer at highest prices, and that people were eager to obtain shares on inflated capitals. Among these investors were included not a few persons on the spot. The cycle trade was an object of plunder by harpies of various kinds. But the great majority of even the sober investors had faith in the permanency of the huge profits made for a year or two previously. That there was over-capitalisation is unquestioned—in prices paid for businesses, in the 'watering' of capitals by unscrupulous promoters, some of whom became very rich men, and some of whom have since fallen from high (financial) estate.

Most concerns 'brought out' in that well-remembered time have had since to reduce their capital sum, while many have ceased altogether to exist. Profits have shrunk, some years to nothing, and always below what they were in the selling times. The trade is now in a few hands; machines are sold at 'cut' rates, and there are kaleidoscopic methods of business. It is probable that in course of no long time the manufacture of cycles will be in the hands of a very small number of firms. When it is said that a single company claims to have turned out seventy thousand bicycles in the twelvemonth ending with the present summer, it will be evident that a squeezing process is going on. What the trade has got to on factoring lines may be illustrated by the following copy of an advertisement which recently appeared in a London daily newspaper, over the address of a firm in town: 'We send a high-grade cycle to any address on receipt of one shilling deposit and upon payment of the last of eighty-nine weekly instalments of one shilling each, making a total of four pounds ten shillings in all;

or our net cash with order price is only four pounds, or cash within seven days.' Then in big letters, 'One shilling deposit. One shilling deposit. Free wheel. . . . No agents or inquiries.'

The English motor trade, while it, like the cycle industry, found its first home in the Midland city, is not the monopoly of any one town, such as the older business was for many years. Cars and other motor vehicles are largely made also in Glasgow, in London, and in several other places. But Coventry once again enjoys a high state of prosperity, owing partly to the increased demand for cycles, but more largely to its having become a centre for the manufacture of large ordnance—the first time big guns have been made in the Midlands—and for general engineering, and owing to the settling there of some other manufactures as well.

The city, as has been said, is a place of contrast and change. Its monastic character was, of course, lost in that century of change and revolution—the sixteenth; its old industry of ribbon-weaving has steadily declined, till now only a few yards of ribbon are ever seen on a loom; its watchmaking is often pushed hard by Swiss and Americans.

Changes in outward appearance have taken place, too, and still go on. The pretty witticism of the visitor from the United States, that Coventry was founded in the Middle Ages and has remained there ever since, has now lost its point; at any rate the latter portion of the sally has. Medieval buildings remain, of course; but to a far greater extent Coventry is an industrial city of red brick, expanding at the present time at a rapid rate. What were recently rural localities are now incorporated as part of the town, and the inhabitants partake of the life of one of the oldest civic corporations of the kingdom. Land sells at advancing prices, and many acres are being cut up and covered with new factories and dwellings. Workpeople flock to the city from most industrial centres.

The change going on is not all for good. Those

who knew local life as it was twenty, or even fifteen, years ago contrast the present with the past, to the disadvantage of the former. There is less willingness on the part of leading men to take a share in public work; social life is apparently less cultivated than it was; literature, science, art, and other branches of higher education are not eagerly sought after; the religious observance of Sunday appears to be less marked. The decade through which we are more than half-way promises to be known as the motoring age, not of any particular locality, but all over England. If, in the Midland counties, everybody seems to be on wheels, the fact must, we suppose, be ascribed to the comparative ease with which people acquire the possession of vehicles of one sort or another, and to the existence of first-class highways and of the beauty spots and places of historic interest through which they pass. An article which was printed in *Chambers's Journal* for May 13, 1882, contained this passage: 'With such a machine as the electric tricycle, we can foresee the day when the old "Red Lion" and "Blue Boar," deserted these last forty years, will again become gay and busy.' That day has come—through the cycle and the motor-car.

The city of ups and downs which is the subject of the present article is once again very prosperous, and on it converges a new people. Old inhabitants say they are unacquainted with one in a hundred of those they meet in the streets. No doubt it is the case in many industrial towns that such changes take place, but at Coventry they appear to be more rapid than elsewhere. In the columns of the daily press it comes much into notice. Coventry is a wonderful place—a sort of Johannesburg, with something of medievalism patched on; old and new; its ancient geographical centre shifted a mile away from that of a few years ago; the great bulk of its population seem abnormally young in years of life. It is a city conservative, yet intrepid, bursting into vigorous life on some sides, with apparently semi-stagnation on other sides.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TEMPERANCE.



VERY large proportion of the people who have devoted considerable study to the subject are of the opinion that the consumption of alcohol is not only unnecessary, but is very distinctly harmful to the human organism. If it be true—as from the carefully considered conclusions of these people it would certainly appear to be—that all alcoholic drinks are far better avoided, every means which can be devised to replace alcoholic beverages by others of a less harmful character is a step in the right direction. One small but not unim-

portant point which does not appear to have received the attention it deserves is the fact that non-alcoholic beverages are far less easily obtained than those which contain some portion of spirit. The thirsty wayfarer for a very small expenditure can obtain beer with the greatest ease and at a price which is kept reasonable by the stress of competition. If, however, he desire one of the so-called temperance drinks, he can only obtain it at a public-house by payment of three or four times its legitimate value. Gingerbeer, lemonade, and various other aerated drinks which can be sold at an enormous profit for a penny a glass are habitually retailed at public-houses for three times this amount. The consequence is that the

wavering traveller more often than not will choose the cheaper drink, and take into his system a small quantity of unnecessary and probably harmful alcohol. It should be made a condition of the renewal of all public-house licenses that the usual non-alcoholic beverages should be kept in stock, and sold at the price which every sweet-shop finds sufficiently profitable.

TIMING STENOGRAPHY.

The inventor of what is known as the Oxford system of shorthand, which claims to be considerably more rapid than the older stenography, has produced an ingenious little machine principally with the object of demonstrating the truth of this claim. By means of this device the actual time occupied in writing various words is accurately recorded, and different systems of shorthand can be compared in this respect with one another. The machine pays out a graduated tape at the rate of a yard a second; and as each yard is divided into sixty parts, the time occupied in writing any word or combination of words is measured to the sixtieth part of a second. The little machine shows exactly the length of time occupied by each portion of the outline, and according to the inventor it demonstrates in a remarkably effectual manner the great superiority in point of speed of the Oxford system over what he calls the old style shorthand.

GREEN MANURING.

The beneficial action of green manures on certain soils has long been recognised; but the true explanation of the effect has not been properly understood until recently. Green manuring affects the soil in several ways, principally by the mechanical action of the gases evolved during decomposition of the vegetable matter, by the solvent effect upon the soil constituents of the acids to which decomposition gives rise, and by the conversion of atmospheric nitrogen into nitrogenous compounds which become the food for future crops. Mention has been made in these columns of the recently successful attempts to fix atmospheric nitrogen by electrical means; possibly in the future this method may prove to be more economical than the fixation by means of leguminous crops. In the meantime, however, green manuring produces the change more cheaply than it could be accomplished by any chemical or electrical process yet devised. Recent experiments have proved beyond doubt that leguminous crops possess the power of fixing atmospheric nitrogen by virtue of certain bacteria generally present in the soil. It is absolutely essential to the success of the manuring that this specific organism should be present; and although it is to be found in most soils, some do not possess it, and in this case some form of inoculation becomes necessary, or the green manuring fails of its effect. The United States Department of Agriculture prepares a culture

of this bacterium, and supplies it to farmers, with full directions as to its employment. Either the seed or the soil itself may be inoculated with the preparation, and in either case the resulting organisms take possession of the plant and enable it to produce the nitrogenous compounds which are so necessary to the welfare of succeeding crops.

UNDERGROUND PIPES DESTROYED BY ELECTRICITY.

In a recent issue of *Cassier's Magazine* there is an interesting résumé of the various methods which have been tried to prevent the destruction of underground pipes by electrolytic action. As is well known, it is the practice of the proprietors of electrical railways and tramways to convey the electric current to their trains or trams by means of an insulated rail or a trolley wire, and to utilise the earth itself as a return. The ordinary rails of the track are supposed to form the principal means of the return flow of electricity; but, naturally, any other metallic conductors in the neighbourhood come in for their share of the work, and in some cases do the larger proportion of it. Where the electric current enters the gas or water main, travels along it for a certain distance, and then leaves it again, electrolytic action between the pipe and the surrounding soil invariably takes place, with the result that the metal of the pipe is gradually destroyed by electrolysis, and considerable damage follows. The trouble is of a very insidious nature, and is found extremely difficult to locate. The remedies hitherto devised appear to be of an only partially satisfactory nature. Perhaps the most successful results are obtained by actually linking the pipes to the electrical system of the railway by means of metal conductors, but the expense of electrically bonding every joint is a very considerable item. The insulation of all the sections of a pipe one from the other by india-rubber washers has also been tried with a certain measure of success; but it appears that the difficulties cannot be satisfactorily overcome except by a double trolley system in the railway itself so arranged that both conductors are absolutely insulated from the earth.

NITRIC ACID AS A BY-PRODUCT OF THE GAS-ENGINE.

The internal-combustion engine is coming so rapidly into favour as a cheap power-producer for almost every kind of work that to look for a further means of cheapening it would seem almost supererogatory. However, an attempt has been made, and apparently with success, to utilise even the waste gases of the exhaust in the making of a valuable by-product. The subject has been brought forward by Herr Häuser in a lecture before a branch of the Society of German Engineers. It appears from his address that, by means of a very simple attachment, any ordinary gas-engine may be made to produce nitric acid with no very serious diminution of power. It is probable that there will be always a ready market for nitric acid in almost any

quantity; but it may perhaps be questioned whether the amount of acid evolved as a by-product from the gas-engine will have sufficient commercial value to make the extra trouble worth the taking. In any case, however, the attempt is an interesting one, and its application will be keenly watched by all users of internal-combustion engines.

HEALTH AND THE HAIR.

According to an article in *L'Illustration*, a Japanese physician has been experimenting recently to ascertain whether the growth of human hair is affected by serious illness (as is the case with the nails), and some very remarkable results have been brought to light by his investigations. He has found, for instance, that every serious illness has a marked effect in diminishing the thickness of the individual hairs, and by microscopic examination he claims to be able to ascertain whether an illness has recently taken place, and to give its duration. The illness has the effect of making the hair thinner along a part of its length, and the length of the thin portion is proportional to the length of the illness. It is suggested that this fact may have importance, for instance, in a question of identification.

YET ANOTHER USE FOR THE MOTOR.

In alluding in these columns a short time ago to the application of the gasoline motor to the propulsion of roller skates, we had a vague impression that the extreme limit had been reached in the finding of far-fetched uses for the ubiquitous machine. Now, however, it appears that the same ingenious inventor has built a special motor for propelling swimmers through the water! It is in the form of a box to be strapped to the swimmer's back, and contains within itself the motor and all its accessories, from the gasoline tank to the sparking plug. The screw-propeller projects from the back of the machine, and is protected by a funnel from accidental damage. This weird contrivance is intended as a life-saving device and also for sport, the idea being that bathers will adopt it for swimming long distances. An advertising steamship company asks: 'Why swim the Channel when you can cross it in an hour in So-and-so's steamers?' It seems probable that the screw-propelled swimmer—if ever he come into being—will often have to answer a similar question.

AN AUTOMATIC RECORDER OF MUSIC.

It has long been the dream of musicians to possess a musical instrument which should have the power automatically to 'take down' the notes of any extempore composition played upon it, and many have been the attempts of inventors to produce such an instrument. Possibly the principal bar to the success of such an undertaking is to be found in the somewhat barbaric system of musical notation which is universally in use. Under the name of the kromatograph, a new recording instru-

ment is described in the *Scientific American*. It is controlled by electro-magnets operated by contacts on the keys of an ordinary piano, and bringing to bear upon a travelling band of paper little inking rollers corresponding to every key struck. Continuous ruling rollers are also provided, which rule the paper with lines in sets of five, corresponding to the five-line ruling of ordinary notation and to the ledger lines. The white keys of the piano are represented by a double dash, and the black by a single dash of greater thickness, while the length of the dashes indicates the duration of the notes. The printed record is believed to have sufficient resemblance to ordinary notation to be readily transcribable into the more familiar form; but it is obvious, after an inspection of the paper roll, that some considerable practice would be necessary before its precise significance could be recognisable at sight. The record does not differentiate between *C* sharp and *D* flat, or between *E* sharp and *F*, but that is a condition with which only the most pedantic will quarrel. It is left to the transcriber's knowledge of harmony to give each note its proper symbol and to indicate its true relation to the key.

A CLEVER WEATHER-WARNER.

The weather-prophet who desires honour even in his own land must consult the changes in his barometer, thermometer, and hygroscope together before he can prophesy with any confidence. Mr Richard Inwards has devised and described a clever instrument which gives this compound warning and yet is so simple as to be easy of construction by any one possessing a little ingenuity. An inverted flask containing only air hangs with its neck submerged in water over which a film of oil has been spread to check evaporation. The suspending cord passes over a pulley to a counterweight in such a manner that as the flask rises or falls in obedience to changes of temperature and barometric pressure the pulley turns upon its axis. That axis is hollow, and contains a piece of twisted catgut fixed to the axis at one end and attached to an index-finger at the other, so that the atmospheric effect upon the catgut is added to the motion produced by the floating flask. Perhaps a difficulty may present itself in the poising of this hollow spindle with sufficient delicacy to respond to the small changes of the weight of the flask, but that should not be insuperable.

TANTALUM.

The metal tantalum, discovered in 1802 by Ekkeberg, a Swedish chemist, is well known to a great many people for its use in a new form of electric glow-lamp, wherein this metal replaces the carbon filament hitherto used. Of the properties possessed by tantalum little is generally known, and the particulars given by Mr F. H. Mitchell in a paper read before the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society will be studied with interest. It is stated that tantalum is so extremely hard that

it will probably replace diamonds as a cutting edge for rock-drills—an important application, for the diamonds are a very expensive item in boring operations. When this great hardness is taken into consideration the ductility of the metal is very remarkable. For commercial purposes the metal is drawn through diamond points to a state of extreme fineness. As a fine wire it has a tensile strength of ninety-five kilogrammes per square millimetre, whereas that of good steel is seventy, and the best steel not more than eighty. The lecturer also dealt with the question of alloys of tantalum with steel, in which there are at present some considerable difficulties. So far, the principal use for the metal is in the making of tantalum lamps, which possess many points of superiority over the older form with carbon filament.

GROUSE-DISEASE INQUIRY.

In the *Grouse Notes for the Use of Local Correspondents* (A. S. Leslie, 33 Queen Street, Edinburgh) it is mentioned that the grouse is the only game-bird entirely indigenous to the British Isles, with its southern limit from about the south-east corner of Wales to Whitley in Yorkshire. It pairs in April, and the nest is a hollow scratched in the ground and lined with layers of grass and heather. True grouse-disease usually makes its appearance in March or April, rarely in autumn or winter, and evidence is asked as to how far frosted heather may cause it in some cases. Evidence is also wanted as to how far grouse feed on old heather. The staple food of the grouse is heather or ling, and as spring and summer advance the mature birds vary their diet by eating grasses, leaves, and fruit of various berry-bearing plants, rush-heads and moss-capsules, wild white clover, bracken, fern, heath, bed-straw, and chickweeds. They consume a surprising amount. One grouse shot at Abbey St Bathans had six thousand pieces of the top shoots of heather in its crop. The parasites of grouse, heather burning, and draining of heather-ground are some of the other subjects discussed in these useful *Notes*, which should be in the possession of all interested in the subject.

SALT-WATER FISH IN FRESH-WATER.

An interesting experiment that should have far-reaching results has just been brought to a successful issue in Germany. It has been proved that deep-sea fish can be acclimatised in fresh-water, and will live and breed in our rivers. A number of different kinds of fish were taken from the sea, including whiting, herring, sole, and flounders, and kept in a pond of salt-water. The percentage of salt was gradually lessened by the addition of fresh-water until finally no salt remained. Practically no material difference took place in the fish, which were as lively and healthy after the treatment as when taken out of the sea. So encouraging has been the result, after a test extending over several months, that the fish are now being introduced

into the various rivers and fresh-water lakes, in order to bring the experiment to a practical issue. What changes may take place in the nature and habits of the fish remain as yet to be seen, as does also the question of their market value. The success of this experiment will entirely change the fishing industry, and will prove an especial boon to communities far removed from the seaboard. It will enable them to have a constant supply of fish in their own waterways, which they will be able to buy at an infinitely smaller cost than at present.

PEARLS IN UNIVALVES.

In addition to the pearl-shell oyster of commerce and the various smaller oysters, pearls are frequently found in univalves. The *Haliotis*, for instance, which is very common on the Australasian coasts, very often contains pearls of considerable value. This shell-fish, commonly called 'mutton-fish,' clings to the under-surfaces of rocks, and is easily obtained at low tide by prising it from the rocks by means of a stout knife or chisel. Some of them are as large as a saucer, and the exterior surface is overgrown with a compact coat of coral; and it is in these full-grown shells—especially when they are deformed or irregular in shape—that from one to five or six small pearls may be looked for with certainty. Generally they may be felt by the hand by gently pressing the appendix of the fish; often they may be seen gleaming against the thin blackish-green of the skin of the appendix. In other cases they will be found attached to the inner side of the shell itself (which is pearl-shell of the most brilliant hues, from a silvery white to manifold shades of iridescent green). The writer when seeking for *Haliotis* pearls always provided himself with a metal dish, in which the intestines of the fish were carefully washed over and over again; then the water was poured out, and the pearls would be found lying at the bottom. About thirty or forty years ago a number of Chinese fishermen on the coast of New South Wales (Port Stephens) used to collect *Haliotis* and dry the fish for export to China, and they always examined every one the shell of which was in any way deformed. The shells they regarded as of no use, though Europeans value them as ornaments; for by using a wash of muriatic acid the rough coating of the outside can be removed entirely, and the whole univalve becomes thus a shell of pure pearl.

CURE FOR BURNS.

The following cure for burns is given with approval in the report of the Inspectors of Factories for Ontario. The suffering caused by a burn upon the skin, whether small or great, is intense, as every one knows, and medical science has only been able thus far to palliate the pain, but not to remove it entirely. Chance led to the discovery in the Paris Charity Hospital of a remedy which, it is claimed, will cause burns to cease from being painful as soon

as it is applied, and which will cause injured flesh to heal with marvellous rapidity. Dr Thierry, one of the surgeons, was in the habit of using picric acid as an antiseptic, and his hands were, therefore, impregnated with the solution. One day in lighting a cigarette a portion of the burning match fell on his hands, but instead of feeling it he noticed not the slightest pain. A short time afterwards, while sealing a letter, some of the burning wax stuck to his finger, and though it cauterised the skin he felt no sensation. This set him thinking, and he arrived at the conclusion that the acid had, to use his own words, acted upon the tissues and tightened them. He began a series of experiments in treating burns with a saturated solution of picric acid. All pain was instantly suppressed. He says in his report that after having bathed the wound in a solution of this acid blisters did not form, and a cure was effected after four or five days. The only inconvenience was that the acid, which is commercially used in the manufacture of dyes, coloured the skin yellow, but these stains rapidly disappeared when washed with boric acid. Picric acid, moreover, is odourless, and is neither caustic nor irritating in its effects. The cheapness of picric acid and the ease with which a proper solution of it may be prepared and kept ready have induced many of the large manufacturers about Paris whose workmen are frequently burned at their labours to place jars within easy reach, so that those injured may be treated with as little delay as possible. In the well-regulated household, too, a bottle of picric acid should be added to the useful stock of remedies and always kept on hand. Dr Thierry does not inform us how much water to use in the solution, but a pound of acid in a barrel of water is the proportion used in some of the French foundries. To this we may add that it is poisonous, and its ammonia salt is used as an ingredient in explosives. Another method of its use to prevent blisters is to dissolve a small quantity of the acid in a little alcohol, the solution being constantly applied to the burned part until the smarting pain has ceased.

TIBBIE SHIELS'S RECOLLECTION OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The reading of the article on 'Tibbie Shiels and the Visitors to her Cottage,' in our August issue, has recalled the following anecdote to Mr R. Johnstone, West Culls, Aberdeenshire. It confirms what William Laidlaw wrote regarding Scott's visit to Ettrick when hunting for old ballads. 'Once, when talking to dear old Mrs Richardson about literary visitors, I asked her if Sir Walter had ever been at the cottage, and she said, "No, he never was here. I never saw him but aince. When I was a lassie o' maybe eighteen, I was sewin' wi' auld Mrs Hogg (James's mother, ye ken), and I saw Mr Scott there. He was seekin' ballants, and he had heard that Mrs Hogg kenned a lot o' them. She didna sing them exactly—she crooned, as we ca'd it; and I heard her croon to Mr Scott the ballant o' Ootlaw

Murray. That was the only time that I mind o' seein' Sir Walter."

HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY.

We journeyed up Losh Voil-side,
Three comrades, in the autumn-tide,
When, from a counthie cottage door,
An aged woman, near fourscore,
Beckoned and called—the voice was sweet—
'Come in a while, and rest your feet!'

We entered, smiling; when, with haste,
Glasses upon a board she placed,
Milk, cakes, and cheese, and last a bottle—
'Maybe,' she said, 'you're no' teetotal!'
Now, help yourself; ye're freely welcome!—
Nodded and smiled—'ay, freely welcome.'

We sat and talked about the weather,
Glancing at ae thing an' another;
Till, at the last, to ease my mind,
I asked her why she was so kind.

'The sicht o' men'—quick answered she;
'The sicht o' men denied to me!'

Strange were the words, yet quick and clear;
We looked, for there was more to hear.

'Three bairns I bore, three bonny boys,
Their father's hope, their mither's joys!
Some years they brightened hearth an' ha',
Then, as the flowers gang, gae'd awa'.
Ae day o' double doom berelt me:
O' James and Willie—John was left me;
But, oh! she sair he missed the others,
He bude to gang an' join his brothers.
And I am left, an auld stock, here,
To count my sax-an'-seventieth year.

'E'en yet—though ne'er a tear ha'e I,
For a' my griefs are gruten dry—
A pain comes at my heart, a drow,
That gars me wonder how I am,
And what were they—sae faint they seem,
Bairnies o' mine! or was't a dream?

'My auldest, had he lived till noo,
Had been about your age, I trow;
An' weel it pleases their auld een
To see the man he might ha'e been.

'Come, tak' your dram; ye're young an' stout,
Wi' a' the warld to steer about;
And mind ye this, where'er ye gang,
Keep up your heart—it's no' for lang.'

HUGH HALBURTON.

*. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE DYSEARTH DIAMOND.

By ALFRED COLBECK, Author of *The Boxer's Daughter*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

DINNER was over. John Champneys—as his custom was when the evenings were long—sat beside the hearth in his deep arm-chair, smoking a meditative pipe and chatting quietly with his wife. Through the smoky curtain he glanced at her occasionally, lifting his eyes from the glowing fire. She sat opposite him, intently engaged upon a piece of fine needlework, and dropping a monosyllabic word or two in answer to his own. She was several years younger than he—a dark woman, with firm features and hazel eyes. She was fairly tall, compactly built, little and strong, with a will of her own, the force of which even her husband had not yet realised. With him she was unusually gentle. He was a fair-haired man, bony and angular, square-jawed, clean shaven, a trifle bald, and had open gray eyes as steady as a star.

'I shall be late home to-morrow night, Lou.'

She laid aside her sewing and waited for an explanation.

'You remember the Dyserth diamond?' and on receiving her nod, 'Well, the pendant is finished, and the governor wishes me to run down with it to-morrow.'

'Could he not send it by registered post, Jack?'

'He could, of course; but the Earl desires him to forward it by special messenger. It is a very rare jewel, Lou, and no risks are taken with it except those which are inevitable. The governor told me that it was wanted for some great function at the castle the day after to-morrow.'

'I suppose Lady Dyserth will wear it.'

'Yes, as a pendant to her diamond necklace. We have reset it. What a gem it is!' and he drew in his breath with a whistle. 'I wish you could see it, Lou.'

'Is it so very valuable?'

'One of the finest stones in England. It weighs No. 466.—Vol. IX.

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a trifle over sixty-nine carats; and, for a rose-cut diamond, it is simply splendid. It would have broken into half-a-dozen lovely brilliants; but the Earl, who bought it about a hundred and fifty years ago—bought it in its rough state—refused to have it divided; so it was cut as a rose.'

'What is it worth, Jack?'

'Oh, I cannot say—a fortune. If it were ours, Lou, we could convert it into the needful, and bring down that castle we have built out of the air on to solid ground.'

'Is it far to Lord Dyserth's place?'

'A four hours' run, or so, by express to Whitchurch, changing at Shrewsbury, and then a drive of six miles in the direction of the Welsh border. The Dyserth carriage will meet me at Whitchurch at three twenty-five. I hope to catch the seven fifteen back, and to be with you about midnight.'

Mrs Champneys took up her needlework again; her husband recharged his pipe, and began to stare steadfastly at the fire; and the conversation drifted into other channels.

Jack was the chief salesman at Passmore, Son, and Company's, the celebrated jewellers in Elvidge Street West. The following morning Mr Passmore, the head of the firm, summoned him into his office, and entrusted to his care a small sealed packet. He was to catch the ten forty-five at Paddington, and upon his arrival at Dyserth Castle he was to ask for the Earl, and deliver the packet personally into his hands. On good terms with his chief salesman was Mr Passmore; he had tested him, and proved his worth, during fifteen long years; he trusted him perfectly, and as he left the office he courteously wished him a pleasant journey.

With the packet deposited in the upper left-hand pocket of his vest, where he could feel the pressure of it, and over which his frock-coat

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was tightly buttoned, Champneys leaped from his hansom, discharged the driver, and took a first-class ticket for Whitechurch. He was in good time. He leisurely selected a couple of magazines at the bookstall, and passing down the train, took his seat by the near window of a compartment that he might have the advantage of the view. The next compartment lower down the train was a second.

It wanted half-a-minute only to the starting-time, when a tall and rather bent old gentleman, with a flowing white beard, and wearing a pair of smoked glasses that partially hid his eyes but did not seem to help his vision very much, came slowly across the platform and halted for a moment at the door by which Champneys was seated. Peering at the panel, he appeared suddenly to become aware that the compartment was a first, and turned aside to the next. A porter opened the door, helped him in, and slammed it after him; almost instantly the guard gave the signal to the driver, and the train glided away.

Champneys had the compartment to himself. Between his magazines and the glimpses of the scenery from the carriage window the time passed rapidly, and Oxford, Leamington, and Birmingham were left behind. Through the smoky towns of the Midlands the train rushed on to Wolverhampton—quite a short run, and quickly accomplished. Here the white-bearded man from the adjoining compartment stepped out upon the platform and walked across to the refreshment-room. In three minutes the bell rang. In haste and trepidation and bewilderment, the old man appeared, and ran to the train. The guard was blowing his whistle and waving his flag, the engine answered with a piercing shriek, and the train began to move. In his hurry and short-sightedness the venerable passenger missed his compartment and almost fell against that in which Jack was seated. A friendly porter whipped the door open and literally pushed him in. Champneys had risen instinctively to assist him; but, stumbling at the entrance, he missed the outstretched hand, and fell headlong upon the carriage floor. The door flew to, and the porter ran alongside the moving train and closed it with a vicious click. Jack naturally expected the old man to make an effort to rise, and remained standing to render help if it were necessary. But no! Breathing laboriously, with a spasmodic clutch of his left hand toward his breast, he still lay prone and apparently helpless.

Alarmed at his condition, Jack quickly folded back the arm-rests, and bent down to lift him on to the seat. He was very heavy, much heavier than Champneys supposed a man of his years would be, and it was as much as he could do to raise him and place him on the cushions. His head fell straight back, and Jack was afraid he might collapse altogether.

'Would you mind lifting my head a little?' he asked feebly.

'Certainly. My overcoat will serve you for a pillow.'

He took it down from the rack, folded it, and stood ready to place it under the stranger's head. As he stooped to raise him the old man threw his right arm round Jack's shoulder, and with his left seized the lapel of his frock-coat and made a frantic effort to draw himself upward. Jack slipped the overcoat into position, and the sufferer sank back with a sigh.

'Do you feel any better?'

'Yes, thank you,' he murmured, keeping his eyes closed—indeed, he had not yet opened them; and, without raising the lids, he now adjusted the smoked glasses, which had fallen awry. 'I am sorry to intrude.'

'Oh, don't mention that,' returned Jack cheerfully. 'It is no intrusion. A railway carriage is a public place. How far are you going?'

'To Shrewsbury.'

'That is the next stop. We should be there in about half-an-hour. Perhaps you will feel better by that time. Can I do anything for you?'

'No, thank you. I'll just lie still.'

'People at your age shouldn't hurry.'

'I've been warned, but I forget; and it was very important that I shouldn't miss the train. I nearly lost it. My heart is weak, and I get flustered. Excuse me.'

He still kept his eyes closed, but he was breathing better, and Champneys thought it advisable not to prolong the conversation. His features were composed, and it seemed as if he might fall asleep. To all appearance he was a hale old man, with a healthy brown skin singularly free from wrinkles. Not at all like a man suffering from heart weakness did he seem. Perhaps his lips were pallid, but Jack could not see them; they were hidden by his moustache. And appearances are deceitful. He had a faint impression that he had seen him before, or some one very like him; but when or where he could not say. Many people are alike, and recall an evanescent association melting into nothingness almost as soon as it is formed.

Champneys crossed the compartment to his own corner. As he dropped into his seat his eyes fell upon a small sealed packet lying upon the floor. It was almost under the seat, and immediately beneath where the stranger had thrust his hands into the pockets of his overcoat and drawn them, with the lower part of the coat itself, across his reclining form. Jack's heart jumped, and he clapped his hand nervously over the place where the packet should have been, but even as he did so he was conscious that it was not there. For the first time he glanced suspiciously at the man who had fallen into the compartment. But his eyes were still closed, and his face as impassive as if he were soundly asleep. No sign whatever appeared that his entrance had been designed or his illness simulated. The suspicion slowly faded, but an uneasy feeling remained behind. In Jack's care for the stranger he had forgotten his

trust. The top button of his frock-coat was unfastened, but that was easily accounted for by the manner in which the stranger had gripped the lapel; and if the packet had worked upward in the effort to raise him, it might have dropped out and fallen noiselessly and unnoticed upon the floor.

While these thoughts flashed through his mind Jack leaned forward and recovered the packet. The old man never moved, nor did his face change. With a searching scrutiny Jack kept his steady gray eyes upon him. The slightest twitch of his body, the faintest alteration in his expression, he would have noticed instantly, and his suspicion would have revived—nay, in his excitement, and having so much at stake, he would have sprung upon him and pinned him to the seat. But he lay perfectly quiet, breathing evenly, and seemed to be altogether unaware that Jack had leaned toward him or altered his position. Why should he suspect him? There was the packet, just as it had fallen, undisturbed, securely tied, with the red seal upon it, and the imprint of the firm clearly stamped in the wax—all intact to the minutest detail; and, with a quick inbreathing of relief, he restored it to his breast-pocket.

When the train slackened speed and ran round the curve into Shrewsbury station, the stranger roused himself and prepared to leave.

'Can I assist you?' asked Champneys courteously, stepping out before him.

'Thank you, I can manage very well,' returned the old man.

'I have to change here,' said Jack. 'You will not think of walking, of course? No, I thought not. I'll call a cab for you;' and putting his arm through that of the stranger, he accompanied him down the steps and to the front of the station. Hailing a cab, he helped him in. 'Where shall I tell him to drive?'

'The Mount—Berwick View. You are very kind. I was fortunate in meeting you—very fortunate,' the old man repeated as Jack closed the door. 'For me the incident could not have been more propitious, and I shall cherish the memory of our meeting for a long time to come.'

As the cab rolled away and Jack turned into the station again he thought the old man was very grateful for the little attention he had given him. But the impression he had left upon Jack's mind was not quite favourable. The light-blue eyes, with a hard and steely glitter in them, half-veiled by the drooping lids as well as partially hidden by the smoked spectacles, recalled another face, the face of a much younger man, which, try as he would, he could not fix. It came and went, a haunting vision, as the train sped on to Whitchurch. He was still troubled by it as he was whirled behind the high-stepping steeds through the most delightful scenery toward the ancestral home of the Dyserths. Even when he stood in the library waiting for the Earl the vision was with him, but it did not clear. Hazy was it, and indefinite, but

persistently intrusive, notwithstanding his attempt to banish it from his mind, and it brought with it a vague premonition of disaster.


The Earl came in, his soft, brown eyes filmy with old age, his tall, slender form stooping a little at the shoulders, his thin, delicate lips tinged with purple and shaded by a drooping white moustache, faultlessly attired, an aristocrat to his finger-tips. The Dyserth diamond was to be worn on the morrow, at a select reception, by his only daughter, whom he idolised—a reception when her betrothal would be made known. To grace an occasion so auspicious, and as a fitting ornament for the sole scion of the Dyserth family, the old Earl had ordered the re-setting of the diamond, and its conveyance by special messenger to the castle. He returned Champneys' bow by a stately inclination of the head, and proceeded at once to break the seal of the packet which was handed to him, and to unfold the paper in which the jewel-case was wrapped.

His tapering fingers touched the spring, and the lid flew open. Suddenly his face changed to an ashen gray. His hands trembled. He looked across at Champneys with a surprised and almost stupefied expression in his heavy eyes.

'What is the meaning of this?' he asked in a hoarse whisper.

Jack stepped hastily forward, and stared at the open case in speechless amazement. The diamond was gone. In the hollow of the white satin, where the pendant should have been, there was nothing but an ugly piece of black shale.

CHAPTER II.

'HAT is the meaning of this?' repeated the Earl.

'I have been duped, my lord,' replied Jack huskily, finding his voice at last.

'And robbed also—or at least I have been robbed. By whom?'

Then Champneys told his story, clearly, rapidly, and concluded by saying, 'There is no time to lose. I must get upon his track and follow him.' Pulling a railway guide from his pocket, he began to consult it in nervous haste.

'A moment, please,' returned the Earl. 'Did you see the diamond placed in the case?'

'No, my lord. It was handed to me by Mr Passmore already wrapped up, and tied and sealed.'

'Is the impress on the wax the usual one used by your firm?'

'Allow me, my lord,' responded Jack, picking up the string, to which the wax was still attached, but broken into several pieces. Fitting these together and carefully examining them, he continued, 'Yes, this is the seal of the firm.'

'Then how do you account for the similarity of the packets?'

'I cannot account for it. But I know that Mr Passmore would not have placed the pendant in a common case like this. The real case is made of better material, and probably lined with purple velvet. The similarity is simply on the outside, and this piece of dark shale has been put in to equalise the weight and add to the deception.'

'Let me look at you,' said the Earl, placing his trembling hands on Champneys' shoulders. The messenger met the searching gaze quite frankly. His face was very pale, but his eyes were perfectly steady. The honest light in them appealed forcibly to the Earl's confidence. 'My first impulse was to place you under arrest and wire to your employers,' he went on, dropping his hands.

Champneys started, suddenly drew himself upright, threw his head back, and, still as a statue, faced the nobleman with a look as lofty as his own.

The movement was not lost upon the Earl. Speaking quietly, he continued, 'My second, and better, impulse is to trust you—an impulse confirmed by the sight of your face. As you must know, it is a serious thing to do, and I hope you will not misunderstand me, and will forgive me, when I say that I must take some precaution. The jewel is an heirloom. What plan have you formed for its recovery?'

'Returning at once to Shrewsbury, my lord, and following up the traces of the villain who has duped me. Time, in an affair of this kind, is of the utmost importance.'

'He has the advantage already of a three hours' start,' replied the Earl, consulting his watch, 'and there is no train from Whitechurch that will serve you. I will order my chauffeur to drive you in. The motor will be ready in ten minutes, and you should be there in little over an hour. But, as I said, I must take some precaution. My private secretary, Neilson, shall go with you, and stay with you. You can rely upon his assistance. He will act for me, and I will give him *carte blanche*. I take it, of course, that this arrangement will be quite agreeable to you?'

'Quite, my lord.'

In a quarter of an hour Champneys, with Neilson beside him, a smartly dressed young fellow, with a dark moustache carefully waxed, and an expression of alertness on his handsome face, and the chauffeur in front, was whirling through the country lanes toward the splendid high-road from Ellesmere to Shrewsbury. Fortunate was it that Champneys had been able to snatch a hasty luncheon while waiting at Shrewsbury for the Whitechurch train. In his present nervous tension no thought of food suggested itself, and if it had been placed before him he could not have eaten it. Previous to their departure from the castle the Earl had had a private interview with his secretary, and placed him in possession of the salient facts of the case. These Jack supplemented as they rushed along. Neilson put a question or two in a collected manner. Without the least restraint or excitement, he chatted

with Jack quite easily. The stealing of an heirloom, even so precious as the Dyserth diamond, might have been an everyday occurrence to him. He quietly assured Jack that the old rascal would be laid by the heels, and the whole affair smoothed out to everybody's satisfaction. Jack knew that he was there to watch him, to ascertain whether his story was correct or not, to prevent his escape if he should try to break away; but, like a sensible man, conscious of his own innocence, he submitted without resentment to a somewhat galling situation. Neilson was there to help him also; so far he had been friendly, and had not betrayed the slightest suspicion; and Jack was prepossessed in his favour by his cool demeanour and his intelligent face.

'Let her out, Owen,' said Neilson as the motor curved into the high-road.

Obedient to Neilson's bidding, the chauffeur manipulated the lever, and sent the car flying along at a tremendous pace. Straight and level, and free from encumbrances, was the high-road; along it, for a couple of miles or more, they could see clearly; and the car seemed to draw the road in like a ribbon as it thrummed and quivered and flashed by farm and wood and meadow.

It was an exhilarating ride—a race against time for the recovery of the diamond, and Neilson evidently enjoyed it. Jack was too preoccupied with his own thoughts, too concerned lest the loss of the diamond should ruin him, to enter into the pure pleasure of the ride. However rapid the pace might have been, and whatever the danger, he would have uttered no remonstrance. He was eager to get upon the track of the man who had robbed him. The rush of the sweet country air brought back the colour to his pallid cheeks, and the equanimity and optimism of his companion kept alive his hope that the quest would be successful.

Round a long bend they ran, and came within view of another stretch of the high-road, dipping gently in the direction in which they were travelling, and still free from traffic.

'Is she doing her best, Owen?'

'I think so, sir,' replied the chauffeur. 'Down this incline she may increase her speed just a little.'

'Get the most out of her where the road is favourable,' returned Neilson. 'She will slow up of herself on the rise.'

'We may be caught, sir,' said Owen, as the wheels hummed tunelessly and the whole fabric vibrated to the full driving-power. 'This is not exactly the regulation speed.'

'Hang the regulation speed! Let the bobbies catch us if they can.' Then, leaning forward so that Jack could not hear, he said, 'We are saving a good man's reputation, Owen. Do your best. We must be in Shrewsbury by six o'clock.'

'Right, sir,' returned Owen grimly, settling himself to his work.

They whirled along, the firm, inflated rubber of the wheels flinging the smaller stones aside with the impetus of a catapult and raising a long cloud

of dust behind them. Scarcely slackening for the curves now, they accommodated their bodies to the swing of the car, and bent their heads forward to cut the wind as they took the hills with a rush and roar. Rustics stood still and gaped after them, and then shouted uncomplimentary expletives which were lost in the noise and the distance. Past restive horses and loaded wains they whirled, and sent flocks of straggling poultry flying over the hedges in cackling terror. Only when they approached the confines of the town did they slow down a little; but when they shot between the houses and rolled under the railway arch, they were obliged considerably to moderate their speed, or run the risk of detention or disaster. Detention was not to be thought of, and disaster they wished to avoid. The journey, however, was practically completed. As they ran over the Welsh Bridge the clocks were striking six, and at five minutes past the hour they were at The Mount asking for Berwick View.

A villa of that name there was, beautifully situated in its own grounds, and overlooking an attractive bend of the Severn; but the occupant, a man in middle life, could give them no information about the white-bearded stranger. Such a person as they described he did not know. They must be mistaken, said he, in thinking that the man had called at Berwick View; and his surprise at their inquiries, and the candour of his replies, were so apparent that, perforce, they had to turn away.

'We have drawn that covert blank,' said Neilson. 'Where shall we try for the fox now?'

'At the station,' replied Jack. 'We must find the cabman.'

Remounting the motor, they ran down to the station. Jack had no difficulty in picking out the man who had driven the thief away. Calling him aside, he slipped a sovereign into his hand, and asked him what had become of his fare.

'The benevolent cove with the white whiskers? Oh, he pulled me up in the middle o' Frankwell, and said as how he had changed his mind, and would I drive him round another way, and bring him back to the station in 'arf-an-hour or so? No hurry, says he. So I takes him round by Kingsland, and over the bridge, and down the Town Walls, and out as far as the Column; then I turns about, and druv him back here. Generous sort o' a gent, too—give me 'arf a quid for it.'

'Indeed! And then?'

'And then? Why, then he took his ticket, of course—saw him do it, there, at the far window—first class; and I s'pose he went off to Lunnnon. The Euston express was nearly due, and I reckoned it up that way. The booking-clerk 'll remember him. He couldn't very well miss a bloke wiv a pair o' fancy glasses and whiskers like a Christmas pantomime—not he. You try him.'

The booking-clerk was quite sure about him. He had taken a first-class ticket for Euston. They consulted the guide, and found that the train was

not due at the London terminus until eight o'clock. Securing the necessary telegram forms, they immediately despatched a couple of wires—one to the chief of the Detective Department at Euston, the other to Scotland Yard, giving a detailed description of the man, and requesting his detention, by force if necessary, pending their own arrival by the ten forty-five. Both telegrams were signed 'Dyserth.' Neilson wrote a hurried letter of explanation to the Earl, and dismissed the chauffeur.

Leaving Shrewsbury at six fifty, they steamed into Euston nearly a quarter of an hour late, just on the stroke of eleven.

'Lord Dyserth?' inquired a man, who had stepped upon the footboard of the carriage as the train slowed down, and thrown his arm through the open window. He brought his finger to his hat with a touch of deference as he asked the question.

'No,' said Neilson; 'but we are acting for him. Did you receive the wire?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And have you got the man?'

'Well—no, sir. I cannot say that we have.'

'And why the dickens haven't you? The wire was plain enough.'

Jack's countenance fell. He had listened eagerly to this brief colloquy in the hope that the stranger was secured and the diamond safe.

The train was now at a standstill, and they both stood up to leave.

'Yes, sir,' replied the attendant, opening the carriage door, 'the wire was plain enough, but the man wasn't. You had better come and see the chief.'

When they were ushered into the office the chief bowed ceremoniously, evidently under the impression that one of the two was the Earl. Neilson forestalled his greeting and corrected him by saying, 'I am Lord Dyserth's secretary, and this is my friend, Mr John Champneys of Messrs Passmore's, the West End jewellers. You have received our wire from Shrewsbury; but we find, to our disappointment, sir, that you have not detained the man we described to you, and who is wanted for a very serious offence. May I ask why?'

'Certainly. The reason is very simple. No such man arrived by the train named in your wire.'

'Are you sure of it?' asked Jack incredulously.

'Yes, perfectly. The only first-class passenger was a gentleman about thirty, well dressed, clean shaven, with regular features, lips full and firm, a prominent, straight nose, and blue-gray eyes. You see, we took particular notice of him. The whole train was searched and every passenger scrutinised, and not a single person answering to the description you gave was to be found.'

'But the ticket?' urged Jack.

'We did not overlook that,' was the reply. 'The only first-class ticket from Shrewsbury to Euston

was tendered at Willesden by the gentleman I have named. Before the train arrived at Willesden, the only two stoppages were at Stafford and Rugby. We have wired to both places, and no through ticket from Shrewsbury to Euston was collected at either, nor did any elderly passenger with a long white beard and a pair of smoked glasses alight and pass out at these stations.'

'We have lost the scent,' said Neilson, turning to Jack.

'Not quite,' returned he; then, facing the chief again, 'Had you no assistance from Scotland Yard?'

'Yes, sir. Two detectives were here to meet the train, or rather they joined the train at Willesden to prevent any mishap there, and they are keeping the first-class passenger under surveillance.'

'We are greatly obliged to them,' said Jack. 'There is the ticket, you see. The clerk at Shrewsbury may be able to identify the number with that issued to the old man, or the young man disguised. For it seems to me now that he must have been a young man, cleverly made up, and simulating advanced age.—The scent is strong yet,' he con-

tinued, turning to Neilson again, 'and we shall be bound to run him down if we are careful.'

'He's a precious old fox if he duped you in that fashion,' responded Neilson. 'He may have run to earth, and in that case we shall have to dig him out. But we'll have him somehow. We must go on to Scotland Yard and hear what they have to say there.'

'Excuse me,' put in the chief; 'but what is he wanted for?'

'Robbery,' said Neilson.

'Hem! I thought so. Something important, I suppose?'

'Oh, a mere trifle,' answered Neilson; 'only the Dyserth diamond.'

The chief raised his eyebrows and rounded his lips as if he were about to whistle; but no sound came. 'If we had known that,' said he, 'old or young, the first-class passenger would not have left the station. But your wire scarcely warranted the detention of a man so utterly different from the one you described. Follow up the clue, gentlemen, and I will keep the ticket. It may be useful.'

(To be continued.)

EARLY RAILWAY GUIDES.

A RETROSPECT.

By JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.



HE delight in handling an old book arises much from associations or memories; and the tiny volume before me, *Bradshaw's Railway Companion*, is certainly one of the earliest of the *Guides*, the title of which is a familiar and household word.

So good an authority on bibliography as Mr W. E. A. Axon has considered the probability of finding a complete set of these publications very remote, his search leading him to that supposition. The collection at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, is as nearly complete a set as we may expect to discover, considering the circumstances of their issue, so few were the trains at the opening of the first railway in Lancashire. Firstly a single sheet, then a dozen pages pasted together, was the genesis of the book.

At the Bodleian Library we find, first in order, one for the Liverpool and Manchester line, dated 19th October 1839, together with one of the London and Birmingham, dated 25th October of the same year. Mr Gadsby has asserted that he issued a time-table of an earlier date, 1835.

Each of these publications of Mr Bradshaw bears the title, *Time-Tables and Assistant to Travelling*, and 'With Illustrative Maps and Plans.' Authorship of the maps is claimed, and of sectional drawings of Great Britain. The imprint is 'Sold by G. Bradshaw, Brown Street, Manchester, and Wyld, Charing

Cross, London, and all Booksellers and Railway Companies.' The notice to the public announces that the compilation has been assisted by the railway companies, also that successive editions were to follow upon the 1st of January each year and at intervals of three months.

Next in order comes *Bradshaw's Railway Companion*. The addition to the time-tables of fares for hackney-coaches is the chief difference. The plans are of London, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, and Manchester. It was published by Bradshaw and Blacklock, and sold by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, London, 1840. It consists of thirty-five leaves and an index.

Issues of 1841, 1842, and 1843 are similar. Mr Bogue's name is joined to that of Mr Tilt. A table for the calculation of the speed of trains from the observation of the posts placed at equidistances of a quarter of a mile, ranges from one to four hundred miles per hour, and indicates a sanguine anticipation on the part of the editor.

The issue of 1845 is styled 'the second edition.' Mr E. L. Blanchard became its editor. It was the first to have advertisements. Mr W. J. Adams contributed largely to the success of the work by securing advertisements and by the value of his suggestions, and also Mr Robert D. Kay had his share in promoting its fortunes.

At 59 Fleet Street, London, Mr Adams conducted Bradshaw's Information Office, and there sold the

Guide. The 1841 edition was increased in size to six and three-eighth inches by four and three-quarter inches, and resembled, in arrangement of its tables, future issues. The original size of four and a half by three and a half inches was retained in the *Companion*, which continued to appear, at the price of one shilling, in a cover of purple cloth, with green on gold lettering, as a separate publication until the year 1848.

A mistiness, due to the untrustworthiness of mere reliance upon memory, pervades the correspondence regarding the *Bradshaw Guide* in *Notes and Queries* and some other papers. Mr F. Madan, in the *Athenaeum* of 24th December 1887, furnished much information upon the disputed points. In the British Museum Library the *Companion* of 1841 represents the earliest issue.

To turn from such dry particulars, we may consider the improvement in the mode of travel. Sir George Findlay made the first acquaintance of the railway, which he was afterwards so successfully to manage, after a three days' voyage and tramp to Coventry from Liverpool. He was at the time a child of six. His mother, with the family, set out to join young George's father, then engaged under Stephenson constructing the stone viaducts on the Grand Junction line. The route was by steamer to Runcorn, thence by canal swift packet-boat to Birmingham, where there were no conveniences whereby they could complete the journey, as it was Sunday, so they all walked the rest of the way, eighteen miles, arriving tired, but none the worse.

An American, maintaining the superiority of railroads over the stage-coaches, said, 'I like railroads. Any one can hate railroads, despise railroads, and rail at railroads; but I like railroads. I like to arrive at the railroad-office a quarter of an hour before starting. I like to be shown into a nice warm room, where a quarter of an hour passes more quickly than five minutes in a dirty coach-office or a coffee-room where the waiters try to look you into a glass of brandy-and-water for the sake of the house, or out of sumpence for the sake of themselves. I like to have my baggage taken proper care of, and hate to have it wetted on the top of a coach or stolen at a coach-office. I like the ample room of a steam-coach; I like to travel fast. I dread vicious horses; I feel for distressed ones. I hate going downhill—drag-chain breaking, coach upsetting, coachman dying, leaving wife and children—or to have a broken arm or leg for my share of the mishap.'

This, penned in the era of our first railways, fairly represents their reception by one section of the public. The rails, laid then on longitudinal stone blocks, not on transverse sleepers as now, allowed of smooth running of the vehicles. The new mode of travelling was pronounced to be a source of 'pleasurable wonder, this gliding along at a speed equal to the gallop of a racehorse.' 'It may be supposed,' it was said, 'that so great a speed would almost deprive the traveller of breath, and

that he could not fail to be unpleasantly conscious of the velocity with which he cuts through the air.' On the contrary, the motion was found to be so uniform, so free from shaking, that the passenger could hardly realise the rapid pace. Novel scenes delighted his eyes as the train emerged from deep recesses or crossed the viaducts, riding, it was said, 'above the tops of trees.' The reflecting traveller foresaw the day when easy and rapid access to the remotest of places would reduce the evils arising out of difference of language, soil, and climate, and peaceful and commercial intercourse tend to break down prejudices and mistaken interests.

How much of this has come true is a matter for consideration. A minority, timid, afraid to trust themselves to new methods, abstained, until circumstances compelled them, from travelling by train, or if they did, chose the carriage farthest from the engine, so that it might, as Hood said, 'bust fast.' One poor creature, when obliged very late in life to visit a wayside station to essay the journey, died of fright at the very sight of an express train dashing through. Parliament seriously considered the advisability of limiting the speed of trains to ten miles an hour.

My schoolfellow, Dickens, described in one of his letters a railway journey as thirty thousand jolts to his nerves; but his health at the time was indifferent. How delightfully he describes his frequent journeys! With what wit and insight does he allude to the railway servant in a speech delivered in London on 5th June 1867 as 'scaling cabs, storming carriages, finding lost articles by a sort of instinct, binding up restored umbrellas and walking-sticks, wheeling trucks, counselling old ladies (with a wonderful interest in their affairs, mostly very complicated), and sticking labels on all sorts of articles!'

Allowing for the quaintness of description, he tells us what is true. The stationmasters 'with the heads of generals and the courtesy of gentlemen,' 'the guards of handsome figures inspiring confidence in the minds of timid passengers,' is happy phraseology. In but a few years after the use of railways became general, Dickens spoke of trains running pretty smoothly at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Opponents of the railway predicted that it would throw one-half the nation out of employment; whereas, apart from various tributary channels of occupation dependent upon it, now, however, a large part of the population are active in its service. Dickens recalled, in a speech made in 1854, 'arriving at a station after dark, and finding it half a mile from the town,' and another instance of finding 'an old road abolished and the new not yet made,' and 'where the old neighbourhood has tumbled down and the new one not half built up,' and the omnibus in which one 'is to be doubled up, and which visits every part of the town first, and where your compressed person has to be delivered,' is visited last.

He had a word to say about railway hotels, 'which, however excellent when customers come, meantime had nothing to offer but a liberal allowance of damp mortar and new lime.'

We leave these digressions, these branch-lines of our subject, and choose the 'dry,' like the girl in the story with ten suitors, nine of whom immersed themselves to aid her when she fell into the stream, but she had to choose the 'dry,' the others were 'so wet,' she said.

In an old bookshop in a street off Regent Street I found *Bradshaw's Railway Companion*, 1841, fifteen shillings; another copy, 1842, ten shillings.

Mr George Bradshaw overcame objections on the part of the railway companies (who feared penalties for unpunctuality) to his publishing the times of the arrival of their trains. He freely took shares in their concerns, thus gaining their entire confidence. In 1842 forty companies appear in his index; twenty-seven sectional plans exhibit the gradients. At Liverpool, Glasgow, and London ropes and stationary engines were made of use on inclines. The Manchester and Liverpool line had its terminus at Moss Lane until the Grand Junction and other lines came, when joint stations met the increased want of accommodation.

The companies providing horses and postboys at the principal stations, for which the charge was half a guinea, passengers could travel in their own carriages from their doors to their destination. This is not now customary. The late Duke of Portland, of eccentric habits, always so made his journeys, when each of eight porters received the gift of a sovereign.

Handsome presents to stationmasters, though perhaps fewer than formerly, are made occasionally. One banker presented a note every time he used the station near his park. His present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, made himself acquainted with the working of the railways.

Lacey's Railway Companion, published in Liverpool in 1835, associated the time-table, a brief record of the trains, with much valuable information from the pen of Mr Arthur Freeling. In 1838 it entered on a second edition of three thousand copies, being then subscribed by the booksellers. It is most descriptive, and gives the names of the engines as 'Northumbrian,' 'Jupiter,' &c. It had a plate, which extended panorama-wise, illustrative of trains of all kinds, and which has so often been reproduced that it requires little mention here. It designates the first-class coaches as 'Victory,' 'Adelaide,' or 'Wellington.' All seats were reserved and numbered. We read: 'The best situation to have a view of the railway, to have a just conception of the enormous undertaking, and to have a clear idea of the beauty of the country, is the seat at the top of the carriages.' Also we read: 'The locomotive machine being attached, we quickly passed through the Turkish arch and commenced a mode of travelling which

our forefathers would have considered utterly beyond the power of human ingenuity to accomplish.' On another page attention is drawn to 'an erection to facilitate the entrance of cattle to carriages.' A cattle-train was then a sight 'novel and surprising.'

Mr Freeling informs the reader that Manchester, before called Mancemon, became Mancanum or Manestre in Roman times, which, when the Romans retired, changed to Mankastall or 'Castle of Men,' a most fit title for its important future. Ducal landowners had to be fought, obstructive earls propitiated, angry protests from the heads of schools met by arguments, prohibitions of marquises overcome, greedy squires vanquished by the band of earnest capitalists who sallied from this 'castle of men.' The railways were made. Harrow School authorities kept their youth from too ready access to the gay towns; the railway was kept at a distance. Northampton did not gain railway benefits until a branch-line was ultimately constructed. A noble landowner obstructed.

To exchange the lumbering wagon or tardy canal-boat for swifter locomotion was a benefit which pleased the masses of the people. Bad was the accommodation provided for the second class. The Liverpool line carriages were better than some. For an extra charge, covered vehicles could be selected. On some lines they were without seats or had only a bar across the corners. Exposed as they were to all weathers and the fall of ashes from the engine, the discomfort of the passengers has been well depicted by Kenny Meadows, Cruikshank, and other artists. I well remember the field-path to Rhode's farm from Euston Grove, running beside the newly made London and Birmingham line to where Wellington House Academy stood, the school where the writer and Charles Dickens had comed their tasks under the terrible glance of Jones. The railway, alas! made but a memory of the playground and school building; a yawning cutting is in its place. The house remains—the house where the boarders fed and the music-lessons were given.

Manchester has expanded, almost merged with Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire. Oldham and its suburbs, Stockport (where you may still, perhaps, see a spinning-wheel in a cottage), Ashton and its suburbs, Guide Bridge, Bury, and a host of most important towns have their interests linked with Manchester and Salford; whilst Liverpool, by the finest of ship-canal, is found to be a twin-brother. When the first Bradshaw was issued such railways as we possessed were disjointed. They soon did a considerable business, however. The Liverpool and Manchester line returns show a mileage run, from January 1836 to January 1839, of more than forty-one million miles. They yielded a considerable sum in mileage-dues to the Government. Now several railways bear one-sixth of the total taxes of some of the parishes they traverse.

The first train from Liverpool to Manchester consisted of thirty-eight vehicles.

We leave figures for a description of Manchester penned by Henry Mayhew when editor of *Punch*: 'Manchester,' he wrote, 'is, at any time, one of the peculiar sights this country affords. To see the city of factories in all its bustle and all its life, with its forests of tall chimneys, like huge masts of brick, with long black flags of smoke streaming from their tops, is to look upon one of those streams of giant industry that England alone can show. As you pace its busy streets you hear the drone of a thousand steam-engines humming in the ears like a hive, machinery whirling on every side, monstrous square masses of brick buildings pierced with a hundred windows, while white wreaths of steam puff fitfully through their walls. Many a narrow thoroughfare is dark and sunless with tall warehouses that rise up like bricken cliffs on either side. The streets swarm with carts and railway vans, with drivers perched high in the air; and "lurrys," some piled with fat, round bags of wool, others laden with hard, stony-looking blocks of cotton, and others filled with many a piece of unbleached woven cloth. Green covered vans, like huge chests on wheels, rattle past, the bright zinc plates at their sides telling that they are hurrying with goods to or from some "calender," "dyer," or "finisher." At one door stands a truck laden with red rows of copper cylinders cut deep with patterns.'

In the year 1847 we saw the first issue of our *Continental Brulshawn*. Any one visiting Paris—in some aspects so gay, in others so sad, in that year—whilst shunning a visit to the Morgue and seeking amusement in the theatres, could choose between the performances of *Don Juan*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Lucretia Borgia*, a new play by Dumas at his new theatre, or scenes of the Revolution at the Cirque. My taste led me to prefer visits to the art galleries or to study the people who frequent the Boulevards. My experience of the gay city was, alas! later, in a time of her sorrow, when the party of order had resumed possession of Paris, early in June 1871. I was a witness of mournful processions of men carrying muffled drums, others with trumpets draped in crape, as the dead were carried to the cemeteries. The drums rolled dismally. The trumpets gave a long, sad wail. At night the sinister appearance of Paris was wretchedly dismal. No gas or light save here and there a candle at a café. Soldiers paced up and down its streets and directed the few passengers to walk in the middle of the road.

Normandy was a favourite resort of mine. Its flamboyant Gothic churches, its old châteaux, quaint doorways, and queer gargoyles, had their fascination.

My journeys extended to Switzerland. My first impressions of that country gave me much pleasure. The mountains piled in lofty grandeur, the valleys so rich and profuse in their cultivation, the fields of blooming narcissus, the vineyards and corn-fields bordered by lovely lanes; the industrious peasantry, sober priests, and merry children giving life to it

all. The village festivals, amidst woods of deep-green illumined by twinkling lights, old towers with a haunted look, lovely lakes, made it a land of wonders. Mule-travelling, to the accompaniment of their jingling bells, carried me to sublime altitudes, where from the lonely hut a survey of vast ranges of snow-clad peaks and deserts of ice, and far-reaching views of more mountains, left their lasting remembrance. The curiously carved gables of the chalets were full of interest. The glaciers, with many a dangerous crevasse, were safely passed.

The advent of railways has brought speed, and to some extent safety, to replace delays and ofttimes peril. The chaos of the past has become the cosmos of the present. Tunnels pierce the Alpine barriers, carrying the tourist beneath mountains, chasms, and precipices on the smoothest of tracks, by the swiftest of trains, and in comfort and luxury which vies with the best-appointed hotel. In these regions of the avalanche, which took hours or days formerly to traverse, the journeys are matters of minutes from country to country. The sense of risk and the pleasure of surmounting difficulties are now lessened when the tour of Europe is undertaken. It is not the grand affair it once was to gentlemen of quality.

Little wooden crosses by the wayside still mark the scenes of former crimes or casualties in most Catholic countries, but travelling is now fairly safe. Journeys made sometimes in frigid cold, at others in almost insupportable heat, were cheerfully undertaken by our forefathers for pleasure or profit. My adventures in travel were never formidable; my escape from Paris, in a disguise supplied by the attire of my coachman, being the most noteworthy. When in Rome, in Garibaldi's time, I ran some risks, but evaded danger by keeping well in the centre of troop-guarded roads.

In Spain and Portugal there are noises calculated to distress any one's nerves, occasioned by the primitive ox-carts with wheels innocent of grease—noises as of saws scraping upon flint. My Bradshaw's, my Baedeker's, my Murray's Handbooks remind me of wanderings in Spain with a cherished volume of Gautier in my pocket, of a hurried trip to Naples to see Vesuvius at its best, or worst; of lounging in balmy Florence or overlooking the sea at Genoa; of long journeys through Russia, Belgium, Germany, Austria. My thorax has escaped the stiletto (perhaps artists are not tempting subjects to the assassin), neither have I been held to ransom. I have been to most of the places where Goldsmith wandered with his flute. The hero of Jerrold's tale who filled what he termed his 'nose-bag' with noses off statues represented a past phase of manners.

When I was in Paris, upon the occasion to which allusion has been made, the sight of a red-stained fluid coursing down the gutter drew my alarmed attention. I was reassured by a fair Parisienne giving me the information that it came from a dye-works—a *teinturerie*.

THE ROMANCE OF SECRET HIDING-PLACES.

By CLIVE HOLLAND.



FROM the days when secret chambers, priests' holes, and similar hiding-places were almost a necessity, to those of our own time is a far cry; but the romance attached to things of the kind is not less a matter of interest in the present than in the past.

Many of the most famous hiding-places—such as that, for example, at Hindlip Hall, Worcestershire, the home of the Abingdons—are well known; but every now and again throughout the length and breadth of the land, and also in places on the Continent, the destruction of old buildings constantly brings to light secret chambers in whose construction a wonderful amount of ingenuity and resource had been displayed. The writer has visited most of the 'Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places' described in the book published under that title by Mr Allan Fea.

In the British Museum is an old manuscript which gives an interesting glimpse of the times in which most large houses in the counties of England, as well as many Scottish mansions, possessed places into which it was possible for suspected or 'wanted' persons safely to retreat and find refuge on occasion.

This manuscript gives an account of the apprehension of four Jesuits supposed to have been concerned in the 'Gunpowder Plot,' or, as it is called in the document in question, 'the Powder Conspiracy;' and it recounts how one Sir Edward Bromlie, 'horsing himself with a seemly troop of his own attendants, set out at break of day and did engirt and round beat the house of Maister Thomas Abingdon at Hindlip, near Worcester.'

Few places can have been more completely honey-combed with secret chambers and cupboards than this fine old Tudor mansion. Although Mr Abingdon himself denied the presence of the men for whom Sir Edward Bromlie was searching in the house, and indeed even volunteered to be hung at his own gate if any such were to be found, the search was a most rigid one. In the gallery over the gate itself two cunning and very artful holes were discovered in the main brick wall, whilst in and about the chimneys three other skilfully built cavities were found in which two of the traitors were close hidden. These chimney cavities were most cleverly constructed, the entrances being formed of wood covered over with brick properly mortared and coloured black like the other parts of the chimney. Several of the funnels or separate flues of the huge chimney-stacks, it was found, had been constructed, not for the usual purpose of conveying smoke upwards, but for that of conveying air and light downwards into the tiny chambers built in the chimney-stacks themselves.

Eleven secret corners and chambers were found in Hindlip Hall at that time, 'all of them,' again to quote this curious document, 'containing books, Massing stuff, and Popish trumpery, only two excepted, which appeared to have been found on former searches, and therefore had now the less credit given to them.'

For three days the search went on without the discovery of the Jesuit Father Garnet ('Little John') and three others by name Hall, Owen, and Chambers; but on the fourth day, in the morning, from behind the wainscot in one of the galleries two men, Owen and Chambers, came out of their own accord, being no longer able to sustain their hunger, as they had had but an apple between them since they had hidden some five or six days previously. On the eighth day a chamber was discovered in the chimney, in which Henry Garnet the Jesuit and Hall were found. In this chamber were marmalade and other sweetmeats; but they had also received, by means of a tube put through a little hole in the chimney that backed another in the gentlemen's chamber, soups and warm drinks. Owen, Garnet, Hall, Chambers, and Mr Abingdon himself were brought up to London to await trial. The first-named committed suicide in the Tower. This same Owen had been one of the most active constructors of 'priests' holes' in the kingdom, and only a short time before his capture at Hindlip, had had a narrow escape of discovery whilst engaged in constructing a secret chamber for priests at the manor-house, Stoke-Poges.

An interesting light was thrown by a letter from Garnet to Anne Vaux, which is preserved in the Record Office, upon the sufferings of persons imprisoned in these hiding-places who were unable for some reason or other to receive a proper amount of food. In it he describes his experience during the days he lay in hiding previous to his capture: 'After we had been in the hoale seven days and seven nights and some odd hours, every man may well think we were well wearied; and indeed so it was, for we generally satte, save that sometimes we could half-stretch ourselves, the place not being eno', and we had our legges so straitened that we could not, sitting, find place for them, so that we were both in continuous pain of our legges; and both our legges, especially mine, were much swollen. We were very moderate and content within, and heard the searchers for days most curious over us, which made me indeed think the place would be found. When we came forth we appeared like ghosts.'

In Lincolnshire there have been many famous manor-houses, and most of them which date from Tudor times contain secret chambers for use in case of emergency, for the hiding of priests or

conspirators against what was quaintly termed the 'peace of the realm.'

At Irnham Hall, destroyed by fire last century, was one of the most important 'chimney' hiding-places in the district. It measured some eight feet by nearly six feet, and was almost the latter measurement in height, and was situated in a chimney-stack. This chamber was first discovered by the fact that the chimney was not in the least blackened by soot or smoke, as were all the others in the stack, conclusively proving that it was but a dummy.

Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire have both been famous for old manor-houses and other mansions containing secret hiding-places exhibiting more or less originality and ingenuity in their construction.

At the end of the nineteenth century one such old house was standing, within a few miles of the city of Oxford, which enjoyed a reputation for being haunted. At length, as is the case with so many old buildings, it fell into the hands of one who, whilst admiring its situation and the grounds which surrounded it, had no particular love for antiquity, and certainly none for a house which enjoyed but an evil reputation.

The new owner decided to pull it down, and the work of demolition had proceeded as far as the second floor of the western wing, when one of the workmen, engaged in ripping up the floor-boards in the passage leading to the bedroom which had enjoyed the reputation of being haunted, suddenly felt the floor give way beneath him. He only just succeeded in starting back when a flap in the floor, the secret spring of which he had evidently dislodged or broken, fell inwards, and a hole about twenty inches square yawned beneath him. Upon investigation this was found to lead into a secret chamber of considerable size constructed in the angle of one of the walls beneath the supposed haunted bedroom. In this room, hanging to the wall, were a sword, a holster containing a pistol, and a faded and rotten riding-cloak of about the period of Charles I. In the corner of this chamber was a circular air-shaft about six inches in diameter, which ran into one of the chimney-stacks. On the floor was a saddle and silver cup of the period, as well as a stoneware water-jug.

How it was that the chamber had not been long before discovered and these things removed it is not easy to say; but inasmuch as the ghost, who was supposed to disturb at intervals the sleep of any one using the bedchamber above, was supposed to clank or rattle a chain and emit a sound as of shuffling footsteps, the mystery was explained. In certain winds it was found that the sword and pistol, holster, and ancient riding-cloak (which was trimmed with heavy gold lace down the front) would be blown about through their propinquity to the air-shaft, and would emit just such sounds as had been heard by the frightened occupants of the sleeping apartment immediately above where they hung.

Quite recently, in Gloucestershire, one of the most interesting 'priests' holes' that have ever come to light was discovered through the demolition of an old manor-house which had been allowed to fall into a terrible state of decay. It was constructed beneath the floor and over the arch of the central entrance-door, and was approached by a shoot-like and stairless entrance some six feet in length and scarcely larger than would permit of the easy passage of a full-grown man.

When the workmen came to open up this shoot and uncover the secret chamber, which was only some eight feet long by four feet broad and five feet high, it was discovered that the shoot had rib-like pieces of wood fastened across it, so that any live occupants could with comparative ease pull themselves up by these means. A very tiny eyelet-hole gave a restricted view of what was once the courtyard of the house, and a tube fitted in beneath a step in the stairway, which ran near the end of the secret chamber, doubtless was used for the purpose of affording food. The entrance to the shoot itself was masked by a sliding panel in the small room which might have been used by the gatekeeper.

Another house famous for its secret chambers and 'priests' holes' was White Welbs, on the borders of Enfield Chase; and the Record Office contains many documents, manuscripts, and incriminating papers which have from time to time been discovered there. This building was in ancient times literally honey-combed with trap-doors and secret passages; but, alas! for those who are interested in romance, only the merest trace of the building remains at the present day.

Amongst the many notorious personages of the Popish plots in English history few had narrower escapes than one Father Blount, who on one occasion was hidden at Scotney Castle, the old home of the Darells, situated on the borders of the counties of Sussex and Kent. A very full account of Father Blount's escape is still preserved in the archives at Stonyhurst, and the main facts of this famous priest's exciting adventure are as follows:

One Christmas night in the later years of the reign of Elizabeth the castle was seized by a party of priest-hunters, who had somehow or other got wind of Father Blount's presence in the neighbourhood. The searching-party, as was their usual custom, locked up the members of the family securely before starting their operations. In the inner quadrangle of the mansion was a very ingenious device consisting of a large stone in the wall which could be pushed aside. This, although of very considerable weight, was so nicely adjusted that it was easily moved to and fro with the slightest pressure; and upon the approach of the enemy Father Blount and his servant hastened to the courtyard, and pushing aside the swinging stone, entered the chamber which lay behind it. Unfortunately for them, in their great haste one of their girdles got jammed in the crack of the stone; and had it not been for one of the servants of the

castle, who noticed the fact and cut off the projecting portion of the girdle, there seems but little doubt that Father Blount and his companion would have been discovered. A small fringe still projected, and it was necessary to call somewhat loudly to the hidden priest and his attendant, telling them to pull upon the girdle so that the frayed end might no longer show. The noise of the conversation reached the ears of the searchers, who were ransacking another portion of the castle, and they rushed out into the courtyard and began hammering at the walls, and at times on the very block of stone which concealed the fugitives, which would have given way had not those within put their weight against it. The night was very dark, and it was raining heavily; and so, after a time, the searchers, on getting wet to the skin, decided to postpone further inspection outside the building until the morning. When all had retired Father Blount and his companion emerged from their hiding-place, and after climbing the wall and swimming across the moat, set off barefoot across country to another manor-house a few miles distant, where they found temporary refuge.

Harvington Hall, Worcestershire, now crumbling into decay, in ancient days held many a secret and possessed several ingenious hiding-places. One of the most remarkable is that at the top of the broad oak staircase leading to the dismantled state-room. A particular step of a short flight running from the landing to a garret is a reversible one, and beneath it, on touching the spring which serves to retain it in its place, one finds a hole about five feet square and not quite so high, which till recently contained a piece of the original matting on which a certain Father Wall reposed when in hiding in August 1679. This priest was not captured at Harvington, but at Rushock Court, a short distance from it, and after his capture he was executed.

But Harvington contains not only many other hiding-places, but also several passages which permitted of the escape of those in hiding should their lair be on the point of discovery.

Of the many kinds of hiding-places, few were more favoured than those formed by means of a portion or panel of the plaster-work divided by the heavy oaken beams being made on a hinge, with a secret spring fastening.

Several such hiding-places exist in that curious and many-gabled mansion Ufton Court, Berkshire. And as recently as the latter half of last century a priests' hiding-place was discovered which was contrived underneath one of the floors, and approached by a trap-door fastened by a spring. In it were some significant 'finds,' including a crucifix, ancient petronels, and the remains of some bones—doubtless those of food supplied to the occupants when in hiding.

At Ingatstone Hall, Essex, a curious and unusually large priests' hole was brought to light under the floor-boards of a small room leading from a principal bedroom facing the south front of the

house. It was discovered owing to the floor-boards breaking away through rotting from age. When these were removed another layer was discovered within ten inches of them, and in this a trap-door was immediately noticed, which when lifted showed a large priests' hole measuring nearly fifteen feet long, ten feet high, and some two and a half feet wide. It was reached by means of a ladder, and as the floor of this retreat was on a level with the basement of the house, it was covered with a thick layer of dry sand. In this large secret chamber were found several items of interest, for on the wall was a rough candle-holder made of clay, showing that the unfortunate occupant was not entirely without light; and at one end of the hole was an old chest covered with leather in which formerly the various utensils for use during the observance of Mass were kept, and on the top was a label in faded and ancient writing, 'For the Right Honourable Lady Petre in Ingatstone Hall, in Essex.'

Not infrequently the secret hiding-places were contrived at the back of what was apparently an innocent enough wooden cupboard or recess with shelves; and at Salford Priors, Warwickshire, a very good example of such a retreat exists at the present day, situated in one of the rooms in the top story of this interesting old house.

When recently inspecting this, it was possible to realise how easily a person might be concealed in the cavity which was disclosed when the spring controlling the shelves was touched and the whole of them moved backwards flapwise up against the rafters of the roof. Indeed, it was not difficult to imagine in the dusk some priestly or Cavalier figure disappearing within the hole.

But hiding-places such as we have described are by no means the only types to be still found in old manor-houses and buildings throughout the length and breadth of the land; and in a hall recently destroyed by fire there existed two strangely contrived secret chambers, one of which, when discovered some forty years ago, held within its dark recesses the relics of a strangely sad tragedy. Approached by a narrow flight of steps, the entrance to which was masked first by a piece of tapestry in a hinged frame, and then by an oak panel fitted with a complicated and almost undiscoverable spring, this tiny chamber, measuring some six feet by five feet, and seven feet in height, contained the skeleton of one whose crumbling robes disclosed his ancient profession—that of a priest. Beside him on the floor, rotted from its suspending waist-cord, was an ivory crucifix attached to a string of wooden and metal beads. An old *Book of the Hours*, an earthenware cup, and a small bronze candlestick were also found on the floor of this hiding-place, which had become a tomb.

No one will ever know how it was that this unfortunate being was left to die in the retreat which he doubtless sought from his pursuers, the only clue being found in a manuscript account of

the searching of the hall by a band of priest-hunters in the reign of King James I., and the arrest, removal, and imprisonment of the then owner and chief members of his family. It is possible that these persons were the only ones in the secret, and that the tragedy was caused by their removal and lengthy incarceration.

In a manor-house in a south-west county of England quite recently a secret chamber was discovered in the roof by workmen called upon to make some repairs on a chimney-stack. Noticing that the central chimney of the stack was almost unblackened by smoke, they called the attention of the owner to the fact; and after careful measurements had been taken, a chamber of considerable size, approached by a sliding panel in the old drawing-room of the house, was discovered. In it were found traces of its last occupant, who was probably one of Monmouth's ill-fated supporters, for a pistol of about that period, as well as a military cap and an order countersigned by one of Monmouth's chief supporters in the west, was found, the last-named article concealed in the lining of the cap itself.

In ancient times many a farmhouse had its secret chamber as well as the manor to which it was attached; and in one of these, recently pulled down, in the Midland counties, was discovered a most interesting example of a secret hiding-place or priests' hole contrived beneath the centre of a flight of stairs. By a strange coincidence its discovery was almost fatal to its discoverer, for it was no doubt owing to the gradual rusting and corrosion of the spring which held the revolving step in place that one day the elderly lady who owned the farmhouse found the step suddenly give way beneath her, and only succeeded in saving herself by grasping the balustrade of the staircase, which happened to be within easy reach. As it was, it caused her a broken leg and a severe shock, from which she, in fact, never quite recovered. The cavity which was thus brought to light was some eight feet in length by four feet in breadth, and about two feet six inches high—not a very comfortable or even possible hiding-place for any length of time. In an extreme corner near the skirting of the step above was a tiny knot in the woodwork, which the keen antiquary who came to investigate the 'find' and make sketches of it soon discovered was the means of hiding the presence of a tube through which liquid refreshment could be passed to the person in hiding within the cavity.

In yet another farmhouse, this time in Warwickshire, which from its size one would judge had once been a manor-house, an extremely ingenious hiding-place was discovered some few years back, and in a manner almost as curious as the one last mentioned. Some children were playing in a now disused apartment of the south wing, when one of the boys slipped and fell heavily against the oak paneling of the wall near the chimney-piece. What was

his surprise and that of his little companions when, with a click which they afterwards described as being like that of knives being knocked together, a large panel suddenly sprang back and a draught of cold air rushed into the room!

Frightened almost out of their wits lest they had done some damage, the children ran to their mother, who, coming into the room to see what had happened, soon discovered a narrow passage-way leading from the secret panel to the back of the fireplace, where a flight of about half-a-dozen steps led to a large cavity some six or seven feet in length, four feet in width, and about eight feet high, contrived immediately at the back of the chimney-piece. Further and ultimate investigations disclosed the fact that not only had this chamber been used as a hiding-place in ancient times—for several very valuable books and a bundle of letters relating to incidents of the Civil War were discovered—but by an ingenious contrivance the head of a bird forming a portion of the carving over the mantel-piece could, by a spring arrangement, be turned on one side, giving the person in the hiding-chamber a fairly good view of the room below. One can imagine with what anxiety the refugees in ancient times may have often turned the bird's head aside and peered out upon those who were engaged in searching the room for the purpose of their capture.

In quite recent times, in an ancient house in course of demolition near Rochester, a secret hiding-chamber was discovered. For several years the house had the reputation of being haunted, and no doubt the poor being whose mouldering remains were discovered in the narrow chamber which had been constructed beneath the floor of one of the bedrooms in the thickness of a double wall would, by the members of the Psychical Research Society, be deemed sufficient cause for the alleged 'spirit' visitations. This hiding-place must have been in ancient days somewhat masked by the bedstead which apparently had been placed almost immediately over the ingenious trap-door which led to it. How, then, or why it happened that some unfortunate fugitive either from justice or from persecution had been left to die within the narrow confines of this secret hole one will never know; but that he was a person of some importance was made clear by the valuable rings which had fallen from his fingers and the half-score of gold coins, dating chiefly in the middle years of the seventeenth century, which were found at the bottom of the cavity, evidently fallen out of the silken purse, the rotting remains of which lay beside them.

But hiding-places were used not only by political and other fugitives, as a discovery in a Somerset inn a few years ago clearly indicates.

Many an old English inn situated on or near the high-roads leading north, south, east, and west from London had its secret hiding-place, not for priests or political conspirators, but for the sheltering in times of peril of 'gentlemen of the

castle, who noticed the fact and cut off the projecting portion of the girdle, there seems but little doubt that Father Blount and his companion would have been discovered. A small fringe still projected, and it was necessary to call somewhat loudly to the hidden priest and his attendant, telling them to pull upon the girdle so that the frayed end might no longer show. The noise of the conversation reached the ears of the searchers, who were ransacking another portion of the castle, and they rushed out into the courtyard and began hammering at the walls, and at times on the very block of stone which concealed the fugitives, which would have given way had not those within put their weight against it. The night was very dark, and it was raining heavily; and so, after a time, the searchers, on getting wet to the skin, decided to postpone further inspection outside the building until the morning. When all had retired Father Blount and his companion emerged from their hiding-place, and after climbing the wall and swimming across the moat, set off barefoot across country to another manor-house a few miles distant, where they found temporary refuge.

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his surprise and that of his little companions when, with a click which they afterwards described as being like that of knives being knocked together, a large panel suddenly sprang back and a draught of cold air rushed into the room!

Frightened almost out of their wits lest they had done some damage, the children ran to their mother, who, coming into the room to see what had happened, soon discovered a narrow passage-way leading from the secret panel to the back of the fireplace, where a flight of about half-a-dozen steps led to a large cavity some six or seven feet in length, four feet in width, and about eight feet high, contrived immediately at the back of the chimney-piece. Further and ultimate investigations disclosed the fact that not only had this chamber been used as a hiding-place in ancient times—for several very valuable books and a bundle of letters relating to incidents of the Civil War were discovered—but by an ingenious contrivance the head of a bird forming a portion of the carving over the mantel-piece could, by a spring arrangement, be turned on one side, giving the person in the hiding-chamber a fairly good view of the room below. One can imagine with what anxiety the refugees in ancient times may have often turned the bird's head aside and peered out upon those who were engaged in searching the room for the purpose of their capture.

In quite recent times, in an ancient house in course of demolition near Rochester, a secret hiding-chamber was discovered. For several years the house had the reputation of being haunted, and no doubt the poor being whose mouldering remains were discovered in the narrow chamber which had been constructed beneath the floor of one of the bedrooms in the thickness of a double wall would, by the members of the Psychical Research Society, be deemed sufficient cause for the alleged 'spirit' visitations. This hiding-place must have been in ancient days somewhat masked by the bedstead which apparently had been placed almost immediately over the ingenious trap-door which led to it. How, then, or why it happened that some unfortunate fugitive either from justice or from persecution had been left to die within the narrow confines of this secret hole one will never know; but that he was a person of some importance was made clear by the valuable rings which had fallen from his fingers and the half-score of gold coins, dating chiefly in the middle years of the seventeenth century, which were found at the bottom of the cavity, evidently fallen out of the silken purse, the rotting remains of which lay beside them.

But hiding-places were used not only by political and other fugitives, as a discovery in a Somerset inn a few years ago clearly indicates.

Many an old English inn situated on or near the high-roads leading north, south, east, and west from London had its secret hiding-place, not for priests or political conspirators, but for the sheltering in times of peril of 'gentlemen of the

road.' Many are the stories of Dick Turpin's use of several of these hiding-places, which were usually constructed in the depth or angle of the chimney, or beneath the floors of the parlours or kitchen of the inn, the trap-doors leading to which were generally masked by a plentiful sprinkling of sand.

In one such hiding-place on the Great North Road, in the earlier years of last century, so much booty was discovered, 'along with horse-pistols and rydinge cloak of goode cloathe,' as the quaint spelling of a village scribe who recorded the incident has it, that mine host was made richer thereby in

a few minutes than by many years of legitimate trade.

In past times much ingenuity and skill were expended in the construction of secret hiding-places such as we have described, and students of history will easily comprehend the need for and serviceable nature of these things in the 'good old days.' Many an ancient house has yet to give up its secrets; but all who love romance and the flavour of antiquity read with a sigh of each discovery made by the ruthless hands of those who tear the secrets from ancient buildings in their dismantlement.

LIONS IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.



ALF-WAY between the East African coast (opposite Zanzibar) and Lake Victoria lie vast upland prairies on which antelopes and other wild beasts abound, as they did formerly in South Africa. These plains are uninhabited by man. They teem with zebra and antelopes. The latter are chiefly Coke's hartebeest and Grant's and Thomson's gazelles. There are also a number of wildebeest (gnu), but these move together from one district to another, and are not generally distributed like the other antelopes. Herds of eland are present in certain localities, and here are a few giraffes on the Athi and some at Sultan Hamoud Station. Wart-hog are found in colonies, and bushbuck exist at the headwaters of the Athi, where the converging streams emerge from the Kikuyu forest-country near Nairobi. Along the banks of all the rivers are numerous herds of waterbuck and impala. Buffalo exist on Donyo Sabruk Mountain, and their skulls are commonly found elsewhere. Duikers are present, singly, everywhere. Other animals of this region, which do not form the prey of lions—although the young may occasionally be attacked—are the hippopotamus (numerous in the Athi) and rhinoceros. Ostriches are also common, though whether lions ever secure them is doubtful.

Of the above animals, zebra, eland, wildebeest, and hartebeest form the main food of the lions. It has been suggested to me on good authority that they are very partial to pigs also, and I think it likely, as in some parts of the coast bush-country, where antelopes are scarce, pigs must form their staple food. Buffalo were formerly their favourite food, but these were all but exterminated by the rinderpest a few years ago.

A few rivers cross the plains. They run in deep hollows, and are marked by large trees, principally red or yellow stemmed mimosa thorn, which sometimes spread to a little distance from the banks in groves. There are also quantities of tall reeds and feathery bushes along the rivers, and particularly on the Athi at those spots where it divides into

numerous trickling channels running through a number of sandy islets. These larger reedbeds are the favourite haunt of lions, wherein they sleep during the day. This greenery along the rivers is in striking contrast with the surrounding plains, clothed for the greater part of the year with short brown grass. It is only for a short time, in December and January, that the plains become green, owing to the rains.

Tributary nullahs wind down from the plains to the river. These are torrents during the rains and dry for the rest of the year. On their sides and bottoms the grass is much longer than on the uplands, and they are full of boulders and rocks. I have known at least one lion to make his lair in a patch of bush on the side of such a nullah, though I believe they prefer reedbeds to anything else.

The Stony Athi is a large tributary nullah to the Athi, in which pools of water remain throughout the year. A few miles from its junction with the Athi is a wide depression where several nullahs meet, and here is an immense reedbed. Troops of lions make this their regular headquarters, moving on after a time to fresh hunting-grounds. I knew of a troop of five, with some cubs, which remained here for eight months; but another troop which visited the immediate neighbourhood of Nairobi stayed only about three weeks, perhaps because the presence of numerous Europeans going out frequently to shoot disturbed them, and there was no such extensive cover as at Stony Athi. This was in May and early in June 1902. They were seen by another man and myself (on different occasions), and were fired at by me unsuccessfully, I being a beginner and a very uncertain shot. It is singular that though they remained another fortnight or so, and from the houses in Nairobi were frequently heard at night roaring lustily, they were not to be seen again by daylight, although several people went in search of them.

When disturbed by lions at night, the zebra rush about wildly with a great trampling and uttering their peculiar cries. Going out early in the small

hours, I have found them rushing about thus in great troops of many hundreds, panic-stricken. Lions are said always to follow the great herds of zebras wherever they go.

I have been at Stony Athi when the zebra were very numerous there for the time being. It is curious to notice how during the daytime only a few scattered herds appear in the offing; but towards nightfall they arrive mysteriously from every direction until there are thousands dotted all over the plain close to the station in twos and threes. They may feel safer near the station and railway. I suspect, also, that they have an inkling of the fear of lions—in these days of Europeans armed with rifles—for human beings. Zebra, of course, are scarcely ever molested by sportsmen, in part because they have no horns, and in part because their equine appearance and beauty make most men reluctant to fire at them. I felt this myself once, when, deciding to have the skin of one in my collection of trophies, I took aim, but could not bring myself to fire. Hence zebra are the tamest and most confiding of the wild beasts, allowing a man to approach within, say, eighty yards, and merely snorting defiance at him.

Nothing has struck me more in the natural history of lions than their power of rendering themselves invisible. The colour of their skins blends with that of the brown prairie grass. Their supple build must also lend itself to concealment; and their limbs, being short relatively to their length and bulk of body, enable them to creep through grass and cover that would not hide other animals of their size, as regards weight. I remember approaching a lion engaged in devouring a zebra half-an-hour after sunrise. My eyes wandered for a moment to some hyenas which were waiting for their turn, and in that moment the lion vanished. There lay the partly eaten zebra forty yards away, and on every side nothing but the short brown grass. I searched for some inequality in the surface of the grass, and noticed a tussock rising above the rest. There was nothing whatever to mark it as anything but a tuft of grass, and I hesitated to fire at it, thinking that if it proved to be grass, and the lion were lying somewhere close by, it would be angered by the report, being doubtless in an ill-humour at being disturbed at its meal. In the end I decided to chance it, and raised my rifle. Instantly the tussock developed into a large, full-maned lion, which rose quickly and galloped off. I have on other occasions known lions rise suddenly from the grass close in front of me and leap into reedbeds. This invisibility enables them to approach the wary animals upon which they feed. They hunt at night, stalking their prey until quite near to it, and then making a very swift rush.

I have more often heard lions roaring in the hour before dawn than at any other time, and I believe it to be true that they roar always after feeding. The sound is often heard at a great distance, and is

then generally described as 'moaning' and 'grunting.' Some men, in fact, say they do not roar, but moan. The sound is, I believe, roaring softened by distance, for I have heard it close at hand, and then it was a gruff roaring. In each spell of roaring were about twenty-four sounds: first a succession of prolonged roars, increasing in power until they seemed to be delivered with great violence; then a series of shorter, more abrupt roars, the last dying away gradually into hoarse pants, which finally became inaudible. Some one has said that a lion's roar is just like that of an ostrich. If this be so, I can only say that an ostrich's roar must be a most impressive sound.

There are always a number of hyenas lying up in the ravines or reedbeds in the vicinity of the abode of a troop of lions. These, together with jackals, finish up the remains of the 'kills.' I have seen a lion eating a zebra with a crowd of hyenas running to and fro all around him, uttering most piteous moans and howls; and a number of jackals' heads were visible in the grass, sitting patiently at a little distance. Every now and then a hyena would endeavour to snatch a piece of meat while the lion lay resting from the labour of eating for a few minutes. There would be a deep growl, and the lion would rise up, whereupon all the hyenas would fly to a short distance, and their clamour would cease for a moment; then the lion would lie down again, and after one or two plaintive moans the clamour and running to and fro would recommence. If anything remain after daylight, vultures and marabou storks gather. Nothing whatever is left of the kill. The bones are carried away by the hyenas, even to the skull. Hence there is nothing to mark a lion-kill on the spot where it occurred beyond the trampled contents of the entrails.

I recollect one morning, on going out on to the plain by Nairobi at dawn, coming upon a dead hyena. My first impression was that it had been riddled with bullets, but on examining the wounds it became plain that a lion had struck its claws into the animal: one blow on the back, another on the side. Evidently the hyena had angered the lion, either by spoiling a stalk in its anxiety for meat or by venturing too near a kill. I had not then learnt to recognise the signs of a kill.

The manes of lions on these plains never approach the luxuriance of those of menagerie lions. They vary in colour, some being black, others dark brown, and many of the same pale brown as the body.

Although they hunt at night, lions in the natural state often lie just outside the reedbeds at all times of the day. I say in the natural state, because with the advent of the Uganda railway they learnt to fear man. Some of them became man-eaters, lurking near the great camps of Indian coolies and carrying off men night after night. The most notorious of the man-eaters was a lion which took up his abode near the construction camp at Kimba, near Sultan Hamoud. I have been told by an

officer of the railway that the coolies would sit up every night until they heard screams, when they knew they could turn in safely, the lion having taken his prey for the night. Mr Ryall, the Inspector-General of Railway Police, determined to sit up one night in his carriage, with two friends, in the hope of getting a shot at the man-eater. The three fell asleep, however, leaving the door and windows open, and at 2 A.M. the lion entered the carriage and carried off Mr Ryall.

These man-eaters were so serious a nuisance that the manager of the railway offered a reward of two hundred rupees (thirteen pounds six shillings and eightpence) for every adult lion killed near the railway from mile two hundred to mile three hundred. About sixty were killed in two years. The result was to inspire the survivors, many of whom had seen their comrades killed by their side, with a fear of human beings. This fear has been increased by the large number of sportsmen who have come out of late years for hunting-trips on the Athi and adjacent plains.

The officials of the protectorate and railway used to go on foot, visiting a reedbed at dawn, accompanied by a native gun-bearer, in the hope of finding lions lying outside or returning from a late kill. Many of the sportsmen from Europe bring mounted Somalis, infinitely more intelligent and keen hunters than the natives of East Africa. These mounted hunters scour the country to discover the whereabouts of lions for their masters. Large numbers of natives are employed to beat the reedbeds. Lions are sometimes galloped down in the open by the hunters, and held at bay till their masters arrive. By these means a very great number of lions have been shot, and those that are left have become exceedingly wary and difficult to find in the daytime. Settlers, moreover, are gradually enclosing land on the plains. It is, I think, probable that lions will ere long be exterminated on the Athi and adjacent plains. The low-lying bush-country nearer the coast will always support a certain number, limited by the fact that in bush-country diversified with lawns and glades the antelopes and zebra run in small scattered herds. In such country the lions have abundant cover and are very difficult to find.

Some of the preceding remarks will probably give the impression that lions are timid creatures, especially among those people who think of 'dangerous' animals as attacking man at sight without provocation. Like the other animals called dangerous by hunters, lions—apart from the awe of man innate in all wild beasts—are impressed by the power man has of wounding or striking them down from a distance and the cunning he shows in pursuit of them, and more often than not when wounded they retreat into the nearest cover. Here they know that they have the advantage. It sometimes happens, as with other dangerous beasts, that a lion charges in the open. It then attacks desperately, in spite of the severest wounds. There have

been several cases of men being killed or injured in such circumstances, but much more often injured, since the lion is usually more or less severely wounded, and dazed and enfeebled. Men frequently escape being killed through instinctively guarding their heads with their arms; hence injuries to the latter are the commonest result of such encounters.

I may describe an encounter which three men of my acquaintance, officers of the railway, had with a lioness. The animal was severely wounded in the lower part of the body, her entrails being torn out by the bullet. She charged upon her enemies—three Europeans, with gun-bearers, all armed with rifles—and knocking down an Indian gun-bearer, tore and bit at him savagely. Almost at once two bullets through the brain killed her. Yet the man had been so badly mauled as to be crippled for life, and after several months in hospital was sent back to his own country with sufficient money to set him up as a shopkeeper.

An instance is on record of a lioness attacking a sportsman who had fired at and wounded her mate. I myself once saw this jealousy of the female for the safety of the male. A pair of lions, disturbed by the report of my rifle, hastened back to the reedbed, and it was noticeable how the lioness led the way, piloting her mate in a semicircle round me, out of rifle-range (I mean, of course, sporting-range), until she led him into the reeds on the far side. It would seem that the male lion is an object of adoration to the female, as is the case with certain antelopes of which the males only are decorated with horns, and which run in troops composed of one adult male and a number of females.

A RIVER-SIDE INCIDENT.

Cool, twilight comes with close of day;
At the stream's edge th' young otters play—
Two happy wildings, Nature's own—
Now clambering on the river stone,
Whence, with the deep stream's even flow,
One, like a drown'd thing, lets him go;
Whilst, from a tree's o'erhanging limb,
His brother, crouching, watches him,—
Then springs afoot in swift diversion,
As bent on some far night-excursion—
In wild variety of play,
Like those whose life's all holiday!

Play! Profit by the brief, careless hour
Which to your kind is Nature's dower,
Ere baying hound and huntsman's cry
Shall tell the time is come to die;
Nor fear lest we your secret den
To curious, maybe cruel, men
Divulge! Ye have few foes to dread—
Few list, like us, this path to tread,
Where tangled growth and hidden root
Of strike or trip the wanderer's foot,
While pitfalls, slime, and river-wrecks
Often his onward course perplex.

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL

By M. E. BRADDON, Author of *Lady Audley's Secret*, &c.

THERE is a mystical power in the placing of words. However familiar the line may be, one can hardly read without a thrill that Coleridge's witch-woman Geraldine was 'beautiful exceedingly;' but how much glamour would there have been in these two words if the poet had stated that the lady was exceedingly beautiful? It would be the cheapest and most middle-class description, fit only for an auctioneer's advertisement of 'an exceedingly beautiful villa in a unique situation.' So the House Beautiful and the Life Beautiful are quite on another plane than the dull level of beautiful lives and beautiful houses.

The life beautiful is the life we all would like to lead, weaving the fabric of it according to our own particular measure of the things that constitute beauty. 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead' who does not want to lead the life beautiful in the house beautiful, no matter where the house may be, or how poor and halting the life that hobbles on crutches in pursuit of an ever-vanishing ideal? Middle-Victorian chairs and sofas on cabriole legs, white water-lilies and crimson roses as big as pickling-cabbages, sprawling over Brussels carpets; magenta curtains, and burnished steel fenders picked out with gold; gasaliers—hateful word—with glass drops pendent from a glass dish: even the worst of these were once the delight of some lost soul, and the summer sunshine made rainbow light on the glass drops, if it were not carefully excluded from the room for fear of fading the pickling-cabbage roses. Dreadful things were cherished in English homes before the people of England, from the suburban villa to the rural parsonage, had 'a taste.' Every Englishwoman nowadays has a taste, and it is not inevitably bad. Indeed, now that we have passed through the early throes of the taste-fever—the monstrous absurdities that were covered by the adjective æsthetic—the dust-trap draperies that muffled our doors and windows, the cheap paper fans spaced along our cornices, the blacking-bottles disguised in luminous paint, the cosy-corners made

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out of packing-cases—now that a simpler ideal of open windows and clear spaces, cleanliness, and fresh flowers in old china bowls has taken hold of us, the house or the cottage beautiful is to be found more often than the house hideous. Now that his books are to be obtained at a reasonable price, we can all appreciate Ruskin, who has taught us to like overhanging gables and massive chimney-stacks, and to abhor shams.

Cheap upholstery has improved with the progress of technical education, and the house beautiful is no longer impossible to attain, given a conscientious housemaid and a mistress with a quick eye for dust and cobwebs. But the life beautiful? That is not so easy.

Imprimis, he who would aspire to that calm and satisfying existence must have common-sense. He must have the fine feeling for proportion that will enable him to weigh the materials of life and to throw out the rubbish. He must know how much he can do without, and how much he must have, for the ideal existence. The life beautiful in its most gracious form is, unhappily, expensive. It is incompatible with cheeseparing, with petty meanness—the stinting of other people; wherefore the man who desires to live beautifully must so measure his resources as to leave a margin for liberality. He may ride in an omnibus, but he must not under-pay cabmen and subject himself to the hideousness of their loud-spoken wrath; he may eat at cheap restaurants, but he must never by a shabby tip expose himself to the scowl of a disappointed waiter in the halls of the 'smart.' If his means are narrow, he must make up his mind what good things he can afford; and if he cannot pay for light and airy quarters in some not quite unlovely street, he had better renounce London and all its costly vanities, and find himself a cottage with a garden, where he can be happy with a few good books and a multitude of flowers, having chosen a wife for whom all simple and innocent things are delightful.

One is thinking of the man of limited means who is not obliged to work for his bread. For the

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bread-winner of narrow means the problem is more difficult. He must live where his work requires, and the place may be ugly; but even in his case the moral beauty of life is not out of reach. By renunciation, by the contented spirit that is a continual feast, by much consideration of the wants and comforts of others, by kindness to wife and children and servants, by a divine patience when things go wrong, and a joyous appreciation of all that can make for gladness, he may achieve the life beautiful in a house shaped like an egg-box, in a terrace of egg-boxes, in the midst of mean streets, remote from the abodes of the prosperous.

For the toiler of scant wages material things cannot be beautiful, save here and there some cherished heirloom of old china or chance-found treasure of old furniture, which is his prison-flower, the one precious thing amongst the inevitable squalor of cheap London. There are arts that can subjugate fate, women whose deft fingers and quick brains can make the homeliest parlour blossom as the rose—blossom with the song of the kettle on the shining grate, the gay colour of the cheap tea-service—blossom with clean chintz covers that the *Hausfrau's* patient hands have starched and ironed, the well-worn carpet that her indefatigable broom has swept. But it is the contented spirit, the determination to make the best of troublesome things, that lies at the base of the life beautiful. It is built upon unselfishness, and on the calm wisdom that sees what can and what cannot be done within the narrow limits of the appointed fate.

Charles Lamb has told in lovely words what loveliness there may be in life for those whose incomes are of the smallest, and who only now and then can afford themselves 'a treat': a visit to the pit of a favourite theatre or the purchase of some precious book. Such a life as he depicts may be exquisite; but it must be a life free from debt, and there must be something in the cracked teapot or the Post-Office Savings-Bank, a little hoard against the sudden need of sickness, enough for the nurse and the doctor, and the dainty food the doctor orders, and extra coals for the fire that must burn day and night. The life in which there is no nest-egg ready for the day of trouble, no escape from debt, cannot be beautiful. It can only be heroic, the unconsidered martyrdom of thousands, the household martyr's fight for daily bread.

The life beautiful in its largest aspect, such a life as the world can see and admire, the *höchster Spitz* of human felicity as seen from the outside, must be looked for among the great ones of the earth, born in the purple, invested from earliest manhood with the grandeurs and the responsibilities of wealth and state, reckoning their acres by the thousand, and rarely stooping to count their gold. For such as these coin has hardly any significance. The golden stream flows from the house-steward to the household, tradesmen are paid, benefactions are distributed, and My Lord or His Grace knows nothing of loss or gain in an income that has always been

beyond his spending-power. In spite of an almost royal splendour and an unstinted beneficence, there is always a surplus, and upon a given morning His Grace is asked how he would wish so many thousands or tens of thousands lying idle at his bankers' to be invested, in what gilt-edged stock, or landed estate continuous with one of his properties. His own estates being numerous, there is generally some continuous land awaiting His Grace's offer. And so his acres widen and spread, and roll across the country like the waves of an ever-encroaching sea. You look for the old-fashioned manor-house, the rural squire of ten years ago, and house and squire have gone. The place thereof knoweth them no more. The meadows and kitchen-gardens, tennis-lawn and shrubberies, the hedgerows shadowed by secular oaks and beeches, the banks where cowslips and the nodding violet grew, have been swallowed alive in hundred-acre fields where the ploughman whistles over the broken pastures.

And for such a potentate to lead the life beautiful he must have a fine mind as well as a vast inheritance, many graces of heart and brain as well as multitudinous acres. Briefly, he must be a great gentleman. And happily there are such, and have been such ever since England became a nation. Of those that are it befits not the essayist to write. Each will in his turn become history.

But one such great nobleman must always be remembered as an exemplar of the life beautiful under felicitous conditions. The bachelor Duke of Devonshire might be taken as the paradigm or model great gentleman, the patron of art and letters, the friend of Bulwer and Dickens, the philanthropist and scholar, never an ardent politician, rarely heard among his peers, never strenuous or eager in the struggle for place and fame. Coming into his kingdom—for domains such as his are kingdoms rather than estates—before he was one-and-twenty; Ambassador Extraordinary at the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, with a train of almost royal splendour, on which he was said to have spent fifty thousand pounds out of his own exchequer; a great gentleman, perfect as brother, friend, landlord, patron, and wearing to the end the white flower of a stainless life.

It may be said that it is easy for lives to be beautiful that are so richly provided with the materials of beauty; but the history of the ages goes to prove that the materials are often wasted or turned to base account, and the life hideous is realised by him into whose cradle the faeries poured their choicest gifts. And, after all, the materials of happiness and beauty are not gold or land, or high birth and lofty rank, but character and temperament, invincible cheerfulness, high courage, the scorn of all things base, and above all sympathy, the power to understand and pity, the love of something not ourselves. These are the qualities that can make individual lives beautiful even amidst ugly surroundings: the life of a ministering priest upon a leper-island; the life of a nursing-sister in a

slum, who does her work for the love of humanity, or of her whose pitying face bent over the wounded and dying in the Crimean hospital—'the lady with the lamp;' lives lovelier in their self-abnegation

and disregard of surroundings than the golden hours of the hedonist in his palace of art—

A glorious devil, large in heart and brain,
That did love Beauty only.

THE DYSE RTH DIAMOND.

CHAPTER III.



AT Scotland Yard Champneys and Neilson were told that nothing more could be done that night. They knew the man, and had their eye upon him. All his movements would be watched. He could not get away. So far as they could make out, he had no confederates. The diamond was too valuable a jewel for even the knowledge of its possession to be shared with another; and if he were the culprit—which yet remained to be proved—the two might rest assured that he would neither part with it nor hide it—and he had had no time to dispose of it—but would jealously guard it by carrying it carefully concealed about his own person. In the morning, at eight o'clock, the officials would see them again, and arrange, if possible, for Champneys to have a glimpse of the man, secretly, to see whether he could identify him, notwithstanding his altered appearance, as the old man of the train.

Neilson was content. But Jack was terribly anxious; and, for his own peace of mind, and particularly for the peace of mind of the wife who was waiting for him, ignorant as yet of what had befallen, he would rather have gone forward with the affair, and openly faced the man that night, and so brought the quest to an issue. Well for him was it that he did not persist in this course, but was persuaded to abide by the advice of the detectives.

'You will stay with me,' said Jack as they turned away, assuming that Neilson would have no objection.

'But, my dear fellow, what will your wife say? It is a bit too much to march in with a stranger, altogether unexpected, at this unearthly hour.'

'Don't you worry about that. Lou will make you welcome. It will be better than prowling round the house all night.'

'You're a curious customer, Champneys; but I like you—I must say I like you. Who said anything about prowling round?'

'Oh, you needn't try to spare my feelings by pretending that you will do nothing of the sort. I can make a shrewd guess at the instructions you have received from the Earl; and I do not blame him. And I am not such an ass as to blame you. He was quite gentlemanly about it. You were to come with me, and to stay with me—not to allow me out of your sight till the diamond was found. The case is black against me. I have not yet succeeded in proving my story. The old man may be fictitious—a convenient Mrs Harris of the opposite sex invented to cover my retreat with the jewel.'

'Nonsense! The cabman's word is good enough for me.'

'I tipped him. You saw me do it.'

'Handsomely—but he spoke the truth.'

'Maybe. But how do you know that the two of us, the so-called old man and myself, are not in it? The whole business may have been arranged beforehand, and this pretence decided upon to enable us to get clear away. "Exchange is no robbery," they say, and this was an exchange, and yet, despite the proverb, a most confounded robbery. I delivered a case, such as our firm uses, with the name of the firm inside, wrapped up, tied with string also used by the firm, carefully sealed, and bearing the firm's impression deeply indented in the wax, into the hands of the Earl of Dyserth. In its outward appearance, down to the minutest detail, the packet was the counterpart of the one entrusted to me by Mr Passmore. How did that come about? Who supplied the thief with the case and paper, and string and seal? Similar things are passing through my hands every day. I have the use of the seal whenever I want it. And how did any one know that I was travelling by that particular train, and that the diamond was in my possession? It was a secret between the Earl, the firm, and myself. A good many points want clearing up. Unless I can prove my story they will pitch upon me. The Earl was acting with commendable prudence when he gave you his instructions.'

'Come, come, Champneys, you are pleading against yourself.'

'And for you, Neilson, to make it easier for you to carry out your instructions, to show you that I understand and appreciate the position as the Earl sees it. I may be under suspicion—justifiable suspicion; but, hang it all! I will not be wanting in hospitality. You shall come in, and I will treat you as my friend the enemy.' And a grim smile crossed his pale face. 'For both of us you will be better in than out, for I know you would be watching the house without a wink, and consuming all your tobacco in the process, and I should only be miserable thinking about you. We can have our smoke together inside. Sleep, for me, will be out of the question; and, if you like, we can sit by the fire and wait for the morning.'

They had hailed a hansom, and were being driven rapidly toward Champneys' residence, in the direction of Westbourne Park.

'What about your wife?' asked Neilson after a pause. 'Shall you tell her?'

'Everything.'

'Excuse my asking. But I wanted a cue for my conduct.'

'There is no need of a cue. Lou isn't that kind of woman. The safest course, and the most helpful, is to let her know exactly how things are from the very start. Her brain is nimbler than mine, and she always acts promptly.'

The pad of the horse's feet brought Lou to the door. She was about to exclaim at the lateness of the hour, when she caught sight of Neilson and checked herself. Soon they were seated at the supper-table. The brief explanation which Jack gave, that Neilson had travelled with him, that he had found Neilson a very good fellow, and that he had pressed him to accept their hospitality for the night, was sufficient for Lou—that is, sufficient for the time. She knew well enough that there was something more to be said. It was a very unusual proceeding for Jack to spring an unknown guest upon her in this fashion, and quite contrary to his hitherto unflinching courteous consideration for her domestic arrangements. Her quick eyes discerned from Jack's face and manner that all was not as it should be, and Neilson's *sang-froid* did not deceive her. But she refrained from further inquiries until supper was over, attending to their wants with perfect self-control, listening, and occasionally contributing, to the commonplace conversation.

When they were gathered round the fire, however, she threw off this reserve, and led the conversation at once and directly to the real reason why Neilson was there.

'You may smoke,' said she, 'and when your pipes are filled you may tell me all about it; and she settled herself to listen.

Jack commenced the story. Her face grew pale as he proceeded, and when he came to the opening of the case by the Earl of Dyserth, and she suddenly realised that the diamond was missing, she started as if she had been struck, and clenched her hands tightly. Then the knowledge rushed upon her that her husband was suspected, and that Neilson's presence was to be explained in this way. The blood surged back to her cheeks and brow, and her eyes flashed with indignant fire. For one swift moment she glanced at Neilson. The situation was almost intolerable. Neilson surmised what was taking place; he felt, rather than saw, the flash of her eyes, and kept on steadily smoking with his gaze fixed upon the glowing coals. With a tremendous effort she recovered herself. Jack was continuing his tale.

'Please say that again,' said she.

'What, Lou?'

'All of it from the point where the Earl discovered that the diamond was gone.'

Picking up the thread once more from this point, Jack drew it out slowly and without further interruption to the very finish. Then she began a series of cross-questions. Neilson could not help but admire the skill with which she brought out all the details, and in a little while she was as much in

possession of all the facts of the case as if she had accompanied her husband throughout and seen everything with her own eyes.

'I shall go with you in the morning,' said she.

'The Scotland Yard people may not like it, Lou,' returned her husband, while Neilson raised his eyebrows in mild surprise.

'Whether they like it or not, I shall go. I want to see this man; and she rose, extending her hand, with a wan smile, to Neilson. 'I will wish you good-night,' said she. 'I must sleep, but I suppose you two will sit here till morning.'

By a quarter to eight they were all three at Scotland Yard. The authorities demurred at first to the extra risk of taking a lady with them; but she persisted in her intention to accompany them, and they gave way. The party took an early train to Nunhead, drove into a quiet suburb of small semi-detached villas, and dismissed the cab at the end of a narrow back-lane. Proceeding down this lane, on which a row of enclosed and tiny gardens abutted, they entered a plot sadly neglected, overgrown with coarse weeds and littered with rubbish, and knocked at the kitchen door of an apparently deserted house. It was cautiously opened, and they were silently admitted. Here a couple of detectives had been keeping within view a villa on the opposite side of the main road to which they had followed the first-class passenger the night before. Through the night nothing had occurred to awaken their suspicion, and the man under surveillance had not yet appeared. He might appear at any moment now. The party was conducted upstairs to the third floor, where a small bay-window commanded the front and side of the villa opposite.

For upwards of an hour they waited; then the door of the villa was thrown back—a side-door, with an ornamental porch—and a man stepped out, bareheaded, lifted his eyes to the sky, and breathed deeply as if in keen enjoyment of the sweet morning air. After the first glance, they all fell back from the window except Jack and Lou. Far enough away were they to avoid attention unless he happened to turn his eyes and fix them, with a searching and suspicious scrutiny, upon the panes. Quite unaware of their presence, however, he began to examine the flowering plants in the porch; he bent his head to catch the perfume, and seemed to rejoice in it, rubbing his hands with evident satisfaction; and returned indoors. Surely all these were the signs of a most respectable citizen, and not of a thief, experienced and clever, who could successfully masquerade as an old man with a weak heart, and ingeniously contrive to exchange a worthless stone for the Dyserth diamond.

Lou had turned excessively pale, and Jack, for the moment, was nonplussed.

'Do you recognise him?' asked one of the detectives.

'Yes and no,' said Jack. 'If that is the man who stumbled into the carriage at Wolverhampton, his disguise was perfect. The alteration to his natural

self is so complete that I am afraid I could not swear to him. But I know him—yes; not as my fellow-traveller, but as the man who brought an amethyst to my employers about a fortnight ago, with a request that we would set it as a brooch for his wife. He said he was a lapidary, an amateur only, interested in crystals—it was a hobby of his; and he told me that he had found the stone himself, and cut it, and polished it, and desired to make a present of it to his wife on her birthday. The amethyst was not worth much. I showed him a few designs for the brooch, and he selected one, and called for the completed article only last Tuesday. It is rather strange that this should prove to be the same man.'

'You have no doubt about it, Mr Champneys?' asked the detective gravely, writing in his pocket-book.

'None whatever.'

'Jack,' said his wife, so eagerly that they all turned to her, 'did not this—this—lapidary—for the suitable adjective would not come—'bring you his amethyst at the very time when Lord Dyserth was at the shop?'

'I believe you are right, dear,' returned Jack, after a few moments' reflection. 'If I mistake not, Lord Dyserth was conferring with Mr Passmore at the upper end of the counter while I was showing this man the designs. Yes; I am almost sure of it. The Earl passed out before him, and the governor saw him to his carriage.'

'Point number one!' exclaimed Lou triumphantly, but with a little nervous laugh nevertheless, which betrayed her suppressed excitement. 'And the brooch, Jack, which he called for on Tuesday, how was it packed?'

'In one of the usual cases—ah, you have it, Lou!—in a case exactly similar to the one which was substituted for that containing the diamond, the one I handed to the Earl. And now I remember I wrapped it up myself, and sealed it; and he must have copied the seal.'

'Or preserved it entire, and used it again,' said Lou. 'But that is not material. He obtained it, and that establishes point number two.—Don't you think, gentlemen'—turning to the detectives—'that you have quite sufficient to go upon to effect his immediate arrest?'

'Not yet, madam,' answered the one who took the lead, and who had listened to her questions and conclusions with interest and admiration. 'Thousands of people trade with Passmores'. The amethyst brooch was placed in a case similar to that supplied to most of their customers, and the presence of this man at the time the Earl was there may have been a mere coincidence.'

'May have been!' repeated Lou with a touch of scorn. 'Cannot you see? It was all prearranged. He followed the Earl into the premises and overheard the conversation. His amethyst brooch, like his pretended senility, was a ruse. This is the man, and you ought to arrest him.'

'We have no warrant, madam.'

'Then get one.'

'We will see to that when the number of the ticket is confirmed.'

'He may escape you.'

'No, madam; we shall keep too close a watch upon him.'

'You have some other reason for not proceeding immediately.'

'We have, madam. Some time ago we received information from America of the passage to England of a notorious sharper, one very likely to attempt a coup of this kind, and we suspect that this may be the man. But we want to be sure. The number of the ticket, if it should prove to be the same as that which this man tendered at Willesden, will go far to confirm our view and justify us in arresting him. Even then we shall have to act with extreme caution. The first officer who places a hand upon him will probably pay for it by his death. He never goes unarmed, and he will fire on the instant. His looks belie him. He is one of the most desperate characters ever brought before our notice. Leave the matter with us. He shall not escape.'

Nearly ten o'clock was it now, and Jack had been due at Passmores' for an hour or more. Of the robbery they were entirely ignorant. Lord Dyserth had not communicated with them. Neilson despatched a reassuring telegram to the Earl, and then accompanied Jack to his employers. Lou, at her own request, was left behind. She had not been able to touch the early breakfast which had been prepared for them. She pleaded faintness. Near the station was a tempting restaurant. With a pathetic and deprecating smile, she told them that she would turn in for the usual solace of a tired woman—a cup of tea.

A very unpleasant task was it for Jack to face the governor and inform him of all that had taken place. Neilson's presence and support made it a little easier for him, but a heavy cloud overshadowed him, and Mr Passmore also, all the morning. No such calamity had ever befallen the firm before in all its long experience. After Jack's painful interview Neilson remained closeted with the governor for some time. News from the detectives was awaited with the utmost anxiety, and the suspense was hard to bear.

At half-past twelve, followed by one of the Scotland Yard officials, in came Lou, flushed, radiant, beaming; and yet when her eyes fell upon Jack they suddenly filled with tears. But they were tears of joy. The heavy overshadowing cloud was dissipated. Answering tears sprang into Jack's eyes. He knew that Lou had managed it. The governor and Neilson rushed into the shop, and with a happy gesture she placed a small leather case upon the counter. With trembling fingers Mr Passmore took it and touched the spring; the lid flew open, and there was the diamond.

(To be continued.)

FOOTFALLS FROM ANOTHER WORLD.



VERY often of late years have I thought with the writer of 'Uncanny Tales,' in the January number of *Chambers's Journal*, how 'what formerly was looked upon as the superstition of the ignorant is in this twentieth century made the research of scientific and cultured men and women;' and, further, how this change has led to another. There is no longer the same awe felt of the spirit-land and its inhabitants as was universal in former days, and which true faith in God could alone conquer. That we ourselves must shuffle off this mortal coil for the spiritual vestment, whatever it may be, is not now relegated to the dark corners of the mind; we think and speculate openly upon the change, while stronger and stronger grows the belief in the nearness of the unseen world and its inhabitants.

And yet I doubt if we shall ever know much more of this unseen world or the laws that govern it than we do of the starry worlds around us. Astronomy has made wondrous discoveries, but it cannot solve such problems as: Are they inhabited by living, thinking creatures? If so, are these subject to mortality? do they suffer? do they enjoy? do they pass to another world at the end of an appointed time? Is it to them that the words apply, 'Other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring'? Or is there no other world in all the universe with such history as this earth of ours—the 'star of suffering'? Science gives no answer; but to its marvellous discoveries is due the daring attitude of man's mind to-day on all such points. We have ceased to wonder—to think anything impossible.

So it comes to pass that we are listening to the old wonder-stories which deal with the return of the dead from the shadow-land, the omens, the dreams, the presentiments, which a former generation held, or affected to hold, in scorn. Is this a retrograde movement, or simply a return to the primitive implanted spiritual sense, unerring as that of instinct to the animal, a sense lost in the artificial conditions of modern life?

So, some fifty years ago, thought a very remarkable personality, Stillman, then war correspondent for the *Times*, a man who left his mark alike on art and literature. In his book, *The Autobiography of a Journalist*, he tells of how the conviction grew upon him in the solitudes of a forest, still virgin, in the Hudson district, United States, that we are surrounded by spiritual beings waiting to guide us, did we but leave ourselves open to such guidance. Stillman only sought this solitary life in the forest for a few weeks, perhaps months—I have not the book at hand—and as relief and rest from arduous brain-work. He found in the forest an educated man who had chosen to live thus, and had abandoned civilised life for one of complete

solitude. Stillman met him leaving the forest one day, his gun on his shoulder, his dog at his heels, in obedience, he told Stillman, to a voice which had twice desired him, the second time imperatively, to return home, where there was trouble. He had gone but a little farther when he met a messenger searching for him, with the news that his brother was dangerously ill and had sent for him.

It was necessary on one occasion that Stillman should be at a certain railway station to meet a friend whom it was important he should see. But the distance was great, and it was absolutely impossible for Stillman to reach the rendezvous in time, unless, indeed, he ventured to cross a thickly wooded and dangerous mountain. This he resolved to do, though warned that no one dared attempt it without a guide, even by day, and from the late hour at which the message reached him Stillman's journey must occupy many hours of the night. He set out, however, resolved not to reason or debate within himself as to his course, but to go on blindly. Only once in the darkness did he stop for a moment to doubt and speculate, taking a turn, which in a few seconds he retraced, feeling that he was now guiding himself. He had come to a certain point on the mountain marked by a peculiar configuration of the trees, regarding which he went forward without hesitation, saw the dawn break as he descended the mountain, and arrived footsore, weary, but in time for the meeting at the railway station. His statement that he had crossed the mountain by night and without a guide was disbelieved by the people of the district; afterwards when he knew better the perils of the way he was not surprised. The path on which he had turned back would, he subsequently found, have led him straight to the edge of a chasm over which he must have been dashed to pieces. His trust in invisible guidance was rewarded!

As I read this experience I recalled a passage from the work of a noted Scotch divine of the last century, on the 'angels which excel in strength [Ps. ciii.] working the will of God in the elements which they in their great strength bind or let loose.' Further, he quotes an old writer on the Apocalypse: 'Philosophists have dispeopled the world of intelligence by supposing that, because they see not spiritual agencies in the mechanical and chemical regions of nature which they examine, therefore there are no such intelligences. But because we cannot see beings whose property it is to be invisible, are there therefore no such beings? Not to see them is the very condition of their being. If we could see them, they were not. I believe out of this text that the main strength and force of things consisteth in their subjection to mighty angels who work the work under God. . . . I reverence tradition, and I find herein the most venerable traditions of men concurring, from the superstitions

of my native land, which people the waters and the earth and the woods and everything with invisible powers and agencies, up to those of the remotest antiquity of which we have any record.'

And why, indeed, should this belief in the unseen, these tales of the supernatural, come from every quarter of the globe, from all sorts and conditions of people, and through all ages, if there was nothing save imagination to account for them? Strangely enough, more seldom to the imaginative than to others, comes sight or sound from the spirit-land. So Tennyson has remarked, and observation verifies; while children, nearer to that land than we who have left the valley of childhood far behind, have sometimes the fear, always the belief, that unseen beings are near. It is an implanted instinct that exists, even though a Gradgrind tries to crush it down. Dickens drew this picture of a father who educated, or rather starved, his children's minds on 'facts' from what he saw around him. He feared the world would never emerge from its cult of materialism, but the primitive instinct is too strong. It is not so long since he wrote *Hard Times*, and now the intellectual value of folklore is acknowledged, the study of the supernatural has become a science.

What will be the next change? Is this gradual recognition of unseen powers and influences the beginning of an era in which the spiritual will take open precedence of the material, and much that is now hidden be revealed? The answer is not yet.

Here is another story of which there were many examples in 'Uncanny Tales': 'Several years ago a terrible explosion, involving the loss of many lives, occurred at the Udston Colliery in Lanarkshire. One of the miners had a wonderful escape. He was working at the "face" when he heard a voice distinctly say to him, "Go home." He could not imagine where the mysterious voice came from, but determined to obey the summons, and left his work and proceeded to his home. On the way he met a companion, who expressed his surprise at seeing him so early on his way home. He told of the mysterious warning he had got, and of his determination to obey it. Not long after he had reached his home the terrible explosion took place, and no doubt if he had remained at his work he would have perished.'

I grew up in the firm belief that no communication between this and the unseen world was possible save as by miracle and for a purpose, such as that which brought the spirit of her dead friend to Lady Beresford's bedside to tell her, in fulfilment of an old compact, that we do indeed live beyond the grave.

But there came a step upon the stairs one night as I sat alone in a large town-house which contained no one save the sick friend whom I was nursing, and a servant who had looked in an hour before to ask did I want anything, as she wended her way to bed at the top of the house. My friend was asleep, and I had retired to the little study at the back of the hall

for an hour's reading and rest. I was absorbed in a book of great interest, when the sound of a heavy foot slowly ascending the back-stairs caught my ear. It was a sound 'where no sound should be,' and in an instant I conjectured that a burglar had hidden in the house, which, owing to my friend's sickness, had not been shut up, though the owner was away at the seaside with all her servants, save the one left here in charge. Heavily, step by step, the foot came on, stopping at last on the landing-place outside the room where I sat. I would not wish my worst enemy such a bad quarter of an hour as I spent imagining that the man was lying in wait to strike me down when I left the room. But delay only prolonged the agony, and after sitting for a while with my eyes fixed on the door, which was slightly ajar, I stepped out, holding my candlestick—and my head—high. The light revealed no lurking figure. No one was there! But as I passed on relieved, I knew that step had been no illusion of the senses.

As time went on this was not my solitary experience of strange and haunting sounds. Passing over many, I come to the one which impressed me most: a sudden awakening from sleep about midnight, in a country-house near the sea—an awakening caused by noises from the room beneath, which was the kitchen. It sounded as if a dance was going on; heavy, shuffling feet seemed to be pounding the floor in a kind of measure. I listened with growing anger, sure that it was a party surreptitiously given by the servants during the master's absence. I rose, dressed quickly, and went downstairs. The kitchen was on the same floor as the dining-room, study, and hall. When I reached the latter I had only to let myself out of it by one door and unlatch another which opened into the kitchen. As I put my hand on the latch the noise increased. It seemed as if the dancers were pushing and tumbling over the heavy kitchen furniture as they 'footed the floor.' I flung the door open, only to stare into vacancy. No riotous group was before me; neither chair nor table was displaced; the fire had been raked out. All was in order. I stood bewildered for a moment, then I crossed the kitchen hastily and went on to the servants' quarters, only to find the women peacefully sleeping, their clothes neatly folded on chairs beside their beds. I have said that the study was on the same floor as the kitchen, and here it was the master's habit to sit at night after I had retired. On mentioning the occurrence to him, I found he had had a similar experience, which he had not mentioned lest he should make me nervous. I was not nervous, however, but bewildered. It seemed so incredible that spiritual visitants could demean themselves thus, yet that they were not earthly I felt assured. Since then an incident in South Africa during the Matabele rebellion strengthened into assurance a gradually formed conviction that where evil deeds have been done, there evil spirits have power to enact them again, whether to disturb and frighten the living whom they may

not touch, or by some law of recurrence far beyond our ken. When I believed drunken orgies were going on in this house—a beautiful one in extensive grounds, but only rented for a time—I was not aware that similar scenes had often taken place there really, or that there was a hint of mysterious, perhaps violent, death connected with them.

Life was too full for me to dwell on such thoughts, and years passed without my reverting to them. Then the backwater came, and I found myself far from my old home and its associations, among strangers to whom I was practically unknown, save as a chance acquaintance whose way they were cheering for a few days by kindness and hospitality. Here it was that my strangest experience came.

I arrived late on a September evening, and was introduced to the sister of my hostess. I had heard of her as a medium, and soon after we were seated at dinner I questioned her on the subject, and found she had been lately in communication with a spirit on whose earthly antecedents she thought I might possibly throw light, as his name—extracted from him by a more powerful medium than herself—belonged to a family coming from the same part of Ireland as my own.

I was startled to find that the Christian names given by this spirit were the same as those of, and written in a peculiar fashion always adopted by, a former friend of mine some years dead. But he was the last being I could associate with this weird intercourse, and I said so, adding that there was another of the same family who, from his reckless career, was more likely to be a wandering spirit now, if such existed. This led to a discussion on the very different characters of the two men, in which I dwelt on the wit and powers of repartee possessed by one, his charm of manner and variable moods—all of which they asserted were found in 'Zol,' as the spirit chose to call himself—in contrast to the gloom and moroseness of the other. Why, as I analysed the two, I did not mention that one—he of the witty tongue—had been an intimate friend, I know not. Perhaps it was the consciousness that no one at table knew anything of me or my life save the barest outlines.

Dinner over, we adjourned to the drawing-room, and I gave a careless assent when asked if I should like to communicate with 'Zol.' I do not know what I expected; nothing real, certainly.

The mode of communication was this: The medium provided herself with long strips of ordinary paper and a pencil. She wrote a question, 'Are you glad to see —?' Instantly the pencil in her hand moved, hurrying over the paper, which was torn in one or two places from the great pressure and rapidity of the motion. The medium looked astonished, and when at last her hand was permitted to stop she found it very difficult to decipher the message. 'Zol is not glad. He never wished to meet any of his own blood, and it adds to the pain to hear himself discussed and spoken ill of among perfect strangers.' 'I spoke no ill of you,' I

said hastily; and indeed it was true. But I had alluded to a love of popularity which had been a sore subject with him in life. The pencil moved: 'You did,' it wrote; and then followed some remarks so satirical that they stung me as though uttered by a living presence. 'I know how clever you were,' I retorted; 'still, you never guessed that it was I who wrote'—and I named verses which had roused a good many emotions in a certain coterie long years ago. The hand was shaken; the pencil flew. 'You wrote those verses! What a mass of deception you must have been!' A pause, and then, 'Making a fool of poor, good'—here a name followed; it was that of one who had indeed made me his reluctant confidant and counsellor throughout the absurd commotion caused by verses which, though satirical, were utterly devoid of malice.

I will not attempt to record what followed, not only this evening, but during the two or three days of my stay. A great wonder was upon me. Things from the past were mentioned, some trivial, but perhaps for that very cause seeming to prove that I was verily in touch with the same being whose life for some years had crossed and recrossed mine, and been associated with many near and dear, gone likewise into the shadow-land. If so, it was hard to resist asking questions, solving doubts, correcting mistakes; but I could not. Yet I was conscious of knowing my former friend better than in the earth-days, while his remark the last time we held converse, 'I did not know you were made of such real sterling stuff before,' seemed as if he had the same consciousness.

One of the 'trivial' things which brought conviction to my mind was a reminiscence of a day in the long ago when he had warned me against prying into the mysteries of the unseen. Like a flash it came back: the great down on which I stood wishing to meet a gipsy, and expressing an ardent desire to look into the future. Well for me that it was hidden. I could feel again the salt breeze blowing from the English Channel, could see its waters shining in the bright sun that May morning, and myself as I was then, through the gulf of years. Yes, I remembered. 'I warned you,' the writing continued, 'when I knew nothing of the spirit-world. A thousand times more earnestly I warn you now that I do. It is playing with fire.'

There was much more, but this is enough of a very unexpected episode, the effect of which has been to make me realise strongly the close connection between this and the unseen world around us. The old idea—that the one had little practical bearing on the other; that we should forget the deepest love, the stormiest emotions, the joys and sorrows alike through which we have lived in our earthly span—thus rendering them purposeless—this has passed away. And life has grown more earnest, more interesting, with the thought of its being carried on before a great cloud of witnesses, of the continuity of the individual character as one by one we pass

into the spirit-land. 'Those who have left us,' writes Mrs Oliphant, 'cannot start up at once into a heartless beatitude without caring for our sorrow. God who is Love cannot give immortality and annihilate affection. As sure as they live, they live to love us.'

My experiences of the unseen seem inconclusive enough; but they are true, they are my own, and I pass them on to others in the hope that some one else may be moved to tell of footfalls from another world which he too may have caught in his passage through this.

PIERRE MAZET OF THE GRAND ARMY.

By W. D. GRAY.



YOU want a story? Oh yes, it is true, I have many stories; but today, see you, I feel sad. Old age, messieurs, old age. I am over eighty, and at that time of life, even to a soldier of Napoleon, there comes a feeling that he has lived quite long enough. Yes, I feel sad this morning—sad and very old.'

The speaker sighed wearily, and, resting his hands upon the knob of his stick, raised himself upon his seat. He was, as he had said, an old man, dressed in the uniform of the Invalides. His face, once deeply bronzed, had now faded to a dull-yellow tint, and was covered with a network of fine wrinkles. His hair and moustache were snow-white, and, combined with his black eyes and huge eagle nose, even now gave him a striking appearance. On his left cheek was a long, narrow scar from the sabre-cut of a German hussar at Auerstadt. On his breast was the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

His listeners were a couple of young Frenchmen dressed in the fashion of the fifties, with waxed moustaches and imperials. It was a bright spring afternoon, and the sun shone down joyously on the beautiful gardens. The three were sitting round a small table in the open air, whilst all around were children laughing, shouting, and playing games, filled to the brim with the joy of life. The air was laden with the scent of flowers, birds were singing in every tree, and from some distance came the faint music of a band. Behind all rose the dull rumble of Paris.

The old Invalidé looked around him solemnly, and slowly shook his head. 'It is all very pretty, eh?' he said. 'But I have nearly finished with it. Well, I have lived my life, and the Emperor is dead, so it does not much matter. To think that it is thirty-four years since he died upon that accursed island—thirty-four years! Thunder! one would say that it was indeed time I died myself. But about a story, eh?'

'Yes, sergeant,' said one of the young gentlemen eagerly, 'let us have a story. And cheer up, *mon vieux*; cheer up! You are not going to die yet; and, after all, if your Emperor is dead, we have another Napoleon over us again, as good as yours, I dare say.'

The old man smiled gently and shook his head. 'Napoleon III. is very well, messieurs,' he said, 'but

he is not *my* Emperor. Ah! if you had seen *him* in the campaign of France, for instance, when all Europe fought against us, you would not speak of this one. And if you want a story, there was something happened in that campaign of France which I can still remember with pride.'

He produced a long curved pipe, filled it with trembling fingers, and began his tale.

'It happened at Troyes, in Champagne, in the February of '14. I was born near there. My father had been in the service of a great seigneur who owned much land in the neighbourhood. He was a fine-looking man that seigneur—ah! very fine-looking—tall and slight, graceful in bearing, with dark, piercing eyes—an aristocrat all over. When I was fourteen years old my father got me a post as stable-boy at his château. I assure you I was proud to be able to say I served the Marquis de Villeroy. I do not think I was any happier when the Emperor gave me the Cross after Auerstadt than I was on the day when I came home to our little farm and told them the Marquis had spoken to me. Name of God, how long ago it all seems!

'There arrived the Revolution. In our part of the country, at first, it did not seem to make much difference; all went on as usual. After a little time, however, the peasants began to discover that they had been badly treated. People came from Paris to stir them up. They commenced to make disturbances. There came a day when my father would not allow me to go to my work at the château. He said angrily, "I will not permit you to serve a cursed aristocrat." Some time after I saw from my room one evening a great light in the sky. In the morning they told me it was the Marquis's château which had been set on fire. It burned for three days. The Marquis himself had escaped to England with his wife, and the peasants were all very angry about it. You see, they had wanted to kill him. But he would have taken some killing, the Marquis. A brave man—yes, a very fine man, aristocrat or no aristocrat.'

The veteran puffed vigorously at his pipe for a few moments and then went on.

'Well, I was, as I told you, very young at that time, and I did not understand the politics of the country. All I knew was that there were great tumults and excitements, and that I had no regular work to do. And truly that is all I understand to this day. A strange thing that Revolution, eh?'

'I grew up. In 1794—no, 1795—I was taken for the conscription. I was glad to go. I was young, you see, and I had dreams. I imagined myself a general in five years. I pictured myself returning to our cottage in a fine uniform covered with gold lace, a sword by my side, all my acquaintances envying me. Thunder, how young I was!

'I said good-bye to my father and mother, and departed for my career as a soldier, which was to last for nearly twenty years. I never saw my parents again; when I returned after Marengo they had both died. Rivoli was my first battle. I was in the hussars then; afterwards I was transferred to the chasseurs.

'It was at Rivoli I first saw the Emperor. He was very beautiful when he was young; thin, keen, with long hair and wonderful eyes—very terrible eyes when he was angry. You have seen pictures of him as he was in those days? Yes; but you never saw him on the battlefield. No, no, it is impossible that you should understand. I went with him all over Europe. We entered all the capitals in turn—Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Moscow. I was made corporal after Austerlitz and sergeant after Austerlitz. Then I had to learn to read, and I found it difficult. But I persevered, and now I am very glad, for I can read about the Emperor.

'I have learnt all about his campaigns and how he won his victories. You see, when you have taken part in them yourself it is very interesting. I believe I took part in most of them, messieurs—Rivoli, the Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Austerlitz, Eylau, Friedland, Wagram; yes, and many others, all great victories.

'Then came the Russian campaign. I was one of the few who went all through it and returned unhurt, not even frost-bitten. There are not many who can say that, messieurs—no, not many. Not even frost-bitten, I tell you! I was indeed lucky. It was after this campaign that things began to go against us. They called up thousands of young conscripts to take the place of those we had left behind on the snowfields. Of course, these boys did well; they were Frenchmen, but they were not the men of Austerlitz and Jena. And at Leipzig, where we seemed to be fighting all the nations of Europe, we were beaten and had to retreat. They were three to one, you understand, and those cursed Saxons left us in the middle of it and deserted to the enemy.

'Then came the campaign of France. It was a terrible business that. I do not care to talk much about it. We were in France now, you see, and it was our own countrymen who suffered all the hardships of war. It made me think a little; I began to understand why the Germans hated us so much.

'We entered Troyes early in February, after having been driven from La Rothière by Schwarzenburg and that old devil Blücher. Things were not looking very bright, for we were exhausted and hungry, almost starving. The Emperor, too, was

very angry, and went about all day without uttering a word. We stopped at Troyes some time to rest and reorganise ourselves. I cannot tell you how strange it seemed to me to have come back, after so many years, to the place where I had been born and spent my childhood. I got leave to go about and make visits, but it nearly made me weep. I went to our old farm. Of course I knew my parents had died long before, although I hoped they would be remembered. But no, the people of the house had never heard of the Mazets; they seemed to think I was lying when I told them I had once lived there, and before I had finished they shut the door upon me. I stood before it and raged; I could have hacked it to pieces with my sabre. But what would have been the use? They knew no better. When I grew calm I recognised this, and went away quietly. It was the same everywhere: no one remembered me; all were strangers. I met only three people who had known my parents, and they had forgotten all about me. Finally, I gave it up in despair. Still, the surrounding country had not changed much, and I made little visits to all the places I used to frequent when a boy—to the river where I used to bathe, to the wood where I used to search for birds' nests, to the place where I had once seen a wolf, and many others. It seemed centuries since I had been there, and yet I was only forty. But one lived one's life in the Grand Army—thousand thunders, one lived one's life!

'I was returning to the town one evening from one of my little excursions, and as I entered the principal street there passed by me a section of the Old Guard in full uniform, with fixed bayonets. In the middle of them, well guarded, was a gray-haired, elderly man, erect, bright-eyed, his aspect contemptuous and defiant. Behind the soldiers came a straggling crowd of people, many of them women. I stood still and watched the Guardsmen go by, wondering what was the matter. As they passed, the prisoner shot a quick glance at me and our eyes met. It was the Marquis!

'I think it was the greatest surprise of my life. I stood still, looking after them, my mouth open, my mind in a whirl. It was over twenty years since I had seen him, but I should have known him among a thousand. He did not recognise me, naturally. When he had last seen me I was a boy; now I was a veteran, grizzled, sunburnt, broken with twenty years' sufferings and hardships.

'I walked slowly back to the house where I was billeted. They were very good people who lived there. They had lost their son at Hamau. I shall always remember their kindness. I spoke to them about seeing the Marquis, and found that they had heard all about him. I should have known it myself if I had stayed in the town instead of taking my walk.

'It appears that the Marquis had arrived at Troyes after Leipzig. He thought that the Emperor's day was over, and that the Bourbons would soon be coming back. So he returned to the land

which had once been his, and which he hoped would soon be his again. He endeavoured to make himself popular amongst the people, and he succeeded, for many of them were growing tired of the Emperor. Yes, some of them even wanted the Bourbons back again. Heavens! can you imagine such a thing? But one can hardly blame the Marquis, eh? No, no, of course not. He was, as I said, a fine man; but all the same he was an aristocrat.

"When the Emperor entered Troyes, so my friends went on to tell me, he discovered a royalist plot directed against himself—against his life, in fact. The head conspirator was an aristocrat named D'Aché—Gaston d'Aché. He had had estates in the neighbourhood, and had known the Marquis. Like him he had fled to England at the outbreak of the Revolution. Also, he had been a friend of the Duc d'Enghien. For that reason alone he hated the Emperor, and spent all his time plotting against him. He came back to Troyes soon after the Marquis. When the Emperor also arrived at Troyes this D'Aché went on with his plots; he went further—he plotted an assassination. A villain, messieurs; a true villain! Well, he was, of course, found out—what could he do against the Emperor?—but he managed to make his escape just in time. He left behind him letters and papers which made it appear that the Marquis had taken part in the plot. What these papers were my friends could not tell me, but it seems they made things look very black for my old master. Now, messieurs, at that time I would have staked my life on his innocence; yes, and after forty years I would still do the same. He could never have done a thing like that, you understand. He was—what is the word?—incapable of it. An aristocrat, do you see—a true aristocrat, a man of honour. It was impossible that he should have soiled his hands with such a thing. It was my idea that D'Aché had left those papers about purposely because the Marquis used to speak very contemptuously about his absurd plotting while they were in England. However, to cut the matter short, the Emperor did not think as I did. He was angry with everybody at that time, so he had the Marquis tried by court-martial. He was found guilty, and that very afternoon had been sentenced to be shot the following day.

"I cannot tell you how this story disturbed me. All my boyhood rushed back upon me again. I recalled the years I had spent at the château. I remembered the kind words the Marquis had spoken to me, and his grand appearance as he rode on horseback through the gates, flicking his riding-switch and looking smilingly around him. I remembered how at that time I had thought him the most splendid man in all France. (Of course, messieurs, you understand that this was before I saw the Emperor.) Yes, it all came back to me: his fine clothes, his bright eyes, his proud face. And now he was sentenced to be shot.

"I felt I could not sit still and smoke a pipe with

the master of the house, as was my custom; I was too—too upset. I put on my greatcoat, and buckling on my sabre, went out into the streets. It was a sad, dismal night, cold, with a thin rain falling. The wine-shops were, as usual, full of soldiers, and all seemed to be the same. This affected me more than anything. It seemed horrible that no one should care, that few should even speak of the Marquis—my Marquis—who was to be shot in the morning.

"I wandered slowly along, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. I passed comrades who spoke to me and shouted after me; I did not notice them. My mind was full of my boyhood. And at last I formed a great resolution. I would try to speak to the Emperor! Yes, I would go to him—I, Sergeant Mazet of the Fortieth Chasseurs—and tell him all I knew of the Marquis, and ask for his pardon. Messieurs, I have been called a brave man; I have served for nearly twenty years, I have received seven wounds, and been in fifteen great battles, but when I look back upon my life it is that resolution of which I am most proud.

"But it was getting late. The Emperor had his headquarters at a large house in the centre of the town, and I walked swiftly towards it, not giving myself time to think. However, when I arrived my courage seemed to ooze away. The place was lighted up; people were constantly passing in and out—officers and generals in their great hats. It frightened me. I walked around disconsolately, not daring to approach the doorway. There was, of course, a sentry before the entrance, and at a glance I saw that I knew him. He was Jean Barsou, one of the Old Guard. I had a sudden thought, and as he came to the end of his beat farthest from the house I stepped softly up behind him and whispered his name.

"He turned round instantly, his bayonet at the ready; then, recognising me, gave a gasp of astonishment.

"*"You, Sergeant Mazet!"* he exclaimed. *"Why, what are you doing here?"*

"*"I wish to see the Emperor,"* I said quietly.

"He nearly let fall his musket. *"You wish to see the Emperor?"* he repeated. *"Name of a pipe! I wonder what you will say next. And what do you wish to see him about? Is he going to make you a Marshal of France, *hein*?"*

"*"No,"* I replied seriously; *"but I wish to see him on a very important affair."*

"He looked at me for a moment, then burst out laughing. *"Diable! you are a cool one, sergeant,"* he said, *"with your important affair. But you cannot see him to-night. He has gone to bed, my friend."*

"*"Gone to bed!"* I exclaimed.

"*"Why, yes,"* said Barsou, laughing again. *"He must sleep as well as other men, you see. Call in the morning, sergeant; call in the morning, and we will see what we can do for you. Hiest! here comes my relief. You must leave me."*

"He shouldered his musket and walked off along his bent, still chuckling to himself.

"I was stupefied. I freely confess I did not feel equal to asking the Emperor to get up in order to have an interview with me, a sergeant of chasseurs. But I would come in the morning as Barsou had told me. He thought it very amusing, but he should see that I was in earnest.

"I walked home to my good friend's house, but I never went to sleep all that night for fear I should not wake up in time. I spent the hours in pacing to and fro, trying to think what I should say to the Emperor. It seemed that dawn would never come. At last a gray light appeared in the east and a cold morning breeze sprang up. Then the sun rose, and soon after I heard bugles sounding the *réveille*. It was time; for the Emperor, as I was glad to remember, was a very early riser.

"I arranged my uniform as best I could, and once more walked towards his quarters. This time I avoided the sentry and went straight up to the entrance. A staff-officer at once stepped out and confronted me. He was a tall young man, dressed in a very brilliant uniform for a campaign, and had a haughty manner.

"What do you want here?" he asked angrily.

"I saluted. "I wish to see the Emperor, monsieur," I replied as composedly as I could. He was not amused as Barsou had been, but immediately flew into a passion.

"You impudent rascal!" he cried, "I will teach you to play your jokes here. Is all discipline at an end? I will have you arrested, my fine fellow, and"—

"I ventured to interrupt him. "Pardon, monsieur," I said. "I do not joke. I wish to see the Emperor on an affair of great importance."

"He glared at me again. "You old fool," he exclaimed, "do you suppose that the Emperor spends his time in seeing sergeants of chasseurs? You will"—

"What is this, Captain Lefranc?" said a sharp voice behind us.

"The officer turned round as if he had been shot, and sprang to the salute.

"It was the Emperor. He had come out into the passage from a room on one side of it. He was bareheaded, and wore his usual uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guards. In one hand he carried some papers. His face was pale, and he seemed a little weary. I had not seen him so closely since Borodino, and I noticed he had grown stouter. Otherwise he looked just the same.

"Well, sir," he repeated, more sharply than before, "are you dumb? What is the meaning of this disturbance?"

"Pardon, sire," stammered the officer in great agitation, "it is this sergeant. He says he desires to see you on an affair of great importance. I was endeavouring to point out to him the absurdity of his request when your Majesty intervened."

"Indeed!" cried the Emperor in a strident

tone. "You consider his request absurd, do you? How long have you been on my staff?"

"Six weeks, sire," answered the captain.

"You are on it no longer," said the Emperor curtly. "You will return to your regiment to-morrow."

"He turned upon me suddenly and gave me a glance that seemed to go through me like a bayonet. "You say you wish to see me upon a matter of importance?" he asked.

"Yes, sire," I replied.

"I will hear you," said the Emperor. "Go into that room.—Captain Lefranc, you will guard the door and prevent any one from entering."

"He went into the room. I followed him. It was quite small and bare. There was a little table in the middle almost entirely covered with papers, despatches, and books. A wood-fire burned on the hearth. There was no one present save ourselves, but from another apartment came a low murmur of voices.

"I did not have much time to take in these details, for the Emperor turned upon me again where I stood at attention. His face was softened, and the anger had quite faded from his eyes.

"I know your face, sergeant," he said with a smile. "Where have I seen you before?"

"You spoke to me after Auerstadt, sire," I answered, "and again after Borodino."

"Auerstadt?" said the Emperor questioningly.

"Ah! I recollect. It was there I gave you the Cross. Your name is Mazet?"

"Yes, sire," I replied.

"Of course," he went on, "I remember you perfectly. I gave you your medal for saving a battery of the Flying Artillery. You led a charge when your officer was wounded. You have served me since Rivoli, I believe. It would be a pretty thing if a man like you were kept from seeing me by that young fool, Captain Lefranc."

"I could not speak, messieurs. I could only salute. The tears ran down my cheeks. The Emperor observed my agitation, and, to give me time to compose myself, seated himself at the table and looked at some papers. Presently he glanced at me and saw that I had recovered.

"Well, sergeant," he said, "what is it you wish to speak to me about?"

"And so I began. I told him everything: how I had served the Marquis as a boy; how I had admired him; how I had come back after twenty years and found him under arrest. Then I told him how I had heard the details of the case. I told him what I knew about D'Aché and his dislike for the Marquis, and of my suspicions that the papers had been left behind purposely in order to incriminate him. I assured the Emperor that my old master could never have taken part in a disgraceful plot; that he was a man of honour; that he could not have known of D'Aché's intentions. And, finally, I begged for his pardon. But my heart grew heavier and heavier as I went on, for the Emperor's face gradually hardened,

and when I had finished he even appeared to be angry.

"Tut, sergeant!" he said impatiently, "that is all very well; but you must allow me to know my own business best. This man has been proved to be guilty, and he must suffer for it. However, I am glad to have seen you again. I shall need more men like you during the next few weeks."

"At another time I should have been overjoyed to be addressed in such terms by the greatest man on earth; but then I could only think of the Marquis. I had the hardihood to plead for him again. I told the Emperor how I loved him. I even asked that he might be spared for the sake of an old soldier who had served his Emperor for twenty years. Yes, messieurs, I used those very words. And, finally, I told him how all the country-people had grown to like the Marquis again, and how grieved they would be if he were shot."

"As I said this the Emperor turned upon me like a flash. His eyes pierced me through and through."

"You are speaking the truth?" he demanded imperiously.

At this point one of the sergeant's listeners made an impatient gesture.

The veteran looked at him from under his shaggy eyebrows. "Did monsieur speak?" he asked coldly.

"No," said the young man. "No, no. I was only thinking that the Emperor— But never mind, sergeant. Go on."

The old man glared at him again in an angry manner, then shrugged his shoulders. "I do not understand you, monsieur," he said, "but it does not matter. I will continue my story."

"You are speaking the truth?" said the Emperor.

"Yes, sire," I replied tremblingly. "I swear it is the truth. They will be deeply grieved."

"He rose from his chair and began to pace the room, his hands clasped behind his back, apparently thinking deeply. I kept my eyes fixed upon his face in an agony of suspense. Presently he raised his head as if he had made his decision, and saw me looking at him."

"Well, sergeant," he said, smiling again, "you have conquered. This is your Austerlitz, my friend. I will pardon your Marquis if there is still time."

"He glanced at the clock, and raising his voice, called out, "Captain Lefranc."

"The officer entered the room. His face was quite white, as if he expected a fresh outburst."

"Let the best horse in the stables be saddled immediately for this sergeant," ordered the Emperor.

"The captain vanished. I fell to my knees and tried to stammer out some thanks."

"Get up, man," said the Emperor impatiently; "you have no time for such nonsense." He went to the table and wrote a few words upon a slip of paper. "Here is his pardon. He was to have been shot at eight o'clock in the open space beyond the

Grenadiers' camp. You have only just time to reach it, I tell you. Go at once."

"I got to my feet, saluted, and left the room. And that was the last time I spoke to my Emperor face to face—the very last time."

"At the entrance I found the captain and some grooms awaiting me with a magnificent bay horse. I sprang into the saddle and began my ride."

"*Mon Dieu*, that ride! I can still remember it. The sparks flew from the cobble-stones as I tore down the streets; the children ran away screaming; the people shouted after me. On I went. Presently I left the houses behind and came to the fields. Then the camp appeared before me, and in a second I was in it. The wind whistled past my ears, for a moment the smoke from the cooking-fires blinded me, I swerved to avoid an infantry battalion at drill, and then I was through and in the open again. I mounted a little hill, my horse panting under me, and as I reached the crest I saw below a line of Grenadiers with a man facing them, his hands tied behind his back. I groaned, drove my spurs home, and thundered down the slope. I heard a word of command, and the soldiers brought their muskets to their shoulders."

"I stood up in my stirrups and waved my paper in the air."

"Stop!" I screamed frantically. "I have the Emperor's pardon!"

"I had a good voice in those days, messieurs, and I was heard. They lowered their guns involuntarily, and their officer turned to look at me. I gave a gasp of relief, and reining in my horse, cantered up to him."

"Here is the pardon, monsieur," I cried.

"The officer glanced through it and nodded his head."

"Quite correct, sergeant," he said, "though it seems strange that— However, we must not question the Emperor's orders. Let the prisoner be released."

"May I be permitted to free him, monsieur?" I asked.

"Certainly, if you wish it, sergeant," he replied.

"I dismounted and walked up to the Marquis, who had not said a word."

"I drew my sabre and cut his bonds. Immediately he stretched himself and smiled."

"I thank you, monsieur," he said simply. "You were just in time. Another moment, and then—" He shrugged his shoulders, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, produced his gold snuff-box and held it out to me. "Will you so far honour me?" he said with his grand air.

"A true aristocrat, messieurs; ay, a man of iron!"

"I looked at him for a moment. Save that his face had a few wrinkles and that his hair was gray, he was the same as ever. His eyes were as bright, his figure as erect, his voice as courteous, his dress as rich and magnificent, as ever. I suddenly remembered that for the Marquis to offer his snuff-box to an acquaintance was the greatest honour he

could pay him. I took a pinch with trembling fingers, and then could contain myself no longer.

"Do you not remember me, Monsieur le Marquis?" I asked pitifully. "Do you not remember young Mazet, who was once in your service?"

"He stared and looked at me questioningly. *Ciel*, surely not Pierre Mazet!" he exclaimed. "It is not possible."

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis, it is Pierre Mazet," I replied joyfully.

"He put his snuff-box back in his pocket. 'Young Pierre Mazet!' he muttered to himself, 'and he has saved my life!' He was silent for a moment, then he stretched out his arms.

"My friend," he said gravely, "will you embrace me?"

The veteran stopped and wiped his eyes. He suddenly seemed very weak and old.

"That is the story, messieurs," he said.

No one spoke for a few moments. 'Thank you, sergeant,' said one of the young men at length; 'thank you. It is certainly a story which is creditable to your Emperor, but it is even more creditable to you yourself.'

'You are very kind, monsieur,' said the old man. He raised himself up again and drew a deep breath. 'Yes, I who speak to you, this old dotard, I have had a private audience with the Emperor, and I have been embraced by a Marquis of France!'

He rose slowly to his feet and leaned upon his stick. 'Yes, I lived in those days, messieurs. I was alive forty years ago—alive! alive! And now? Ah, well—he is dead—he died upon that island thirty-four years ago; and the Marquis is dead; and, the good God be thanked! I shall soon follow them. You were kind to listen to an old man so patiently. Adieu, messieurs—adieu.'

ACCIDENT INSURANCE BY COUPON.

By R. S. SMYTH.

FOR the last twenty or five-and-twenty years a number of newspapers, magazines, and other publications, with the view of increasing their circulation, have offered an inducement to their subscribers in the form of free accident insurance. The subscribing or purchasing of a copy of their publication insures a given sum varying from one hundred pounds to two thousand pounds at death by accident in connection mainly with railway travelling; and the publication itself, obtainable at the usual price, is stated to be an insurance policy for a week or other stated period. The announcements of this system of insurance take many forms; and, being written by experts in advertisement composition, are, as might be expected, both ingenious and attractive. While it is not alleged that they contain any misrepresentation, intentional or otherwise, it may, I think, be reasonably held that some of them are decidedly misleading. But—whether from this cause or (what is equally likely) that neither the advertisement nor the published conditions of the insurance are carefully read by the great majority of the public—the fact remains that a good deal of misapprehension exists as to the conditions and the value of the offered boon. It is a true saying that not much value is attached to what costs one nothing, and in the present case this may account for the indifference and consequent absence of knowledge that largely prevail. Indeed, the neglect to scrutinise the conditions on which such insurance—got practically for nothing—is offered is not much to be wondered at, seeing that in the case of fire insurance policies, for which large premiums are paid, and even of life policies with still larger premiums, many persons fail to

read the conditions as carefully as they ought, or perhaps to read them at all, with the result that when a claim arises they sometimes make surprising discoveries—or they are made for them—discoveries which are often not to their liking and less to their advantage.

There are, it is believed, only one or two publications whose conditions of insurance are exceptional from the fact that they impose less restrictions as to the cause of fatal accidents. They will pay in the event of death being caused by a 'railway accident;' but the conditions of the other publications are not so liberal. The term 'railway accident' is a general one and of wide application, and in its comprehensiveness practically includes every accident occurring on a railway. Certainly by these one or two publications a liberal interpretation is applied and acted on, and no doubt this liberality has been found advantageous from an advertisement point of view. In the case of all other publications, however, so far as has been observed, the conditions stipulate strictly that compensation will be given only when death has been caused by an accident, not to the individual, but to 'the train, tram, steamer, or other public conveyance by which the person had been travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger.'

Now, when the number and variety of the risks of accident to which travellers are exposed, apart from those to trains or other public conveyances, are considered, and the fact that none of these are covered by this 'coupon insurance,' it will be seen that the value of the offered boon is very much less than is generally supposed. As regards its actual value, and the benefits to the community that this mode of insurance confers, it will be interesting to know, as ascertained from the Board of Trade

returns, that in the year 1904 the entire number of persons in the United Kingdom—excluding railway employes, to whom the system does not apply—who were killed by accidents to trains was only six, while in 1905 the number was thirty-nine. This gives an average of twenty-two and a half per year out of a population of forty-two millions!

While it is true that all these forty-two millions of persons were not travelling, it is, on the other hand, equally true that probably only a very small proportion of those fatally injured were insured by the coupon system. In view of this low average, it is not surprising the late John Bright said that a railway carriage was one of the safest places in the world. During the same years the number of travellers (except railway servants) who were fatally injured by accidents other than those to trains—such as falling between carriages and platform, or on to platform, getting into or alighting from trains, passing over line at stations, or falling out of carriages during travelling of trains—was one hundred and nine in each year. But, except by the terms of one or two publications already referred to, the coupon system did not apply to any of these persons, and no claim in consequence of their death would have been entertained. To illustrate this, one case of accident known to the writer may be mentioned. It is that of a gentleman who was a passenger on a small river or loch steamer. He was permitted to stand on the bridge, and was over at the end near the paddle-box. Each end of the bridge was formed by a movable iron rod or bar having a bent end which dropped into an eye or slot at the opposite side. The gentleman was leaning against this rod, but it had been either defectively made or was unduly worn by over-use, and on the vessel rolling rather heavily it gave way and he fell overboard and was drowned. He had been a subscriber to a publication that offered 'Free Insurance, £1000,' and a claim was therefore made for this amount. His executors were informed that as the accident was not to the steamer the claim could not be entertained. It was then urged that as the iron rod was defective—this was admitted by the steamboat company—the accident should be considered as having been to, or caused by, the steamer, and that consequently the money should be paid. This view was, however, repudiated and all liability was denied. Counsel's opinion was taken; but in view of the obvious uncertainty of the result the adoption of legal proceedings was not advised, and so the matter ended.

In regard to such cases as this, and also the allusion at the commencement of this paper to the misleading nature of some of the announcements relating to this form of insurance, I have before me a newspaper, in a prominent position of which the following is stated in large type: 'The current number of this paper is a free railway accident life insurance policy;' and an advertisement of a certain insurance company appearing in another part of the paper, but to which no reference is made, an-

nounces that 'the coupon insurance tickets of — [name of paper] have been specially re-insured with the — Company, to whom, on behalf of the proprietors, notice of claims under the following conditions must be sent within seven days of accident.' The only 'conditions' mentioned, however, are that the coupon—which presumably must be signed, as space has been left for the signature, 'must not be cut out but left intact in the — [name of paper], as that, being dated, forms the only evidence of its currency.' This is all the information given, and it will be seen that there is no restriction as to the nature of the 'railway' accident or how caused; in fact, the presumption is that compensation would be given in the case of *any* fatal accident occurring on a railway. Although satisfied this was not so, and that the suppressed conditions were of the usual kind, I wrote to the manager of the company, pointing out the absence of the conditions, and asking what they were. In order, also, that a definite statement as to two frequent causes of accidents to railway travellers might be given, he was also asked whether in the case of a person who on entering a carriage as a train was about to start fell between the carriage and the platform with a fatal result, or who while necessarily passing over a level crossing was killed, would the company pay? The manager replied that the coupon covered fatal injury caused only by an accident to a train, and that in neither of the cases mentioned would compensation be given. He added that he would write to the proprietors of the newspaper regarding the suppression of the conditions.

Another publication before me announces in large type on its first page, '£2000 Railway Insurance.' It does not, like the newspaper above referred to, say railway *accident* insurance, but doubtless that is what it is intended shall be inferred. In an inside page, however, the conditions, printed in very small type, show that the fatal results insured against must be caused by an accident to the train, not to the individual. Now, as regards such offers of compensation for 'railway' accidents, the question arises how far the publishers making them could not be compelled by law to compensate for accidents on railways other than those to trains. The literal meaning of the term 'railway accident' is an accident occurring on a railway. But an accident to whom? Not to a train obviously, as it is not trains that are to be compensated; therefore the compensation must be to passengers, and when a person is killed by one of the many accidents occurring on railways other than train accidents, surely a claim could be successfully established. It is believed that an intelligent and impartial jury would have little hesitation in arriving at this conclusion.

But, meagre though the benefit of this kind of insurance has been shown to be, the conditions with which the system is hedged about are not lacking in either number or variety. Many are doubtless necessary; but the object of several seems to be to

safeguard the publishers or the companies guaranteeing the payment of the coupons rather than to serve the persons proposed to be benefited. As an instance of this safeguarding, one publication that advertises a '£500 Insurance Coupon' goes so far as to give the following notice: 'The insertion of this coupon implies no liability on the part of the publishers. All claims and correspondence relative thereto should be sent to the insurance company at —, and must be accompanied by one penny stamp to cover postage of reply.' A number of the conditions are common to all: such as the signing of the coupon in the publication in which it appears, giving notice of accident within periods varying, according to the different publications, from three to fourteen days of its occurrence; and as regards the interval between the date of accident and a fatal result, the liability in some cases entirely ceases if death should not take place within twenty-eight days; in others ninety days are allowed. To these conditions, so long as they are clearly set forth, no objection can be urged; but there are others that seem somewhat unreasonable. It is required, for instance, that satisfactory proof of ownership of the publication bearing the coupon shall be given. As this condition is imposed in addition to that requiring that the coupon shall bear the signature—easily capable of being proved—of the fatally injured person, apparently something more is required. It would at least be open to the publishers or the insurance company to call for further evidence—a privilege of which at least some insurance companies would not be slow to avail themselves; and it can be readily conceived that it might be most difficult to furnish such evidence. Indeed, in the case of accidents immediately fatal, it would often be quite impossible for the friends to prove the ownership of the publication found on the person of the deceased.

Then, in order to prevent the necessity for the signing week by week of coupons in publications subscribed for, it is necessary to have the subscriber's name registered at the insurance company's head office. For this a small fee is charged. It is necessary, also, that the publisher's or newsagent's receipt for the subscription, paid in advance, should be enclosed. How many persons pay for their newspapers or magazines in advance? In some cases, too, the signing of the coupon in every issue of the publication is insisted on notwithstanding that the above registration has been effected; but there is in these cases the gratifying concession that the publication may be left at home! While pencil signatures are by some publications permitted, others insist on signatures being in ink, the latter often most difficult for travellers to obtain.

While, of course, the public are not concerned as to the terms paid by the publishers to insurance companies for guaranteeing the coupons, it may be interesting to know that they are regulated by the extent of each publication's circulation—payment being made per thousand. Some idea of the rate may be formed from the fact that in one case

known to the writer—the publication is not a very important one, certainly—the insurance company considers it is sufficiently remunerated by a free insertion of its advertisement. That, at least, is what it has agreed to accept, and in view of the safeguarding that has been shown, and of the very low average of deaths, probably the remuneration is ample for the risk incurred.

It is not contended that the system does not possess any advantages. The one or two publications that adopt and act on a liberal, and what is obviously the correct, interpretation of the term 'railway accident' have paid in the aggregate many thousands of pounds; but it is to be remembered that the payment in individual cases is limited by these publications to only one hundred pounds. For habitual travellers, however, who desire insurances for a larger amount, and who will pay their subscriptions in advance and have their names registered as explained, the plan affords an inexpensive means of covering the risk of death from accident to trains or other public conveyances; indeed, there have been one or two cases in which two thousand pounds, and several in which one thousand pounds, were paid. But in view especially of the Board of Trade returns which have been quoted, it is evident that such payments are for the few, not the many, the numbers that might have benefited being infinitesimal as compared with the population. Apart from this, however, it is believed that many of the facts stated in this paper are not generally known, and that the information it contains will not be unacceptable to those persons who may contemplate using the system, or to others who, already using it, are doing so under more or less misapprehension.

ST ANDREWS.

St Andrews by the Northern Sea,
A haunted town that is to me,

ANDREW LANG.

A SHINING sweep of yellow sand,
A foam-flecked sea of gray,
The crimson glow upon the land,
The blue hills far away.

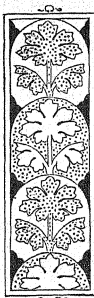
The great gray walls, the ghostly spires,
The soft mist rising far,
The paling glow of sunset fires,
A solitary star.

The splendours of the sunset die
On headland, burn, and lea;
The silver clouds reflected lie
Far out across the sea;

And over all the deepening gloom
And length'ning shadows fall,
On broken tower, deserted tomb,
On ruined arch and wall.

They clothe the land in sombre gray,
They dim the crimson west;
The darkness falls upon the bay,
The great world sinks to rest!

TOM QUAD.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

N O Œ L

By JULIAN KINGSTEAD.

THEY had let me off early on Friday—the Friday before Christmas. I had put up my luggage at Paddington; and as there were some three hours before the train left—which my uncle was to meet at the other end—I spent my time a-Christmasing from the Bank to Chancery Lane.

Do you remember how Bob Cratchit, having escaped the clutches of old Scrooge, ran all the way to St Paul's and went down a slide on Cornhill? They say the good old English Christmas died with Dickens! Go down by King Lud to-day, old pessimist—go there a few days before Christmas, and see for yourself the truth. True, there are no slides—and hard luck on good, loyal citizens if there were; but they hang the turkeys up at the poulterers' still, there are almanacs and cards in the shop-windows opposite, and lay-figures out in a cotton-wool snowstorm at the big emporium at the corner. See the crowds walking, running, jostling, squeezing: fathers loaded with heavy parcels, chocolates, dates, fruits, and comfits; mothers, brothers, and sisters gazing into the shop-windows, and children watching with beaming faces and open mouths the toy motor-buses and dying roosters; there are hawkers on this side of the street, hawkers on that; there are curly-wiggly snakes and white mice; there are views of London and maps of the world; ay, and holly, mistletoe, and sweet posies for all young people and old. Does not little Cousin Betty like Portuguese plums? There are crackers for Tom and Harry. Are the parcels heavy? Does the string cut one's fingers? Yes; but then it is merry to buy, is it not? See, I have some real French *dragées* for my aunt, and for my uncle a good hunk of the best Cheshire cheese. Still the parcels accumulate. Go on buying, happy, happy people! This is Christmastide, glorious Christmastide! and it comes but once a year.

I am at Paddington. I have redeemed my luggage from the cloak-room. I am staggering along the platform. I cannot find a porter. In my right

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hand I have my bag, on my left arm my rug, pressed tightly to my side my evening paper, and in my left hand I carry my half-dozen purchases. I stagger, I say. I take upon myself the appearance of the proverbial 'rich uncle.' I am a laughing-stock. I— But what matter? Mark me! I am trying to find a porter. Of course it is useless to expect any one would be kind enough to take my bag. Of course that would be out of the question. I merely desire information. I see a porter and ejaculate, 'Could you kindly tell me?'

I stop abruptly—politeness of no use. Complete disappearance of the porter. I go up to the next fellow. I again ejaculate, '5.54 Slopton?'

'No. 4 platform, sir.'

Civil fellow that. I rush off to No. 4 platform. It is silly to say I rush. I don't rush at all. I couldn't if I wanted to. I am carrying all the articles enumerated above. I simply crawl. I am knocked clean over at times, and on the whole feel generally dilapidated.

No. 4 platform is reached. I see a waiting train. I place my bag inside, my paper, my rug, my six parcels, myself. But I am a careful man. I poke my head out of the window.

'This is all right for Slopton?' I shout.

'No, sir; this is the Wretchedam train.'

'I want the 5.54 Slopton,' I scream.

'No. 7 platform,' roars back a much-harassed porter.

I get out—I and the bag and the paper and the rug and the six parcels. We all stagger out together—some of us on to the platform. We pick ourselves up. I make my way to No. 7. There is an idle official. I approach him with my most deferential smile, the rug, paper, bag, and the six parcels included. He seizes everything.

'What train, sir?'

'5.54 Slopton! 5.54 Slopton! 5.54—5.54.'—

I have been monotonously murmuring these words for the last ten minutes.

'Oh, that's No. 3 platform, sir,' he says.

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I swear. I say pretty things out loud to show my disgust in general, and very genuine sort of words beginning with h's and d's for myself and my own satisfaction.

We arrive at the Slopton train. Of course there's no room. 'Ah,' says the official, 'but there'll be plenty of room in the second portion.' I know those fatal words, 'second portion.' They always mean late hours and cold feet. I don't know why; that's just my experience, and you may take it for what it is worth. The second portion to-day, however, is my salvation. I am stuck into it. My heavy bag is placed on the rack—too big; couldn't put it anywhere else. All my other things I have to hold—paper, rug, and the six parcels. I am squeezed in between an old woman and two children who are noisy and obstreperous. The carriage, as you may have gathered, is crammed. Mine is the last seat. I empty my pockets (metaphorically speaking) into the porter's hands. I put my rug over my knees and settle down quickly for an uncomfortable journey. I unsettle myself very much more quickly. I knock one of the noisy children by mistake with my box of crackers, and it squeals. I let fall all the other parcels in the vain attempt to beg the mother's pardon and assuage her wrath. Then, at last, there is a momentary pause, and in triumph I open the paper to tackle the latest Prices.

Slowly the train steams out of the station. The bag above us suddenly shifts and threatens to come down on our heads. Doubtful party with the two encumbrances fearfully excited. Do you think I am enjoying myself? Rather! My dear friend, this is Christmastide! One child howls incessantly; the other is nearly sick. They both paw my clothes at intervals as a relaxation when in a better state of feelings. Need I say more of the journey? Abler pens have indited of such matters long ago. It is the old, old story: how we stopped at every station; how my feet grew dead; how I banged them and poked them and stamped them; how I continued to upset all my belongings—hours and hours of this, till all of a sudden the glorious tidings ring out: 'Slopton! Slopton!' shouts a porter, and the train draws up.

'My destination! I cry to myself. 'Slopton-on-Mud! Dear old Slopton!' and I bundle out—I, and the bag, the rug, the paper, and the six parcels. I am on Slopton platform at last. I look for my uncle. I peer round for my aunt. I search for my cousins. Extraordinary thing! No uncle, no aunt, no cousins. Good old Christmastide! I begin to consider. What shall I do? Only one recourse is open to me. I must take a cab. Decidedly I must take a cab.

I descend with the aid of a porter. I discover a vehicle—of sorts. The driver is sitting huddled up, smoking his pipe upside-down. Looks hopeful.

'What'll you take me to the Whittings for?' I ask, naming a little village some three miles or so away.

'Merry Christmas, sir,' answers the driver.

I think perhaps I had better look for some one else. The man, however, turns round and blinks.

'Two and sixpence, sir,' he grunts, making a dive for the fallen reins.

'Good!' I cry.

I jump in, and off we go. Away we rattle down by the lines, nearly colliding with an electric tram; away over the bridge, through the bustling Christmas-shopping throng in the High Street, now up the Promenade, then down the long avenues—a thirty minutes' quick drive—and we arrive at last in pitch-darkness in the open country.

'A merry Christmas!' cries an old tramp flashing out of the darkness in front of our carriage lights.

'A merry Christmas!' I reply with a merry nod; and we pass on with the season's greeting.

My driver becomes talkative, vehemently talkative. He tells me of his wife and children and the 'bad times, that they is, sorr.' He relates me witty stories of his 'fares.' He tells me how he hopes to spend Christmas. He hints how he could perhaps spend an even nicer Christmas. He is a great linguist—

'Gracious goodness! what's that? Where the blazes have we got to?'

The driver stops his narrative and brings the cab to a sudden standstill.

'Where are we, sir? Ay, and I'd like to know that myself, I would. This 'ere's a merry Christmas, ain't it, sir?'

The horse begins to show signs of relishing the hedge. A pause; and then, with much deliberation, the driver continues, 'There's a light over there, sir. I'll go and find out.'

He bustles down from his seat with great deliberation and starts off. I wait two minutes. I wait four minutes, then five, six, ten. No signs of him. The horse is naking merry over the hedge. I am alone in the darkness on a stray road, very hungry, very tired, and in a very bad temper. Still no driver. I think perhaps I had better go and find him. I do so, and find him at last—with difficulty—in the parlour of the 'Bull and Bush,' whose lights they were we had seen shining from a distance. My man dashes down 'all a bitter' and turns round sheepishly towards me.

'Firs' turnin' left,' he says. 'Where's the cab?'

I stalk out of the 'Bull and Bush.' The man follows with difficulty. We reach the cab. The horse has had enough hedge, and anxiously awaits us.

'S'merry Christmas!' says the cabby.

'Oh, a thousand merry Christmases;' I cry, 'and may I not be here next year to share another with you, that's all!'

I consider my position a second and make the best of a bad job.

'It's all right, my man,' says I. 'First turning on the left, did you say?'

'Firs' turnin' left;' and he smiles beatifically at me with overwhelming inward satisfaction.

I dive in my pockets, glad to get rid of him, pay

him twice his fare—goodness only knows why; suppose because it's Christmas—and receive innumerable blessings. I gather up my bag, my paper, my rug, and my six parcels; we wish each other again the most merry of Christmases, and I stagger off by myself alone into darkness and along the rough country road.

A merry Christmas indeed! Ay, and a merrier one still an hour later when I ring and knock, weary and footsore, cold but contented, at the door of my uncle's domicile.

You know what it is, my friend, when you see the merry faces of those country cousins, when you fall into the arms of your dear aunt! There is the good uncle himself, and there are Betty and Tom and Harry, and the rest of them. Tom takes my bag and Harry the parcels, Betty my hat and Susan my coat. And it's all a bustle, you know, and a merry Christmas. And how glad even the maids are to see you! My aunt runs round and hurries them up with the hot soup and the cold roast-beef, and my uncle pulls me into that familiar smoking-room to the great log-fire that is blazing there, and bids me warm myself.

You know, my friend, how delicious that meal is—when it arrives—and we are tired and hungry.

How great the fun is afterwards, hearing all the news, giving all the news! And Cousin Susan will tell you first all the gossip of the neighbourhood, and Cousin Betty how she 'did' the font, and Mrs Sicleave up at the Manor House 'did' the pulpit, and really how badly she did it, &c. And then you are taken to look at all the presents and all the cards. And you go outside into the hall and help with the decorations. There is holly above the little old portrait and on top of the grandfather clock in the dining-room, and there are cross chains of evergreens by the staircase, with the bunch of mistletoe in the middle for all young lasses and lads. And so up goes the prickly holly, with its good cheer and its red berries, now entwining the swords that hang in the hall, now on top of the big pictures in the study; and then down it comes upon our heads again, and there is laughter and screams and romps—and a gay, merry, merry time. And there is our dear aunt at the piano, for the room is cleared, and we take hands for 'Sir Roger.'

Hark!

'A merry Christmas! A merry Christmas!'

And then, 'God rest you, merry gentlemen!'

And we stop dancing and open the door to let the good tidings in.

THE DYSETH DIAMOND.

CHAPTER IV.



LOU drank her tea hastily, called a cab, and drove straight back to the end of the narrow lane. To the surprise of the two detectives remaining on guard, she presented herself alone at the back-door, and requested them to allow her to share their watch. They would not hear of it, and advised her to go away quietly. Her presence might prove to be a serious embarrassment to them.

'I am very reluctant,' said she, 'to force my services upon you; but if you really decline to allow me to stay I must act for myself, and quite independent of your assistance. This man must be secured. It means more to me than either of you think.'

'We are very sorry, madam,' answered one of them; 'but we must insist upon your departure.'

'Very well,' she returned calmly; 'but you will hear of me again. I have a favour to ask you before I go: if we should be thrown across each other do not interfere with my movements, and please pretend that I am a perfect stranger to you.'

With these puzzling words she left them, and betook herself by the back-lane to the end of the main street. Here, walking to and fro, as if for a morning constitutional, she continued her espionage upon the semi-detached villa, and was rewarded at the end of half-an-hour by observing

the stranger issue from the door and start for the station.

She followed him so closely that when he looked for Cannon Street she stood at his elbow. He did not notice her, and had passed on when she also asked for a ticket to the same place. He was wearing a scarf-pin formed of a particularly fine opal, which immediately attracted her attention. She had not yet decided upon her plan of action, but awaited opportunity and suggestion. The train was not due for a minute or two. She hurried into a waiting-room, whipped a veil from her pocket, and put it on. It was a veil of close texture, and served in some slight way to conceal her features. She stepped into the train a few compartments behind him. Not once did he look in her direction; and if he had, she was only a part of the little rush of people who were going up to the City—the usual morning rush with which he was familiar. Two men, who had hurried on to the platform at the last moment, swung themselves into the compartment next to the guard's van. Lou saw them, and smiled to herself as she settled into her seat.

At Cannon Street the stranger hailed a hansom, and drove off towards the centre of the City. She hailed another, and told the driver to keep the first in view, and to drop her at the same point where the gentleman alighted. On no account was he to overtake the first hansom, but to follow it, and to time

her descent directly after his. To ensure these instructions being faithfully carried out she paid him half-a-sovereign beforehand, and promised him another if he did not fail.

Both hansoms entered Queen Victoria Street. At a well-appointed restaurant there the stranger dismissed the driver and passed in. A minute afterwards Lou followed him. He was seated at one of the tables fingering the menu-card, and she glided softly to another partially behind him, and, sheltered by a pillar, removed her veil, and quietly told the attendant to bring her a cup of tea. In the train a possible plan for his capture had gradually matured within her brain, and she now perceived the chance for its execution. Tearing a leaf from her pocket-book, she carefully wrote out a few lines, folded it, and thrust it within the bosom of her dress; then, silently sipping her tea, she watched for a favourable opportunity to carry out the first part of her plan.

When he had finished his meal he rose, took the cheque to the cashier, and, after receiving his change, selected a cigar from a box upon the counter. Lou rose almost at the same time. As he was passing out she came directly behind him. Two or three others were passing out at the same time, and several coming in, so that there was a slight block in the doorway and some confusion. Deliberately Lou stretched her arm over his shoulder and seized the opal; withdrawing it from the scarf, she deftly transferred it to her bosom, piercing as she did so the folded paper upon which she had written the few lines, and, with burning cheeks, stiffened her trembling form to bear the consequences of her deed.

The people, most of whom had seen her, were perfectly astounded at such an impudent theft. The man himself turned on the instant and gripped her arms. She winced, for he had put the full power of his muscles into the grip. But as his eyes fell upon her face he was struck with astonishment, and the loud exclamation which was already on his lips died there. Instead, his voice dropped to a whisper.

'Lou!'

'Yes, Lou. You were not aware that I was in London.'

'And still less aware that you were a thief. Since when have you taken up this occupation? You have altered, Lou, in the last ten years—altered in more ways than one. But, come, we cannot stand here with a crowd gaping upon us and barring the entrance to the restaurant. Hand over the opal.'

'Never!'

'What! you won't?'

'Never, I tell you.'

'Then I'll make you. It will help me to pay off old scores. You're not so clever a thief as you might be. There's no love lost between me and you, Lou—there wasn't ten years ago—and I'll make you,' he repeated, with an oath.

'Do as you like,' said she defiantly.

Attracted by these unusual proceedings, a group of interested people had gathered about the door. Two surprised faces—the faces of the detectives—Lou picked out, but did not allow any glance of recognition to cross her face; and they, on their part, honoured her request by non-interference, and looked at her as if they had never met before. But they were quite at a loss to understand her conduct. A burly policeman pushed his way through the people.

'What's the matter here?' he asked curtly.

'This woman has stolen my scarf-pin, and refuses to give it up,' said the man, a statement which was at once confirmed by several who were standing round.

'Come—out with it,' said he, addressing Lou.

'Not I,' she replied, with flashing eyes.

'Then you'll have to come along with me,' said he; 'and you must come along too, sir,' turning to the man, 'and charge her at the station. We'll soon find it if she has it about her; and away they marched to the station, the policeman rudely holding Lou by the arm.

It was humiliating to walk through the streets in that way, with the people turning round to watch them, some in wonder, others with a cynical smile; but Lou had steeled her nerves to go through with it, and beneath the feeling of humiliation she had a sense of satisfaction. Everything was falling out as she had wished. It was the second part of her plan. The third and most critical part was to come.

At the station the charge was made, and another chance was given her of restoring the opal scarf-pin; and when she refused she was unceremoniously hustled into an inner room, and a female warder was instructed to search for it. As soon as they were alone Lou drew the pin from her bosom with the folded paper in which it was transixed, and asked the warder to read what she had written. Lou's manner impressed the warder favourably, and she complied at once.

'Is this true?' she asked, with dilated eyes.

'Every word of it,' answered Lou.

'I will hand it open to the superintendent,' said she, with a curious and interested glance at the woman who had saved her the trouble of a search.

The superintendent read: 'Caution. Show no surprise when you read this note. The man I have lured here, by appropriating his scarf-pin, is the notorious thief, Richard Grinwade, about whom the authorities at Scotland Yard have received a special warning from America.' Here the superintendent raised his eyes almost imperceptibly, and swept for an instant the face of the man before him. 'Yesterday, in the train between Wolverhampton and Shrewsbury, disguised as an old man, he contrived to steal the famous Dyserth diamond from an employé of Messrs Passmore, who was conveying it to Dyserth Castle. The diamond

must now be somewhere about him. But beware how you arrest him. He carries a revolver, probably in his hip-pocket, and he will fire instantly if he has half a chance. Two plain-clothes detectives from Scotland Yard, who have been watching him, may possibly follow us into the station.' And even as he read the words, in confirmation of the intelligence, the two men named walked in.

With a nonchalant air, as if the paper were of no importance, he folded it and placed it in his waistcoat-pocket. Then he advanced towards Grimwade.

'Here is your pin,' said he.

With a sardonic smile, Grimwade stretched out his right hand to receive it, when, swiftly and with a grip of steel, the left hand of the officer closed upon the former's wrist, and twining his powerful right arm about Grimwade's body, he threw his whole weight upon him and bore him to the ground. So sudden was the attack, so utterly unexpected, that Grimwade was taken altogether by surprise. Once on the ground, however, and realising that the game was up, he struggled desperately, especially to free his right hand, and sank his teeth viciously into the cheek of his opponent; but other officers, and the detectives themselves, flew to the assistance of the superintendent, and Grimwade was overpowered. The bracelets were slipped over his wrists. Panting from his exertions, livid with wrath, his baleful eyes blazing with the murderous intent not yet quenched within them, he was allowed to rise, and then he staggered to a bench placed against the wall.

From his hip-pocket a revolver was first extracted, under that a handkerchief, and beneath the handkerchief the case containing the diamond.

At the trial he endeavoured to prove an alibi, but failed. He asserted that the diamond had come into his possession quite legitimately. An old man with a long white beard, a venerable old man whom he saw no reason to mistrust, had offered it to him, as an amateur interested in crystals, and told him that it was a successful imitation of the famous Dyserth diamond. But the old white-bearded man could not be found. Jack's evidence was supplemented by that of the cab-driver and booking-clerk from Shrewsbury, and Grimwade was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

'Jack,' said his wife after the trial, 'do you remember that, soon after our marriage, I told you of a half-brother of mine who broke my mother's heart and sent her to an untimely grave, and who squeezed all my money out of me by plausible persuasions, and squandered it upon himself?'

'Yes, Lou, I remember.'

'And when I came to you I was almost penniless?'

'When I married you, Lou, I married you for yourself alone. Why do you refer to a matter that hasn't troubled me for an instant, and I hope, Lou, will never trouble you?'

'Because Richard Grimwade is my half-brother. He has met with his deserts at last. And Lord Dyserth's handsome present will make up a little for the poverty of your wife when you married her.'

Neilson wired for the motor to meet him at Shrewsbury; and at the reception in the evening Lady Dyserth wore the diamond after all.

THE END.

THE NEW LEGEND OF WATERLOO.

By E. BRUCE LOW, M.A.

'The French, though fewer in number [than the Allied and Prussian armies], would have won the victory but only for the obstinate and unconquerable bravery of the British troops, which alone prevented them.'—NAPOLÉON, *Correspondence*, xxxi. 240.



IT is becoming daily more apparent that a determined effort is being made in certain quarters on the Continent to write on new lines the history of Waterloo. Since the Emperor William delivered his famous address to his recruits at Hanover, and informed them that their ancestors had, with the assistance of Blücher and the Prussian army, 'saved the British under Wellington from destruction,' other new versions, varying widely from the accepted accounts of eyewitnesses, have appeared. The allegation of the Kaiser that the Hanoverians rescued the British army from destruction is itself a startling departure from ascertained fact. All British writers have gladly recognised the services rendered by the

Prussian troops; but it cannot be forgotten that the only Hanoverian cavalry regiment present on the field—namely, the Duke of Cumberland's Hanoverian Hussars, commanded by Colonel Hake, when summoned by Wellington's staff to take up a position during the battle in support of the first line, refused to advance, and ultimately turned tail and rode from the field in the wildest panic without drawing rein till Brussels was reached. They carried with them consternation and the unfounded report—readily, however, accepted by the Kaiser and the cult of the New Legend—that the British army (at that moment engaged in driving the French Imperial Guard before them from the field) were about to be routed. The result of the distinguished services rendered by these gallant allies, to whom we are now to believe the victory was due, is best to be judged by the reward meted out to them by their contemporaries rather than by the romancists of a later century. Colonel Hake was

promptly cashiered by a court-martial, and his conquering troopers were dispersed among the other cavalry regiments of the allies, so that the very name of this redoubtable corps was erased in ignominy from the army roll. It may also be recalled that ten thousand men had deserted the Prussian colours after the defeat at Ligny, two days before, in addition to the prisoners and guns taken from the Prussians in that fight and later in the retreat. There is, indeed, something sardonic in the claim now put forward by the Kaiser that these craven swashbucklers had secured the hard-fought victory for Wellington.

On the other hand, and in vivid contrast to the treatment meted out to the Hanoverians by the German Emperor, is the revised version of the share in the battle taken by the single regiment of Scottish cavalry engaged at Waterloo. Eye-witnesses of all nations have hitherto agreed that the Scots Greys, when they fell upon and dispersed the dense masses of D'Erlon's corps and captured the Imperial Eagle of the French Invincibles, had earned for themselves and the whole British army immortal renown, and had, even amid the strain of the pitched battle, drawn from Napoleon himself the involuntary encomium, 'These terrible gray horses, how they fight!' The visionaries who seek to propagate the New Legend now tell us that Bonaparte's eulogium had no reference to the Scottish dragons, but was in reality intended to apply to a hitherto overlooked, but magnificent, regiment of French cavalry mounted on superb gray horses. The awed astonishment of the Hanoverian soldiers at the Kaiser's apocryphal description of their disgraced ancestors would probably only be surpassed by that of Napoleon himself if he could hear of the existence of this reserve of cavalry which he had been unable to conjure up at the critical moment of the battle! Fortunately, the belief in the valour of the Scots troopers is founded upon such a sure basis of testimony that it would be beyond the power of even the Kaiser and his *entourage* of *claqueurs* to secure evidence in support of this story of the phantom regiment of the revised version.

Again, if there is one phase of the battle which has become settled in the minds of students of the history of the campaign, it is the fact that both at Quatre Bras and Waterloo the Dutch-Belgian brigades (commanded by Perponcher, Bylandt, and Tripp) gave way before the onslaught of the French. Now, however, there has been published 'for the use of schools' a work dedicated with due solemnity to the Prince Albert of Belgium, entitled *Waterloo Illustrated*, and having for its principal object 'to remove from history the legend that the Belgians took flight at Waterloo.' The incident of Bylandt's collapse and panic-stricken retreat is recorded in almost every history of the engagement; but we are now told by the recent romancists that the Belgian Division of Chassé defeated the Imperial Guard of France! It is not denied that one brigade

misbehaved grossly, but we are to believe that the other (Dittmer's) actually repulsed and pursued the Old Guard. Eye-witnesses, however, are agreed that this heroic brigade advanced exactly twenty minutes after the Guard had been dispersed, and fully ten minutes after the British cavalry had swept past the Belgians in the final pursuit. The Kaiser having sounded the first note, which is intended to produce discord in the universal recognition of Wellington's victory as having been gained by dint of the bravery of the British troops under his command, all the minor participants have now begun to regard themselves as equally, if not more justly, entitled to the laurels won on that day. The Kaiser, as essential for the purposes of the New Legend no doubt, was compelled to overlook the facts that (1) the Hanoverians and King George's German Legion, to whom he referred as combining with the Prussians to rescue the British army, were themselves part of Wellington's army, mercenaries in British pay, serving out and their King George III.; and (2) that Prussia herself owed her ability to fight for continued existence as a state to the enormous subsidies, amounting to many millions sterling, provided by the British Government to enable the conquered Prussians to continue their struggle against the French during the long period of the Napoleonic wars. Eleven millions were granted by Britain as subsidies for the allies in 1815 alone, out of ninety millions granted by Parliament that year for this campaign.

Lest the New Legend should assume larger proportions, and appear to be based upon fact, it is well to remember that the battle of the 18th June would not have taken place at or near Waterloo but for the fact that Blücher had in writing (see his despatch of 17th June, 9.30 A.M.) given his undertaking to move at least two of his corps by dawn of day across the short ten miles which separated the Prussian army from their allies. How came it, then, that the Prussian staff, in giving effect to that promise, caused repeated and needless delays by selecting, as Wellington said, 'the stoutest man in the Prussian army' to carry the despatches to Wellington, and by ordering the most distant of the four corps, worn out by its rapid march after the Prussian defeat at Ligny, to lead the way to the support of Wellington; and why, it may be asked, was it necessary that the army corps of Pirch should be called upon to cross the line of march of Ziethen's corps, involving the complete cessation of the Prussian movement in support? No reason has ever been given for these extraordinary tactics; but it may be fully explained when one remembers the words of Muffling, the Prussian attaché on Wellington's staff: 'It was no secret to Europe that old Blücher, who had passed his seventieth year, knew nothing whatever of the conduct of a war. When it was seen that General Gneisenau really commanded the Prussian army and Blücher merely acted as an example of the bravest in battle, the discontent of the

four [Prussian] generals became louder.' All of the Prussian corps commanders but Blücher were jealous of Wellington. Müffling again says: 'I knew General Gneisenau's distrust of Wellington, and I was apprehensive that this might influence the impending arrangements.' These officers were apparently prepared to allow the British army to be driven back if thereby the victory could be claimed by them.

The ultimate result of all this was that the Prussians did not 'fall upon the right wing of the enemy,' as was promised by Blücher, 'at the first attack of Napoleon' upon the British lines (which had led Wellington to despatch officers in search of the Prussians in the early morning of the 18th), but only after the engagements had lasted five hours; and the force of the Prussian strength was applied, not, as Wellington expected, as a reinforcement on the left flank of the British army, but at a point many miles distant and almost in the rear of the French army, where for some hours their co-operation was utterly lost and their efforts absolutely unsuccessful in the attack on Planchenoit, *which was not captured till after the general advance of the British line*. The first Prussians to arrive from Planchenoit found the gallant Fifty-second piling arms at Rosomme, beyond La Belle Alliance, Napoleon's own headquarters, after our men had pursued the French Guard a distance of two miles. Housaye, the latest French historian, in his work, 1815—*Waterloo*, tells us, after an exhaustive examination of all the evidence, that 'the defeat and retreat of the French army was marked by three very distinct movements, of which the first and third were due to the English troops alone. The defeat of the French Guard occasioned the yielding of more than two-thirds of the French army. Later on, the approach of the Prussians provoked the disorder on the extreme French right; finally the general forward march of Wellington hastened the disaster to the French left;' and, he concludes, 'it is false to say, with the Prussian Müffling, that Wellington only hurled his troops against the French to appear as if he were winning the victory without the help of the Prussians. Had Wellington at eight o'clock remained in his position, without advancing, the Prussians under Ziethen would very probably have sustained a check.' Müffling himself admits that General Ziethen's advance-guard suddenly turned round and disappeared in retreat from the heights on the British left just as the enemy advanced with his Guards against our right centre, and was with great difficulty induced to face the French again only by Müffling himself assuring Von Ziethen that the British army was holding its ground and that the Prussians were in safety to continue their advance. Müffling proceeds: 'By this retrograde movement of General Von Ziethen the battle might have been lost.' Further, he might have added that even when at the close of the day they advanced to co-operate with Wellington's left wing, the Prussians almost created a disaster, for

(in his report dated 19th June) Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who commanded the left wing of the Anglo-Belgian army, has placed it on record that the Prussians opened fire with their artillery upon the allies, whom they mistook for the French army, and drove the Nassau troops, with heavy loss, from the outlying villages for a distance of over half a mile. Captain Seymour (*Waterloo Letters*) tells of the Prussian batteries taking up position between the first and second British lines and causing us heavy loss.

This incident goes far to confirm the account given by General Mercer (vol. i. p. 328) in his *Journals*, when he describes the serious injury done to his battery and to the infantry squares around him by the fierce artillery fire opened upon them by the enfilading Prussian battery which suddenly appeared on his left and was only silenced when he retaliated by opening fire with his heavy guns in reply. Such was, indeed, the extraordinary mode adopted by the Prussian army of 'rescuing the British army from destruction!' The actual share of the honours due to Von Ziethen's junction with the British left may be judged from the fact that only one brigade of Von Ziethen's force was engaged in the fighting, and not a single officer was killed (Rose, 298). Yet it is claimed by the modern German legends that *Ziethen's advance decided the fate of the day!* Napoleon himself declared that 'at the time of the defeat of the French Guard by the British the Prussians were checked, and if the Old Guard had succeeded the day was won.' Müffling, a Prussian eye-witness, admitted that 'the battle could have afforded no favourable result to the enemy even if the Prussians had never come up.'

The truth of the whole matter seems, as already indicated, to lie in the fact that it was only after receiving Blücher's assurance of co-operation and his undertaking to fall upon the French at the first attack by Napoleon that Wellington agreed to hold the position of Waterloo instead of retiring upon his reserve of eighteen thousand men, seven miles off, at Hal, to which two brigades were actually despatched on the morning of the 18th (Gurwood, *Wellington's Despatches*, vol. xii. p. 476), and thereafter occupying a much stronger position in the immediate neighbourhood of Brussels, where he could have been joined by the reformed army of Blücher on the following day. That Wellington maintained the fight for nine hours *after* 'the first attack' was due entirely to the unflinching valour of the troops under his command; and it is quite certain that had he retired, as he was entitled to do on discovering that the Prussians had failed to fulfil their engagement by joining him at the first attack, the whole army of Blücher must have been destroyed, caught as it would have been *en flagrant délit* between two fires and scattered in straggling lines among the narrow defiles of the Dyle and Lasne, incapable of resistance. Grouchy, with thirty-three thousand men, was pounding in their

rear after defeating the Prussians at Wavre; and Napoleon, relieved of all opposition from the British army, would have been free to strike home with an overwhelming force of seventy thousand men and two hundred and fifty guns. The conclusion which an impartial writer must draw from these facts is that so far from the Hanoverians and Prussians having, in the Kaiser's words, 'rescued the British army from destruction at Waterloo,'

it was solely due to the unflinching tenacity of Wellington and his indomitable squares of infantry that the Prussian army was saved from a fate compared with which the *délivrance* of Sedan would fade into insignificance, as the moral effect of the surrender of the Prussian army would certainly have decided the fate of Europe, and would have placed Napoleon in a position to dictate his own terms to the allies.

PROTOTYPES OF SOME OF THACKERAY'S CHARACTERS.

By LEWIS MELVILLE, Author of *The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray, The Thackeray Country, &c.*

HE who would trace the prototypes of Thackeray's characters is met at the outset with the novelist's declaration that he never copied any one. There can be no doubt, however, that, like all writers of fiction, he derived, more or less consciously, from his acquaintances many suggestions. 'Mr Thackeray was only gently skilful and assimilative and combinative in his characters,' said the late George Augustus Sala. 'They passed through the alembic of his study and observation. The Marquis of Steyne is a sublimation of half-a-dozen characters. So is Captain Shandon; so are Costigan and the Mulligan. And the finest of Mr Thackeray's characters—Becky, Dobbin, Jos Sedley, and Colonel Newcome—are wholly original, from the celebrity point of view at least.' The accuracy of these statements will now be examined.

It is commonly supposed that the inimitable Becky had an original, though her name is known to few. Mrs Ritchie saw her once. She drove to Young Street to see Thackeray, a most charming, dazzling little lady, dressed in black, who greeted the novelist with great affection and brilliancy, and on her departure presented him with a bunch of violets. Thackeray always parried with a laugh all questions concerning this prototype. However, a lady who knew him intimately was not so reticent. She said the character of Becky was an invention, but it had been suggested to him by a governess who lived in the neighbourhood of Kensington Square, and was the companion of a very rich and very selfish old woman. The governess, strange to say, followed in the footsteps of Becky. Some years after the publication of *Vanity Fair* she ran away with the nephew of the lady with whom she was living, and for a while made a sensation in society circles, quite in Mrs Rawdon Crawley's style and entirely by Mrs Rawdon Crawley's methods. This living handsomely on nothing a year resulted in the usual way; and in the end the ex-governess fled the country, and was to be seen on the Continent flitting from gambling-place to gambling-place.

Charles Kingsley used to tell a good story of a lady who confided to Thackeray that she liked *Vanity Fair* exceedingly. 'The characters are so natural,' she said, 'all but the baronet, Sir Pitt Crawley, and surely he is overdrawn; it is impossible to find such coarseness in his rank of life.' 'That character,' the author smilingly replied, 'is almost the only exact portrait in the book.' The identity of the prototype was not revealed for many years; but it has recently been asserted that the character was sketched from a former Lord Rolle. 'Sir Pitt's letters to Becky were very badly spelt and written,' remarks the gentleman who puts forward this theory, 'and I may say that I have in my possession a letter written by Sir Robert Brownrigg to His Royal Highness the Duke of York when Commander-in-Chief of the British army, complaining that a report received from Lord Rolle, as Lord-Lieutenant of his county, was so badly written that he could not decipher it.'

'You know you are only a piece of Amelia,' Thackeray wrote to Mrs Brookfield. 'My Mother is another half; my poor little Wife—*y est pour beaucoup*.' Mrs Brookfield was a daughter of Sir Charles Elton, who lived at Clevedon Court, Somerset—which house figures in *Emond* as Castlewood. Her husband, the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, was one of Thackeray's intimates, and their friendship dated back to their university days. Thackeray paid tribute to Brookfield's fine qualities by drawing him as Frank Whitestock in *The Curate's Walk*; and when asked towards the end of his life which of his friends he loved the best, replied, 'Why, dear old Fitz, of course; and Brookfield.' Fitz was Edward FitzGerald, the translator of *Omar*. Another old college chum, John (afterwards Archdeacon) Allen, was presented as Dobbin, who at the outset obviously was to be the butt of the story; but in the end the character, mastering its creator, developed into the fine, noble gentleman we know.

Although all are agreed that the original of the Marquis of Steyne was a Marquis of Hertford, the question is, which Lord Hertford is entitled to the invidious distinction? The first marquis lived

too early, and for many reasons the fourth may be put out of court. Mr George Somes Layard plumps for the third marquis; Mr G. M. Ellis is all for the second, and writes as follows to the present writer: 'May I give my reasons for thinking Thackeray had Francis, second Marquis of Hertford, in his mind when writing his description of Lord Steyne and Gaunt House? The third marquis was the son of the second, and both were intimate friends of George IV., who in point of age came just between the two: second marquis born 1743; George IV. born 1762; third marquis born 1777. Now, the second marquis did not die until 1822, which would cover the *Vanity Fair* period. Again, if chronology may be relied upon, there is much evidence in the book itself that points to the second marquis being Steyne. For instance, in the chapter entitled "Gaunt House," where the "fast" history of the house is given, Thackeray says: "The Prince and Perdita have been in and out of that door," &c. Now the Prince of Wales finally separated from Mrs Robinson in 1763, when the future third marquis was only six years old. In the same paragraph Thackeray mentions *Égalité*, Duke of Orleans, as a friend of Steyne's. *Égalité* was executed in 1793; and then, so far as dates are concerned, the Gaunt House period is in the twenties, when the third marquis would have been forty years old or so, whereas Lord Steyne is described as an old man and a grandfather. Of course these dates may prove nothing in view of an author's license to transpose and alter such things to suit his purpose. My strongest point is that the second marquis was a notorious *roué*, whereas his son, the third marquis, was nothing out of the way in this attribute—for a Regency buck. But his ancient father was a byword even at this period. He was called "The Hoary Old Sinner," and is constantly mentioned in *The Examiner*, *The Courier*, and the other papers which supported the cause of Queen Caroline against the king and his friends. One of the most notorious acts with which the second Lord Hertford excited society was the seduction of Mrs Massey. This is alluded to by Thomas Moore in his satirical series of poems *The Twopenny Post-Bag*, where he also calls the marquis "the hoary old sinner." Of course Lord Hertford's wife was the mistress of George IV., and her husband and son were very complaisant over the matter. There is one other point: Thackeray says Lord Steyne was "Lord of the Powder Closet;" the second Marquis of Hertford was Lord Chamberlain of the king's household, but his son was not.'

Mr Layard's opinion, however, is stated very plainly: 'No one who has taken the trouble to investigate the lives of the three marquises can hesitate for a moment in identifying the "Marquis of Steyne" with the third Marquis of Hertford.' And he dwells on the resemblance between Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the third marquis and the 'suppressed' woodcut of Lord Steyne contained in the first issue of *Vanity Fair*. Both

he and Mr Charles Whibley, the well-known critic and the author of a recent interesting monograph on Thackeray, assume that Lord Steyne of *Vanity Fair* and Lord Monmouth of *Coningsby* are drawn from the same peer. But is not this assumption too readily made? It is generally accepted that Lord Monmouth is the third Marquis of Hertford. Yet, though there are so many differences between Lord Monmouth and Lord Steyne, the critics are content to state that these differences arise naturally from the diverse treatment of the two authors. For instance, Mr Whibley remarks that Thackeray gives us a brute, Disraeli a man. Yet this, to a certain extent, is explained if Thackeray drew from the second and Disraeli from the third marquis. But surely there is a still simpler explanation. Disraeli presented in *Coningsby* a *roman-à-clef*, a political study of a period, and naturally he was at pains to give an accurate portrait of his model. With Thackeray the case was very different. He was writing a work of fiction and nothing more. He had heard stories of the Marquises of Hertford, and when he created a profligate peer, what more likely than that he should tack these stories on to his creation? Or, being in possession of these stories, he drew a purely fancy portrait of Lord Hertford, since there was no reason why he should trouble to study the character of the nobleman in question. With these suggestions we may take leave of the richly-dressed figure of the Wicked Nobleman, on which no expense has been spared, and which Old Nick will fetch away at the end.'

There seems no doubt, however, that the Marquis of Steyne's managing man, Wenham, was drawn from the managing man of the third Marquis of Hertford, John Wilson Croker, who of course stood for Rigby in *Coningsby*. Now Rigby is Croker to the life, as seen by the prejudiced. In some such fashion would Macaulay have depicted him. Unfair as is the portraiture, this is not the place to rehabilitate the much-abused, well-hated politician. Wenham, however, could have been no more flattering to the original, for he is depicted as a mean, despicable creature. Thackeray had coals of fire poured upon him a little later when he was proposed at the Athenæum Club as a candidate to be elected without ballot as a person of distinguished eminence in literature, for then Croker supported him. It must have been strange indeed, as Milman remarked, to see Macaulay and Croker row together in the same boat. A good story is told of Croker and the author of *Vanity Fair*. When Croker was dead a mutual friend told Thackeray how Croker had begged his wife to seek out some homeless boys to stay with them from Saturday till Monday. 'They will destroy your flower-beds and upset my inkstands, but we can help them more than they can hurt us.' Thackeray choked, and went to see Mrs Croker, and assured her he would never speak or think ill of her husband again.

The History of Pendennis, so the story goes, was based upon a true anecdote of Brighton life, told

to Thackeray by the Misses Smith (daughters of Horace, part-author of *Rejected Addresses*) when he told them he had to produce the first number of a novel in a few days, and had no idea how to start one. In gratitude he christened his heroine Laura after a younger sister, Mrs Round. When *Pendennis* was finished the original Laura was very angry, or at least pretended to be very angry. 'I'll never speak to you again, Mr Thackeray,' she declared. 'You know I meant to marry Bluebeard'—Lady Rockminster's name for George Warrington.

Young Pendennis was a great favourite with the author, which is not unnatural when it is remembered that the character was in great part drawn from himself. 'Being entirely occupied with my two new friends, Mrs Pendennis and her son, Arthur Pendennis,' Thackeray wrote from Brighton to the Brookfields, 'I got up very early again this morning, and was with them for more than two hours before breakfast. He is a very good-natured, generous young fellow, and I begin to like him considerably. I wonder if he is interesting to me from selfish reasons, and because I fancy we resemble each other in many parts.' Pendennis followed closely in the footsteps of his creator. Both went to the Grey Friars School—the Charterhouse of reality—where Doctor Swishtail was as severe upon the eponymous hero as Doctor Russell upon the novelist when a lad. Pendennis lived for a while at Ottery St Mary, in a house—Fair Oaks—that corresponds to Larkbeare, the residence of Thackeray's mother and stepfather. Pendennis sent poems to *The County Chronicle* and *Chatteris Champion*, Thackeray to *The Western Luminary*. Pendennis made friends with the vicar, Doctor Portman, who is no doubt drawn from Thackeray's friend, the Rev. Dr Cornish. Pendennis went to the Chatteris Theatre, as we may be sure Thackeray visited the Exeter Theatre. The latter was always a lover of the theatre. It is recorded that he asked a friend if he loved 'the play,' and was answered, 'Ye-es, I like a good play;' whereupon he retorted, 'Oh, get out! I said the play. You don't even understand what I mean.' It is not known that Thackeray fell in love with an actress in the Exeter Theatre stock company, but so autobiographical, apparently, is this part of the novel that Mr Herman Merivale is inclined to think the fiction is based upon fact. Miss Emily Costigan, better known under her theatrical name of Potheringay, was freely adapted from Miss O'Neill, who became Lady Becher. We have it on Thackeray's authority that her father, Captain 'Jack' Costigan, was a fancy portrait. Pendennis went later to St Boniface's College, Oxbridge (as Thackeray had been to Trinity College, Cambridge), where he was a more notorious character than his prototype. Crump of Boniface was Whewell, Master of Trinity. Subsequently Pendennis came to town to study law, which, however, he soon abandoned for journalism, as Thackeray had done before him. Like Thackeray,

too, he lived in the Temple, and shared chambers with George Warrington, as Thackeray had lived with Tom Taylor or another.

'You will find much to remind you of old talk and faces—of William John O'Connell, Jack Sheehan, and Andrew Arcedekne,' Thackeray wrote to George Moreland Crawford, who had nursed him through the illness that nearly brought *Pendennis* to a premature conclusion. 'There is something of you in Warrington, but he is not fit to hold a candle to you, for, taking you all round, you are the most genuine fellow that ever strayed from a better world into this. You don't smoke, and he is a confirmed smoker of tobacco. Bordeaux and port were your favourites at the Deanery* and the Garrick, and Warrington is always guzzling beer. But he has your honesty, and, like you, could not posture if he tried. You have a strong affinity for the Irish. May you some day find an Irish girl to lead you to matrimony! There's no such good wife as a daughter of Erin.' Mrs Ritchie thinks there is something of her father in Warrington, and perhaps a likeness to Edward Fitzgerald; and it has been said that the character was based partly on George Stovin Venables, whose name figures in Thackeray's personal history as the smasher of the latter's nose in a fight at the Charterhouse. Opinions are divided as to whether Jack Sheehan or Maginn sat for Captain Shandon. But Maginn, an old friend of the author, was a greater than Shandon. He may have dictated the prospectus of some *Pall Mall Gazette* from the Fleet Prison; he may have written—indeed, he did write—articles that were models of virulent abuse; but he was a parodist of no mean merit, and his Shakespearian essays and his Latin versions of 'Chevy Chase' and other ballads extorted praise even from his enemies. The noblemen on the staff of the paper 'written by gentlemen for gentlemen' were Lords William and Henry Lennox and a brother of the Duke of St Albans, of whom Sheehan said, 'His name Beauchere is a misnomer, for he is always in a fog and never clear about anything.'

Foker differs from Thackeray's other characters, for there can be little doubt it was an accurate portrait of Andrew Arcedekne of the Garrick Club. It was probably this which was the cause of Thackeray's being blackballed at the Traveller's Club, where the ballot is by members and not by the committee, on the grounds that the members feared they might appear in some later novel. It is said that Arcedekne was small in stature and eccentric in his mode of dressing, drove stage-coaches as an amateur, loved fighting-cocks and the prize-ring, and had a large estate in Norfolk. The

* The 'Deanery' was an old-fashioned public-house near St Paul's, so referred to by a certain set from the fact that it was often graced by the presence of Barham, of *Ingoldsby Legends* fame, a canon of the neighbouring cathedral.

Hon. Henry Coke says he was so like a seal that he was called 'Phoca' by his intimates. It was Arcedeckne who criticised Thackeray's first lecture on 'The Four Georges.' 'Bravo, Thack, my boy! Uncommon good show! But it'll never go *without a planner!*' There was, however, no enmity between them. Thackeray declared his model to be 'not half a bad fellow;' and Arcedeckne remarked, 'Awfully good chap old Thack was. Lor' bless you, he didn't mind me a bit. But I *did* take it out of him now and again. Never gave him time for *repartee*.'

Pendennis naturally went to Thackeray's haunts, 'The Cave of Harmony' and 'The Back Stairs,' better known as Evans's Coffee-house and 'The Cider Cellars,' and at the latter heard Mr Nadab the improvisatore, who in life was known as Charles Sloman. He was intimate with Thackeray's friends and acquaintances, and in his illness was attended by Thackeray's doctor, Elliotson—to whom *Pendennis* is dedicated—who figures in the story as Doctor Goodenough, the friend of Major Pendennis. Major Pendennis's noble friend, Lord Colchicum, was sketched from the very naughty Lord Longdale of the day; and there was, says Thackeray, writing to American intimates, 'a friend of mine who is coming out to New York, and to whom I shall give a letter—a queer fellow, the original of the Chevalier Strong.'

Many of the journalists and men of letters in the book had their prototypes. Bungay is a caricature of Colburn the publisher, and the proprietor of *The New Monthly Magazine*, to which at one time Thackeray was a contributor. Colburn is eminent among the publishers who have missed opportunities, for he declined to commission Thackeray to finish a novel of which he was shown the earlier chapters, and which is known to us as *Vanity Fair*. It is said that the late W. H. Wills, the business manager of *Household Words*, suggested to Thackeray the publisher's reader who, 'from having broken out in the world as a poet of a tragic and suicidal cast, had now subsided into one of Mr Bungay's back shops, as reader for that gentleman.' A visitor at one of Bungay's dinner-parties, Captain Sumpth, with his silly stories of Byron, was sketched from Captain Medwin, the author of a volume of dull *Conversations with Byron*. Mr Wagg, a henchman of Lord Steyne, was drawn from Theodore Hook, the author of some now almost forgotten novels, and, more particularly, of the Ramsbottom Letters in the *John Bull* newspaper. Those letters were parodied by Thackeray in *The Snob* and *The Gossamer*, weekly periodicals written and published by Cambridge undergraduates in 1829 and 1830. Thackeray actually had the audacity to put into Wagg's mouth one of Hook's own jokes. Wagg is made to ask Mrs Bungay, 'Does your cook say he's a Frenchman?' and to reply, when that lady expresses her ignorance, 'Because if he does, he's a-quizzin' yer' (*cuisinier*). Mr Charles Whibley

informs us that 'Archer, the quidnunc,' whose advice is always wanted at the palace, and whose taste for cold beef the Duke himself consults, is none other than Tom Hill of *The Monthly Mirror*, whom Theodore Hook painted as Hull in *Gilbert Gurney*.

Of all the women in *Pendennis*, only one has been traced to an original. Like Becky, Blanche Amory, if, strictly speaking, she had not a prototype, at least was suggested by an acquaintance. 'At the train, whom do you think I found? Miss G——, who says she is Blanche Amory, and I think she is Blanche Amory; amiable at times, amusing, clever, and depraved,' Thackeray wrote to the Brookfields. 'We talked and persiflated all the way to London, and the idea of her will help me to a good chapter, in which I will make Pendennis and Blanche play at being in love, such a wicked, false, humbugging, London love as two *blasé* London people might act, and half-deceive themselves that they were in earnest. That will complete the cycle of Mr Pen's worldly experiences, and then we will make, or try to make, a good man of him.' The resemblance of Blanche Amory to Miss G—— was distinct enough for Mrs Carlyle to notice. 'Not that poor little —— is quite such a little devil as Thackeray, who has detested her from a child, has here represented,' she remarked. 'But the looks, the manners, the wiles, the *larmes*, and all that sort of thing are perfect.' This was almost magnanimous of Mrs Carlyle, for both she and her husband disliked the girl. 'Oh, my dear!' Mr Carlyle exclaimed when she went away, 'we cannot be sufficiently thankful.' Not that Carlyle's objection counts for much, for he was a gay ill person to get along with.

In Thackeray's remaining books—other than the historical works, of which the discussion in this article is forbidden by considerations of space—it is not so easy to trace originals. Abraham Hayward, whose elderly effigy was cartooned in *Vanity Fair*, was also introduced into *Mrs Perkins's Ball* as Mr Flam, and, Mr Locker-Lampson has recorded, like that exquisite he had curling locks, a neat little foot, a lip vermillion, and an abram nose. There was a prototype for Dorothea, and probably for other heroines of Mr George Savage FitzBoodle's amorous adventures. Captain Granby Calcroft lives as Captain Granby Tiptoff; and Mr J. M. Evans, one of the proprietors of *Punch*, was portrayed in *The Kickshaws on the Rhine*. Miss Baxter claims that her sister Lucy (to whom, on her seventeenth birthday, the novelist sent the verses, 'Seventeen rosebuds in a ring') suggested at least some aspects of Ethel Newcome, the sweet and wayward—'my sister at that time going much into (American) society—she was not yet twenty, and had both wit and beauty. In his picture of Ethel Newcome, as she holds a little court about her at one of the great London balls, Thackeray reproduces some impressions made by the New York girl. Some

of Ethel's impatience for the disillusion of society, its spiteful comment and harsh criticism, might well be reflections from discussions with my sister in the Brown House library, where Mr Thackeray passed many an hour talking of matters grave and gay.'

Finally comes Colonel Newcome, who, like Jos Sedley and James Binnie, was the outcome of the author's Anglo-Indian connections; like them he stepped out of the Oriental Club in Hanover Square. After visiting that institution when *The Newcomes* was appearing, a friend said to Thackeray, 'I see where you got your Colonel.' 'To be sure you would,' said the writer; 'only I had to *angelicise* the old boys a little.' It has been asserted by those who were acquainted with Thackeray's family circle that the character was taken from one or more of his relatives—from Major Carmichael Smyth, of the Bengal Engineers; or General Charles Carmichael, of the 2nd European Bengal Light Cavalry (20th Hussars); or Colonel John Dowdeswell Shakespear. It matters little from which of these the *preux chevalier* was drawn.

Thackeray was at his old school, the Charterhouse, on Founder's Day 1854, when the idea struck him to make the Colonel a 'Codd' (a colloquial term for a Poor Brother of the Charterhouse). He invited a boy with whom he was acquainted to introduce him to Captain Light, an old army man whom reduced circumstances had compelled to seek the shelter of Thomas Sutton's Hospital. Many times he went to see the veteran, who gleefully told all and sundry, 'I'm sitting for Colonel Newcome.' As readers of the book can never forget, the Colonel spent the last months of his life as a 'Codd,' and it was in that quiet retreat he drew his last breath. 'At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.'

BY THE MONK'S WELL.

IT was springtime in Italy. The last *tramontana* had gathered itself together and had gone shrieking across the plains. Gentle airs now rustled through the olive and ilex trees.

The corn was springing up in spears of wondrous green, scarlet and gold tulips gleaming among it; the tiny brown Florentine lily, or rather iris, lifted its quaint, sweet face to the blue sky; myriad buds showed forth the promise of a very torrent of roses, twining over balustrades, pouring over walls, stone vases, anything they could find on which to cling, it seemed.

A girl sat in a *podere* (olive-garden) putting some finishing touches to a sketch of an old campanile and a caruba-tree. Every now and then she looked up from her work and listened. At length a foot-step crunched on the loose stones of the paved track or *salita*, and a look of relief came over her face as a young man appeared on the scene—her husband.

'Oh Harry,' she cried, 'what a time you have been!'

'A time! I should think so,' he answered, taking off his straw hat and fanning his heated face. 'I thought I should never get away from that confounded *avvocato*. My Italian is not beyond reproach, as you know, and such a jaw-bones as that chap I have never come across; what with his whirling fingers and his jabber, I could hardly make head or tail of him. However, I have settled it, and we can have the villa whenever we like for a song, so cheap is it. I have taken it for six months, so we shall be able to put in a good deal of work,

and see the grape-harvest too. I like that sketch, old girl,' he exclaimed. 'The campanile is a bit out of drawing, though.' And he took up a brush and corrected it with a few masterly strokes.

'Oh Harry, how delightful!' said his wife. 'How we shall work, with nothing to interrupt us!'

Both young people were painters of considerable merit. Married, but without what the stony-hearted consider 'encumbrances,' they devoted their lives to their art: she, a very clever water-colourist, he working in oil. They intended to devote the coming months to Italy, and had thoroughly saturated themselves with her beauties, her art-treasures, her history. Now they were able to paint out of doors, and the days were flying all too quickly.

In one of their wanderings in search of subjects for their clever brushes they had come across a deserted-looking villa which greatly took their fancy. It was very dilapidated, and it had a great extent of garden. The colour of it alone was a dream of beauty to our artists: the old stone-work; the high walls of the garden, with their decorative, broken outlines; the orange and lemon trees; the deep olive wood with the ruined chapel; the ancient well. 'It would take years to paint it,' said the young man. They determined that, if possible, they would spend their summer there, and work morning, noon, and night.

They interviewed the *avvocato* who transacted the business of the estate on which the villa stood—the *avvocato* who ground the faces of the *contadini*, the proprietors troubling themselves but little about it

or their people as long as they received the moneys for corn, wine, oil, and so on, wherewith to make ducks and drakes in Rome and Florence. Some day they too would vanish, and new proprietors would come, with new methods of grinding mayhap. The present was bad enough, Heaven knew; but the future might be worse; so plod, plod. 'Tis a hard world,' said the poor peasants as they delved and dug for bare life.

The *avvocato* was greatly surprised at the request of the young painters to be allowed to rent the villa for a few months. Who in his senses could wish to live in such a place? Who but a mad Englishman? *Ecco!* They came to terms after much talk, as we have seen; a few sticks of furniture were put in, and the young couple installed. They could, however, find no servant who would live with them in the villa; but a woman from a neighbouring farm promised to come in daily and do the rough work for them; and with macaroni, *polenta*, a chafing-dish cleverly manipulated by the young wife, and wine grown on the hillsides, their material wants were amply satisfied. It was undoubtedly horridly damp! And a shiver ran down the spine of little Mrs Blake as she sought the bedroom. The olive-wood logs were wet and would not burn in the stove; but the nightingale was singing divinely outside the window in an ilex-tree whose boughs tapped against the pane, and a glorious moon was shining. Tired with their exertions, the young couple slept the sleep of the just.

Next day they set to work in earnest. Harry Blake found a subject in the garden; his wife fixed her affections on a corner of the old chapel in the adjoining wood. It was of a strange rose-colour, and a most interesting subject. She soon became absorbed in her work.

As she worked, her thoughts wandered to the probable date of the chapel, and she imagined the white-robed Dominicans flocking in to prayer. How long was it, she wondered, since the call to Ave Maria had resounded from that ruined belfry? Was it fancy, or did she really hear the muffled sound of a bell? And—no! Impossible! Did her eyes deceive her? Was not that the figure of a white-cowled Dominican standing in the cloistered way facing her? She rubbed her eyes and looked again. He was certainly there, and he seemed to stretch forth his clasped hands towards her; then he vanished round the corner of the building.

'How odd!' said Mary Blake aloud, and thought no more about it until the time for their evening meal.

'Harry,' she said, 'there must still be some of the monks living about here. I saw one when I was painting.'

He puffed at his pipe. 'You must have imagined it, darling. There have been none here for centuries.'

She was silent, and not being easily disturbed, put the thought aside.

The same thing, however, happened again next day—the same ghostly sound of the bell at the time of the Ave Maria, the same figure facing her with outstretched clasped hands.

'I shall say nothing to-night,' she said to herself; 'but if it happens again I shall get Harry to come here and see for himself.'

It did happen again next day; but this time the monk slowly advanced towards Mary Blake. His cowl was drawn over his face. She could not see his features. A strange, creeping sensation came over her. There was a deathly chill in the air. She remained rooted to her seat. He continued slowly to advance until within a few feet of her, then he threw up his cowl, and she beheld the most awful face human imagination could conceive. The man was dead; but his eyes lived—eyes lit by the flames of hell, a terrible and hideous despair on his dead face. He held out his clasped hands to her with an imploring gesture. She fell fainting on the ground.

When she recovered, her husband was bending over her, horror-stricken.

She told him what she had seen. He was inclined to be incredulous, and said she must have been over-tired, her nerves out of gear—what not. And she did not press the matter, not wishing to distress him.

That night sleep remained far from her aching eyeballs. The face of the doomed monk haunted her; a terrible pity for him was growing in her heart, with a conviction that she could help him. The hopeless agony she had seen was terrible to her. She determined she would go again to the chapel. Day was breaking, and she slept.

She made light of her previous experience to her husband, and announced her determination to continue her drawing. He, being much engrossed with his own work, gladly consented, as he thought but lightly of what he considered must have been a freak of the imagination.

She took her courage in both hands as the hour of the visitation approached.

Again the muffled bell; again the awful figure with the imploring outstretched hands approaching her. She rose to her feet.

'What do you want of me?' she said in Italian.

A faint, hollow voice, more a sound than a voice—truly a voice from the grave—breathed the words, 'Follow me.'

She saw that he was a young monk, tall and gaunt, his ashén features as though carved finely in gray stone; only the terrible eyes lived.

He turned, and she followed him round the corner of the chapel to a broken-down, disused well. There he stood, his eyes fixed on her, one ghastly hand pointing to its depths.

She approached. Then he flung up his arms and vanished.

Mary Blake sought her husband. Together they explored the depths of the well, taking every precau-

tion against foul air. It was not very deep, and it was perfectly dry. At the bottom lay a skeleton—the skeleton of a woman. With much trouble and the expenditure of many lire, the young people succeeded in arousing the *contadini* and the priest,

and Christian burial was given to the poor bones, and much holy water sprinkled.

Mary Blake finished her picture, which figured on the walls of next year's Royal Academy, and the sinning monk never appeared again.

THE SCOTTISH SHALE-OIL TRADE.

By GEORGE THOW.



AN industry that is peculiarly Scottish is that of shale-oil making, and the mines are all situated within easy distance of each other in Mid and West Lothian—that is, those which survive, for this is a trade where many fell by the way. Here and there are to be seen the dismantled works and huge bings of spent shale telling where much good capital was lost; for not many years ago there was no more despondent being in the financial world than the possessor of oil-scrip. To-day the mineral-oil companies are in a state of prosperity. There are no doleful gatherings round the board-table while the chairman relates the oft-repeated tale of American competition and rock-bottom prices. In fact, as a commercial investment, the leading companies' shares are reckoned as a 6 per cent. standard investment instead of being regarded as a very speculative deal. Moreover, they are not easily had, and the new company at Tarbrax was in the fortunate position of finding its shares at a premium months before a ton of shale was retorted.

It is a high tribute to the grit and acumen of the managers and directors of the oil-companies that the lean years have been passed and the period of large dividends attained. Oil in America, in Russia, and in Roumania is not laboriously mined in the form of shale and extracted by the costly process of retorts and condensers and refineries. It gushes from the ground and converts its owners into millionaires. Sea-transit is cheap, and the result is that last year America landed in the United Kingdom two million three hundred and fifty thousand barrels. Certainly, Russian petroleum-wells at Baku suffered in the revolutionary crisis, yet six hundred and seventy-five thousand barrels arrived in this country, and in 1904 the total was one million five hundred and sixty thousand barrels.

Recognising that nothing could be hoped for by waiting for higher prices, the Scottish oil-companies decided to invoke the aid of the chemist and introduce the latest plant to turn out the largest supply of oil and by-products at the smallest outlay. Cutting down expenses has been brought to a science by the oil-works' manager. Wages have to be paid up to a certain standard, but economy can be exercised in every department in working methods; and the system of organisation at Pumpherton or Young's or Broxburn is of the most

perfect nature. In the production of by-products has the chemical expert discovered a fruitful field of labour. Shale is converted into various grades of burning-oils, into heavy lubricating-oil, naphtha, cylinder and compound engine-oils; gas-oil is used for enriching coal-gas; paraffin-wax is made of the purest quality for divers purposes, including the production of the most exquisite candles; sulphate of ammonia is a very valuable by-product for fertilising purposes; and the coke yielded after the crude oil undergoes distillation is readily sold to yachts. In fact, the only products of shale the oil-chemists have not been able as yet to make money out of are the spent shale and the smell; and as regards the former, various experiments have been made to see if the material could not be used up for bricks or concrete.

Turning to figures, it may be noted that in the balance-sheets of spring 1905 of the four leading companies the gross profits were three hundred and twenty-two thousand three hundred and thirty-seven pounds. Although only about one-half of this was divided among the shareholders, yet the dividends were: Pumpherton, 30 per cent.; Broxburn, 15 per cent.; Oakbank, 15 per cent.; and Young's, 6 per cent. for ordinary shares; while the B debenture-holders received also a contingent dividend of 6 per cent., making 12 per cent. paid to them. It says volumes for the condition of the shale-oil industry a few years ago, when Young's, the first oil-company in the country, had so great difficulty in raising money to tide them over the period of stress and trial that they had to hold out special inducements to the takers up of these B debentures. As the chairman, Sir James King, stated at the annual meeting in 1905, the B bondholders came to their assistance at an anxious time when no help was obtainable from any other quarter, and for several years they saw their bonds at a considerable discount. But the return has been great. Not only are they getting 12 per cent., but their bonds were quoted on December 30, 1905, at one hundred and fifty pounds; and during that year alone the rise was thirty-six pounds.

A notable feature about the shale-oil trade is the constant striving after efficiency in working plant. Each of these four companies sets aside every year large sums out of the profits for retort renewal and depreciation. The erecting of new benches of improved retorts has been gone about in no niggardly

way. Broxburn in 1904 spent forty thousand seven hundred and forty-six pounds, and expect to benefit largely in so doing. Pumphreston and Young's have also added to their retorts, and so has the private firm who own the Philpstoun works. Marvellous it is to what perfection these important structures have been brought, especially as compared with the old types!

Electric power is playing an important part in all modern-equipped workshops. After an experience of the electric light, two of the companies last year launched into the bold undertaking of scrapping the steam-engines and introducing a complete installation of electric power. The cost to the Pumphreston company of this new departure is seventeen thousand two hundred and four pounds. For this large sum a new power-house has been built, self-stoking boilers fitted up in place of a long range of old ordinary-type boilers, and the two Peebles dynamos supply current to a large number of motors distributed throughout the works, and also down the mines for pumping and haulage purposes. One dynamo is sufficient for all the power necessary, so that there can be no risk of a stoppage through accident. A proof of the intention of the oil-directors to keep not merely abreast of the times but ahead is the fact that the first instance in the United Kingdom of a main winding-engine at a pit-head being driven by electricity is to be found at the Cobbinshaw pit of the Tarbrax Oil-Company.

A company which has fallen on evil days is the Clippens. Begun at Blochairn, near Glasgow, in 1868, a move was made to Clippens, and finally in 1881 the great works were established at Pentland, about four miles from Edinburgh. Covering sixty acres, with two mines, an immense field of shale, and ranges of retorts and refineries, condensers, and tanks, and all the innumerable appurtenances for transforming shale into oil and by-products, the Clippens works used up about four thousand tons per week, and employed fully one thousand hands. At one time large profits were made. A lawsuit with the Edinburgh and District Water Trust relative to the carrying of two water-pipes through the shalefield has led to the stoppage of the busy scene of labour, and to-day the place is abandoned and in ruins. 'Thousands of pounds' worth of valuable plant has been rendered worthless, and the pits are caved in and flooded. For seven years the law-case has been in hand, and the House of Lords was called upon to decide one point. Decree was recently given in the Court of Session in favour of the Clippens company for a certain sum as compensation for wrongful interdict.

Very interesting is the routine in a large shale-oil work. After the shale is mined it is broken up in breakers, and then the retorts are loaded. A charge of shale is given about every six hours, and it takes nearly twenty-four hours before the spent shale is delivered at the bottom. The old Young and Bell type of retort would take each about thirty hundredweight per day, and four benches would

deal with four hundred and eighty tons per day. The new patent retorts lately introduced have improved upon this greatly, and also in the average production of a ton of shale, which was formerly about twenty-six gallons of crude oil, three gallons of crude spirit, and twenty pounds of ammonia.

After the shale has undergone destructive distillation in the retorts, the resulting gases are passed through coils of pipes. When condensed, the oil and ammoniacal liquor are run into stock-tanks, where they are separated by specific gravity. Any gas that may be left in the condensers is passed through a 'scrubber.' The manufacture of that important article of commerce sulphate of ammonia is a complicated performance. The ammonia-water descends from a tank through a tower formed of plates provided with cups very similar in construction to those used in the naphtha-producing plant—little metal cups suspended on small rods, and having their lower edges serrated. Steam is passed in at the bottom of the tower, and this drives off the ammonia in the form of vapour or gas. This gas goes to boxes called saturators, and is there brought into contact with a stream of vitriol. The sulphuric acid combines with the ammonia and forms sulphate of ammonia, which is discharged immediately on formation, and after being dried in a hot room is ready for packing. The shipment price is about twelve pounds ten shillings per ton.

Refining the crude oil is an interesting study. Briefly described, it may be stated that the oil is first run into a boiler, and thence into a series of three stills, where it divides into three different qualities and also leaves behind a coke of nearly pure carbon which has a ready sale. The oil is then washed in vitriol in a tank, being agitated by means of compressed air, and it then passes into a second tank where it is treated with caustic soda. All the acid tar is brought together, and the acid is recovered for making sulphate of ammonia, while the refuse tar is used for fuel in the stills. Further double distillation and treatment with acid and soda yields the burning oil for the market. The heavy oil containing the paraffin is put through a cooling-machine, and the oil, partly solidified by the cold, is pumped into filter-presses, and the scale is next subjected to a hydraulic press. The oil is by subsequent distillation and treatment converted into burning-oil, lubricating-oil, and gas-oil. The scale, after undergoing a careful process of cleansing to get all the impurities out of it, develops into that beautiful product paraffin-wax, from which the finest candles are made. All the oil-companies manufacture various grades of oils, priced according to quality.

Invention in this trade is never-ceasing, and from time to time new and simplified processes are brought under the notice of the oil-chemists by which it is claimed that large savings will be effected.

Where Scottish oil-manufacturers undoubtedly hold the premier position over all foreign makers

is in the high flash-point of burning-oil. The Government standard is 73 degrees Abel test, and at one time the American oils had a flash-point only a few degrees over that. Since then a general raising has taken place across the Atlantic. Nevertheless, the Scottish oils lead the way, and the Roumanian occupies the lowest place. The chief brands may be quoted :

	Abel Flash-Point.	Candle- Power.
<i>Scotch Oils.</i>		
Young's Crystal.....	128 degrees F.	18
Pumphreyston Pearlline.....	126 "	18
Broxburn Petrolene.....	126 "	18
Oakbank Kerosene.....	126 "	18
<i>American.</i>		
White Rose.....	104 "	16
Royal Daylight.....	83 "	18
<i>Russian.</i>		
Homelight.....	94 "	17
Majestia.....	92 "	16
Rocklight Star and Crescent.....	90 "	15
<i>Borneo.</i>		
Silver Spray.....	88 "	16
<i>Galician.</i>		
Galician Petroleum.....	83 "	16
<i>Roumanian.</i>		
Roumanian Star.....	81 "	16

As there are abundant fields of excellent shale

in Scotland, the continued prosperity of the trade seems now to be assured without any further experience of the unpleasant vicissitudes which have in years gone past been disastrous for the shareholders. Should some of the new processes become a fact it will almost revolutionise the manufacture of oil from shale. The advantages claimed are : the abolition of chemicals (and it is admitted that vitriol and caustic soda are two very heavy items in the cost-sheet), two distillations instead of three as at present, 20 per cent. increased yield of products, and improved quality of all the products. This is certainly a notable invention, if efficient in actual practice on a large scale. No matter how successful oil-companies may be, speculators are not likely again to rush into the arena. An oil-work cannot be started by ingenious advertisements. Past losses are not forgotten, and only a couple of years ago the Linlithgow company was wound up. A large capital, good shalefields, the latest machinery and appliances, and the most highly skilled employés are all essentials in this special trade ; and over all must be a directorate and management both enterprising and open-handed in expenditure on improvements and keen economists in working organisation.

AT ANCIENT INVERARAY IN THE RAIN.

WRITTEN AFTER LEAVING INVERARAY IN THE AUTUMN.

Down all the years of dreaming,
Till life's last night is gleaming,
And time draws out its ebb of aching pain,
Will heart and brain remember
A bit of God's September
At ancient Inveraray in the rain.

Oh stately house and sombre,
Wherein old memories slumber,
And centuries of greatness come again ;
By loch and mountain looming,
Where storied woods are glooming,
At ancient Inveraray in the rain.

Oh stately home, and splendid,
Of a mighty race descended
From a race of olden heroes without stain !
Your halls are sad and lonely,
Where silence whispers only,
At ancient Inveraray in the rain.

The sombre mists are falling,
And the water linnis are calling
To the heart of desolation full and fain,
From the days of gone, dead splendour,
With memories sad and tender,
At ancient Inveraray in the rain.

At dawn or lonely even
You stand of joys long riven,
Of olden greatness dead and gone the fane ;
While the nights and days come slowly
To places weird and holy,
At ancient Inveraray in the rain.

Far over Fyne agleaming
The mountain slopes are dreaming,

In autumn moods of bracken brown astain,
Of the proud and ancient glory,
Of the splendid Scottish story
Of ancient Inveraray in the rain.

And Duné Quach is standing
Gray shore and loch commanding ;
While winds are sobbing down the glen in pain
For the olden glories vanished,
And the mighty dead long banished,
Oh ancient Inveraray in the rain !

Oh heart of dream that sunneth
In depths of fair Isheconneth,
Remembered last in mighty Argyll's pain.
Still haunts that tragic story
Of Scotland's martyr-glory,
Oh ancient Inveraray in the rain !

Oh loch of haunted splendour,
Of memories great and tender,
Of deeds that live till earth's great splendours wane !
Oh stately woods, where Argy
Steals from his glens of faerie,
At ancient Inveraray in the rain !

Oh lonely hills of bracken,
Where beauty is forsaken
Of all her joy, and love is dimmed in pain !
Around the world's great gleaming,
You draw my soul in dreaming
To ancient Inveraray in the rain !

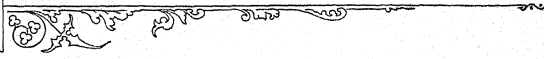
And in its hour of dying
Will the Campbell heart go crying
For one far sight of loch and glen again ?
Or will the soul find heaven
Like one fair glen at even
At ancient Inveraray in the rain ?

WILFRED CAMPBELL, LL.D.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



SMALL HOLDINGS.

By Sir ALEXANDER MUIR MACKENZIE, Bart.



T is a difficult—well-nigh an impossible—task to adjudge rightly on this question as far as our own native land is concerned. It comes up dressed in political garb periodically, as do the various epidemics.

It appears on the platform accompanied by fierce denunciations of the “proprietors” who have dared to consolidate a number of patches into livable farm-toons.* It shoots up occasionally as ‘three acres and a cow,’ and now the Secretary of State for Scotland defines it as from thirty to fifty pounds in value, but omits all reference to the ‘coo.’* Thus the matter is, as it were, *sub judice*, and opinion on either side should be guardedly given. ‘Carn’t ye let it alone?’ was Lord Melbourne’s former way of disposing of any difficult question. No one nowadays wishes to shirk the problem of the unemployed; but it may be well to know what we are going to do, having regard to all interests involved, with care not to create a set of pauper-fed (‘spoon-fed’ is the term used by the *Scotsman* in relation to South African settlement) peasants or destroy any present system unless you can prove you ‘have something better to place in its room,’ to repeat the late Mr Smythe of Methven’s sagacious remark.

It might not be amiss to ask at this time of day, ‘What is a small holding?’ Is it a small farm, or a small croft; and is it a holding under a landlord, or is it intended as a revival of the old ‘pendicler’ or ‘portioner’ as peasant-proprietor? As regards the first, the re-creation of small farms appears to depend on the capitalist or large landowner, who lays out his estate in farms or crofts according to the nature of the ground available for cultivation, and charges such rents as may be reasonably expected for his outlay. In most of the lowland counties land is best laid out and employment given by large farms. As regards the

second, Jamieson defines pendicles as follows: ‘Most farms have cottages let as holdings, and called *prediols*,† and these tenants usually work for the farmer.’ Portioners are the joint-heirs of the owner of a small croft or holding, the result of which is ruinous subdivision and congestion. This system of peasant-proprietorship is, therefore, to be approached with the greatest care, and does not, where practically considered, tend to the comfort and welfare of the people concerned.

In *Chambers’s Journal* (1880) The ‘Peasant-Proprietor Craze’ was fully discussed and demonstrated to be a craze and little else, and it may be the more so under present conditions (1906). So far as the present writer is concerned, the question of the small holder to be *resuscitated* as proprietor will not be handled. It is an open question, as opined of late, whether we are not ‘eighty years too late.’ ‘Our people will not live in the thatched hovels of the beginning of last century, with their mud floors and squalid surroundings, or be content with porridge or sowans,’ and the time has gone by when the happy optimist sang:

We was happy together, ma mither and me,
Wi’ her cat and her pipe and her cuppy o’ tea;
But ma auld mither deid in the year anchtynine,
And there’s never been peace in the world sin syne.

And since 1789 there has not been that ‘mickle o’ peace.’

There was something ‘gey an’ homely’ in the village patriarch, with his broad bonnet, his homespun suit; the guidwife in her mutch with broad black band and her ‘cott’ pulled through her placket-holes; the bairns ‘wi’ washt faces,’ all trudging ‘willingly’ to the long diets of worship after a week’s hard toil and privation: in fair weather well enough, in bad seasons poverty and privation in the ‘but and ben’ and in the land. And so, under the restless law of change, this class has disappeared, and the rent-paying occupier has taken his place; the owner of the land on which

* Bentham. Was it not this philosopher who approved the acres but would not supply the cow?

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† *Prediolium*: small farm or estate.

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he lives providing cottage, offices, fences, water-supply, and drainage. These small crofters—besides eking out their wages, as they did in old days, by loom-weaving, 'bondage' in lieu of rent—generally employed the neighbouring small farmer to plough and sow their land for them, giving him back labour at hay and harvest, turnip-thinning and potato-lifting; and this latter condition obtains now as then. The lads in those days could 'plough and sow, reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy;' while the lassies could 'bake and brew, spin and shoo, and help the auld wife to milk the coo.'

In the writer's experience there were thirty-six holdings in his village, from twenty-five to thirty cows kept on common pasture, while thirty-five or forty women and children could turn out to help the farmer to garner his crop. 'Bondage' was charged for the use of their gardens; four or six days' labour was given for use of about a quarter of an acre of land. 'Baps and beer' were served out to the then willing workers—yelept to this day the 'weavers'—and then holders of a good cottage with loom installed, byre, and shed, and one or two acres of land at a rent fixed quite a hundred years ago, and never grumbled at from that day to this, with apparently 'fixity of tenure' to those who have kept their connection with the old settlement. The writer had the pleasure of handing back to a venerable old 'aunt' the hundredth rent paid by the excellent, thrifty, and kindly family, the Stirtons of Spitalfield.

The small farmer with one or two pairs of horses, and cultivating up to a hundred acres, held his farm—the owner providing house, standing, fences, water, and the like—on the hypothec system, by which he pledged his labour and his crop as security for his rent; a system which made Perthshire, if not Scotland, and enabled the ploughman to rise to the position of farmer, which under the latter-day system is out of the question, money security and forehand rent being always required.

The advent of the reaping-machine, the steam-mill, improved implements and manures, have supplanted the sickle and even the scythe, the four-horse mill treading round in monotonous circle, and the good, honest muck-heap or midden. 'Tak' oor lives, but dinna touch oor middens,' was the cry of many a dear old wife when the first sanitary inspector came sniffing round. 'I had the inspector here the day, laird,' said an old character to me. 'Well, Betty, I hope you showed him a clean toon.' 'Me!' was the indignant snort. 'I gied him a clout wi' the birk broom, and doon the rodd wi' hum!'

Sometimes the small holders were not easy to please. An old friend left my service and took a neighbour's market-garden, driving his produce to Blairgowrie. David, be it noted, was a 'Leebleral' and a profound believer in Mr Gladstone. 'See here, laird,' said he in a grumbling tone, 'ye maun stop yon forrin stuff coming in; it's fair ruin to hus gardeners.' 'But, David,' said I, 'Mr Gladstone is a Free Trader. Yon would be

Protection!' 'I dinna ken,' said David; 'but I'd gie yon Gladstone a turn at the gairdening trade himsel!' Which proves—as in these latter days of home-killed meat—you have only to scratch your farmer to find a Tory or Protectionist, when you meddle with his returns.

A writer under the *nom de plume* of 'Yeoman' treats this question as a solution for the unemployed! Out of the hundreds of hungry men who paraded London last winter, how many have the means saved to purchase a holding and erect thereon the necessary plant? How many would guarantee a rent for a properly equipped small holding? How many, or how few, could manage a holding, work a farm, care for a cow, or even a pig? How many would be capable to work week in, week out, and provide their family with food, clothing, and fire? My own labourers think one pound a week little enough. I grant there are in the towns men who have saved enough to invest in a cottage and garden in the country; but these are few and far between, and there generally has been room enough for this class. To build a cottage for a ploughman, with garden, fences, well, and out-buildings, cannot cost less than two hundred pounds, and that is done where the proprietor provides stone, wood, gravel for concrete, and sand free; plumber and slater, with sanitary appliances enforced by Local Government Board, all extras. Lord Breadalbane tried the experiment of offering waste land for sale; but no one was found to take bare land, without house, offices, roads, fences, and the like, so that his scheme fell to the ground.

Besides 'Yeoman,' Lord Onslow finds landowning too expensive, but offers only to substitute another, or others, as owners in place of himself; he does not condescend to tell us how the general welfare is thus enhanced, or how the small holders are to succeed where a large holder fails to pay his way. Nor does he tell us at whose expense the small holdings are to be created.

A Mr Buchanan in the *Country Gentleman* writes at length of his experiment in laying out his land in small holdings; but it does not appear how this economic experiment succeeded. Each of his cottages and steadings appears to have cost at least three hundred pounds—which sum, by the way, would be required in the Perth district to start a properly equipped holding—representing, without land, a rent of fifteen pounds a year, and the land is quoted as the 'best pasture-land in the districts,' worth about three pounds to four pounds an acre. The *Country Gentleman* asks in its columns for evidence how a small holder can live on his land without (*sic*) 'such aids as market-gardening, outside labour, &c.' Without pretending to be a Solomon, a Solon, a Jesse Collings, or a Sinclair, the present writer can off-hand answer the question. It is not done, it cannot be done, and no small holder or crofter has ever pretended it can be done.

In the Highlands the sporting tenants, and landlords where they are able to retain their sport in their own hands, give a full autumn's employment, while the crofters can dispose of their produce to the neighbouring shooting-lodges. Their 'wee bit stirkies' enjoy protection against the importation of foreign cattle (for which they must thank the sagacious Board of Agriculture), and are also bringing good prices. In the more lowland districts the yearly living is added to by work on estates—forestry, or fencing, draining, and embanking—necessitating almost constant employment, while the tenant-farmer always wants an extra hand for threshing, carting, and the like. Domestic service provides outlets for the boys and girls, who, nevertheless, if above the ordinary intelligence, decline to 'fixity' on the land, but aspire to the higher professions, in which, as every one knows, a goodly number of our farm and cottage bred lads and lassies show to much advantage, a thing they could not do if fixed to the soil. That class has been progressing all the time, and (*D.V.*) it shall continue to progress so long as a young Scotchman's motto be 'Forward!'

Those who know and have fairly studied the peasant question in France, Switzerland, and Italy are aware of the grinding conditions under which peasant-life is conducted. To begin with, there is a tyrannous tax or *octroi* on all their produce. The seemingly Arcadian conditions witnessed in a hurried tour in brilliant summer or autumn has its very black side if, *messieurs et dames*, you will believe the ocular and oral evidence of one who has been amongst them. Arthur Young's portraiture of the south of France and the peasants' life there is too rosy-coloured, and will not stand the test of practical experience. '*La vie d'un paysan est dure!*' said an old Provencal peasant to me; and his earthen floor, thatched roof, thin wine, sour bread, did not belie his statement, although lemons grew on the trees of his garden and his children were picking violets for the strangers.

Mr Jesse Collings, faithful to his ideas of the historic 'three acres and a cow,' has written at length on the advisability and necessity of fostering small holdings. He argues from the example of France and its peasant proprietary—strict Protectionists to a man—and quotes Worcestershire as the only County Council which has done any useful work in establishing men on small patches. We might retort that these lands and climates may be suitable enough for such experiments, but that up in the Highlands there is neither suitable land, climate, nor inclination for the people to settle themselves on the Worcester conditions with such plots as may be available farther north. Mr Collings blames County Councils for not encouraging the demand for land. But are County Councils to imitate the merchants of old, and send apprentices out to cry, 'What do ye lack? Bny, buy!' (land) truly—no irreverence meant—'without money and without price'? A snugly appointed board of office-seekers are to de-

termine the latter even if the would-be proprietor has any bawbees for the purpose. But why, it may be asked, is State aid to be invoked for this one particular class of small, struggling agriculturists? Is there any intention of asking the owners of the excellently and scientifically equipped spinning-mills, jute-mills, linen-manufactories—ay, and dye-works, to break up their costly factories and revert to the handloom, the spinning-wheel, of the bygone century—go back from 'wheels to wheat'? Is there any help to be given to restore, in place of the prosperous bakers and grocers whose vans perambulate the country-side, the 'sugar-ball' wife's wee bit shop and her puckle groceries? In a word, is the wealth and general progress of all industries to be carried through on the small or large scale? The large farms, like the large factories, provide employment and a living wage far in advance of the struggling small holder's ability to do so. Besides the numerous cognate trades that have sprung up and provide employment, railways alone absorb a large percentage of workers—workers who have not the inclination, the training, or the time to till the land, but are 'content with their wages.'

Dr Johnson's opinion is apropos of the subject, as quoted in his *Life*:

Boswell.—"Does not throwing a number of farms into few hands injure population?"

Dr Johnson.—"No, sir. The same quantity of food being produced will be consumed by the same number of mouths, though the people may be disposed of in different ways. If corn be dear, and meat cheap, farmers will all employ themselves in growing corn till it becomes plentiful and cheap; then meat becomes dear. Let fanciful men do as they will, it is difficult to disturb the system of life. . . . Land, like other commodities, is an article of commerce. . . . But, if you will, let your land cheap and so get your value, part in money, part in homage."

N.B.—The conditions under which people lived in the days of Dr Johnson would not be tolerated now. Nor would the people be content with such houses and surroundings as were the rule well within our own recollection.

Rider Haggard reports on the inability of farmers and cottagers to build or renew sufficient houses. But why make experiments when there are subjects and object-lessons close at hand? On a large, well-managed property in north Perthshire there are always some small holdings to let, as the proprietor will not allow them to be run 'into other.' The former holders of them were, in time, to offer for the small farms in what is known as the Middle District, the small tenant-farmer from which, as often as not, taking the larger class of farm lower down.

On the Breadalbane estates a large portion of land was offered lately to whoever would take the land for ninety-nine years, and build thereon a house, offices, &c. Needless to say, on barren land, without shelter, water-supply, roads, and other concomitants of civilisation, this offer has been simply left alone.

In a well-known strath—owing to an ungrateful soil, want of good water, uncongenial climate, and the impossibility of growing crops against fierce foreign competition and ruinous railway rates—one after another of the small holders has disappeared, and it would take a strong and expensive administration to make them return. The stationmaster at Dunkeld tells me that, *inter alia*, there used to be a good carrying trade out of Strathbran, especially in potatoes, which is now an unknown quantity, as owing to preference to foreign shippers and competition generally the small holders cannot make a living.

The example of a settlement near Fort William, where the peasant owners live in poverty, their undrained land yielding scanty crops, and squalor being the order—contrasted with the liberal management of estates like Achnacary or Invergarry, where the owners are responsible for buildings, drainage, general upkeep, and local taxes—is not a pleasant object-lesson; whereas the contrary system seems to provide comfortable dwellings, regular employment, and a fair profit, of which sporting rents have of course much to say. A strong point, be it humbly suggested, should be made in regard to sheltered sites in contrast to the wind-swept slopes that seem to catch the eyes of the paper land-reformer. Where the prevailing winds are not broken by judicious planting it is useless to try to grow and harvest crops. The presence of sheltering woods or strips is a main factor in determining settlement of large or small holdings, and the value of the surrounding and sheltering timber must be taken into account when fixing the condition on which small holdings are to be obtained under the present or some future enactments. It may be remembered that land over seven hundred feet is not cultivable with any reasonable success. The necessary roads, bridges, water-supply, have all to be considered, and the sanitary state of small holders' dwellings will exercise the minds of District and Parish Councils, at present onerously enough charged with Local Government health regulations, which are quite easily worked through the landowners of the various large estates.

On my own 'small holding' there are plenty of instances where the labourer or ploughman raised himself from cottage to pendicle, and pendicle to

farmer; and conditions are best when the three classes can exist together and provide for 'a natural promotion.' But the sons and daughters of my old friends will not till the land or milk the cow when higher wages and work more congenial to their advanced education tempt them away from Mother Earth. A strong, intelligent lad will not stay at home and work for eight to ten shillings a week, with which his father and grandfather were content. Conditions of country life are all changed, or the small holders of a hundred years ago would be still—where they are not in many cases—inhabiting their very small and uncomfortable holding with all the ancient disabilities. But, when all is told, 'let us all live and let live;' give all classes a chance; but if I mistake not, the working-class will not be recipients of State aid, but prefer to keep their own independence; and in all dealings, high and low, remember:

There's aye a meikle slippy stane
'Fore ilka body's door.*

David (a holder of cottage and garden, and doing well in absence of much competition): 'See here, laird; if there's anything in this Ak [the Parish Councils], I ought to get some more land.' 'Presackly, David,' replies the laird; 'but where are you to get it? There's Mr R. on the east side of you, and Mr D. on the west, and they will be unco sweer to gie you ony of their land; and, forby, are you to get land from Laird M. [myself] or from Mr C. or Mr R. [two small portners in the adjacent village]? Try your own hand at a bargain wi' one of them.' Well, David succeeded in squeezing three-quarters of an acre out of Mr K., who promptly charged him at the rate of two pounds the acre, proportion of taxes, and the cost of a subdivision fence!

The great difficulty of arranging a well-balanced farm—that is, a farm where acreage is exactly equal to the number of 'horse' employed—would be insuperable were portions of land taken off the farms to be given to the small holders.

There is, at the same time, no solution in land-purchase as long as 'conveyancing' is at the rate of two pounds twelve and sixpence per cent. of the purchase price, payable to the law-agent who completes the transaction.

SHAKESPEARE AS A BUSINESS MAN.

WHAT WAS THE POET'S INCOME?



POETS are proverbially poor, and careless, if not contemptuous, of money. It is seldom that their wares command a good price in the world's market; and their popularity, when it does come, is little test of their merit. We know, for example, that Milton sold the copyright of *Paradise Lost* for five pounds, although his publisher generously allowed him

altogether fifteen pounds for that immortal poem. Goldsmith, who lived nearly all his life in fear of duns, got twenty pounds for his *Traveller*. On the other hand, Constable paid a thousand guineas to Scott for *Marmion*, and Longman paid Moore the astonishing sum of three thousand guineas for that

* There is a delightful old song of which one stanza commences: 'A fig for the laird.'

forgotten poem *Lalla Rookh*. Tennyson, like all great authors, had a long period of waiting before he came into his kingdom; but latterly he drew an income of from five to seven thousand pounds from his works. As for poor Burns, a genius of the highest rank, we know how he struggled with adversity all his days, and as he lay on his death-bed wrote a piteous appeal for a five-pound note to save his wife and family from being harassed by an importunate creditor.

The case of Shakespeare has always been more or less of a mystery—so much a mystery, indeed, that foolish people have doubted whether he ever wrote the plays attributed to him, and have found it necessary to invent the fable that Bacon was their real author. But since Mr Sidney Lee, by his careful and minute investigations, threw a flood of light on Shakespeare and his times there need be no mystery about the matter. Shakespeare was a shrewd and prudent business man, who managed his worldly affairs with such discretion that he was able to retire and spend his latter days in comfort and worldly prosperity; and there is little doubt that if he had lived in later days, when he would have had the advantage of the law of copyright to protect his interests, he might even have achieved the fortune of a millionaire.

Shakespeare began pretty far down the social scale, and knew enough of the troubles and anxieties of poverty to make him careful in after years. John Shakespeare, the poet's father, was a trader in agricultural produce in Stratford. He has been variously described as a butcher, a glover, and a tanner; and he seems at one time to have combined all these occupations. For a while he prospered. He married the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and obtained some property with her. He took a prominent part in municipal affairs, and became successively councillor, constable, chamberlain, and alderman of his native town. He seems, however, to have been very quarrelsome and litigious, and was almost constantly involved in legal suits and processes. At last, through some unexplained cause, his luck turned, his business failed, he was deprived of his alderman's gown, and he got into financial difficulties and had to mortgage his wife's property. His family got free education at the Grammar School; but William was removed at the age of thirteen to assist in helping his father to restore his fortunes. In this capacity the future poet did the work that falls to a butcher's apprentice. After some five years' drudgery he took a step little calculated to improve matters: he made an imprudent marriage with Anne Hathaway, a woman who was eight years his senior; and in a short time he had three children to provide for. So far as we know, the marriage was not a happy one; it seems to have been a typical case of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. In those early days he seems to have been fonder of sport than of work, and his poaching adventures got him into trouble. The tradition goes that, in company with some other

youths, he robbed the deer-park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, was apprehended, and thrown into prison. He seems to have considered himself harshly treated by this man, and he revenged himself later by pillorying him for ever under the character of Justice Shallow in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

This unlucky episode took place in 1585, when Shakespeare had just arrived at man's estate; and next year he left his native place and his family, and tramped to London, to begin his great career as actor and dramatist. The experiences of his early days seem to have sobered him, and thenceforward he brought to the conduct of his practical affairs a mind which was singularly sane, sagacious, and prudent.

Nearly eleven years elapsed before Shakespeare returned to his native town; and he came back with sufficient money in his pocket to buy the largest house in Stratford, known as the 'New Place,' with its barns and gardens, and to set his father's affairs once again on a prosperous footing. The old man, who had been harassed with continual legal prosecutions, obtained peace at last from his creditors, was able to lift up his head again among his fellow-townsmen, and by his son's advice applied for, and after some trouble obtained, a grant of a coat-of-arms.

From this time until he finally retired from the stage, Shakespeare is supposed to have made at least one visit annually to his native town; and from time to time he added to his possessions there. In May 1602 he purchased, for three hundred and twenty pounds, over a hundred acres of land, and in September of the same year he bought a cottage and garden in Chapel Lane, opposite his 'New Place.' In 1605 he paid four hundred and forty pounds for a share of the tithes of Stratford, and in 1610 he purchased other twenty acres of land.

The question that immediately occurs is, How was this done? Where did Shakespeare get the money?

He certainly got very little by writing his immortal dramas. The price paid by the manager of a theatrical company for a play varied from six to eleven pounds, with a small additional gratuity on its first production if it was well received. For altering and revising old plays 'so as to look as good as new,' a manager might pay as much as four pounds. Mr Lee calculates that the nineteen plays set to Shakespeare's credit between 1591 and 1599, combined with 'revising' work, may have brought the poet about twenty pounds a year, or two hundred pounds in all. It must be remembered, of course, that money was then worth eight times as much as now; but, even allowing for that, the income was very small. It is important to note that in those days there was no copyright in plays. Any one who happened to possess a copy of a play was at liberty to publish it and draw the profits. Managers of theatres strongly objected to the publishing of plays for which they had paid, as they thought it would detract from the interest in the performance! Hence the explanation of what

has often seemed a mystery—the fact that so few of Shakespeare's plays were published in his lifetime with his name attached to them. Although he frequently protested against their being published by private publishers, he could not prevent their doing so; and when his reputation grew he was equally powerless to prevent them from publishing plays with his name attached which were not his work. No complete edition of Shakespeare's plays was printed till after his death; and to this day doubts exist as to the authorship of certain plays which have been attributed to him. And just as Sir Walter Scott took more pride in Abbotsford than in his literary reputation as a novelist, so Shakespeare seems to have attached less importance to his authorship of the immortal dramas than to the position he was able to hold among his townsmen in Stratford. He seems also to have inherited his father's love for litigation, for he stood rigorously for his rights in business matters; and we find that even while he was giving forth from his mighty brain such tragedies as *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, he was at the same time, through his agent, Thomas Greene the town-clerk, suing his debtors for such small sums as one pound fifteen shillings and tenpence due to him on his money transactions!

It is evident, therefore, from what we have stated, that it was not by the earnings of his pen that Shakespeare was able to purchase lands and houses in Stratford and to rehabilitate the fallen fortunes of his family. It was as an actor and not as an author that Shakespeare made his money. In those days a good actor received about one hundred and eighty pounds a year as salary, in addition to sums received for special 'command' performances at Court. Shakespeare did not make so much as some of his fellow-actors; but Mr Lee thinks that, on a moderate computation, Shakespeare's income before 1599 must have equalled one thousand pounds a year in our day.

Besides this, Shakespeare had a wealthy patron in the Earl of Southampton, who on one occasion at least gave the poet a sum of money to complete some purchase he had made.

After 1599 Shakespeare's income greatly increased. In that year the Globe Theatre was built by Richard Burbage and other actors, and Shakespeare was allotted shares in the receipts. How many shares he received we do not exactly know; but Mr Lee gives good reasons for supposing that Shakespeare drew from the Globe Theatre annually four hundred pounds as his share of the profits. In addition to this, he is supposed to have had a share in the Blackfriars Theatre; and if we add to these his salary as an actor and his remuneration as a dramatist, we find that in the later and more prosperous years of his life Shakespeare must have had an income of six hundred pounds a year, equal to four thousand eight hundred pounds in our day. It is easy to understand, therefore, how he was able to make large purchases of heritable property in Stratford, to pay his father's debts, and to keep up some style in his native town. He realised his theatrical shares several years before his death in 1616, when he left, according to his will, three hundred and fifty pounds in money, in addition to extensive real estate and numerous personal belongings.

Thus Shakespeare, the mightiest intellect the world has known, the man who of all writers displays the deepest knowledge of human character, whose brain-creations are spoken of by all the world as if they were living realities, and whose language all civilised humanity uses as the highest expression of its thought—this man was not ashamed to care for the pounds, shillings, and pence; and in his shrewd management of his worldly affairs he sets an example to men of humbler capacity.

I N H A N O V E R.

EVEN literature itself is not exempt from the tyranny of fashion in this world of ours, where we are told that there is no new thing under the sun, but where, nevertheless, our one idea seems to be the filling of our little earthly span with as much change and variety as possible. In our grandparents' youth, Italy and everything connected with it, its language, its manners, were considered the *ne plus ultra* of good society. Later on we abandoned the study of the Italian language, along with the pointed Italian handwriting of our ancestors; we began to learn French, have our clothes made in Paris (if we could afford it), and peruse in our leisure moments the works of Sand, De Musset, and Zola in the original (if we were able). The reaction soon set

in. We returned to Nature, at least in our literature. Lured on by the example of many talented ladies, we studied the ancient herbalists, read gardening-books, tilled the soil, and who knows how many of us at this very moment are not preparing works of priceless value for the public press relating our experiences in the doing of it? And this wave of gardening activity has had at least one good effect: it has drawn our attention away from France and Italy, charming countries as these are, and opened our eyes to the fact that something interesting may be found in Germany, a country hitherto almost unexplored, and therefore condemned as being hopelessly dull and commonplace. Those of us who dwell in the Fatherland, and have a mind to appreciate its humours as well as a heart to love it dearly, owe a debt of gratitude to the

fascinating Elizabeth, whose *German Garden* has drawn British attention to the fact that a land lies near at hand where many a delightful holiday may be spent without encroaching on the well-beaten tracks by the Rhine and through the Black Forest. But it is not my intention to dwell on the charms of German travel. I only wish to write a little appreciation of a land which ought to be specially interesting to us as the cradle of the royal race which now reigns over Great Britain—Hanover, a land too little visited, too little known in story or in song, but inferior in interest and association to no other German province.

The Hanoverians are more sympathetic towards the English than is the rest of the Empire. They feel that, having given us their race of kings, there is a bond of union between us and them; and at every turn one is reminded of the intercourse there used to be between the countries by the prevalence of English names over the shop doors in towns and villages. Doubtless Grocer Waring, Butcher Russell, and Draper Lewis, German subjects though they be, are yet originally descended from some hardy British soldier who, straying over here in the wake of a Hanoverian master, was struck by the charm of the place, and stayed on. There is something English, too, in the character of the people: a certain hardy independence often very nearly allied to obstinacy, a disregard of outward opinion, a steady pursuit of a course to the attainment of an end—all qualifications which we like to believe are natural and inherent to our insular selves.

But there are few of us who stop to think what manner of men those be who dwell under the high-gabled roofs which we see peeping through here and there among the trees as the Flushing or Hook of Holland express bears us on our way towards the sea. We look out of the window at the long expanses of purple heath and distant forest which we are told is Hanover; we probably remark to our neighbour or our *vis-à-vis*, 'Very uninteresting country this,' before shutting out the view with the large pages of a week-old *Times*; and yet it is quite worth our while to sojourn for a space on these moors, and learn to know the dwellers thereon.

The house of a Hanoverian *Bauer* (or peasant-proprietor) will seem very strange to English eyes. The low walls are made of black oak-beams and whitewashed plaster, and the disproportionately high roof is of red tiles. The beams along the front of the house are generally elaborately carved with texts, mottoes, dates, and names, as in the old English houses in Chester. It is no unusual thing to find the family of to-day bearing the same name as the original builder of the house some centuries ago. In many cases they are really descended from the founder; in others the new possessors have taken on the family name along with the property. Some of the carved texts are curiously applied. Over one door the writer saw the words of St John, x. 9, in Old German, 'I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out,

and find pasture.' Another farm called Nobis had the punning motto, '*Si Deus pro Nobis, Quis contra Nobis?*' but in the majority of cases the texts are as stereotyped as those in the ordinary churchyard at home. The width and height of the door admit of the passage of a wagon loaded with hay. Driving in, we find ourselves in a vast and dimly lighted space. High above our heads is a hay-loft; on our right several cows are looking at us with the contemplative gaze common to cows of every nationality; on our left the horses are rattling their chains. Proceeding farther, we reach the kitchen. No barrier or partition separates the family from its animals. It affords the Hanoverian *Bauer* much extra satisfaction in his meals to be able, during their consumption, to gaze undisturbed on his possessions. The cooking is done on a large open hearth, the back of the fireplace being generally a carved iron plate. But, alas! the hand of the curio-dealer has fallen heavily upon Hanover, and only in very remote villages are the original old plates still to be found. A good collection of them is in the Museum at Osnabrück, the birthplace of George I., prettiest and quaintest of little towns. They are always more or less rude representations of scriptural subjects; the Hanoverian peasant, whether Catholic or Protestant—and the two religions claim an almost equal number of adherents—is ever loyal and devoted to Mother Church.

The sitting-room and sleeping-rooms open from the kitchen, the sleeping apartments being always next the part of the building allotted to the cows and horses. Many of them still contain the curious box-beds, built into a recess in the wall, with a sliding shutter at the back. This, on being pushed aside, reveals all the inhabitants of the stable, and enables the careful *Bauer* to leap straight from his slumbers into their midst should any of them require his attention during the night. A shutter in front closes in the bed from the room, and leads one to marvel how the sleeper escapes asphyxiation. These shutters are often of carved oak, black with age, and, like the fire-plates, are rapidly becoming the prey of the collector.

There are little windows all along the walls of the house on every side. Each cow and horse has its own casement, and the effect of the row of faces looking out enjoying the fresh air at such times when they are confined under the common roof is irresistibly comical. The windows in the kitchen are unique, but seem at first sight to fail in the primal purpose of windows, for they are not made to open, and each one consists of nine or ten small panes of richly coloured glass which almost exclude the light; but a closer acquaintance with the construction of a Hanoverian *Hof* reveals sliding shutters underneath which admit both light and air. The windows above are much too precious to be exposed to the ordinary risks incurred in opening and shutting; they are a sort of family tree containing a record of the house since its foundation. In the olden days the artisans who aided in the construc-

tion of the house each presented a little pane for the windows of the completed building. The first window generally contains the portrait of the founder and his wife, their names and date, and around them all the artisans are depicted, each holding in his hand the tool peculiar to his craft, after the manner of the saints and their distinguishing attributes in mediæval art. In the second window the wedding of the heir is portrayed; that is to say, he and the bride are in the centre, while on their right are the panes given by the groomsmen, on the left those given by the bride's maids, the name and date beneath each. The groomsmen always prance on fiery steeds, while the maidens hold brimming cups of wine towards them. As works of art their value is not great; as family records they must be almost priceless. These windows are all of comparatively remote date, and only exist in the older houses, for the custom became such a craze that one severe old eighteenth-century bishop at last lifted up his voice against it, and made a law that any one accepting the present of a pane should pay a fine, and so it gradually fell into disuse. I have not met with this pretty custom in any other country, but some of the Hanoverian aristocracy are now beginning to revive it. It is a fanciful notion, but as an artistic and permanent visitors' book in country houses has much to recommend it.

If one is lucky and finds an absolutely unspoilt old house, there will be many curious pieces of furniture in the living-rooms. The old carved wooden salt-box of gigantic size hangs on the wall next to the little round cask which is filled with hot water on cold winter nights and used as a warming-pan in the *Bauer's* bed. Queer wooden stands, painted all over with quaint little birds, hold the long spoons for stirring the soup in the pan, and sometimes the carved chest which once contained the trousseau of a sixteenth-century bride still stands in the ingle-nook. It is commoner, however, to find these latter degraded from their high estate and used to hold the horses' oats in the stable. But all such curiosities become rarer year by year.

A friend of the writer's once advertised for a married coachman, but found that the applicant for the situation who pleased him best was a bachelor. 'But,' said Count A., 'my coachman must be married. You ought not to have applied for the place.' 'Oh, that is easily managed,' said the coachman. 'How long will you give me to get married?' 'Till the end of October,' said the Count. 'Very well,' replied the coachman, and disappeared. Next day he turned up again. 'It's all right,' he said with a beaming smile. 'I am engaged. We are to be married early in October, and my mother-in-law has promised to come and live with us. She is a splendid worker, and so we shall save the expense of a servant.' A wedding among the peasants is, on the whole, rather a paying thing for the parents of the bride.

They are expected to provide a substantial repast; but as each guest leaves a thaler (three shillings) under his plate at the conclusion of the feast there is generally a wide margin of profit. In an old book relating to past and gone Hanoverian laws, the chapter on weddings is full of unconscious humour. The number of guests among the higher class of peasants is never to exceed eighty, among the lower twenty. All superfluity of eating or drinking and lounging until late at night are strictly forbidden. The wedding presents must either be wrapped in paper or placed on a tray under a cloth, so that one guest may not see what another gives. Public counting of the gifts or naming of the givers is forbidden under a penalty of ten thalers or ten days' imprisonment on bread and water. In Hanover the festivities nowadays last from midday till dawn on the following day, and night is rendered hideous for miles round the scene by the detonating rockets which are sent off at intervals of a few minutes all the time. At spring weddings and Church festivals the door of the house is decorated by having a small birch-tree in full leaf placed on either side of it. When a whole street is thus adorned the effect is charming; but one cannot help feeling a pang of sorrow for all the little birch-trees torn so rudely from their native soil.

There is poetry as well as prose in the Hanoverian character. Wherever we go we find fanciful legends still dwelling in the mind of the oldest inhabitant and being handed down to posterity. If a group of children gather round us by the wayside, it is easy to gain their confidence and get them to repeat some of the pretty fairy tales which granny tells them on the winter evenings, when they sit spinning round the fire. The children have to work very hard, poor little souls! After school-hours they are rarely seen at play. A great many odd jobs have to be done at home before they strap on their little hide satchels, jump into their sabots, and clatter off to their lessons; and often they are kept at work till long after they ought to be in bed. 'I was working at the sausage-machine till twelve last night,' said one little fair-haired girl, with a yawn; 'but, oh, didn't I make up for it this morning! I didn't get up till six!' And she looked up wide-eyed with astonishment at her own unheard-of laziness. But, hard-working as they are, they are healthy, sturdy little things. Orphanages are not needed anywhere outside the towns in Hanover. When any child has the misfortune to lose its parents, or not to have a legal right to any at all, many willing hands and hearts are ready to care for it. There is always one or more such adopted children in a Hanoverian homestead, treated in every way as members of the family, without any thought of reward or payment. Should there be a scarcity of food or raiment, the little adopted one is thought of first of all, the children of the house afterwards. But, on the whole, the Hanoverian peasants are well-to-

do. In the district best known to the writer poverty—real grinding poverty such as one sees in England—is unknown, and the local poorhouse has only one inmate, perishing of ennui.

The children are fond of telling how they came into this workaday world ; but sometimes their ideas differ on this point. In some places they tell how there is a lake away up in the mountains, 'The Lake of the Little Children,' and from there the torrent rolls them down, down the hillside till they come to the spring outside the village, where they bubble up to the top. If you want a little brother you must go and gaze down into the water, and perhaps, if you look long enough, you will see his baby-face peering up at you. But more generally they believe in the dear familiar stork, who picks a tiny infant up out of the lake as he would a frog, and flies away with it to the house where it is wanted, and there drops it, never forgetting to peck the mother so severely in the leg that she has to stay in bed for many days. On the other side of the village, away out upon the moor, there is another lake ; but no kind stork visits it, and if you are obliged to pass on the way to school, then you must cross yourself and hurry quickly by, for down in its deep recesses dwells the devil himself. It has always been his favourite haunt ever since long before the birth of Christ our Saviour, and for hundreds of years he has had with him down there the unconsecrated bells of Dalme Church. For, when the first missionaries of the new gospel wandered into Hanover, and churches began to arise here, there, and everywhere, the devil was naturally very much annoyed, and what annoyed him most of all was the ringing of the bells. The master-builder had prepared two beautiful bells for the new church of Dalme-on-the-Moor, and on Christmas Eve they were hanging all ready in the new belfry. But the devil had determined that they should never ring there, and in the night he came with wind and storm, tore them down, and plunged them into his pond, where they lie to this day. If the people of Dalme had only had the bells christened before putting them up they would have been quite safe. Nowadays such a deed would be impossible, for since then all church bells are dedicated to the service of God Almighty, and have sacred mottoes around them. But the devil still revenges himself on Christmas Eve ; then he rings his heathen bells deep down in the water. Those who are wise do not heed him. They cross themselves, and murmur, 'It is only the devil trying to lure us to the deep pond.'

In Protestant and Catholic villages alike the confirmation of a child is the great day of its youth. The ceremony takes place when it is between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and generally just before Whitsunday, on which day the child receives its first communion. At the confirmation the clergyman gives to each child a text from the Bible, known as its *Denkspruch*, which is to serve as its motto through life. In most cases the children

have attended Bible-classes for some two years previously, so that their pastor has been able to acquire a more than superficial knowledge of each separate character. He is thus easily able to select a text which will be helpful to it through life. This custom of having one verse specially chosen from the Bible to be your own is a very charming one. Those words given at confirmation must often have helped many a struggling soul in some dark hour of sin or trouble, when he has felt 'much farther off from heaven than when he was a boy.' In many cases the *Denkspruch* is carved upon the tombstone, an appropriate memorial of him who lies beneath.

At funerals the peasants conduct themselves with the utmost propriety. In silence they assemble at the house of the dead ; in silence they accompany him to his last resting-place ; in silence they return to their own homes. They are not a morbid people, and only on one occasion did I encounter an old lady who, in her love of funerals and deathbeds, was almost worthy to be a Scottish peasant. The thought of death was an ever-present one with her, and for some twenty years before her decease she kept several fine oak-planks in her wardrobe to be ready for the construction of her coffin ! 'Our family has never been buried in anything but oak,' she was wont to say with pride, 'and I could never rest quietly in my grave if my coffin were made of deal.' She was a strange mixture of the spiritual and the material, one of the last living retainers of an old family, who passed on with the property when the noble race died out and the estate was sold. Although in course of time she became much attached to her new master and mistress, she never forgot the old ones, and it was a comfort to her to think that their ghosts haunted the house and grounds. 'I heard the *gründige Frau's* high-heeled shoes on the stairs last night,' she would say. 'The place will be all right as long as she is keeping an eye upon things.' That one who had such a simple faith in the unseen world of spirits could yet cherish anxiety as to the material of her coffin is a testimony to the amount of strange contradictions that go to make up the human character.

In many places throughout Hanover the old costumes are still worn, but unfortunately, as in other countries, the practice is falling more and more into disuse. Still, on high days and holidays the peasant women may be seen streaming along the shady *Chaussees* towards the towns in their gay dresses and quaint black bonnets embroidered with silver and gold. These bonnets are tied under the chin with flowery-patterned ribbons many inches wide, the ends of which are allowed to hang down the front of the dress and float almost to their knees. On all the great Catholic festivals the costumes are donned, and many a picturesque group is to be seen gathered round the porches of the old churches. There are not many costumes in the

pews of the Lutheran churches. There the ordinary 'Sunday-best' gown and hat seem to find more favour, and the one picturesque touch in the scene is in the pulpit, where the clergyman looks as if he had stepped straight out of an old Dutch picture. In Hanover the Lutheran pastors do not wear 'bands,' as in other parts of the world. Round the necks of their black gowns they have a stiff and complicated Elizabethan ruff of many starched frills, whose 'getting-up' is an art difficult to acquire and a secret known to but few laundresses. Another occasion upon which the costumes are displayed is at the yearly *Schützenfest*, the peasant Bisley, held at the principal town or village of each district. Like their South African namesakes, the *Bauers* are wonderful marksmen. They all belong to the shooting-club, and the yearly gathering to shoot for prizes ranging from a portmanteau to a cake of soap is a great event in their hard-working lives. The whole thing is conducted with great solemnity. The proceedings are inaugurated by a procession of the marksmen and the crowning of the best shot of the previous year

as King of the Feast (*der Schützenkönig*). He has the privilege of choosing his own Queen, with whom he drives in a carriage-and-four, preceded by outriders in medieval costumes, to the scene of the competition. When the light fails for shooting purposes dancing begins; and the enormous consumption of beer causes the onlooker to wonder if the steadiness of the shooting on the following day will not be affected. But it seldom is. A merry dance till dawn, a short sleep, and the *Schütz* is up and ready to renew the contest, which generally lasts for several summer days.

Such is the Hanoverian peasant: honest, active, hard-working, independent, not perhaps very intellectual, but living a life of laborious days in a simple and contented spirit; ready to do his duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him, and not troubling overmuch about the unknown world outside. In these days of higher grade education and rapid abolition of all social distinctions, it is a restful thing to dwell for a while among people of his kind. And who shall say that his is not the better part?

A CANADIAN LOYALIST OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

By the Rev. R. F. DIXON.



THE uncompromising loyalty of Canadians has almost become proverbial throughout the Empire; and it is a legacy from the United Empire Loyalists, a class of men practically ignored in English history. These men were the real founders of Canada, and it is from them that the Canadian has inherited his sturdy and inflexible attachment to the British Crown, and his unbending determination to maintain the integrity of the Empire at all costs. Sufferers for conscience' sake, like the Huguenots and the Pilgrim Fathers, their departure from the United States was an irreparable loss which many of the Americans themselves are now beginning to admit. Well and truly did they lay the foundations of this mighty State, which at the dawn of the twentieth century is entering upon the full possession of her splendid heritage on the northern half of the continent, and is now assuming in good earnest all the responsibilities of full nationhood, with, however, it may be added, an undiminished attachment to the dear old flag and the immovable determination to keep it flying from ocean to ocean. The Dominion of Canada is a noble monument to those high-souled men who, for a sacred principle dearer to them than lands or gold, voluntarily renounced their all, and, turning their faces towards the wilderness beyond the great lakes, went forth the pioneers and upbuilders of a second and a truer New England.

And so the young nation's life was cradled in

that high-souled loyalty of which one of their own poets has sung:

Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Though it be not shone upon.

The loyalty of the men of the first generation of United Empire Loyalists is vividly illustrated by the following incident, related to the author by one of their descendants:

Early in the eighties of the eighteenth century, a family of Loyalists, whom we will call by the name of Gilbertson, had, on the acknowledgment by England of the independence of the revolted colonies, taken up their abode, with a few other kindred spirits, on the British side of the Niagara River, about a mile above the Falls. They had left behind them a fine property in the State of New York, and had, after a long and tiresome journey through the forest, arrived at the long-sought haven with little more than the clothes on their backs.

In the hurry of their departure they had left behind them several treasured articles. Amongst these were the title-deeds of the property which had been granted to Gilbertson's father direct from the Crown for some exploit in the French colonial wars. These parchments Gilbertson especially prized, and soon after his arrival on British territory he determined to revisit the homestead, and, if possible, recover them from their place of concealment under a certain plank in the inner room of the old hewn-log house.

It was a perilous undertaking. Public feeling

ran high against the refugees. Many cases of lynching on the part of the now triumphant Republicans had occurred, and Gilbertson had rendered himself especially obnoxious to the winning party. He had held a command in that notorious and still well-remembered band of Loyalist partisans known as Butler's Rangers. The chances, therefore, were a thousand to one that if captured he would be promptly strung up to the nearest tree.

Trusting, however, to his intimate knowledge of the country, and disregarding the entreaties of his young wife, Gilbertson rowed himself over the Niagara River, and, concealing his boat under the bank on the American side, started off on his perilous errand just as the early autumn evening began to close in.

Gilbertson, it is necessary to explain, was still under thirty, of herculean build, as tough and wiry as a wild-cat, and in every conceivable characteristic the typical frontiersman.

Avoiding the occasional settlements that lay in his direct route, and travelling mostly by night, he safely arrived at the deserted and still unoccupied homestead, which, though rather remotely situated, stood in a large clearing of nearly thirty acres. After waiting in the forest until night had fallen, but before the rising of the harvest moon, Gilbertson cautiously approached the house, and soon satisfied himself that it was untenanted. He entered by the unsecured door, found everything as it had been left a couple of weeks before, and speedily secured the desired articles, including the dearly prized title-deeds. Then, wearied out, he lay down for what he intended should be a couple of hours' sleep, purposing to make his homeward start about the turn of the night.

As might naturally be expected, he slept seven or eight hours, nature's allowance for a healthily tired man. When he awoke it was broad daylight, and the sun had already surmounted the tree-tops. Springing from the bed, Gilbertson made a hasty survey of the clearing from the back and front of the house, and then started off for the nearest point of the encircling forest.

He had covered about half the distance, when two men armed with muskets, who had evidently been watching the house, rushed upon him from the forest. Levelling their guns, they shouted to him to surrender.

Gilbertson stopped, and, with a short, bitter laugh, said, 'Waal, boys, I guess ye've treed yer coon this time.' Then he threw up his arms.

The two men, one considerably in advance of the other, approached with levelled pieces, when Gilbertson suddenly threw himself flat on his face, and pulling his foremost adversary's feet from under him, disarmed him. His comrade, who had thrown down his musket to rush to the other's assistance, was promptly felled, and Gilbertson was master of the situation.

'Take your life, you rebel hound!' said Gilbertson, as he 'drew a bead' on his discomfited and cower-

ing adversary; 'but, remember, if you come within gunshot of me again I'll shoot you like the dog you are. God save King George!'

The Yankee, as may readily be imagined, glad to get off so cheaply, took to his heels. Gilbertson, leaving his second antagonist still prostrate and insensible, plunged into the forest on his homeward journey.

Impressed with the certainty of his ultimate pursuit, Gilbertson put forth all his energies, and, refreshed with his night's rest, travelled all day at a pace which by nightfall carried him nearly half-way to the British frontier. Then, after a few hours' rest, which he snatched with his back to a tree, he started off again, travelling the whole night and the greater part of the following day.

It was just as the welcome roar of the Niagara warned him of the swiftly nearing end of his journey that Gilbertson suddenly became conscious that he was being pursued. The bay of a blood-hound and the voices of men urging it forward suddenly rang out in the clear autumnal air, apparently only a few hundred yards in the rear. Wearied and footsore as he was with his prolonged tramp, Gilbertson's heart for the moment fainted within him. Then, bracing himself up, he dashed forward, inwardly resolving, if the worst came to the worst, to make a few 'rebels' bite the dust, and not to be taken alive.

His pursuers rapidly gained upon him, and just as, emerging from the forest, the broad bosom of the Father of Waters gladdened his sight, a loud shout from behind apprised him that he was in full view.

'Halt, or you're a dead man!' shouted one of his pursuers in the familiar tones of one of his old neighbours, an uncompromising Republican and implacable hunter of Tories, known in the settlement as Black Zeke. The bloodhound, with an exultant yelp, dashed forward to pull him down.

'Halt yourselves, you rebel trash!' shouted Gilbertson, wheeling round and levelling his musket at the advancing party of eight or ten men. The worst had come to the worst. He could have faced the whole Yankee army, with the arch-traitor George Washington at its head.

There was a roar of derisive laughter from his pursuers. Nevertheless, they halted. Gilbertson was only one man, but he was armed to the teeth, and they all knew full well that he would be an exceedingly ugly customer to come to close grips with. The hound would pull him down, and then they could rush in and take him alive. For the solemn lynching of one of Butler's Rangers was a treat not to be lightly thrown away.

In another moment the hound was upon him, and with a hoarse growl leaped for his throat. Exhausted as he was, Gilbertson, however, was too quick for the brute. He jumped lightly aside at the right moment; and the dog, missing its quarry, pitched head foremost upon the ground. Before it could recover itself it had received its death-blow from the butt-end of Gilbertson's musket.

The party of pursuers had meanwhile rushed forward, and were within a few paces of their expected prisoner. The boat lay concealed about a hundred yards from where Gilbertson had turned to bay. With the fire of rekindled hope, he turned and ran for it. A bullet hummed past his ear; another tore through his hat; a third stung his cheek; but he held on, reached the boat, and leaped into it. In another moment his pursuers, breathless and with emptied muskets, reached the bank. With a slash of his hunting-knife Gilbertson severed the rope.

He had just seized the oar to shove off, when Black Zeke leaped into the boat, and throwing himself upon him, demanded his surrender. The boat, under the impetus of the shock, shot far beyond the reach of those on shore; and then ensued a life-and-death grapple between the representatives of two irreconcilable systems. As far as size, weight, strength, and age went, the two men were not unevenly matched. But Gilbertson possessed one marked advantage: he was incomparably the more active of the two. Consequently, though taken at a serious disadvantage, he soon contrived to twist himself from an undermost to an uppermost position and get his huge bony hand twisted into his assailant's collar.

'Say "God save King George!" or I'll choke the life o' yer long carcass,' he hissed into the ear of the discomfited Republican.

'Never!' came the gurgled response.

Gilbertson gave another twist to his opponent's collar, and repeated his demand. Black Zeke's swarthy visage had by this time deepened into a rich purple, his eyes were bulging out of his head, and his tongue was protruding. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer; he made an affirmative movement with one of his hands. Gilbertson immediately relaxed his hold.

'God save King George!' Black Zeke gasped forth, now thoroughly conquered. Then, as Gilbertson still kept a hold upon his collar, he asked in a quavering voice, 'What are you going to do with me?'

After a moment's silence Gilbertson replied, 'I'm going to do one of two things: take you back to your friends or go over the Falls with you. If you pass your word that I can take you back and be free to go my way, I'll do so; if not, then we'll sleep in the whirlpool to-night.'

Black Zeke eagerly gave the required pledge. Gilbertson repeated it to the little band of Republicans, who had been anxiously witnessing their proceedings from the bank. The offer was accepted, and in the course of another five minutes Black Zeke had been restored to his friends, and Gilbertson, amid the rapidly deepening shades of the approaching night, had started on the last stage of his eventful journey.

As may be imagined, Gilbertson had no inclination to linger in American waters. He bent himself with a will to the oars, and soon shot out into the broad bosom of the Father of Waters.

He had reached British waters, and the land of his adoption was looming clear before him, when he began to be conscious of a peculiar motion of the boat. He seemed, as far as one can describe it, to be moving forward and yet making no progress. Then the bank ahead of him began to recede, his boat slued round, and he suddenly became conscious that he had entered upon the very last and most imminent of all his perils. During his struggle with Black Zeke his boat had drifted several hundred yards below its mooring-point. In the tremendous excitement of his life-and-death grapple he had entirely overlooked this fact. It now flashed upon him that he had started too far down the river, and that he had been caught in the tremendous rush of the current that sets in from the Canadian side. For a moment he sat with suspended oars, stunned and nerveless. Was he, after all, after surmounting a hundred perils and fighting his way back to home and freedom against ten times tenfold odds, destined thus miserably and ingloriously to perish? But Reuben Gilbertson was not the man to despair while there remained one fighting chance in a thousand to save his life. He bent again to the oars, and bringing his boat half-round with a supreme effort, strove to reach land in a slanting direction.

Meanwhile his friends, who had desecrated his approach and his subsequent peril, had gathered on the bank. One man, who had procured a rope, shouted to him to make for a certain point farther down, whence it seemed likely the rope might be successfully thrown to him.

Gilbertson, it is needless to say, made a manful attempt to follow out these directions. But just as his friend threw the rope a sudden capricious swirl of the current whirled his boat far beyond its reach. A shrill cry of horror and despair arose from the little knot of Loyalists on the bank. Reuben Gilbertson, the father of the settlement, their leader out of the House of Bondage, their champion, the strong, the trusted, the enthusiastically believed in, was to be torn almost out of their very grasp and hurled into the gaping jaws of death.

To Gilbertson all was now unmistakably over. His hands mechanically relaxed their grasp upon the oars, which in a moment slipped out of the rowlocks and were swept away. For a moment he sat as if stunned into apathy. Then he was observed to rise to his feet and lift his hat and wave it. 'Thank God, I die in British waters! God save King George!' he shouted in tones distinctly audible above the horrible hungry roar of the waters.

But Gilbertson was not destined to perish. His work for king and country was not done. An equally capricious inward swirl of the current drifted his boat shorewards just close enough to be reached by the rope. He was dragged ashore out of the very throat of death, amid the shrill weeping of the women and the hoarse shouts of the men, of whom by this time the little settlement had been emptied.

Gilbertson lived to a good old age. He served with distinction in the Canadian militia in the war of 1812-14, and helped under the heroic Brock to hurl the Americans down the Queenstown Heights. His son did his part loyally and manfully in 'the '37,' his grandson was under arms during the Fenian invasion of 1866, and a great-grandson served with credit and distinction in the last Riel rebellion of 1885. Counting his father, five successive generations of one family, not one of whom

had ever laid eyes on England, have adventured their lives for the upholding of the old flag and the integrity of the Empire.

And this is more or less the history of thousands of families in Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Prince Edward Island. Little wonder, then, that Canadians are a loyal race. As an old Loyalist, himself the descendant of one of the original pioneers, said to the writer recently, 'We've got it in our bones.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SOME 'SCIENCES' OF THE CREDULOUS.



URING the last few months several so-called sciences which command quite a considerable following have been subjected to searching examination and inquiry under test conditions, and in every case they have broken down utterly. In France the 'science' which deals with the delineation of character from handwriting has been carefully tested, and the results arrived at by various masters of the art were as different as possible and nearly all wrong. For instance, the handwriting of a notorious murderer was diagnosed by one professor as that of a young and timid girl. Many of the delineators were wrong even in apparently so simple a matter as the sex of the subject, and in nearly every case the results were hopelessly at variance with the known facts. Yet thousands of people believe firmly in the power of a few to discover character from handwriting, and base their belief on results which cannot reasonably be ascribed to coincidence or chance. Water-divining is another 'science' which has come under the microscope of test inquiry, and the water-diviners have failed as egregiously as the diviners of character. A number of them who had the courage of their opinions and consented to be put to the test—many others had indignantly refused—were turned into a field beneath which, as they were told, water was known to be flowing. Their indications had all the charm of variety, and none were nearer the truth than a lucky guesser might reasonably expect to find himself. Here again there are thousands of hard-headed people who firmly believe in the power of a hazel switch to indicate the proximity of water, and they will point to many a well-authenticated case as the basis of their convictions. Again, the name of the believers in phrenology is legion, for what is more logical than that the various portions of the brain—each controlling a different characteristic of the individual—should be represented by a corresponding protuberance on that individual's cranium? Nevertheless, this idea of a local habitation for the various faculties is without

foundation, and it has been shown that the bumps, which the phrenologist believes to be due to a bulging brain, are generally merely a thickening of the bony structure of the skull, and in reality indicate rather a deficiency of brain-substance in that particular place. How many there are who own to a belief in palmistry, based upon marvellous predictions which have undoubtedly come true in every important particular! Yet if the very least of the palmist's arrogant claims could be substantiated he would be absolutely invaluable to life insurance companies. Still, the palmist's revelations, except when made under test conditions, continue to astonish the sceptic and confirm the credulous by an exactitude which cannot easily be explained away. There are several other so-called sciences in which people believe, having seemingly very good grounds for the faith which is in them, which nevertheless fail utterly to establish themselves when subjected to rigid tests. The firm beliefs of thousands of sane thinking men and women cannot be lightly dismissed with an airy accusation of fraud.

AND A SUGGESTION.

In spite of the numerous cases of gross fraud on the part of so-called mediums, and in spite of their oft-repeated failure under test, the mysterious phenomena grouped under the heading of spiritualism are too well authenticated to be refused credence entirely. That such phenomena have been, and daily are being, observed must be admitted, though the connection in any way with the spirits of the departed may be gravely questioned. The allied phenomena of clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy, &c. must equally be admitted to have some foundation in fact, although what little in them is true is shrouded in such an impenetrable cloak of foolishness and fraud that careful inquiry is baffled at the very outset. But all these things have one characteristic in common with the false sciences mentioned above. The success is directly proportional to the *faith* in them which is held not only by those who practise them but also by those who sit around. Probably this explains why—although they occasionally succeed at other times—they almost always fail when placed under test by a

committee of septs; and this common characteristic suggests that there is possibly a common grain of truth. There are few who will absolutely deny that there is a faculty of the human mind which in occasional glimpses enables it to obtain knowledge of things which at the time are beyond the reach of any of the five senses. This faculty, which in highly developed cases is called telepathy, is believed to be possessed more or less by all individuals; and those who have studied the subject say that its successful exercise depends upon the subject's faith in his own powers. Moreover, it is probably subject to that law of suggestion which is found to govern all hypnotic phenomena. Now, it is at least possible that palmistry, phrenology, and divination either of water or character are merely telepathy or clairvoyance modified by the practitioner's own suggestion. Thus, the handwriting sage may gain telepathic knowledge which in his case will only manifest itself in connection with a piece of notepaper; and so with all the other occult scientists. In every case, it is quite in accordance with the known laws of hypnotism that failure should result during inquiry by unbelievers, for faith is a *sine quâ non*. The idea is put forward merely as a suggestion, and coupled with the old recommendation: there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in man's philosophy.

TARRING THE ROADS.

In all matters pertaining to road locomotion France has been ahead of this country for some years; and it is not surprising that while we are experimenting in the treatment of our roads with dust-laying preservatives on a small scale, the roads in France are being coated by machinery at a very encouraging rate. Various means have been tried for the application of oil or tar to the surface of the roads, one of the best being designed upon the principle of the spray-diffuser familiar to most people in the toilet form as an inhaling appliance or for the distribution of scent. By this method water from the main, in forcing its way through the nozzle, draws up through another pipe a small quantity of oil or tar, and, carrying this out with it, sprays the substance thinly over the road surface. By another method the oily substance is made into an emulsion with water by the addition of some alkali such as ammonia, and the soapy compound thus obtained is sprinkled upon the road from an ordinary watering-cart. According to a recent report by Chief-Engineer Heude, the best and most satisfactory method of all is to apply hot gas-tar direct to the newly swept road surface, and this method is being used on a large scale by the aid of elaborate appliances. By the Laissally automatic system, more than two thousand square yards of road surface can be treated in an hour. In this apparatus, which is worked entirely by steam, the semi-liquid tar from a tank-cart is automatically sucked into the steam heating-car, and in a short time brought to the necessary temperature, two hundred and fifty

gallons at a time; then the boiling-hot tar is driven out by steam pressure into another tank-wagon, by which it is applied to the road during the time that a second supply is being boiled up in the steam-heater. The spreading-cart is supplied with automatic apparatus to produce an even flow of hot tar through a number of small holes on to the road, where it is immediately attacked by automatic spreading-brushes, which lay a fine coating on the surface. According to the report, the results justify the expense occasioned, and indeed it is said that the annual cost of keeping up the road is so far diminished as a consequence of the great reduction in wear that the original expense is more than compensated by the saving, the roads are freed from the dust nuisance, and they last longer with less attention.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

In the making of the Stimpson Tunnel a new explosive was experimented with, but had to be abandoned because it produced such enormous quantities of the poisonous carbon monoxide that the air in the tunnel would have been unfit for breathing. The explosive, which is described in the *Annales des Ponts et Chaussées*, was made by soaking powdered charcoal in liquid air or liquid oxygen. The powdered charcoal—which by itself is of course quite harmless—was packed in stout paper cartridge-cases fitted with a paper tube, through which the liquid air was poured at the last moment before use, and the firing was accomplished by means of the usual fulminate cap. Owing to the evaporation of the liquid air it was necessary that the charge should be fired within ten minutes of the moment when the liquid was added; but this, so far from being an objection, constitutes one of the greatest advantages of the new explosive, for if there should be a miss-fire from any cause it is only necessary to wait a while and the cartridge may be dug out with perfect safety, for its explosive properties will have evaporated with the liquid air. The explosive is said to cost only one-tenth the price of dynamite, so that if it is in other respects as valuable as it is reported to be, it is to be hoped that the disadvantage mentioned may be overcome.

ANOTHER WAR ON FLIES.

It is gradually coming to be universally recognised that various insects which we have hitherto looked upon as being only troublesome and annoying are in reality a serious danger because of their disease-bearing capabilities. According to a note in the *English Mechanic*, the vicar of Barkingside, the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, who is said never to lose an opportunity of slaying flies and encouraging the natural bent of spiders, is proclaiming a war on all obnoxious insects in Essex. These will include gnats, mosquitoes, harvest-bugs, and indeed all objectionable creatures from the wasp down to *pulex irritans*—sometimes called the domestic kangaroo. Mr Lach-Szyrma says: 'If only one-

hundredth of the sum used for destroying human life in war were devoted to clearing away the common foes of mankind we should all be happier and more at ease.' Everybody will wish the best of success to him and his new society.

X-RAYS FOR GRAY HAIR.

A great deal has been heard of the terrible effect produced by the X-rays on the skin if they are allowed to impinge upon it for long periods time after time, and it is now announced in *L'Illustration* that the X-rays have a marked effect upon the colour of the hair. In the course of the daily applications of the X-rays for medical purposes a doctor and his assistant were surprised to find that the beard and hair (which had grown almost white) of one of them were gradually reassuming their original hue; but they noticed, on the other hand, that the dark hair of a man whom they were treating for lupus was gradually becoming gray under the effect of the rays. After noting the various effects in a number of cases, the two doctors declare that under the influence of X-rays light hair becomes darker. It is said that gray hair which had become black under the treatment has since been repeatedly cut and retains its black hue. If substantiated, this will open out a new and valuable field for the X-rays; but in view of the very terrible skin-disease which the rays are capable of producing under prolonged exposure, extreme caution must be used in all experiments.

A PAVING-SLAB MACHINE.

The coming of the concrete is slow but sure, and gradually conservative England is beginning to realise the value of concrete blocks and slabs in the making of her buildings. A large brewery in Bishop-Stortford has been built entirely of hollow concrete blocks, and from the illustration which is before us it is far less unsightly than brewers' buildings are wont to be. The concrete blocks were made with the machine patented by Messrs Bailey and Stanton. It will be remembered that the great advantage of building with concrete lies in the fact that the bulk of the building material is found on the spot and costs practically nothing; the remaining constituent, ordinary cement, alone requires bringing to the scene of operations. Cement is used only in the proportion of one-third to one-sixth of the whole, according to the strength required of the finished brick, so that carriage, which is one of the builder's most expensive items, is reduced to that extent. A machine which should commend itself at once to the corporations of all small towns is the one designed by Messrs Bailey and Stanton for making concrete paving-slabs. It consists in the main of a strong steel box, with provision for applying great pressure to the contents. Its operation is simple in the extreme. Sufficient concrete to form one slab is placed, in its newly mixed and plastic condition, at the bottom of the box, a thin wooden partition laid over it, then a further similar

amount of concrete, and another partition, and so on until the box is full. Then the pressure is applied and the whole put aside to set. After several hours the box is taken to pieces and the eight slabs of solid concrete removed and stacked away to dry. It is obvious that the slabs can be made at any convenient time and stored until they are required for use.

FERRO-CONCRETE: A CORRECTION.

Our recent note on the new building erected by the North-Eastern Railway at Newcastle was unintentionally exaggerated. By an error the area of the structure was given in yards instead of feet, and there was also a considerable over-statement as to the load for which the floor of the building was constructed to carry. The actual space covered by the building measures one hundred and eighty by four hundred and thirty feet. The total height of the structure is ninety-two feet, and it consists of basement and ground-floor where the railway traffic is carried on, and two upper floors for the storage of goods. In one of the tests to which the ground-floor was subjected a beam designed to carry a load of one hundred and seventy-one tons was weighted to two hundred and seventy-three tons. The flooring is only five inches thick, supported on twelve-inch beams—seventeen inches in all—and there are six turntables, each designed to carry 42-ton wagons.

A FOUNTAIN OF BUBBLES.

A novelty in the way of adornment for ornamental grounds and the like is provided in an ingenious machine for blowing bubbles by the thousand. The bubbles contain hydrogen gas instead of air, and rise in a glistening torrent to a considerable height before they burst. The effect on a still, sunny day is said to be very beautiful. The bubbles are blown by the pressure of the gas from a battery of nozzles arranged in rows of two dozen or so, the rows being four inches apart. By the action of the machine the rows of nozzles are alternately dipped in the soap solution, and then the gas is gradually turned on until the bubbles are formed and fly upwards. In the large machines the gas is drawn from the mains, but in the smaller ones it is provided by the action of hydrochloric acid upon zinc. The small machines, producing and liberating only a few bubbles each minute, provide attractive and inexpensive targets for air-gun practice.

UNINFLAMMABLE CURTAINS.

Reference was recently made in these columns to a method whereby curtains could be rendered unflammable by a simple process recommended by an American professor. A British firm, the patentees of 'Non-Flam' goods, of Aytoun Street, Manchester, points out that however efficacious Professor Doremus's prescription may be, it will need to be applied to the curtains every time they are washed. In the case of unflammable curtains

manufactured by this firm only ordinary washing would be required. The 'Non-Flam' curtains are so manufactured that they resist fire no matter how frequently they are washed. By the same firm flannelette is prepared which reduces the danger of fire to a minimum, as a light must be held to it for a considerable time before it will even smoulder.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD HORSES SHIPPED TO THE CONTINENT?

A false impression may be created by a statement in an article upon 'Omnivorous Man' in our September issue, where it is hinted that some of the sorry screws shipped from Great Britain to the Continent return in the shape of beef extract. We are glad to find, on the authority of government and public officials on the Continent, that this is not the case, and that not a single ounce of horseflesh returns to England in the form of extract of meat. The people of the Continental countries to which the animals are exported consume the horseflesh in the shape of joints and steaks; no extract of meat is manufactured there. A similar assurance was given by Earl Percy in the House of Commons in July 1905.

A STEAM COOKER.

At Dr Lahmann's nature-cure sanatorium, near Dresden, care is taken to cook vegetables so as to retain the nutritive and soluble salts, which are too often lost and thrown out with the boiling water with which they are cooked. A cooker in several compartments is in use in order to prepare the vegetables and retain these health-giving salts. A useful steam-cooker in compartments has also been brought out in this country (121 Newgate Street, London, E.C.) admirably suited for this approved method

of cooking vegetables, fruits, fish, flesh, or fowl, all of which processes can be done simultaneously. It consists of a circular receptacle so constructed as to support three or four shelves, on which many different kinds of food may be placed. At the bottom of the cooker is the water reservoir. When the cooker is filled with food it is placed above a closed kitchen-range, a good oil-stove, or a gas-ring; the water is boiled continuously, and the rising steam, passing through the shelves or partitions, penetrates every article of food in the various compartments. The covers with flexible rim, on pressure, mould so tightly into the shape of the body of the cooker that the steam is retained. To avoid the risk of the cooker boiling dry, when the water is getting low an alarm is raised by means of a tube ending in a whistle. This cooker—which is also fitted with a safety-valve to prevent explosion—is in two parts: the cooker proper for small dinners and an extension when more items are on the menu.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.

No more before our eyes the Pharaohs move
Perplexed by Magic's arts and dreams' strange lore;
Nor do we wish, like Sheba's queen of yore,
The wisdom of King Solomon to prove;
Nor old-world splendours do we care to trace;
Or seek the palace where was held of old
The royal feast when Vashti, vexed and bold,
Refused to show the beauty of her face.
Instead, we have the lilies of the field,
The star, the shepherds, and the angel, then
The song on high—goodwill and peace to men;
And crowds, with cripples cured, the palsied healed;
While fishers on the Galilean Sea
Hear love-set words: 'Come ye, and follow Me.'

SARAH WILSON.

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EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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CHRISTMAS 1906.

DOCTOR WORTHINGTON'S NIGHTMARE.

BY W. E. CULE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE DUKE PAYS' &C.

CHAPTER I.

YOUNG BLESSLEY'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.



Y illuminating experience undoubtedly had its genesis in a simple combination of circumstances. It was my sixty-eighth birthday, and I rose in the morning with a freshened realisation of the flight of time. Some trifling symptoms incidental to such a point in life seemed unpleasantly portentous, and I found myself considering them rather gloomily. Indeed, this soberness of spirit was only partially dissipated by a comfortable breakfast and the affectionate congratulations of my wife and daughter.

The day's work occupied all my thoughts, but the same mood returned when I went to my study in the evening. Under its influence I was foolish enough to spend some little time searching my bookshelves for a reference to a certain medieval legend which I had just recalled to memory. Having found this reference, I read it with some amusement, and then put the volume aside as a thing that was done with.

Then I made an effort to throw off the shadow that was upon me. 'After all,' I said to myself philosophically, as I made up a few prescriptions for my patients—'after all, sixty-eight is only sixty-eight. It is not even sixty-nine, much less seventy. Let us do our appointed task while we are only sixty-eight.'

A

And having finished my mixing of drugs and laid the bottles on the hall table, I closed my study door and drew up to my desk. 'Being only sixty-eight,' I said firmly, repressing a desire to rest in my easy-chair, 'I am not too tired to proceed with that little article on "The Management of Town Museums" for *The Municipal Magazine*.'

It might have been half-an-hour later, when I had completely forgotten my birthday, that I was aroused by a tap at the door.

'May I come in?' asked young Blessley.

'Do,' I replied cordially.

He was a very frequent visitor; in fact, he was engaged to my daughter Ella. He came in now with a breezy greeting.

'Sorry to disturb you, but—Many Happy Returns of the Day! And though I know you don't care for birthday presents and that sort of thing, I've brought you something that may be acceptable—as a curiosity.'

With that he laid before me on my blotting-pad what appeared to be a small pot or flask—a stout little pot made apparently of a species of greenish earthenware, and roughly marked.

'You are very good,' I said. 'But what is it?'

'I thought you would be the best judge,' he answered, smiling. 'According to the man from whom I got it, this is a specimen of very old

Indian pottery, the handiwork of the people who received Columbus when he first crossed the Atlantic.'

His further explanation was sufficiently artless. It appeared that a man had called at the offices that afternoon—Blessley was a charter-clerk at the Westhampton Docks—to see old Sir Joshua Field, the head of his firm. After the interview with Sir Joshua, this person had entered into conversation with Blessley, and had presently exhibited a relic of his travels in the shape of the earthenware flask. Hearing the claim made on its behalf, and aware of my interest in curios generally, the young fellow had purchased the article for half-a-sovereign.

'Hem!' I said, 'I won't rebuke you by quoting an old saw about a young man and his money.'

'Well,' he protested, though without conviction, 'the fellow certainly seemed to know what he was talking about. Was I taken in?'

I took up the little pot, and found it much heavier than it looked. Even if it were genuine, it had no beauty and no particular interest, and I was rather surprised that any one should have taken the trouble to preserve it. It was not my wish, however, to damp Blessley's well-intentioned interest in such matters.

'I cannot say that you were,' I replied. 'In fact, I am not familiar with that particular subject. I will look into the matter, and let you know. It was very good of you to think of me. Are you staying to supper to-night? Yes? Then I shall see you again presently.'

Perfectly satisfied, the young fellow left the room, closing the door behind him. As I took up my pen again I heard his footsteps cross the hall towards the drawing-room.

But my well-meaning visitor had naturally checked the flow of my thoughts. I wrote a few words, paused, and found myself staring absently at that absurd little pot. After another attempt I decided to rest a little, seated myself in my easy-chair, and drew the coals together in the fire-grate. I had not been seated for three or four minutes, however, before I again found myself regarding Blessley's curio, where it rested just beyond the edge of my blotter.

I felt that this was a disturbing element in the evening's record, and surveyed it with no particular goodwill. No curio collector is entirely free from the well-intentioned torment of friends and acquaintances, and it was in this way that I now began to think of poor Blessley and his gift. And presently, remembering that my first examination had been a very perfunctory one, I went to the table and took the flask in my hands.

It was certainly a very rude and primitive specimen, but that did not necessarily imply antiquity. Greatly to my surprise, however, I now made a discovery which had somehow escaped my notice before—namely, that the

flask was stoppered, and that the stopper appeared to be sealed. Moreover, when I shook it I could distinctly perceive the movement of liquid within.

My interest was now effectually awakened. Going out to my surgery, I took from a drawer a good corkscrew and a bradawl which I kept there with other useful odds and ends. Then I considered the matter of breaking the seal without any great fear that I should commit an act of vandalism.

The wax was hard and brittle, but there was no difficulty in removing it. The stopper was of wood, but somewhat soft, and presented no serious obstacle. I blew the dust of the wax carefully away before I completed its removal. Then I looked for the tumbler which I always kept at my side when writing. It was still half-full of filtered water; but a second visit to my surgery supplied me with another glass. Into this, with a little curiosity, I emptied the contents of the earthenware flask.

It was a clear, colourless liquid, without a sparkle. In the tumbler, standing considerably less than half-full, it had exactly the appearance of so much water. It could not have been distinguished from the liquid in the other tumbler, which I knew to be water indeed; and, with a simple conviction of the truth, I dipped the tip of my finger and tasted it.

When I had done that I could not help smiling, and my interest moved from the stout little pot to the person who had been its owner. A clever person, traveller or no traveller, he had got a satisfactory British half-sovereign for a piece of undated and untraceable earthenware holding about half a gill of water—plain Westhampton water. He had not even troubled to colour it!

I smiled again at the adventure of my amateur antiquary, and then pushed the jar aside, together with the implements I had used upon it. At the least it had called me to a little exertion, and I felt that I could return for a while to my writing. Once more I seated myself, and took up the thread of my argument.

Ten minutes later came a pause, when I had reached the end of a somewhat satisfactory paragraph. As I read it over I laid down my pen, and by an act of unconscious habit extended my hand for my tumbler of filtered water. Seeing that it was only about a third-part full, I drank off the contents, laid the glass down again, and finished my paragraph slowly.

A moment afterwards I was lost in bewilderment. As my eyes left the paper they fell upon a tumbler with a little water in it, while the taste of that water was still upon my palate! I had emptied the glass, and yet there it was now, exactly as I had seen it last. I stared uncomprehendingly, half-doubting my eyes.

Then I saw another glass of a different pattern standing empty within six inches of the

[Christmas Number.

first. It was an odd tumbler from my surgery; and I suffered a distinct shock as I perceived that I had drunk the contents of the wrong glass!

CHAPTER II.

WHAT SEEMED TO BE AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT.



T was an unpleasant mistake, for I did not actually and positively know what the pot had contained. The taste, however, now that I saw what I had done, seemed to have half-a-dozen different species of unfamiliarity. Had I poisoned myself? Some minutes of alarm and almost of horror must have passed before I could call common-sense to my aid. Then I reasoned myself into calmness.

'Well,' I said scornfully, 'you have drunk a little water. You knew that it was water ten minutes ago, and it could scarcely change its character so quickly. Are you really grown so old that you cannot keep your convictions for a few minutes at a time? Is sixty-eight such a feeble age?'

As a further step towards complete common-sense I took up my pen again, and afterwards sipped the water in the other glass. 'Decidedly,' I said with all possible severity, 'the taste is the same.' And with that I addressed myself to my work, resolutely putting behind me the little fact which had caused me so much temporary distress.

About half-an-hour later, feeling no inconvenient consequences, I laughed at the recollection of my accident, and decided to bring my evening's work to a conclusion. It must now be nearly supper-time, and I felt that I had done enough, even though I was not at all tired. Moving to the hearth, I stood there with my back to the dying fire.

My study is a fairly long but rather narrow room, and on the wall exactly opposite the hearth was a small bracket-mirror. Standing on the hearth with my back to the fire was a favourite resource of mine in intervals between my work or my reading, and it was also a matter of habit to view myself in that mirror.

It was thus that I came to look for my own reflection now. For a moment after I had focussed it I stared in an absent manner, quite without realising what I saw. Then I became suddenly bewildered. After that I turned sharply to see who it was that was standing behind me. The movement was ridiculous, of course, and I perceived it immediately. My next action was to cross the room in two strides and stare into the glass at close quarters.

I have always been a man of rapid impression.

sions and quick conclusions. As I looked now into that familiar glass at the unfamiliar reflection that faced me, I first rubbed my eyes. When I looked again the result was the same, and then a sudden cold crept over me. With a tremendous effort of will I strove to retain command of my faculties, my thoughts.

Panting, trembling, I examined the objects in the room, striving to gain time, to consider. The desk with my writing materials, the book-case, the revolving chair, the carpet, the rugs, the pictures: were they all exactly as usual, or not? The photographs on the mantelpiece, too—familiar faces all, many of them old and esteemed patients of mine—there seemed to be no difference, no ghastly change, in them. The marble timepiece was ticking with its old note of busy contentment, and only I was wrong. . . .

I looked into the glass again, long and fixedly. Then I glanced at my hands, felt my face, my hair, and drew a deep breath. Then I moved softly to the door and locked it.

A moment later and I had been too late. I had only turned the key when Ella crossed the hall and tried the door.

She was probably surprised to find it locked, but did not trouble to consider. With a light tap she called:

'Supper is ready, papa. Will you come?'

I tried to speak naturally. 'My dear,' I said, 'you must really excuse me to-night. I have taken up some work, and am very busy.'

There was a pause. Her surprise was evident in her protest.

'But it is your birthday, you know.'

'Yes,' I said firmly; 'but I am old and wise and sixty-eight, my dear girl. I think you must forgive me to-night.'

There was a longer pause. Ella has none of the obstinacy which has been unfairly charged to me.

'Oh, well, if we must'—she began.

'I think you must. And, Ella, don't let me be disturbed again. I am really very busy. If I do not come out presently, don't wait for me, but go to bed. I leave it to you to explain to your mother.'

She was too sensible to trouble me after that. There was another brief silence, and then, with a laughing 'Good-night—if you will be so obstinate!' she turned and went back. I knew that she would put everything straight, explain to her mother that I was riding my favourite hobby, and presently forget the incident altogether. I was thankful that young Blessley was in the house!

For a little while I lingered nervously near the door, fearing that my calculations might somehow fail; but they did not fail, and I was now at leisure to think. . . .

Two hours or so later I went to that door again, and, after listening, opened it very

quietly. When I was assured that every one, including the servant, had gone to bed, I passed out as silently as a thief, crossed the hall from the surgery, and approached the dining-room.

I was so often the last to retire that the sound of my footsteps would cause no alarm to those upstairs. What I dreaded, however, was to be seen, not to be heard, and it was with a tremulous hand that I pushed open the dining-room door. The darkness reassured me, and, entering softly, I moved to the centre of the room and turned up the incandescent lights of the chandelier. After that I walked steadily to the sideboard to examine myself in the large sheet of glass at its back. Then horror and bewilderment overpowered me, and I had only time to stagger to a chair before I lost consciousness. . . .

When I came to myself I was still alone under that blaze of light. As memory returned I felt that I was just recovering from some fearful shock, and wondered what had happened. Then I rose, moved once more to the glass, and looked—looked long and steadily. After that look I turned down the lights, returned to my study, and locked the door upon myself.

Again I tried to think, but my mind was in a surging confusion. There was my mirror, with the incomprehensible declaration which my sense of touch corroborated pitilessly. And there was my room, with all its familiar objects just as yesterday, framing to-night what I knew to be—unless I had lost my reason—one of the most amazing facts in the history of the race.

CHAPTER III.

THE IMPOSSIBLE TRUTH.

MY household was a well-ordered one, and to a certain extent I could be sure of its morning's routine. The servant would be down at seven, and Ella at about eight. My wife, who was in somewhat delicate health, would rise for breakfast at nine. If she woke early and found me absent she would conclude that I had received a call in the night and had gone away quietly without disturbing her.

At seven punctually I heard the girl's footsteps in the hall—sounds which I had been awaiting with an anxiety which even now I shudder in recalling. As she approached my door I quietly opened it and appeared before her. There was no other way. Had I not thought out every step with positive agony during that long night?

It was the first crisis, and it was over instantly. The girl gave a start and a stifled exclamation, and after one glance at my face

she looked beyond me into the study. The horror of a great fear rolled away from my mind. Whatever else had happened, I had not been struggling all night under the delusions of a lunatic.

'My girl,' I said in matter-of-fact tones, 'your mistress will not be down, I think, for some little time?'

'No, sir,' she stammered, in supreme bewilderment.

'Miss Worthington, I understand, will be down first. When she comes I wish to see her, though she need not be disturbed now. Doctor Worthington was called away suddenly last night, and has left me in his place.'

She took it all most obediently. I was glad that she did not happen to be a thinking creature. After a pause, she muttered 'Yes, sir,' and turned away; and three or four minutes later I heard her singing in an undertone as she polished my brass plate near the door.

Back in my study, I reflected that I had now about an hour's grace. I had long ago forgotten my fire, and the chill light of the early spring morning—it was April—was upon the gray ashes spread untidily in the grate. I had once tried to doze, in the childish hope that I should waken to nothing worse than the memory of a nightmare; but Nature had refused to aid me, and now the day looked coldly in upon the same incredible circumstance.

But for my lifelong habit of self-control I should have been a raving maniac before that morning broke. As it was, I had suffered intensely, and my mind was a confused clamour of arguments that ran in circles, always coming back to the same place. The last hour had been the longest, and it had left me tremulous and unmanned.

Now that the girl was done with, however, and one great question answered, I could attack the outstanding fact as something fairly attested. Beginning where everything seemed to begin, I turned to a volume lying upon my table and read once more the passages I knew by heart already.

It was the bare outline of a story which is sufficiently familiar—one which I had always been accustomed to regard as a fairy tale of the world's childhood, and one which is found gleaming like a silver thread in the literatures of half the globe. What the alchemists of Europe had failed to find through centuries of pathetic experiment the adventurers of the West had sought in another form in uncharted seas and pathless forests—that magic draught which should turn back the hands of time and restore to feeble age the joy and vigour of youth. This was the true and somewhat ironic history of the greatest of these adventurers, the man whose fame is the child of his failure.

'De Soto, among others, attributes the dis-

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covery of Florida to Juan Ponce de Leon, who was Spanish Governor of Porto Rico. This cavalier, having grown rich by the labour of the slaves on his plantation, turned a willing ear to a romance of the natives. In the north, said they, in the unexplored seas beyond the Antilles, was an island called Bimini, possessing a fountain whose water had the marvellous property of restoring youth to the aged. So for many months De Leon sailed the seas in search of Bimini, incidentally exploring the Bahamas in his romantic quest, and also landing upon a shore whose wealth of flowers induced him to give it the name of "Terra Florida."

Certainly this outline of a beautiful legend was sufficiently succinct, and gave every vital particular in a few words. The other volume was a pseudo-scientific work on myths and fables, and here the old story was disposed of in a singularly reasonable fashion:

'Another very popular myth of the Middle Ages was the story of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, the legend which is said to have led Ponce de Leon to the discovery of Florida. The true nature of this story becomes clear when it is found that the marvellous fountain had earlier made its appearance in Eastern legend as one of the many attractions of the long-sought terrestrial Eden; and still earlier in time we find its root-idea in the classic story of Medea and her cauldron, while in the West it appears in the story of Bran. It is undoubtedly a very simple form of earth-myth, and describes the rejuvenation of the world at the coming of spring.'

When I had read this again, I was conscious of something akin to hysteria. I replaced the books, examined myself once more in the glass, and handled vaguely the uncommunicative earthenware pot which had been Blessley's gift. I had to weigh science and reason against circumstances in my own immediate experience, against the astounding fact which had so lately been proved beyond any reasonable doubt. And yet——

What was I to do? My mind turned from one problem to another, with the uncertainty of a demagnetised compass-needle. I had seen long ago that anything was possible except the truth. Upon that conviction I had acted in my dealings with the girl; but how far should I proceed in this course? Questions were even now preparing for me. I might answer them for an hour or so; but—what afterwards?

The absurd idea of a temporary flight suggested itself, but I shrank from it. That seemed a ridiculously extreme measure—as yet. I must await events, and try to face them in that spirit of plain, everyday common-sense which I tried to apply to all the affairs of life. After all, if the worst came to the worst, and no change took place, the truth must be told, 1906.]

and must prevail. The truth impossible—impracticable! Was it not almost a sin to suggest such a thing? And then I found myself lost in a maze of degraded argument and contradictory thought, staring at my own reflection until my very eyes ached.

'If you are Worthington,' I said to the face that returned my gaze—'and of course you are—no one would believe it for a moment. Last night you were sixty-eight, and you looked it. To-day you are less than thirty. Your skin is without a line; your hair is black, and the very contour of your face is unutterably changed. At the very least, you are not yourself! Your eyes are of the same colour, but they are the eyes of a young man.'

'Well, there is no sense in the thing, of course. Nevertheless it is a fact, my dear fellow, and we have to deal with the fact. But it's of no use to go telling other people, is it? No one would believe it, even if you proved it. Even though it is true, it is too absurd to be believed.'

'Even though it is true, it is too absurd to be believed,' I repeated mechanically. 'Why, yes, that's it exactly. And yet, in the meantime—this awkward meantime—we have to live and move and—face facts. No doubt this is probably the most extraordinary fact a man has ever faced, but this does not absolve you from the necessity of facing it with calmness—and—yes—with dignity. You know—do you not?—that you are Walter Worthington. I do not ask you to consider what you see, but to remember what you know. And you know that it is as I say. Well, then, as long as you know it'——

Such was the confusion, the degradation of thought, into which I fell during that awful hour, though it was only a repetition of what had taken place over and over again during the night. It was mercifully ended at last by a tap at the door.

Time had passed, and my breathing-space was gone. I could only take the next step forward, so I moved to the door and opened it.

It was the girl again. Her eyes swept over me with mingled curiosity and interest.

'If you please, sir, Miss Worthington is just coming to see you,' she said.

'Ah yes,' I replied. 'Very good. Thank you.'

She went away. Leaving the door ajar, I waited, bracing myself to face the interview. A minute later I heard Ella cross the surgery, and turned to meet her.

She gave me a rapid glance with her quiet 'Good-morning' as she entered the room, but there was not the slightest sign of recognition. Perhaps she had not yet realised the improbability of my story; but surprise came at once when she found that she did not know me. She was acquainted, naturally, with some of the

younger medical men in the district, and had not expected to meet a perfect stranger in the person whom her father had 'left in his place.'

She was perfectly self-possessed, however, even in her surprise.

'So my father was called away?' she said. 'Was it to any distance?'

I had vaguely thought out some of my answers, yet I gave them with considerable awkwardness. Nor could I allow her to look into my eyes.

'It is some distance. I came to fetch him, and as he did not wish to disturb Mrs Worthington so early, I promised to wait here until he came back, and to explain his going,' I said. 'But it is a very confidential matter, and—and it is better not to mention particulars. You understand, Miss Worthington?'

I felt that it sounded very plausible, but Ella did not find it so. The fact that I was a stranger—an utter stranger—was so heavily against me! Her surprise increased as she considered my story. I knew, too, that she was looking at me attentively, and suddenly became conscious of a subtle change in her. Nevertheless, she spoke her next question without any sign:

'Are you able to say when he will be back?'

I fervently wished that I could. 'No,' I said; 'but we may hope that it will not be long.'

What more could I say? There was silence for a long moment, while I seemed to feel the atmosphere become charged with trouble and suspicion. On her part there was also something else—some sense, I believe, of the presence of the mysterious and unnatural. It was a something that would give an ordinary person a feeling of uneasiness and doubt, culminating, perhaps, in irritation or anger; but a perceptive disposition would be oppressed and alarmed.

Ella was keenly perceptive, and by this time all her instincts were up in arms. I saw it clearly, but was plainly helpless. Nor could I but admire her self-possession and apparent calmness.

'He left no special message?' she asked quietly.

It was certainly an oversight that I had not done so. I saw this at once, but also saw that it was too late to make good the omission. I was obliged to return a prompt answer.

'No,' I said. 'His departure, you know, was somewhat hurried;' and as I worked my devious way through my part I could not help wondering whether the truth would not have been possible after all: 'Ella—I am *your father*!' What if I had made that startling statement?

I had scarcely spoken my answer, however, when I saw that something had occurred. Standing against the table, she suddenly turned

as pale as death. As she looked at me something came into her eyes that was nothing less than terror—a sheer overpowering terror. She swayed, and I started forward to support her.

The quickness of her recovery was marvellous. Before I could touch her she had raised a hand to ward me off. For another moment she stood still, as if considering; and then she closed the interview in a curious way.

'I must go,' she said calmly. 'I—I am afraid the coffee will be cold. Do, please, excuse me.'

Then she was at the door almost before I could open it for her, and with a faint smile had passed out.

I returned once more to my solitude, bewildered and uneasy. The interview had not been entirely successful.

CHAPTER IV.

INTERVENTION OF STADDEN.



THE intervention of Stadden, my next-door neighbour, who is a Board of Trade man, was characteristic if not welcome. We had long been to an extent intimate, and I had learned to like him for the bluff geniality he could exhibit, if not for the somewhat irascible and blustering manner of his less favourable moments.

He came quite suddenly, half-an-hour after Ella's retreat, while I was still looking vainly for a way of escape from my amazing cul-de-sac. He also came familiarly, and had installed himself on the hearthrug almost before I was aware of it. Forgetting my predicament for a moment, I had opened the door wide to him, and only pulled up just in time to check the hearty greeting which sprang naturally to my lips.

'Morning,' he said cheerily. 'Doctor Worthington's substitute, eh?'

'Yes,' I replied cautiously.

'So I'm told. Hem! Felt rather seedy this morning, you know, and thought I'd have a little tonic. Same as usual—you'll find it in the doctor's books. Name of Stadden—next-door here.'

Same as usual? I hadn't given Stadden a tonic for several years!

But before I could ask a question he rattled on carelessly:

'Doctor gone far? Out of town?'

'Not far,' I answered truthfully; and I began aimlessly to turn the leaves of one of my memorandum books as if to look for the Stadden formula.

'Expect him back this morning, eh?'

'It is very uncertain. I really cannot say.'

'Hem!' Mr Stadden plunged his hands
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into his side-pockets and cleared his throat.

'Serious case, I suppose? Operation?'

'Yes,' I answered with equal truth. 'By the way, Mr Stadden, when did Dr Worthington last prescribe for you?'

'Oh, a few weeks back—perhaps three months.—Very flattering to Worthington to be called out like that. Is it an old patient?'

I began to feel irritated and suspicious. 'The fact is,' I said, 'as was explained to Miss Worthington, the matter is rather a private one. I am really not in a position to give particulars.'

There was a pause. The less pleasant characteristics of friend Stadden were called into play by that uncompromising rebuke. I only wanted to be rid of him, but he remained to ask some further questions much more directly.

'So you—hem!—cannot supply any information with regard to the doctor?'

I became more uneasy still, but I dared not look into the man's face. I went on turning the leaves as I answered coldly, with great restraint:

'I am not in a position to do so. Now, this prescription'—

But then the first blast of storm burst upon me.

'Confound the prescription, sir!' cried the ireful neighbour. 'I want to know where Worthington is!'

He was staring at me now with unconcealed agitation and suspicion. In my turn I simulated a considerable degree of anger. My dismay was natural—and extreme.

'You have no right to ask, sir. I can tell you nothing. The etiquette of the profession'—

But I never finished that formidable statement, for in an instant the thing was out.

'Perhaps, sir,' cried Stadden, moving slowly towards the door, and interrupting me in rasping tones—'perhaps, sir, the etiquette of the profession won't allow you to tell me where my neighbour is; but perhaps it will enable you to tell me *why you are wearing his clothes!*'

The question, the charge, came upon me with the force of a blow. I literally staggered as I became aware of my inexplicable forgetfulness, my fatal stupidity. My first natural movement was to glance at my garments to verify the charge; and then I looked up, my face full of stupefaction.

As for Stadden, he was almost as much agitated as I was. He had never intended it to come out so quickly, but the influence in the room which had so curiously affected Ella had also worked upon him. Because it was a mystery it had irritated him into a premature outburst of suspicion. Now he stood and glowered, almost as angry with himself as with me.

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'Wh—what do you mean, sir?' I stammered at last, feebly and unconvincingly.

'I mean that you are wearing Doctor Worthington's clothes,' he stuttered in angry self-defence. 'I know them, and she knew them. She and I only want to know, you know. Of course you can explain, young man—you can explain. No,' as I made as if to rise; 'stay there, sir; stay there. Just a word will put it right, no doubt.'

No number of words could have done so. Ella's collapse was now accounted for, and I could not but admire her remarkable presence of mind under such a trial. She had recognised her father's garments upon a stranger, and had bravely refused to faint! Then she had gone to Stadden with her fearful story, and he had reassured her with a characteristic, 'Tut, tut, my dear child! don't excite yourself. I'll just step in and have a look round.'

'I assure you, sir,' I declared, plunging deeper into it—'I assure you that I wear only my own clothes!'

He had his hand upon the door. He shook his head as I spoke—shook it obstinately; and I saw that I had made a mistake.

'Well,' he said, 'Mrs Worthington can be here in a few minutes. She will soon decide.'

Good heavens! I saw instantly that that was the one thing I was bound to avoid. My wife was in delicate health, and I had no doubt of the result if she were brought into my presence. She would see before her the face and form of the youthful medical practitioner who had made love to her forty years ago, and the shock must almost certainly prove disastrous. She was the only person in the world, probably, who would be open to conviction of the change; but the shock would precede conviction, and then'—

'Oh no, no!' I cried hurriedly, 'don't disturb—don't alarm the lady on any account. The doctor would be greatly annoyed. I can explain, sir—I can explain. The fact is that these are Doctor Worthington's garments—or, rather, that this is his coat.'

'And that vest,' put in Stadden, 'and that collar and tie! I know them!'

'Quite so, quite so, sir. The fact is, he left them for me.'

'Eh? Left them for you?'

'The fact is, we exchanged,' I went on desperately.

'Good Lord! what on earth for?'

I could go no further.

'What on earth for?' repeated Stadden quite stupidly. 'His are too big for you—and yours must be shockingly tight for him!'

'I—I assure you that they are not,' I said lamely. 'It was—it was an experiment, you know.'

There was a pause, while Stadden continued to stare. He looked at the walls of the room

as if to make sure that he was not dreaming, and then he shook his head.

'You must see,' he said, 'that such an explanation as you give is not at all—er—adequate.'

I could not gainsay him. He spoke solemnly and severely now, his face glowing with dignity, but his voice full of apprehension.

'Under the circumstances, young man,' he said, 'I demand to know—yes, I demand to know, on behalf of the family—where Doctor Worthington is to be found.'

The comedy was again fast becoming a tragedy, but I did not know that the tragedy was no farther away than my surgery. Hence the obstinate note of my answer.

'I have told you already, sir,' I declared angrily, 'that I am not in a position to disclose Doctor Worthington's business. If that is not sufficient, you must go elsewhere.'

'You refuse?' queried Stadden hoarsely.

'For the thirty-ninth time—yes!'

'Then I am forced, on behalf of the family, to call in the Law!—Inspector, come in!'

With that he swung wide the door; and, to my horror and dismay, the Inspector in charge of the nearest police station stalked solemnly into the room.

It was a tableau which had been carefully planned and dramatically executed. Stadden stood aside, panting, enormously proud of the effect; and, as for me, my discomfiture was so plain in my face and manner that it prejudiced everything that came after. My feeling of dismay was mingled with one of utter detestation of my neighbour.

The Inspector had not been trained to any part—probably there had been no time. He stood waiting, looking to Stadden for instructions, but taking an impression—a very unhappy impression—from my confusion. He was a quite intelligent officer, and I knew him well.

'Officer,' said Stadden pompously, 'this is a matter which demands investigation. Doctor Worthington has disappeared, and in the morning this—er—person—is found in his room, with a lame story of the doctor having been called away on professional work. Miss Worthington tells me that some of the circumstances are most unusual: that Doctor Worthington never finds it necessary to leave any substitute, much less an entire stranger, in his place. But the most remarkable feature of this most unusual case is that this person is found wearing Doctor Worthington's clothes!'

The Inspector looked grave, and pursed his lips. He glanced at me, and especially at my clothes. Decidedly he felt that he recognised them. By this time, however, I had recovered myself a little.

'Inspector,' I said, 'if you are discreet you will leave this house and take no notice of

what this busybody says. If any one wishes to know where the doctor is, he must ask him upon his return. I am in his confidence, and he would be annoyed—very much annoyed—if I disclosed his business. Indeed, I shall be sorry for any one who makes such a disclosure necessary.'

But for my recent unfortunate discomposure this appeal might have had considerable success. Even as it was, the Inspector was impressed. As he took time to turn the argument over, some instinct led him straight to a weak place in my defence. He addressed Stadden, who was now almost at exploding-point.

'Did you say this gentleman is an entire stranger, sir?' he asked.

'I did,' cried Stadden; 'I did. An entire stranger—Miss Worthington says so—and a confoundedly impertinent'—

'I beg your pardon, sir; but don't you think that it would simplify matters a lot if he gave us his name and address?'

Yes, this man was certainly intelligent; but, having reached this point before him, I had my only answer ready:

'I absolutely refuse to do so. This is final.'

Naturally, the Inspector was annoyed at the failure of his well-meant attempt, and I believe that from that moment he regarded me as a villain. He turned to Stadden with much gravity.

'If you don't mind, sir,' he said, 'I think we will send for the Chief-Constable. It seems to me that we shall have to make inquiries—to look for traces of Doctor Worthington—that is, if the family desire it.'

'They do,' declared Stadden: 'They do. Certainly, send for your Chief—certainly. Don't go away yourself, though; you can send the man outside.'

Then I saw that there was another constable in the surgery, and yet another outside the house, on the pavement. Also, I saw that all the members of my household, except my wife, were within call, eagerly waiting for all that should leak out to them from the examination. And some half-dozen errand-boys and casual foot-passengers in the street were already forming the nucleus of the crowd that was to gather. As for my wife, she had not yet been informed, probably through my daughter's consideration for her health.

The situation bade fair to become desperate, and I suddenly resolved on a desperate remedy. If not a remedy, it was at all events the only thing I could do.

'One moment,' I said, 'before this absurd business is carried any further—to your cost. Inspector, kindly leave me with this gentleman for a minute or two. I wish to say a few words to him.'

The officer hesitated.

'Very well, very well,' cried Stadden, who was
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probably not so positive of my villainy as he wished to be. 'Stay in the surgery, officer. I will hear what he has to say.—Now, sir, what is your explanation?'

The idiot! I had a tremendous task before me under the circumstances, and I must admit that I tackled it with that certainty of failure that makes failure certain. Failure was certain in any case: had I not seen this from the beginning? But now the forces against me were so much stronger than they might have been!

'The fact is,' I said with difficulty, 'that I can explain this little mystery. But I fear that the explanation will surprise you.'

'Indeed,' said my neighbour caustically, 'you are welcome to try!' For he could not forget that I had called him a busybody.

'The fact is,' I said, almost mechanically in my hopelessness—'the fact is that Doctor Worthington has not gone away. He is here!'

Stadden glared at me, and looked at every wall once more. By this time he was standing on the hearthrug, dominating the room.

'Yes,' I proceeded, 'he is here. In fact, I—I am your friend Worthington!'

My smile at that point must have been a very sickly one, though I had intended it to suggest that there was a glorious joke in store. Looking for its effect on Stadden, I distinctly saw his jaw drop.

'I must confess,' I went on, 'that such an assertion is a very startling one to make—very startling indeed. Naturally, you are amazed.'

For a moment or two, indeed, Stadden did look sufficiently amazed and bewildered. He simply stood and stared, until what seemed to be the only possible explanation had time to reach him. Then he began to sidle towards the door; and as I rose with the impulse to intercept him, he moved a little more hurriedly.

'Excuse me,' he said hastily, 'for half-a-minute.'

I paused, irresolute. He opened the door and was outside in an instant, closing it heavily behind him. I was so near that I heard his first agitated words on the other side:

'The man's tipsy!'

He had evidently noticed the green jar and the two tumblers on my table, and had drawn his own conclusions.

For a moment I stood almost fuming in my chagrin and wrath. Then, without seeking to hear more, I returned to my chair at the table and sat down. I could not think clearly now, but had a feeling of helplessness that was numbing. The problem, the predicament, was not only unnatural and amazing; it was also complex and baffling.

Many moments passed before I was able to take notice of sounds in the surgery, and then it was the whirl of the telephone-call that came to my ears. At once I became nervously anxious to know what was going on, and open-

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ing the door quietly, stood facing my tormentors upon the threshold.

Their momentary alarm was rather ludicrous, but they recovered rapidly. 'Well, Inspector,' I said with all the ease I could assume, 'have you got any further yet?'

'A little,' answered the officer obstinately. 'We've sent for the Chief. He'll be here directly.'

'Also,' said Stadden pompously, 'Mrs Worthington will be here immediately.'

Without a word I turned and went back to my study, closing and locking the door. Then I sat down again for just two minutes before I decided that this was not a time for waiting, but a time for acting. My wife—my wife would be here immediately!

The one thing evident was that I must not wait to see her. That dreadful tableau must not take place—at least not yet. I must have time to think, to inquire, to find a way—to give this wretched drug a chance to work off its effects. I also experienced a wild desire to escape, to get away, to avoid the tormentors who had gathered about me.

I looked around. The curtained French window at the end of my study opened into a small conservatory communicating directly with the garden. At the end of the garden a stout bolted door gave upon the wide alleyway sacred to servants and to the town dustmen. My enemies could scarcely have thought, up to the present, of watching this exit; indeed, they would hardly expect a stranger to know of it. Hence my opportunity.

In moments of leisure I sometimes paraded the garden with a pipe and a book, and kept an old tweed hat in the study for this purpose. In a moment I had put it on, and then I went to the curtained door, opened it without noise, and passed out through the conservatory to the garden.

CHAPTER V.

A BUSINESS-LIKE VIEW.



LL the circumstances favoured my escape.

The members of my own household were gathered in the hall watching the conference that was taking place in the surgery. My departure might easily be observed from the windows of other houses in the same block, but I had nothing to fear from casual spectators. Quite calmly I strode down the garden-path, withdrew the bolt that secured the door, and stepped into the lane.

My house was a corner residence, and a few steps to my right would bring me out into the street within a few yards of my own surgery door. If I proceeded to the left, however, I should traverse the whole length of the lane

and emerge in another street, three hundred yards distant. My natural impulse was to take the latter course, but I put it aside for reasons which mingled cunning with pure recklessness. I turned to the right, and in a moment was standing at the corner of the lane, surveying the scene of operations about my own house. That was the one and only triumph of my rejuvenation.

On the edge of the pavement lingered a group of some ten or a dozen curious people, mostly lads. They had been attracted by the presence of a constable, who was slowly walking up and down before my surgery door in apparent unconsciousness of their presence. The door itself was closed, a fact that enhanced the mystery and their interest in it. Their number was steadily increasing, and there were faces in adjacent windows and white-capped servant-maids on adjacent doorsteps. In short, my quiet and highly respectable corner was the centre of a distinct sensation.

The parading policeman came within three yards of me before he turned to parade back again. He glanced at me without interest.

'Anything wrong, constable?' I asked politely.

He was a surly officer. 'I don't know,' he replied curtly, and then he went marching back again upon his limited beat. I watched him for a few paces, gave another glance at the group of spectators, and then turned away. I could not afford to linger there until my escape should be discovered.

Without haste I walked down to the corner of the next street. When I had turned the corner, however, I moved much more quickly, though I had no particular destination before me. I was only anxious to get away from my tormentors, and some instinct led me towards the heart of the town.

It is impossible to give a clear description of my sensations. The full truth had not yet come home to me, despite my hopeless rounds of reasoning, and I seemed to live and move in a world of confusion and unreality. Things about me were dream-like, indistinct; there was even something grotesque in the contour of the very houses I passed, the familiar shop-fronts, the well-known faces. I was scarcely aware that no one recognised me. I was horrified at what had taken place. I was extremely irritated by this last incident; and yet I cherished a vague idea that all would come right presently, and even found myself laughing—positively laughing—at my recollections of recent scenes. I laughed at Stadden, at the Inspector, at the constable on the pavement. I even laughed at the idea of telling the story to my intimate friends when the incident had become a thing of the past, or when the dream was over.

In this mood I reached the main streets of the town, and passed through them. Several persons—an old friend, a colleague, a twenty

years' patient—met me eye to eye and brushed past unheeding. One of them looked back for an instant as though some chord of memory had been touched, but another glance seemed to show him his mistake, and in a moment he was gone.

Presently I quickened my footsteps, for a new suggestion had come to me. There was one man whose name had been mentioned in the very genesis of this mystery, and I would see if he knew anything that might be helpful. The man who had sold the jar to Blessley had previously visited Blessley's employer. I would see old Sir Joshua Field.

The idea gave me a foolish exhilaration. I knew Sir Joshua well, and was familiar with the eccentricities and excellences of his character. Strangers never enjoyed a first interview, but to his intimates he was something of a gem. I would visit him, get out of him all he knew, but keep my own secret; and afterwards—when the dream was over, of course—rally him upon the particulars of the interview.

I turned my steps, therefore, in the direction of the docks, and in half-an-hour stood before the block of offices that bore the name of Field & Corrie.

It was still early, but not too early for the head of the firm. He had arrived a few minutes before, and when I passed up the stone stairs I found that the house had already settled to its day's routine. In the inquiry office above, an auburn-headed junior clerk, whom I had interviewed before on more than one occasion, was good enough to inquire my business.

'I wish to see Sir Joshua Field,' I said.

No doubt there was a gulf fixed between the youthfulness of my face and the cut of my garments, and it attracted his attention. After a long stare he deigned to speak again.

'By appointment?'

'No,' I said; 'but my business is important.'

He handed me a slip of paper and a pen. I relied largely upon my own conjectures when I wrote the following under the heading 'Name and Business.' There was an amount of truth in it, and, I believe, a little humour:

'A medical gentleman, with reference to an extraordinary person who called upon Sir Joshua at four o'clock yesterday afternoon.'

The auburn junior read it twice, and looked very doubtful; but at last he came out from behind his counter and crossed the corridor to a door marked 'Private.' After a gentle tap he opened it with distinct trepidation and went in.

Two minutes later he was beckoning to me from the doorway with a newly acquired respect, and I thought I heard a laugh echo from the spaces behind him. Directly afterwards I was in Sir Joshua's private office.

The old man sat at his great table with a few newly opened letters before him. For business purposes he always dressed in tweeds, and his

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rubicund countenance and bushy brows gave still clearer suggestion of a jovial country squire. He was, indeed, something of a farmer on his own estate, but he was first and foremost the keenest business man in the town. After that he was excellent company to those who knew him, with some eccentricities and a gift of humour. It was his laugh that I had heard, and there was still some trace of it upon his face.

'Good-morning, sir,' I said, treading the approaches carefully.

The old knight looked me over with distinct interest. As it turned out, he had already made up his mind about me.

'Good-morning,' he said pleasantly. 'Will you take a seat?' I am not surprised to see you. You come from the County Asylum, Holmwood?'

That was my cue, and I was not so astonished that I could not take advantage of it. 'You are not surprised to see me?' I queried, avoiding the direct question.

'Not at all, not at all.' He laid aside his letters, and turned to give me his whole attention. I saw in a moment that he was proud of his own perspicacity. 'You want to know—you have come to learn—what I think of the man who called here yesterday—a little, sunburned man, with a black bag. Well, I may say at once that I am not surprised that he has found his way to Holmwood.'

The old gentleman gave something that was almost a chuckle. From that moment we understood each other perfectly, and everything moved in a straightforward fashion.

'His story was—er—so extraordinary that it awakened your suspicions?' I suggested cleverly.

'Suspicions?' said Sir Joshua. 'Well, not just at once. His story was certainly extraordinary, but he almost convinced me of its truth. It was an excellent story—an excellent story. And of course he had the proof with him.'

I was somewhat bewildered, but Sir Joshua soon enlightened me. After a glance at my face, he gave a grim smile, and I was treated to one of his characteristic sallies.

'Ah,' he said, 'that is the part that you cannot accept—you professional men, hide-bound in your—your conceits and prejudices. Within the last few years you have come to know Marconi, you have used the Röntgen rays, and you have seen the discovery of radium. And yet you cannot believe this poor fool's story when he offers you the proof in your hands—a simple story of an unusually powerful mineral spring in the West Indies.'

There was a little scorn and not a little satire in the words, and the speaker enjoyed them freely. I did not feel it safe to venture a remark, but shook my head and smiled. I 1906.]

felt that he would tell me everything in a moment; and, indeed, he proceeded to do so immediately. Plainly, he was full of it.

'But there—but there,' he said, having run his tilt against the profession entirely to his own satisfaction, 'perhaps we need not go into that question. It wasn't his story that made me expect to hear of him next from a lunatic asylum. It was his proposal, sir—his proposal—and the absolutely idiotic idea of life which it betrayed. Where else could a fellow so harebrained, so unpractical, so simply foolish, find his destination—unless, indeed, he got himself elected to Parliament—eh? Why, the man positively came here and asked me to give him ten thousand pounds for a draught of water from Bimini! Ten thousand pounds! And he actually expected me to jump at the offer!'

I was silent in something like stupefaction. Certainly, I was learning something now. Ten thousand pounds!

'He thought it was all settled when I believed—or seemed to believe—his story,' continued the old man grimly. 'I had only to write the cheque and drink the water. Good God! if I had done so, and it had done all that he claimed for it, where should I be now—eh?'

There was no need for me to attempt an answer. As he went on I realised more fully than ever that the man with the pot had evidently found in Sir Joshua a customer of no common calibre. I felt sorry for the fellow.

'Where should I be now,' he proceeded, warming to his subject—'eh? I should be something alive, perhaps, but I shouldn't be Joshua Field. My own clerks, my own family, would simply fail to recognise me. I should be barred out of this room. I could not demand entrance to my own house. Dash it all, sir, I should probably be arrested for being dressed in Sir Joshua's clothes and for being in possession of his watch and purse—my own clothes, my own watch and purse! I should be hauled up before the magistrates for being a person unable to give a satisfactory account of myself, for if I gave the true account I should be locked up as a lunatic; or else I should be charged with the wilful murder of my lost self, and hanged for it.'

At that moment I could not see the dreadful reality in his surmises, but that was to come later. However, he had not yet finished, and it became evident that he had thought the whole matter out with intense enjoyment.

'I am not making the worst of it,' he said. 'But there is no best in the whole prospect. All that I have worked for during nearly seventy years—I could no more claim it than I could fly! I am a director of two colliery companies, one bank, two steamship companies. What would the other men say to-morrow if I went

to a board meeting as a spruce young fellow of twenty?' The old man almost choked as he contemplated it. 'Heaven and earth! just think of it, sir! And even at the unlikely best of it,' he went on when he had recovered a little, 'even if I could persuade people of the truth, what should I be but a freak—a freak for the whole world to stare at in museums and music-halls and outside shows of charity bazaars? Besides, I should have to live all over again—suffer the same toothaches, make the same appalling blunders, or worse ones—every young man makes them—play the fool in the same or some other way. And for all that I am asked to pay ten thousand pounds! There's a suggestion for a man of business!'

I was conscious of the humour in his arguments, and began to be impressed by their logic. Carried away by his own eloquence, he rose and strode up the room and back again. He struck his clenched right hand upon the open palm of his left.

'Now you see,' he said, 'why I knew he would end at Holmwood. A man who could seriously bring another such a proposition as that—and he was certainly serious—was only fit to end there—an unpractical, day-dreaming, one-eyed enthusiast at the very highest, with no more sense of the realities of life than a cat! But I gave him a clear warning. "My dear sir," I said after I had shown him the thing in its true colours, "if you are wise you will go and empty your precious water into the wash-basin in that lavatory on the stairs, and then try to get a half-crown for the flask as a curio from the first man you meet in the street. But don't tell anybody what was in it. I am quite prepared to accept your story—as a story. It is an excellent one; but that is all I can do for you. If you can find some one else to believe you and to purchase, let him do it—and God help him after! But I do not think you will find any one. He that is fool enough to be willing to pay your price, and drink your water, is too much of a fool, too little of a business man, to have made the money you want. And if you find such a one, the chances are that you'll both come to a bad end." And that's all about it.'

The old knight stopped in his stride, looked at me beamingly, and sat down. 'Lord,' he said with a certain wonder, 'what hideously short-sighted creatures those old adventurers were, when you come to think of it—those who left their bones on the Spanish Main in their search for a Fountain of Youth! If they had only found it!'

I was silent. In my mind's eye I saw a picture of the unfortunate man with the pot after his interview with Sir Joshua. He had not emptied away his water, but he had sold it, pot and all, for half-a-sovereign. And I was not surprised.

The old man glanced at the clock. He had come to the end, and my silence reminded him of the flight of time. I rose.

'Hem!' he said pleasantly, 'I am afraid that I have kept you, and that I have not quite satisfied you. Perhaps the fellow's not a lunatic—no more than Ponce de Leon was. He's only a fool. Keep him safe, sir, for his own sake. That's my advice. Is there anything else that I can do?'

I pulled myself together with an effort, and rose. 'No, thank you,' I replied with all the gratitude I could muster. 'You have told me all that I wanted—and more. I am greatly obliged to you, Sir Joshua.'

'Tut, tut! Not at all, not at all, my dear sir. The whole affair has been a tonic to me,' said the old fellow pleasantly. 'These things do not happen every day, and we must make the most of them when they do. Little could I guess what a treat I had in store when I consented to see the fellow. One never knows—one never knows. But I shall be glad of it to the last day of my life. It was exquisite—exquisite!'

He accompanied me to the door. 'Really,' he went on, 'I did not fancy at the time that the man was cracked; he spoke so reasonably and sensibly that the idea never came to me until after he had gone. But take great care of him—great care; I dare say his case is incurable. And if I can do anything for him at any time—you understand?'

'Perfectly,' I said. 'You are very good, Sir Joshua.'

'Not at all, not at all. I am only grateful. Poor fellow, poor fellow! And such an excellent story.'

He had not told me the story, but I had gathered the gist of it and was satisfied. In his great good humour he shook hands at parting, and opened the door for me himself; and then I was passing down the wide stone staircase to the street.

At the bottom I paused, trying to imagine how Sir Joshua would look if I climbed up to his room again to say, 'That excellent story was true, Sir Joshua. I am the fool who proved it—your old acquaintance, Doctor Worthington.'

CHAPTER VI.

A LOCAL SENSATION.

THE fate of Sir Joshua's extraordinary visitor was now easily guessed. Evidently a person of no great strength of character, and carrying a burden much too weighty for him, he had come out of the interview without a hope and without a conviction.

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tion. Perhaps he had been repulsed before by others, but I felt sure that no one could have trampled on him in just Sir Joshua's way. So he had thrown away his treasure, pocketed his half-sovereign, and had passed back into the unknown from which he had come.

So much was apparent to me; but even at this point I did not realise the weight of Sir Joshua's words in relation to myself. I did not believe that I should ever wish to bring the interview to his mind in the future; but still, the real point of all his talk was lost to me. At present I was too confused, and the circumstances were too full of the bizarre and the unreal, to allow of my thinking clearly and connectedly. Instead, I had a certain sense of enjoyment in the situation, a feeling which suggested the exhilaration of youth, and I spent the next few hours in a manner which I can neither defend nor comprehend.

For a considerable time I wandered about the docks, surveying with almost boyish curiosity one after another of the great steamers that lay at the quays. I was reluctant to go home and claim my own identity; that would mean scenes and explanations, and a deal of unpleasantness, and so it would be better to wait a little while. My impression was that things would right themselves after a time, and that for the present I must pass the hours as well as I could. So I wandered aimlessly about, communing with myself, and sometimes wondering what would happen if I stopped before a man whom I knew well, and accosted him with the words, 'Don't you know me, Jones? I am Worthington!'

In a while I found myself sitting in a small restaurant, where the fare was cheap and the company extremely mixed. 'As a stranger to our town, sir,' I found myself saying in an undertone, 'you will naturally desire to get a glimpse of the real life of Westhampton. I might take you to the County Club, or to one of our first-class hotels. I am a member of the club, and could introduce you as my friend. But this is the real Westhampton, my dear sir, and here you see the true life of the place. Here you may distinguish the accents of half-a-dozen foreign tongues, and realise the secret of the town's importance and prosperity. It is a city of exchanges, of passing inwards and outwards; a meeting-place of strangers; a hostelry for the night.'

For that moment I was two persons, holding inane conversation with myself and drifting consciously and rapidly into a state of irresponsibility. 'If you went to the club,' I said reflectively and argumentatively, 'you would have to write your name in the visitors' register. Now, how would you meet that necessity—what name would you write? You could not use my name—Walter Worthington; that would be too absurd. And yet, my dear sir, it is

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infinitely more absurd to have no name at all. As a good Churchman you may have some claim to inscribe yourself N. or M.; but I certainly cannot see any other way out of it.'

For a time—a long time—I acted upon the fancy that as an old resident of the city I was conducting a stranger from street to street, showing him all that was worth showing. Returning to the upper parts of Westhampton, I visited the Town Hall, the new Law Courts, and the University College, taking time to point out to myself any features of interest that they possessed, and surveying them with the appreciatively polite gaze of a visitor who wishes to please his cicerone. Now and again a gleam of common-sense came to me, and I had an uneasy feeling that I was sadly adrift and playing with a terrible truth as a child might toy with a bomb; but I only cast aside the suggestion and resumed my fooling with increased recklessness.

From the University College I turned townwards to the Museum, this being the last lion I had a mind to visit. It was in the middle of the afternoon that I passed into the building, and at that hour it was naturally almost deserted. 'All the better for our purpose,' I said with a grim cheerfulness. 'Indeed, my dear young friend, you are fortunate in more senses than one. You have not only a clear field, but you have as guide the chairman of the Museum Committee, Doctor Walter Worthington to wit.'

In this humour I passed from the picture-room to the Natural History section, where I chanced to find the old curator strolling about among the cases. In a few moments I had forgotten his proximity, but presently discovered that he was still at hand, keeping a curious eye upon my movements. In an access of recklessness I entered into conversation.

'Your museum,' I said politely, 'is not extensive, but it is choice. I may also add, as a perfect stranger, that it is well arranged.'

The old man was not ill-pleased, but he had seen enough to make him suspicious. He simply nodded, eying me still with a certain wariness.

'You have several choice specimens,' I said, 'among your curiosities. But I, if I chose, could put you in the way to secure something absolutely unique. In fact, I believe it to be the only specimen of its kind in the civilised world.'

'Indeed?' he muttered with a gleam of curiosity.

'Yes. What would you say to a small vessel of earthenware, guaranteed to have contained water from the Fountain of Perpetual Youth?'

The man's jaw dropped visibly.

'Of course,' I proceeded, with a certain reckless enjoyment, 'such a treasure as that would require to be fully guaranteed before you could classify and label it. Now, what kind of guarantee would you consider satisfactory? Would the sworn statement of a member of the Museum Committee serve the purpose—the chairman, for instance—Doctor Worthington, is it not? Well, here you are: "I, Doctor Walter Worthington, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, do hereby solemnly declare that to my certain knowledge this vessel contained a quantity of water from the fountain known to the ancients as the Fountain of Perpetual Youth." Would that fill the bill?'

But the man had had enough, and was already moving away. As he went he cast a suspicious glance behind him, and I saw at once that the Museum was no longer a suitable refuge for me. After a few moments, therefore, I went jauntily down the stairs again and into the street.

It had been dark some time now, and I was sensible of the cold in the night air that pierced through my clothing. It was necessary to walk, but from the beginning I had another shelter in view. The Free Library and Reading-Rooms would not close until ten, and I could find a certain warmth and comfort there for a while longer. Afterwards—well, I could not guess what would happen afterwards; and I thrust aside the suggestion that I should think through the whole cycle again. There was no time for me but *now*.

As I hurried through the brilliantly lighted High Street, my eye was suddenly caught by the contents bill of an evening paper. It was our *Evening Mail* that announced in unmistakable terms a local sensation:

'REMARKABLE MYSTERY AT WESTHAMPTON.

WELL-KNOWN DOCTOR
DISAPPEARS.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES.
POLICE BAFLED.'

The heavy type did not at first suggest a personal interest in the matter for me. I read the lines with the kind of local curiosity which I had often felt before in similar circumstances. I began to wonder what professional rival of mine had got into trouble, and smiled pleasantly at the extraordinary statement that the police were 'baffled.' Suddenly, however, I experienced a shock as of revelation, purchased a paper, and hurried on again.

In the Free Library I sought one of the less-frequented tables. The magazine before me, I remember distinctly, was the *Journal of Education*. There I opened my paper and read with vivid interest that a most mysterious and sensational incident had occurred that morning in

connection with myself. The police, it seemed, were reticent up to the present; but it was known that I had disappeared from my home during the previous night in a very unusual manner. Moreover, in the morning a stranger had been found occupying my study—a stranger who had failed to give any reasonable account of himself, and had suddenly made his escape. The police had been called in at once, and were now making strenuous efforts to trace both Doctor Worthington and his mysterious visitor. And below these lines was a paragraph marked 'later':

'The mystery in connection with Doctor Worthington's disappearance begins to assume a very serious aspect. Outside inquiries have failed to obtain any trace of the doctor's movements during the night, either in the streets or at the railway station; and it seems highly improbable that one so well known in the town could have gone far without leaving traces. The mystery has created a painful sensation in the neighbourhood, and further developments are awaited with growing anxiety.'

There were also some interesting notes concerning my personal record and my public offices; but there was a distinct and praiseworthy reserve in the matter of details. I folded the paper and put it away, and examined the situation with growing agitation.

My first sensations were not altogether unpleasant. I fancied that the joke was assuming formidable proportions, but did not realise that it had ceased to be a joke at all. Presently, however, something struck like a chill through the confusion of my impressions, and I found myself curiously sobered. 'Disappears.' 'A well-known doctor disappears.' And those biographical details, too—would they not have been more correctly placed if they had been attached to an obituary notice? There was something sinister in that 'disappears'—there was a finality about it that was emphasised in a somewhat uncanny fashion by the particulars contained in the last paragraph I had read.

My soberness developed into a growing uneasiness, and in a few minutes I began to feel myself less the hero of a sensation than the victim of one. I blamed the idiocy of Stadden, the indiscreet conduct of the police, the sensation-hunting proclivities of the newspapers. It certainly looked as though events were in train for something more than a nine days' wonder, a sensation—a ridiculous, absurd sensation—that might very conceivably have unpleasant consequences. A certain amount of publicity was all very well—it can even be very useful to a professional man; but I knew as well as any one that notoriety is a very different thing, and that to become a laughing-stock for even a single day may mean nothing less than ruin.

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It will be seen that even now I had not fully realised my desperate situation, though the recognition of it was drawing nearer. I was concerning myself with the details surrounding the mere discovery of the fact, while the fact itself and its consequences had not yet been faced or comprehended. I cannot excuse this state of mind, but I can explain it by asserting positively that under the circumstances it was perfectly natural. Any one else in my place would have acted in a similarly foolish way.

How long I sat there I do not know, but presently I was out in the street again. The suggestion had suddenly intruded itself upon me that it was unwise to remain in that brilliantly lighted room while all the police of the town were looking for me. Without exactly knowing why, I resolved to turn in the direction of home.

It was colder now, and the cold gave me a singularly forlorn feeling. I was accustomed to take every comfortable precaution for my health, and here I was now without a greatcoat and with no means of obtaining one. The reflection made me angry and impatient.

Suddenly, on the first of many street corners, I came face to face with another newspaper placard, lurid with sensation and suggestion:

'WHERE IS DOCTOR WORTHINGTON?

IS IT

FOUL PLAY?

STARTLING SUGGESTIONS.

LATEST PARTICULARS.'

I did not buy the sheet this time, but, after gazing at the lines with mingled anger and disgust, passed hastily on. I did not know what I was going to do, but was conscious of a strong desire to end the muddle at once. It had already gone too far.

But my troubles were only now developing their real seriousness. Imagine my sensations, on searching the vicinity of my own house, to find a dense throng of people spread across the street in front, and another equally dense crowd around the corner by the surgery door. Two or three police officers passed up and down, pressing the front rank back from the pavement, and now and again quietly advising them to go home. There was no reply to these orders, only the silence of curiosity, the anxiety to witness some fresh development. The majority of those present had been brought up from the town by the newspaper placards, but many were residents of the adjacent streets. The house itself was dark, except for a light in the surgery.

This development had the effect of taking all the anger out of me, and leaving in its place a growing dread. Any idea of entering the

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house and asserting my identity dwindled away to nothing, and for the first time I began to be conscious of an impression *that I had lost my place*. As I stood and watched, and gazed up at the darkened house, I began to see that somehow my world had been shattered and destroyed. I could not—I dared not—step forward and claim my rights. The step required a moral strength, a resolution, that I did not possess.

I found safety for my person as a stranger in a crowd of strangers. Mechanically, I even asked a question of a young artisan whom I found beside me:

'Is there anything fresh?'

'No,' he replied; 'they haven't found him yet.'

'Found whom?'

'Why, the old doctor. Not a sign of him!'

'No,' said an idler who stood just before me. 'And perhaps it won't be much good when they do find him. And they let the other fellow go, when they had him right under their eyes. Opened the back door he did, and just walked away!'

'Went out the same way as he came in, no doubt,' said the artisan. 'I fancy people about here will take care to lock up safe to-night.'

In a moment the conversation became general around me, proceeding on lines that chilled me with horror and disgust. Quickly separating myself from the group, I made for the fringe of the crowd, and at last worked myself clear.

The direction I unconsciously followed led me away from the town towards the outlying suburbs and the country. I had not gone far when a cold rain began to fall, giving a finishing touch to the process of disillusionment which had lingered so long. As the first drops fell upon my face I paused instinctively, and asked myself whither I was going. Then I saw that, whether I turned back or went forward, I had nowhere to go. I was sick and sore now, and utterly tired; but I was walking aimlessly into the darker reaches of a quiet, tree-sentinelled road where there was no sound but that of my own footsteps and the drip of the rain. I could not go back, for had it not been sufficiently proved that I had lost my place in the world? I could not go forward, for all my interests were in the past.

That sense of desolation is simply indescribable. Nowhere to go, no place to claim as my own! Walter Worthington had had his niche in the world, in society, in the ordered life of the town, the home, the family. I had nothing, for I could not claim what was his. Homeless, nameless, friendless, penniless, I was a wretched miracle-manufactured wail, a superfluous atom in the world. Significantly

enough, my first discovery of the change had forced me to lock myself away from my daughter's eyes, to shut myself out of my own family circle. The next result had been my expulsion from my own study—my separation from my work, my house, my all.

Realisation came in a flood as soon as my depression had opened the gates to it, and I saw what had really taken place. I had destroyed Nature's order, and she had no place for me. I could not imagine that any one would really believe my story, and render up to me the place that was mine; and I saw now that even if they did so, even if I could by irrefragable proofs establish my identity, my lot would be a terrible one. I would simply be a butt, a freak, a focus for the ignorant curiosity and the incredulous wonder of the whole human race. Then the horror that lay in my family relationship—the unnatural and ghastly conditions that must now overshadow the lives of all who loved me: no, it was impossible that I should live to face them. And this was youth, the Return of Youth, the priceless treasure which had been the lodestar of men through all the ages! It had been left for old Sir Joshua to prick the bubble, and I was proving the bitter experience which his wisdom had avoided.

Nameless, homeless, friendless, placeless, I walked for a mile or more down that long road in the dark, facing at every step some new and terrible aspect of my predicament. It seemed just as well that I should go on so for ever, for I had no better object to seek, no better journey to take. That dark road without a destination was symbolical of my new existence. Somewhere behind were the lights of the town, the lights of my life; and then I thought of all the things that I had gathered about me in the course of years, the matters that had grown to me as the furniture of my niche in human existence. And now I had begun a life empty of everything that makes a life, but filled with loss and desolation and memories.


Presently the horror of it all began to overpower me, to give me an impression of unreality. For a time I could not have said whether I was walking that road or not, whether the sounds of my steps were real sounds, whether or not I touched my own flesh and clothing with my numbed fingers. It was something of a nightmare—a nightmare of awful loneliness. It could not be true—that was impossible; but I must know the truth at once if I wished to retain my reason.

Then came a mood of desperation, curiously influenced by the arguments of a faint hope. It was time that I woke up and found this awful experience nothing more than a bad dream. In any case, why should I go on when I had no place to go?

I began to retrace my steps, and presently saw once more the lights and pavements of the town.

CHAPTER VII.

'HAPPY RETURNS.'

OU must go to your own door,' I told myself, 'and open it with your own key. In face of everything, you must claim the place which your life-work has gained for you. This ridiculous situation must be combated with all the powers of which you are possessed, come what will. However contrary to reason and experience, the truth must be believed. You must claim your home, your life, your identity, against all comers. It is an amazing and tremendous task, but you must do it. Why, man, it is the only hope you have!'

Doggedly I tramped back to my own house. It was very late now, and the persistent rain had long ago dispersed the crowd of sensation-hunters. I stood for a while among the shadows on the other side of the street, and saw that the house was entirely dark and silent. Then I crossed the road and inserted my latch-key.

In another moment I was in the hall, my heart thundering with my emotion, my hand trembling so that I could scarcely close the door behind me. With great caution I moved to the right, towards my study; and it was at that point that a sudden light flashed into my face and a hand gripped my shoulder.

'Stand still, please,' said a voice.—'Turn up the light, Jones.'

At the words the gas-jet in the surgery before me flared up brightly. I was confronted by three constables, one of whom was Foster, my tormentor of the morning.

'Is this the man, sir?' asked one as I stood before them.

'This is the man,' said Foster, in quiet triumph. 'The Chief thought there was just a chance that he might come back here, though I did not expect it myself.'

This was my testing-time. I felt that I needed all the resource of which I was possessed.

'Foster,' I said plainly, 'if you are not quite a fool, and if you wish to escape serious trouble, you will send for the Chief Constable at once. I wish to see him, and I will remain in my study until he comes.'

With that I shook myself free and passed into the other room. The men, who had not come into direct contact with me before, were surprised and impressed. As for Foster, his plain common-sense told him that his course was clear enough.

'Very good,' he said gruffly. 'You can sit
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here. I will stay in the room with you. The garden doors are locked and guarded.—Jones, telephone for the Chief and for a cab.'

My own chair stood near the hearth, and I sat down in it without giving a glance to the other objects in the room. Foster left the door slightly ajar, and then stood watching me impassively. I heard the telephone used, and then there was silence for a period, during which I did my best to prepare for the coming interview. Then came a noise of wheels and of footsteps, the opening of a door, a whisper in the surgery, and the Chief Constable entered the room.

I knew him well, as a gentleman, a man of thought and resource, grave, military, and practical. Now there was something reassuring in his nod and in the way in which he removed his gloves and laid them neatly upon the table. I stood up to face him.

'Captain Mackenzie,' I said, 'I asked these men to send for you, my story being far too extraordinary to be discussed with subordinates. I want to know why they are in my house.'

The Chief gave no answer, but still looked at me gravely.

'The truth,' I said, 'is capable of being proved. I am Doctor Worthington.'

There was no sign of astonishment. Captain Mackenzie nodded.

'Of course,' he said, in the most matter-of-fact way, 'you can explain certain circumstances.'

'I can,' I replied. 'I am Doctor Worthington. That I appear to be some one else is due to a most remarkable and almost incredible happening. Last night I drank a small quantity of water which had been brought from the Fountain of Youth, in the West Indies. And this is the result!'

But even while I spoke with such assurance the whole pitiful absurdity of the story seemed to rush back upon me and overwhelm me. I could not but hesitate and falter, and though the Chief gave no sign I knew that nothing escaped him. In growing agitation I began to argue.

'If I am not Doctor Worthington,' I said with a feeble smile, 'perhaps you can point out some one else who is. Or you can tell me who I am. But really there is no need for beating about in that way. What is so convincing as a fact? And here is the fact before you. After all, my case is not so very marvellous—it is not so marvellous, even, as the Röntgen rays, or—or Radium, or the National Telephone Company. It is simply a plain geographical truth that at last the much-talked-of and long-sought island of Bimini has been found.'

I was struggling against a dreadful, a paralyzing consciousness of the sheer silliness of my whole argument. Despair began to replace
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my brief-lived resolution, and I saw that I could go no further with words. There was one resource, and this could scarcely fail me. The last card must be thrown upon the table.

'I did not wish to trouble my wife now,' I said, 'seeing that it is so late, and knowing that she is not strong. But she alone can settle this matter, and I must ask you to call her.'

There was a pause.

'You saw Miss Worthington this morning?' suggested Mackenzie placidly.

'That does not count,' I said quickly. 'It is necessary to call some one who knew me forty years ago.'

He appeared to reflect, and I saw hope in the calmness and patience with which he considered the point. His decision gave me intense relief.

'There is reason in the request, sir,' he said thoughtfully. 'Of course, I try to look at this affair from your point of view. If you are ready, therefore, we will go now. A cab is still at the door.'

'Go? Where?' I asked blankly.

'Mrs Worthington could scarcely stay in this house—after what has taken place. She is with friends. If you will come at once, however'—

I concluded immediately that my wife must have gone, prostrate and ill no doubt, to take refuge with the Menzieses, leaving a home that had become the centre of vulgar curiosity for the whole town. With a new realisation of the horror that had swept down upon our quiet life, I rose.

'Of course,' I said, 'of course. I did not think of that. I will come at once.'

I picked up my hat, and the Chief gathered up his gloves. Then we were out in a moment, and an officer was opening the door of the cab for me. Some whispered directions were given as I got in, and then the Chief entered after me, with the Inspector. I felt that I had now approached the last stage of my terrific nightmare. The cab started with a jerk.

It was some minutes before I observed that we were going in a direction I had not contemplated—that we were, in fact, on our way out of the suburbs and driving towards the country. A question came to my lips, only to be checked there in an access of despair and terror. I struggled against the conviction of treachery, but it was not to be repulsed. In the same moment I remembered old Sir Joshua's warning.

'Where are you taking me?' I asked suddenly, in a voice that was hoarse with emotion.

There was no answer, but the Chief laid his hand upon my arm. The movement was

intended to reassure me, but the touch seemed to be a touch of iron. It completed my breakdown.

'I will not go,' I cried. 'I am not mad. I will not go. Don't take me to Holmwood; take me to my wife. I tell you I am not mad, and I can prove it!'

But still there was silence, still that touch of the relentless hand. The perspiration broke out upon my brows, and I knew that the climax of my terrible experience had come. I tried to rise, but the hand pressed me back into my seat; and just as I realised the full horror of my situation the noise of the wheels died away, and the whole environment of my adventure began to fade and vanish.

'Sir,' said young Blessley half-shyly, 'I came to your study half-an-hour ago to wish you "Many Happy Returns." When I opened the door, however, you were positively fast asleep.'

We were at the supper-table now, and I was realising, for perhaps the first time with such vividness, the warm atmosphere of home, the positive joys of my lot, the unspeakable happiness of being a commonplace old man of sixty-eight. My wife and daughter were smiling affectionately at my confusion.

'So I came away,' proceeded the young fellow, as he took an oblong box of a familiar aspect from a chair. 'Now, however—I know you don't like presents and that

kind of thing—but here is a little something from'—

'Not from Bimini!' I muttered, almost involuntarily.

'I beg pardon—from Havana. I had them from one of our captains weeks ago, and have kept them for this occasion. And you won't find them any the worse for not having paid duty.'

I thanked him warmly for his gift. It was all the more grateful to me because it was so different from the wretched earthenware pot of which I had only dreamed. Then Ella began to ask questions.

'You don't often sleep at your desk. Mother says you looked greatly relieved when she called you.'

'Yes,' I replied. 'I had had a bad dream—a very bad dream. I dreamed that I had grown young again; that, instead of being sixty-eight, I was only thirty.'

They were considerably mystified, failing to see why a dream of recovered youth should be a nightmare. Undoubtedly there are many others who labour under the same difficulty, and who are drawing to the end of their journey under the vain impression that rejuvenation would be a blessing. And it is for their enlightenment that I have devoted to this history a number of hours which might well have been given to really useful work for the *Municipal Magazine* or the *Journal of the Society of Antiquaries*.

WHEN THE SNOW IS ON THE SILL.

A SIMPLE meal though this may be
Of bread and butter, luscious honey,
And dainty cup of fragrant tea,
I feast besides on that which money
Can never buy; for though the chill
And stormy wind the snow is piling
In deep'ning drifts upon the sill,
Yet, winter's dreariness beguiling,

Come pictured scenes of sun and shine:
I hear again the bee's loud droning,
The rustling corn, the lowing kine,
The quail's monotonous intoning;
I see the furrow brown and bare,
The budding green, the slim stalk bending,
Quaint shadows dancing everywhere
In rhythmic fantasies unending;

Behold the grain in bounteous sheaves
Upon the field of stubbly yellow;
The splendour of the crims'ning leaves,
And o'er the resting earth the mellow
And dreamy light of purple haze;
Now from the rip'ning fruits distilling
Come spicy odours—autumn days
The promises of spring fulfilling.

So, on my board, the loaf of wheat,
And the aroma of the clover
In golden butter stored, and sweet
White honey culled by light-winged rover
Neath summer skies from myriad flowers,
Are now to mind these scenes recalling,
While chill winds blow, and storm-cloud lowers,
And snow on roof and sill is piling.

ELIZABETH ROLLIT BURNS.

THE COUNSELS.

BY ANDREW MARSHALL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF ANTONIO DE TRUEBA.

CHAPTER I.



NEIGHBOUR! Neighbour!
'What is it, Señor Anton?'
'Will you oblige me with a little salt?'
'If it were beaten gold! What! are you going to be a cook?'

'No, indeed, señora; but I have picked up in the street a rather flavourless story, and I'm going to see if I can season it a little.'

'What notions you have! Well, whatever it is, here is the salt; and if you want more'—

'Many thanks, neighbour.'

'Don't mention it, Señor Anton.'

Well, sir, this fellow was a soldier whom they called Juan Kick, not because he was in the habit of 'kicking' or cavilling or raising objections; but, seeing that he never 'kicked' at all, his captain, whose orderly he was, and who was very fond of him, was always repeating to him, 'Juan, kick!'

Juan got his discharge, and made up his mind to go back to his native town, which was a long way off, and where he had his wife; for it should be mentioned that, as he was little affected to objecting, he married very young the daughter of the sacristan of the town, without considering that that might happen which in fact did happen—namely, that he might be drawn for the army, and that he and his wife should suffer the dismal affliction of seven years of separation.

Juan danced with joy for two reasons: first, because he was going to see his wife, whom he had not seen for seven years; and, second, because he would return to his town with thirty thousand reales.*

That Juan should have a wife needs no explanation, for a wife is easily got; but that he should have thirty thousand reales decidedly needs one, for thirty thousand reales are not got so easily as a wife.

When Juan was with his garrison company in Jaca, his master sent him to the Pyrenees with a letter for an officer of carbineers who was stationed on the frontier.

* About £300. The Spanish real is the twentieth part of a dollar, and therefore worth (if silver were at par) about twopence halfpenny. The coin is now almost out of use; but the common people like to reckon in reales, as some sums are stated among us in obsolete guineas.

'But, sir, I'll get lost in these deserts, because I don't know the road.'

'Wherever you be, do what you see,' answered his master.

Juan set out with his musket on his shoulder to defend him, and with this counsel in his memory to guide him, and trudged on and on till he came to the foot of a mountain. It was very hot, and he sat down under a tree to rest himself and see if any one might pass to show him the way he had to go. He looked up to the hill-top, and discovered a man moving along the height leading two pack-mules.

"Wherever you be, do what you see," the captain told me. I see that muleteer is going over the top of the mountain, and consequently that is the way I must go," said Juan to himself; and he set off uphill just as the muleteer was disappearing over the summit.

No sooner had Juan reached the top and begun to go down the other side than he came right upon the muleteer, who was resting in the shade of some trees.

The muleteer, who suddenly saw a soldier appear before him only six paces off, jumped up like a shot, and, leaving his pack-mules, fled through some brambles down the hill.

Juan saw that the fugitive was a smuggler; and taking hold of the reins of the pack-mules, he led them along, and continued on his way till he met the captain of carbineers to whom he was carrying his master's letter.

The pack-mules were loaded with very valuable smuggled goods, and Juan pocketed a few days later a third part of the value of the prize, which the law gives to the capturer.

This is where the thirty thousand reales came from, which Juan's master was keeping for him when he took his discharge.

CHAPTER II.



JUAN has exchanged his musket for a staff, his leather belt for a silk sash, and his cartouche for a tin box. Behold him half-sad and half-glad as he takes leave of his captain—sad because he likes his captain very much, and glad because he likes his wife very much more.

'Hola! Well, then, you're going?'

'Yes, señor, my captain, if you please.'

'Juan, kick! Kick much, for to live you'll require it all!'

'Captain, if you would give me, before I start, one or two good counsels for the journey you would make a man of me.'

'Let's see. What kind of life do you mean to live when you get home?'

'To live as God may ordain, with my wife and my father-in-law.'

'Your father-in-law is a man who knows how to live?'

'What can I say, captain? He studied for the Church, and just when he was ready to be ordained he cut his own head off by getting married, as I did, to a young girl who died when my wife was born. As the Church threw him out, he got the post of town sacristan; but he has little to live upon, for, as the proverb says, the sacristan's money comes singing and goes singing.'

'And your wife—she lives with her father?'

'She should be living with him.'

'What! you don't know for certain?'

'No, señor.'

'How, then—she doesn't write you?'

'Not never, captain.'

'And how is that?'

'Because since I took the musket she never knows where I am.'

'And why haven't you written to tell her?'

'I can't write.'

'But, man, you could have got some one to—'

'Yes, señor; yes, captain. But when a man's dictatin' he has to kick!'

'Juan, kick! If not, you're a lost man!'

'Captain, if you would give me a couple of law advices I would have them by me to use like that time I caught the smuggler.'

'Good counsels are worth a good deal of money.'

'I know that, captain, as the one you gave me in Jaca was worth thirty thousand reales to me.'

'Then we'll make a bargain. I'll give you a good counsel; but you'll have to give me for it ten thousand of the thirty thousand reales I'm keeping for you.'

'*Canario*, captain! ten thousand reales is too much!'

'But if you don't go well counselled you'll lose your money, and perhaps your life too.'

'You are right, captain. Give me a counsel, and keep ten thousand reales.'

'Well, this is the counsel: "When you find a short way, shorten the way."'

'I'll keep in mind that counsel, captain. But you might give me one more.'

'I've no objection; but it will cost you another ten thousand reales.'

'It's very dear, captain.'

'You know already that my counsels produce thirty thousand reales each.'

'That's true. I'll have another little counsel, then; and you can keep another ten thousand reales, if it can't be less.'

'The second counsel is this: "Don't allow your tongue to poke into affairs of other folk."'

'It's a grand counsel that, captain, worth a hundred times more than it costs me.'

'But, look, to go fully provided, you want another yet.'

'You might be able to give me an extra one.'

'What I will give you extra, if you give me for it the rest of the money you have remaining, will be a gold *onza* for the expenses of your journey, and three fine, big, rich pies for you to eat with your wife and your father-in-law when you get home.'

'No, no, captain. To be left, as you may say, without a copper, after being *propietario* of thirty thousand reales—that's very poor music.'

'Have you never heard that three is a lucky number?'

'Yes, I've heard that.'

'Then apply the saying.'

'*Canario*! But come, captain, you're not making me a very royal offer.'

'See, Juan, don't be foolish. The money will do you no good, for, with the head you have, you'll be robbed of it, or lose it, or misspend it, before you reach home. And they can't rob you of the counsels, nor can you misspend or lose them.'

'*Canario*! That's a fact too. Give me another counsel, then, and let the rest of the money pay for it.'

'Then listen to the third counsel: "Do nothing till you've thought twice, and from your pillow asked advice."'

'Captain, I don't understand that counsel; for, to follow it, a man couldn't even smoke a cigarette without passing a night by the way.'

'Man, you don't need to take a counsel so literally. It only means that before deciding a serious affair—as, for example, avenging a wrong—you should think well over it.'


'Now, now I comprehend, captain.'

'Well, then, here are a gold *onza* for the road, and three rich pies, which you must not begin to till you reach home, so that you and your wife and your father-in-law will eat them together—a pie for each beard.'

'Thanks, my captain, and God be with you!'

'Juan, kick! kick! And—a good journey!'

CHAPTER III.

UAN KICK, as soon as he set out, engaged a shaded seat in a wagon going to his district, and journeyed and journeyed, with his box under his arm and his treasure of counsels in his memory, resolved to put these in practice as soon as

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occasion arose. When he reached the foot of a long hill which the high-road ascended by many windings, Juan remembered the counsel, 'When you find a short way, shorten the way,' and saw that the moment had arrived for making use of it.

'I'll see you again soon,' he said to the driver. 'I'm going up this way.'

'Take care! Only wild-goats go that way.'

'There's no short way without labour to pay,' cried Juan, and he scrambled and scrambled up the short-cut till he got to the high-road again, when he sat down by the roadside to rest and wait for the arrival of the wagon.

The wagon took a long time, and Juan had already given up hope of it, when at last he saw it coming.

But what was his surprise to see the driver with his face all bloody, the guard with his arm broken, passengers bruised all over, and driver, guard, and passengers all lamenting the misfortune that had happened to them! The misfortune was that, at a turn of the road, a band of robbers had rushed out on them, beaten them, and robbed them of everything they could carry off. Juan Kick shed tears of gratitude when he thought of his captain, whose counsel had saved him from this calamity, and continued on his way.

As Juan now took all the short-cuts which turned up, he got far ahead of the wagon, and, miscalculating his time for arriving at a good inn, night overtook him in an uninhabited part of the country, with no dwelling in sight. At last he discovered, not far off the road, a small tavern; and, although the place had a very ill look about it, he decided to pass the night there.

He rapped and rapped at the door, and at last a villainous-looking man with a candle in his hand came out to open to him.

'Is this an inn?'

'Yes, señor.'

Juan entered and sat down by the fireside, where the landlord, who was the only person to be seen, was cooking a hare. Juan thought of asking him why he lived all by himself in such a lonely place. But he recollected the counsel, 'Don't allow your tongue to poke into affairs of other folk,' and confined himself to asking if he could have anything for supper.

'We'll sup together on this hare, with some bread and wine,' answered the landlord.

When the hare was cooked the landlord placed a small table near the fire, went to a corner of the kitchen, raised a trap-door, and called out in a commanding tone, 'Come up!'

Although Juan was stout-hearted, like all the uncultured his hairs stood on end at seeing and hearing this, for all the terrible stories of murderous innkeepers which he had heard in his childhood came to the help of his
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imagination. His terror got to a dreadful pitch when he saw begin to rise up from the hole which the innkeeper had just opened a horrible skeleton covered with loathsome rags, whose sunken eyes stared at him as if terrified.

The skeleton was a woman, and she squatted down timorously beside the trap-door.

Juan Kick was on the very point of asking the innkeeper who this miserable woman was, and how she came to be in such a wretched state, when he remembered his captain's counsel, and held his tongue.

Innkeeper and guest sat down to supper, the former at his ease, the latter in terror, and both without saying a word.

Now and then the innkeeper threw to the skeleton a scrap of bread or a bone, which she eagerly devoured.

Supper ended, the innkeeper got up, and with a rude push drove the skeleton into her den. Then he fastened the trap-door with an outside latch and sat down quietly beside the fire.

Once more Juan found himself assailed by the temptation to ask the innkeeper why he treated the wretched woman in this way; but again he remembered the second counsel of his captain, and swallowed down his words.

Soon afterwards the innkeeper and his guest lay down to sleep.

But do you think the guest closed his eyes that night with such a panic at the bottom of his heart? No! Nor his nostrils either! Juan Kick for the first time in his life passed the night kicking.

So, when God brought the dawn, he paid his reckoning, and, taking his bundle, prepared to depart.

'Well, what sort of night have you passed?' asked the innkeeper.

'First rate.'

'You leave pleased with my house?'

'Why not?'

'Did you notice nothing unusual, then?'

'Won't you shut up, man?'

The innkeeper threw himself on Juan Kick with open arms, and Juan Kick started back alarmed and prepared to defend himself.

'Don't be afraid, my friend,' cried the innkeeper, almost weeping with joy. 'Let me embrace you. You are the man I have been looking for these four years. You have brought peace to my house. You have saved mankind!'

The tone in which the innkeeper spoke was so quiet that Juan Kick yielded to his embrace and kiss. But what he could not understand was how he had saved mankind. The innkeeper, however, was not long in dissipating his doubts.

'My wife and I lived in peace and in the grace of God in a town near by, when, by


reason of the neighbours meddling in our affairs, we began to quarrel, and to have a row every day that upset the house. The result of these squabbles was that my wife was coming to hate me, and one day I intercepted a letter to her which showed that she was next going to be unfaithful. Then, half-mad with rage, I swore to be revenged on my wife, and to kill any one whatever who meddled in the concerns of my house, till the day when I should come across a man who would in no way concern himself with them. I came to this lonely place, shut my wife in the cellar, and I have stayed here four years. I have killed and buried in my wife's prison every man who entered my house, as I would have killed and buried you if, like the others, you had mixed yourself in my affairs, asking me what did not concern you.'

And while Juan stood dumfounded between horror of the innkeeper and of the danger from which the captain's counsel had saved him, the man ran to the trap-door, opened it, and cried in an affectionate tone, 'Come up, dear! Come up! Thou art pardoned now. Now thy punishment and mine are over. Now I am free from my oath. Now thou shalt leave for ever the dungeon and rags. Now we are going to our pretty house in the town, and I shall set fire to this cursed place.'

And the spectre came up from her cellar weeping with joy. And the innkeeper, after taking from a chest a rich dress, set to work to take off her rags and dress her in beautiful clothes; while Juan hurried from the inn without having recovered from his terror and astonishment.

As Juan crossed a hill, where he lost sight of the inn, he looked behind him and saw that it was in flames, and a man and a woman—the woman leaning on the man—were walking towards a town whose spire he could faintly see in the distance.

CHAPTER IV.

UAN KICK, trembling with joy, at last caught sight of the belfry of his native town, and heard the bells chiming the orison.

The author of this tale knows by his own experience what a man feels on seeing again after a long absence the church spire that overshadowed him and the bells that cheered him when he was young; but he does not dare to profane the holy and sweet thought by explaining it superficially in a three-for-sixpence tale, having already consecrated to it a book sprinkled, if not with the sparks of his genius, at least with the tears of his eyes.

The joy of Juan Kick found itself very soon

disturbed by a fear. 'Who will tell me,' he exclaimed, 'that my wife is not dead, or that she has not become unworthy of an honest man's love?'

The last doubt hurt him even more than the first. Ah, what an egoist and arch-egoist is malicious humanity!

Night had already closed, but there was a lovely moon. Juan's house, or rather the sacristan's, was at the entrance to the town. Part of its front looked on a garden. In the garden there was a leafy hazel, and in it Juan hid himself to see who would enter or leave the house, or to hear who might be speaking in it.

Presently the door half-opened and a priest appeared, who, muffling himself up in his cloak, said in an affectionate voice to a woman, 'For a very little, dear,' and went away.

Juan put his hand to a clasp-knife that he had bought in the first town he came to after leaving the before-mentioned inn, and hesitated between cutting to pieces the priest or his wife.

But suddenly he remembered the counsel of his captain, 'Do nothing till you've thought twice, and from your pillow sought advice,' and he stopped short, resolving to postpone such a serious business as the avenging of his honour till next day.

But it was needful to dissemble, so as not to frustrate his hope.

He leaped from the garden to the door and knocked at it. His wife came down to open, and, at once recognising him, threw her arms round him with a thousand tender caresses.

Juan made a pretence of responding.

'Unkind one!' cried his wife. 'Seven years without writing or telling us whether you were alive or dead!'

'You did the same.'

'What a cheat! Father and I have written you more than twenty letters, and you never answered one!'

'Because I never got them.'

'But we addressed them to Juan Garcia.'

'But everybody calls me Juan Kick.'

'How ridiculous these nicknames are!'

'And where did you address the letters to?'

'To where you might be found.'

'But I've been always there.'

'Oh my! that's funny. But you want your supper, don't you?'

'So, so.'

'We'll have supper as soon as ever father comes in.'

Juan's wife, who was still very young, finished preparing the supper and set the table. Just then there was a call at the door, and the girl took up the lamp, saying, 'It will be father,' and went down to open.

Think of Juan's rage at seeing come up the stair a priest undoing his cloak, and he seemed to be the very same that he had seen leaving

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the house a quarter of an hour before. Throwing to the winds his captain's counsel, he drew his knife, when suddenly he gave a cry of joy, dashed the knife on the floor, and rushed to clasp the new-comer in his arms. It was his father-in-law, the former sacristan, who had been ordained priest in his absence! They all sat down to supper, and Juan brought out the pies his captain had given him, and began to tell of the three counsels which had cost him thirty thousand reales.

On the whole his father-in-law did not think the counsels dear, but his wife was in no end of a way when she understood that he might have brought thirty thousand reales and didn't bring a penny. You just try to make these

lady-wives understand certain things! Nevertheless, the lady-wives are not altogether stupid.

'Well,' said Juan, 'let us try my captain's pies. He told me they were very rich.' And, cutting his, he found ten thousand reales in gold inside.

His wife and his father-in-law hastened to open theirs, and both saw ten thousand reales in gold glittering in their hands. No need to say that the supper was jolly, savoury, well seasoned!

What is *not* seasoned, what comes out as flavourless as when I met with it in the street, is this story; because—ah, what a head I have!—I forgot to put in it the salt my neighbour gave me!

AN ENGLISH YEAR.

THE almond and the apple, the bending bullace spray,
Shed showers of purest petals before the end of May.
A little while of budding, a little while of bloom,
And then the spring is over, and ended all too soon.

A wealth of sweet confusion, the lily and the lime,
With heavy scent of ripened hay, of tiny honeyed thyme.
A burst of happy singing, a few short weeks of sun,
The hum of dreamy insects, and summer days are done.

Bright crimson of the creeper, the poppies in the corn,
With cobwebs, and the dripping dew to kiss the fields at dawn;
Rich days of purple hillside, of cloudless August skies,
Few weeks of thundery harvest, before the autumn dies.

Cold wind of wet November, soft snows of latter days,
White hoarfrost on the holly by muddy country ways.
The naked yellow jessamine, and hardy Christmas rose,
Short days of scarlet berries, and then the winter goes.

Twelve months of endless wonder, an ever-shifting chain,
Of sun to make the whole world glad, of cloud, and snow, and rain.
Full fragrant flowers of summer, ripe autumn grain in ear,
Uncertain days of varying joys, a changeful English year.

M. F.

A REFUGE IN THE WEST.

By F. C. ARMSTRONG,

AUTHOR OF 'BETWEEN TWO,' 'TWO LETTERS,' &c.

CHAPTER I.



MISS RAINSFORD looked from the library window, a happy woman. She felt that life had little more to give, for her beloved nephew was now a full-blown rector while as yet he was in the early thirties.

His foot was on the first rung of the ladder of fame, and surely a man of his abilities was bound to mount to the top.

True, this recently acquired promotion did not mean overmuch wealth; nor was the rectory a very magnificent abode, only it was quaint and interesting. Therefore, it was no wonder that Miss Rainsford smiled as she surveyed the pleasant prospect below. From the hillside she looked down upon a beautiful land, far-reaching woods stretching away to the foot of a range of broken hills. Out of the woods nearest at hand rose up picturesque chimneys and a suggestion of peaked gables. 'An old manor house,' she thought, while visions of charming neighbours rose in her mind's eye.

So absorbed was she in her day-dream that she did not know her nephew was beside her until he threw an arm round her shoulders.

'Not yet tired of the view, Aunt Rho?' he asked gaily in his pleasant voice.

'I was just wondering if the lord of the manor lived in that house amongst the trees,' she replied.

'No, he does not; he can't afford it. The place is let to some strange folks who arrived shortly after I did myself. I postponed my parochial visit until you came, as there are ladies, I believe—wife and daughter. Suppose we make the duty-call this evening? It's a beautiful walk through the woods.'

'And a beautiful afternoon,' replied his aunt.

'Then you'll come?' he cried gaily. 'I long to have the thing over.'

Dermot Rainsford loved the aunt who had been all in all to him ever since he came from India, a fragile little orphan, to be nursed and cherished by the tender-hearted woman, who, having seen love and hope pass by, centred her whole affection upon the child of her brother who lay dead upon a frontier battlefield, while his poor young wife glided out of life for sorrow within the year. She lavished her affections upon the child, who grew up with a heart to

value her devotion and to return it by an affection deep and strong.

Down the hill and into the woods they went, talking about the new life which had opened before them both.

'Of course your home will be with me,' said the young man.

'Of course it will be nothing of the sort. You will marry,' she returned.

'I'm not of the marrying kind,' he said laughingly. 'In old Trinity they called me The Misogynist.'

'You haven't met the right girl, Dermot.'

'I don't think she has yet been born; at any rate, she hasn't crossed my path. Hallo! look there.'

They had entered a grove of tall pines whose straight trunks stood up in long vistas like the pillared aisles of a great cathedral. Golden rays shot through them, and a little wind murmured in the whispering roof of branches. In and out through the dappled light and shade moved a white figure, slim and tall—a girl in a white dress, wearing a shady hat; a graceful girl, like a tall white flower. She had not perceived them, but moved away until she seemed drawn into and absorbed by the deeper recesses of the wood.

'A very pretty figure,' said Miss Rainsford.

'Miss Bentham, I suppose,' her nephew returned. 'I heard she was young.'

Out of the shades they emerged upon a wide avenue which led to the great door of the house. It was a handsome and imposing building, albeit rather a confusion of styles; very ornate—too much so, perhaps, Miss Rainsford thought as her nephew rang the bell.

The servant who opened the door was Eastern, albeit clad in somewhat slovenly livery of decidedly English cut. 'Yes, Mrs Bentham was at home,' he said, his dark eyes surveying the visitors keenly.

The room into which he ushered them was handsomely furnished, but there was a lack of neatness about it which distressed the orderly mind of the lady. Books, newspapers, magazines, all of the most frivolous type, lay scattered about; cushions were flung away upon handsome sofa and pretty lounge; a scarf, a broad-brimmed garden-hat, gloves, and a sunshade

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lay upon one of the tables. And Miss Rainsford set her lips. No, the girl who could leave her sitting-room in such disorder was not the kind of which she could approve, no matter how charming a figure she made while wandering in the woods.

A lady surged up out of an easy-chair to receive her guests. Yes, she was a lady; but—her handsome dress was all in disorder, her hair switched up into an untidy knot, her shoes down at heel. Her face was decidedly pleasing, for she had good eyes and a pretty smile; but Miss Rainsford set her lips even still more closely as the lady rose and advanced to meet her.

'I'm afraid you caught me napping,' she said, with an unfamiliar ring in her voice, an accent which was new to the ears of both aunt and nephew. 'We ain't just settled into the place yet. It does take such a bother to get things put straight, you know; and, then, it's all strange to me—not being English, you know.'

At this moment the door opened. The white lady of the woods stood on the threshold, regarding them with startled eyes.

'My step-daughter,' Mrs Bentham said, a look of extreme relief passing over her face.

There was not a trace of resemblance between the slattern in her easy-chair and the trim, graceful figure which advanced with cultured ease to welcome the visitors. She looked like a nymph of the woods, fair and slim, with golden-brown locks straying lightly round her broad, low brows, under which her eyes shone deeply, delicately blue as sapphire skies or summer seas; they were so blue that even Dermot the Misogynist noted their colour. Her face was daintily modelled, and her complexion so perfectly toned that in her heart Miss Rainsford said, 'A very beautiful young woman, and I have seldom seen so sweet an expression.' Somehow, the whole aspect of the room altered as she stood in their midst.

'I suppose you have been wandering in the woods as usual, Lalla,' said the elder lady.—'My step-daughter thinks she never can have enough of the trees.—Isn't that true, Lalla?'

She made reply in a voice that was like the song of a bird, while Mrs Bentham was fussing with the bell-pull.

'I want Said to let your father know the rector has called,' she said.

'But I will tell him myself,' cried the girl. 'He is in the library?'

'Of course,' the lady answered, somewhat sharply.—'Mr Bentham spends all his time in the library,' she added, turning to her visitors.

'A student perhaps?' Miss Rainsford remarked.

'Oh, I don't know. I never bother. "Let every one go his own way" has always been my motto,' the woman replied peevishly.

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'Musty old prints are his delight, and horrid smelly bottles and things. He pores over them for hours. I wonder he hasn't blinded himself long ago. Oh, here he is!'

Aunt Rhoda thought she had never seen father and daughter so unlike. The man was heavily built, and but for a confirmed stoop in his shoulders would have been tall. Heavy-browed he was, with curious shallow, shifty eyes that were always looking over your head, or under your feet, or at the fireplace—anywhere but directly into your own. Long, lean hands he had, with dexterous-looking fingers deep-stained with some obstinate chemical. But the man possessed a quiet and gentlemanly address. He 'knew his manners,' as the good lady concluded; while the girl—Why did those blue eyes tug at a closed door in her heart? Where had she seen eyes that caught and held you like those, before? Ah, with a swift choke in her throat, she knew! Yes, as she took the tea-cup which the flower-soft hand presented to her, she remembered eyes as blue and hair of just that rich brown, that looked powdered with gold; and from that moment her heart went out to the young stranger for the sake of all that had been denied to her, years ago, when she too was young and fair.

Dermot and the master of the house talked, while Mrs Bentham made furtive attempts to put her disordered dress into something like order, and Miss Rainsford exchanged opinions with the girl.

'A queer family,' Dermot remarked as he walked home.

'The man and his wife are odd, if you like,' Miss Rainsford said somewhat sharply; 'and the girl out of the common, but she is charming.'

'I didn't talk to her,' Dermot replied.

'That was foolish, young man,' said his aunt tartly.

'Did I not tell you I was not a lady's man?' he laughed. 'I wonder if you could find your way home alone? There is a poor old soul living on the edge of the wood whom I must see this evening.'

'Well, as there is no lion in the path, and the rectory-gate is directly in front of me, I dare say I can reach home safely,' laughed the lady.

So they separated, he striding along a path that margined the wood; and she, glad to be alone, mounting the hill to the white gate.

That girl's face—why did it 'stir the Hades of her heart'? Why had it set her thinking, thinking of a part of her life that was much better left in the grave to which her better sense had condemned it years ago? The girl was utterly unlike her father. She had not a feature in common with him; and where did that wonderful likeness come from? Bah!

she was a silly old goose. She must not allow imagination to run away with her; but—but she liked the girl. She must see more of her. Meantime she must get home, and see what she could do in her boy's parish. She was certain he could give her plenty of work.

Days grew into weeks; summer touched its prime. The visit to the Manor was returned in state. Mrs Bentham, a slattern no more, wore the most perfect of costumes, fresh from the Rue de la Paix; but the girl came in her simple white frock.

After the visitors left, Dermot made a remark which pleased his aunt.

'Miss Bentham is a young person with ideas,' he said. It was not much, but it showed that he had ideas too. 'She has offered to try our old organ, and see what can be done with it,' he said.

Miss Rainsford smiled. 'A very happy thought,' she replied.

'I suppose you know that Seaford is coming to read with me?' He began a new subject. 'It will be work and pleasant companionship for us all.'

'I hope he won't waste his time by falling in love with our beautiful neighbour,' cried the lady.

Rainsford pondered the saying. As the days went on it seemed to cling to his mind. She had the organ carefully repaired, and moreover, in the absence of the village school-mistress, who was also organist, she presided at the fine old instrument, much to the delight of a music-loving, half-Welsh congregation.

He was not usually a man who took much heed of a woman's looks; but somehow or other his aunt's words had caused him to look more closely at this girl than he had ever looked at any woman before. But what folly it was! It didn't matter a hair one way or other whether a girl's eyes were blue or brown, if she had a good expression and she herself was good. But the blue eyes seemed to follow him persistently. The azure of the sky above him brought them to his mind, just as the billowing white clouds hanging high in air recalled the sweep of her white gown. He grew almost angry with himself.

'I hope I am not turning silly in my middle-age,' he said as he walked quickly along the path that led to old Betty's cottage, trying not to hope that Miss Bentham might be there. If he wished it at all, surely it was only because he had something to say to her about the organ.

Betty was a thankless old body, hard and coarse-minded; but the young rector had reached a soft spot in her heart.

'My youngest one would have been just the age with you,' she said wistfully more than once; and the man was touched.

Mother-love is a great mystery.

CHAPTER II.

IT was pleasant in the woods that afternoon. The air, spicy with breathings from the pines, caressed his face as he went along. He banished all vain imaginings, and yet he glanced round him more than once. Hitherto his mind had never run upon such things as meetings in greenwoods with fair young ladies. Nay, but if the fair young lady came to him smiling, with a basket piled high with good things in her hands, surely it was only good manners to take the burden from her and carry it to its destination.

They talked about poor Betty. 'Poor old soul! who could wish her to go on living in pain and want?' he said.

'It does seem hard that any one should suffer as she does,' the girl replied, with a compassionate ring in her voice.

'When you are as old as I am you will learn that there are more tears than smiles in this old world of ours, Miss Bentham,' he said.

'Ah, but I know,' she made answer, her breath coming quickly as her head drooped. 'My own life has been far from plain sailing. For one thing, I have been always a motherless girl, Mr Rainsford, and that means a great deal.'

'I can understand,' he replied quickly. 'I also was early orphaned; but then there was Aunt Rhoda. She mothered me—my good angel!—all my life.'

'She looks exactly like it!' the girl cried. 'But I had no Aunt Rhoda. I went from school to school from the time I was quite a little child—Germany, France, Brussels, Geneva—never more than a few years anywhere. I never had a home until I came here. I am beginning to love the woods dearly. I call them "my refuge." And she laughed.

But the man's fine ear detected a sadness in the sound. 'Mr Bentham is a man of wide knowledge,' he said somewhat vaguely.

'Have you seen his collection of prints? I believe it is quite unique,' she said with sudden interest.

Dermot replied that he was afraid he knew little or nothing about such things, as that part of his education had been neglected.

They walked together towards the open meadow lying beyond the grove. White clouds went slowly trailing across the depths of azure overhead, and Dermot thought of the broad white lids drooping over fathomless blue eyes in the fair face at his side, the face that still had the child's simplicity in its tender beauty. Ah, was he to see that unawakened expression alter—the child turn woman? Somehow, the thought stung him. He turned away with an

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abrupt farewell. Was he turning a fool in his mature years?

Afterwards old Betty told a crony that 'for sure the pa'son was fairy-struck that day, not just knowin' what he was sayin' like.'

Lalage Bentham went home through the woods. All unseen by her, a man was lurking in their depths, a man who watched her as she moved along, and who slid cleverly from tree-trunk to tree-trunk at her nearer approach. The man was well dressed, and had a certain swagger of gentility about him; also, a common sort of comeliness which, vulgarised and coarsened by signs and tokens of a fast life, was more repulsive than ordinary ugliness. He wore too much jewellery, and wore his hat pitched at an angle that enhanced the coarseness of his features. In a word, a man utterly out of keeping with his surroundings, his very presence an offence to the quiet harmony of the woods.

Lalage wandered slowly on, all unconscious of any presence. She entered the old gardens by a door in the thick yew-hedge, and loitered there. The man, with a muttered, 'By Jove, I say!' expressive of intense surprise, pulled himself together, and went round the hedge to the front walk. He boldly approached the great door, which stood wide to the sweet air. 'He keeps open house,' he laughed as he rang the bell.

Out of the dimness of the great hall the silent feet of the Eastern man brought him face to face with the new-comer. 'Hello!' and a muttered word either in a foreign tongue or some rogue's patter made the dusky-faced servant block his way.

'Stand aside, you Toby fellow!' the new-comer cried sharply. 'Isn't the boss on view?'

'What brings you here?' the other demanded, still blocking the way.

'Business. What else, you black rascal?' the man cried. 'Out of the way. No monkey-tricks with me.'

With evident reluctance Said led the way down a dark passage, pausing before a closed door, which opened with a reluctant noise.

'Hey, boss! here I am, turning up like a bad penny,' cried the new-comer in a hilarious voice as he stepped across the threshold.

The tall, gaunt man started up from the desk before him. As he stood with his back to the light, his face was entirely concealed from his visitor; but the tone in which he welcomed him did not betray much pleasure.

'So you have found your way here?' he said constrainedly.

'You see, so I have.' His joviality might have been assumed, but it was very marked. 'Got a snug berth of it here, eh?'

'I am very busy,' said Bentham, 'time and light being precious.' He held back from his visitor, who advanced towards him.

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'I have brought you a big thing, boss,' he said, facing him. 'Black Toby there wasn't for letting me in; but here I am, and here I stays until I get the job done, and you're the man can do it.'

'That depends upon the kind of job it is,' Bentham said, as he pointed to a chair and hastily drew a sheet of blotting-paper over the drawing which lay on a sloping desk. Beside it were strange and unfamiliar-looking implements—magnifying-glasses, a heterogeneous mixture of things—over which the strange man's eyes swept with a knowing twinkle.

'At the old work, Fred?' he asked sneeringly. 'You haven't given it up?'

'I told you I had done with such work,' Bentham said coldly.

'I know; so you did, and ran away and hid. But, you see, the other chap isn't in it with you. He's a bungler—sure to be caught out the first bowl. You have the finished touch. You can do the trick like no one else, Boss Fred, and you'll gather in the spondulics with a swoop. 'Pon honour you will.'

Bentham made a contemptuous gesture with his flexible hand. 'I don't want them,' he said.

'I say,' cried the other in surprise, 'how have you done it? Turned gentleman at large, with a country house, drivin' your carriage, visitin' the county families, asked here and there; while we poor devils are out in the cold. And, moreover, with a handsome gal sprung from nowhere.'

'Miss Bentham, my daughter, has returned from Germany. I wish her to take her proper place in the world,' Bentham said; but an ominous grayness was showing round his mouth, and his eyes looked dangerous.

'Your daughter! Man alive, you haven't been married over five years!' cried the other incredulously.

'Miss Bentham is the child of my first wife,' the man answered icily.

'Oh ho! Never knew there was a previous Mrs B.,' said the younger man. 'But of course'—

'You never knew anything about my early history,' Bentham cried sharply.

'Well, we needn't quarrel over the gal, old man. I ferreted you out—with a lot of trouble, I can tell you—because there was no one else to be trusted. Now, will you do it for us? It's a sure card. There's thousands in it.'

'If it's the old game'—Bentham was beginning; but the other stopped him.

'Now, what could it be but the old game?' he cried. 'Your hand hasn't lost its cunning, and you wouldn't have the heart to leave the boys in the lurch. Point o' fact, it's only myself and Pete Blake and another that's in it. Old chum, you won't go back on us this once? At least, I don't calculate you will.'

There was a slight menace in the tone. The

man's quick ear detected it. The gray ring spread wider round his mouth; his eyes were dangerous.

'I told you I had given up the work,' he said. 'You must look elsewhere.'

'But the worst of it is there isn't any elsewhere,' cried the other. 'I tell you that fool-chap made such a botch of a job last week that we burned every trace of it. Fact! Think of the loss! Men like you, real artists, don'tcher know, are hard to find. Help us this once. You'll get your share, and— See now, I'll never let one of them come near you again.'— 'Until the next time,' he muttered to himself.

He opened the little portfolio and spread it before the older man. His trained eye went over its contents. The grayness left his face. His fingers twitched. 'Your man must have been a tyro indeed if he bungled over such a simple piece of work. A child could do it,' he said.

'But we didn't let him have a go at these,' cried the stranger. 'When he muffed the others we were shy of letting him smell them.'

The man took up the papers and inspected them carefully. 'It will be the last time—the very last, you understand,' he said.

'I understand perfectly—the very last,' answered the other, thrusting his tongue into his cheek unseen.

'How many do you require?'

'Why, the whole boiling,' he said in a tone of surprise. 'Every blessed one.'

Later on the unwelcome visitor came swaggering down the passage and into the hall. Said was squatting in his usual corner, gazing abstractedly before him. 'Let me out, nigger-man,' cried the other in his blatant voice. 'The boss has turned his back on us all, and is to live the life of a country gentleman, is he? Oh ho! I could tell another story if I liked. You haven't seen that day dawn yet; neither have you beheld the last of me. Let me out, you black Toby, you!— And he made a bit of rough play with the slim, agile figure, but drew back with an oath; for the Arab servant had flashed out a long curved knife in the dusk of the hall, and was menacing him with blazing eyes, silent, swift, dangerous as death.

But the knife went hastily back into its sheath hidden in the man's bosom. He was bowing low to a white figure which seemed to bring the sunshine with it, as Lalage Bentham walked across the threshold out of the evening glow, a breath of purity, white as her trailing draperies, into a place of darkness and evil-doing.


The stranger lifted his jaunty hat; but, had she observed it, his face was ghastly. That long knife had been such a real thing, lifted as it was with all the fury of a half-civilised nature to weight its blow.

Miss Bentham scarcely noticed the cheap

swell; but she did observe that Said was disturbed, and her kind eyes questioned him.

Intuitively he understood. 'A traveller, with jewels,' he said in an explanatory tone which cut the listener's ears like the knife the speaker bore.

CHAPTER III.

OODFOOT was in a flutter. Lady Narramore, chiefest amongst the chosen of the county, gave her annual garden-party. Her entertainment was what the very smart people called 'mixed,' and therefore crowded; and through the throng of all sorts and conditions the Benthams moved, a remarkable trio: the man gaunt and tall, with bowed shoulders and spectacled eyes; the woman ill at ease in the crowd; and the girl, whose beauty drew all eyes—clad in simplest white, she was without doubt the prettiest girl within the gates. And, 'Who is she?' 'Where does she come from?' were whispered from lip to lip.

The murmurs reached the ear of young Lord Twynning, eldest son of the House, exciting his curiosity. He took a skirmish through the crowd, in the course of it coming upon a group which took him by surprise: the new rector of Woodfoot (who, he had heard, was a 'good sort'), a handsome elderly lady with white hair, another person dressed like a fashion-plate, an odd-looking man, and a girl whose back was turned towards him as she carried on an animated conversation with a pleasant-faced youth.

Twynning started forward. 'Why, it's Jack Seaford!' he cried.

The other stepped forward. 'High Jinks, by all that's delightful! Old man, I quite forgot you belonged to these parts!'

The two shook hands, laughing gaily, boyish laughter, good to hear. 'Make me known to your friends, Jack,' said the young host; and Seaford introduced him to the rector and his aunt. Afterwards he found himself leading the loveliest girl his eyes had ever beheld to the big marquee where his mother sat in state.

Lady Narramore was gracious, claimed nationality with the Rainsfords, and almost made Mrs Bentham feel at home before she turned to welcome other guests.

There was dancing afterwards. Lalage Bentham enjoyed herself. It was a new experience to the girl, whose knowledge of life had been gleaned in foreign boarding-schools and from books. She was engaged for every dance, Lord Twynning being her partner frequently. But for all that she felt a sense of relief when it was over, and things went on much as usual;

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because life slipped in an easy groove for her when these gaieties had been left behind. If Dermot Rainsford allowed himself to think of her at all, it was as a strange offshoot from an unpromising stock. Yet the Benthams were inoffensive, and went through their daily life just like other people.

But the girl kept to herself. She developed new interests in her simple country surroundings, and spent much of her time in the old garden. It was rather a surprise when Said came one afternoon, as she worked amongst the flowers, to tell her that Lord Twynning was at the house, and had asked especially for her. She had enough of the coquette in her to see that her dress bore no tokens of her task amongst the weeds. It was a very simple frock, just dark-blue linen, with some soft white lace about the throat—a costume which Lord Twynning thought perfect as she entered the room in which he was lamely endeavouring to make himself agreeable to Mrs Bentham. The youth had lived as much as most men of his age, and the girl enjoyed his chatter. It was something entirely new to her.

But as he rode away there was a puzzled look upon his face. He only went as far as the rectory, where Miss Rainsford received him with a simple grace which contrasted strongly with the elaborate 'fine manners' of his late hostess.

It ended in his remaining for the evening with his old friend. They had a whole volume of mutual remembrances to talk over, Rainsford enjoying the boyish interchange of reminiscences and the chance allusions to mutual friends scattered far and wide over the Empire.

'By the way,' Twynning broke in suddenly upon the records of a light-hearted past, 'does any one know where these Benthams came from? I was calling at their place to-day. The girl is quite unlike the others.' He glanced at Rainsford, who gave an almost imperceptible start.

'They are absolute strangers,' he said slowly. 'We took them on their merits, knowing nothing more.'

'So did the mater when she asked them to her big gathering,' Twynning answered. 'They appear to be well off.'

'They are well off,' Rainsford said. 'The father of the family is an amateur engraver, so far as I can make out. He has a wonderful collection of prints, worth, I should say, several thousand pounds. I rather like the man; he is odd, and not very polished, but decidedly clever and entertaining.'

'Have you met him, Jack?' Twynning asked.

'To tell you the truth, I would much rather look at his daughter,' laughed Seaford.

'Granted,' Twynning replied; 'but I want to recall something to your mind. Do you re-
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member our dropping into a big music-hall one night while we were at Woolwich together? It wasn't in Woolwich, however, but somewhere nearer the big town.'

'Of course, I do. We were surprised to find it so much better than we could have expected,' cried his friend.

'We were. There was a wonderful conjurer there, a fellow who seemed to make the things on the table walk about. I never saw such sleight-of-hand. I remember I thought the fellow ought to have been with Maskelyne and Cook; he was quite up to their mark. There was a woman along with him—a clairvoyant; do you remember her?'

'Why, certainly! She told a lot of queer things in her sleep. Made some good hits. She was a big-boned, black-haired woman, rather handsome of a sort,' Seaford said.

'Would you recognise her again?' his friend asked, with a slight laugh.

'I declare I don't know,' the young man returned. 'She was big and coarse, and horribly dressed in yellow.'

'There was a dusky servant also,' Twynning went on; 'a fellow who handed the conjurer things, and helped him in a general way.'

'I remember that also—a very 'cute-looking black fellow.'

'I recognised the man and woman to-day,' Twynning said slowly.

'Where, in the name of all that's wonderful?' cried Seaford, while Rainsford moved uneasily in his seat.

'At Woodfoot,' Twynning replied quietly.

'Why, nonsense, man!' Seaford was absolutely indignant. 'You must have been dreaming.'

'I was not. There was no mistaking the woman once I saw her in the full light—the very voice was the same; and the man had a scar on his cheek which I distinctly remember. Just go and have a look at them yourself.'

'I rather think the Benthams have lived abroad for some years,' Rainsford said slowly. 'Miss Bentham told me she had only just returned from Germany. I feel inclined to take her word before the evidence of any chance recognition.'

'I would never dream of connecting her with the others,' Twynning said. 'She does not appear to belong to them at all; but I could swear to the two. The woman is improved—smoothed down, it seems to me; but the man is exactly the same.'

'Now, look here, High Jinks,' cried Seaford hotly, 'I never thought you had a touch of the private detective in you.'

'My dear boy, I didn't do it a-purpose, as we say. The knowledge forced itself on me, and I felt I must tell somebody. Don't for a moment imagine I will shout my discovery upon the house-tops, or even tell my mother. It just

came in my way. I felt I must tell somebody,' he repeated.

'Even granting that you have not made a mistake,' Rainsford said quietly, 'what have we to do with the private lives of our neighbours so long as they are quiet, orderly, inoffensive? The Bentham's having fulfilled all these requirements, why should we be the first to throw stones? Miss Bentham is a very great acquisition to the parish; and even if Mr Bentham has taken for his second wife a lady connected with the music-hall stage, why should we think the less of her when she makes a worthy member of our small society?'

'My dear rector, it shall go no farther,' Twynning said frankly. 'Only, it amused me. It was a surprise, you see.'

He rode home shortly afterwards, and Rainsford spent a sleepless night. But he did not tell his aunt anything about the discovery, and he was very much disgusted with himself for allowing it to make such an impression upon him. He wished Twynning had not discovered the road to Woodfoot. He scarcely acknowledged the reason for so wishing to himself, but he wished it all the same.

The railway station was at a little distance beyond the church, at the end of the village, the woods running up to the little red-roofed buildings in a triangle of cool shade. Dermot had gone to the cathedral town on the morning after that disturbed night. He had business which ought to have occupied his mind; but an uncomfortable sensation which linked itself with the well-being of an absolute stranger thrust itself upon him at every moment. What had he to say to the Bentham's? They were isolated members of his congregation; and, even suppose the girl had interested him, what did it matter, in the face of his more important duties? He was glad to get through his business early, and to be able to catch the only train from the Metropolis which stopped at Woodfoot station in the afternoon. He jumped into a carriage as the train slackened speed. One passenger was already there, a variant of the 'cheap swell' type, one almost unknown in this remote neighbourhood.

Dermot scarcely glanced at his companion in the carriage. After a few moments he utterly forgot his existence. Rainsford was thinking—thinking. It pained him inexpressibly to know that Lalage—he had grown quite familiar with the classical name, and had ceased to half-resent its associations—was not as other girls. He must make the thing plain to Seaford now, who openly professed the strongest admiration for her beauty. Of course the lad would recognise the fact that a music-hall artiste was not the most fitting chaperon for a girl gifted with such rare loveliness; and she was set in the midst of many dangers. Stop! how had he arrived at that knowledge? He could not tell; yet it

seemed to force itself upon him with greater and still greater insistence as the train sped on towards his destination.

What subtle telepathy struck between him and that unpleasant-looking man in the opposite corner—that man whose very presence was an offence? How could he tell that, at the moment when his thoughts were filled with vague, and even tender, longing to save this fair young girl from danger, that other was thinking of her after the manner of his kind? Had the two men been aware of the strange link between their innermost thoughts they would have been surprised.

When the train stopped at Woodfoot station the man waited until the clergyman had left the platform, and then took the short way to the Manor through the woods. He had a wonderful memory for locality; in the varied career behind him there had been moments when that quality stood him in good stead, when a moment's hesitation as to a turn to right or left became a matter of at least liberty.

Said was not in the doorway when he arrived at his destination. A trim housemaid admitted him with evident reluctance, but he strode to Bentham's door and entered with a noisy laugh. 'Here I am again, old boy,' he cried.

Bentham's face, as he lifted it from the paper before him, certainly did not express any very great pleasure at the sight of his old friend. The girl thought there was a swift look of anger and a little more in his expression as her master recognised his guest. 'I did not expect you,' she heard him say, and then the door was banged rudely upon her.

'Eh, you aren't ready? Why, you didn't use to take so long over what you said yourself was only a trifling job,' the man demanded, throwing himself into a chair uninvited, and making himself thoroughly at home.

'The things were finished a week ago,' Bentham replied very quietly.

'Well, that's right. You ought to have told me. I'd have come down at once.'

'There was no need. They went to London last night by the late mail.'

The younger man swore. 'You never trusted them in the post?' he cried. 'I thought you knew better than to do such an idiotic thing.'

'They are on their way to Paris by a sure hand,' Bentham returned slowly.

'That gal of yours? He, he! I thought you wouldn't let her waste her time in idleness, you cunning old dog! Had her educated to the nines, so as to bring fresh blood into the ring! Oh, you are a deep one, you are; and to think of your coming the high and mighty over me the last time I came: "Miss Bentham must take her proper place in the world." Ho, ho! and she'll do it, too. A gal like that will carry everything along with her; especially a gal of your training.'

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The older man's face assumed an expression not good to see.

'I told you before to leave my daughter out of the question,' he said with deliberation. 'She is at home, and shall take her proper place in the world; but it is not a place of which she need be ashamed. She will never touch the pitch with which you would fain darken her—the pitch which is your native element.'

'Oh come, I say, boss, that's a bit too thick. When it comes to blacking, why, aren't you the blackest of us all yourself?' The younger man leaned forward in his chair and glared at his companion. 'Case of the pot and kettle, my good fellow, eh?'

'You must not take my daughter's name upon your lips in connection with the set to whom you belong, Kimber,' Bentham said sternly.

'Well, if you aren't turning on us fairly, old man!' Kimber laughed a laugh that was not pleasant to hear. 'You'll be rounding on us to the Home Secretary one of these odd-come-shortlys if we don't look out.'

'You need never dread exposure,' Bentham returned. 'But my daughter must be left out of everything, even in your thoughts.'

'I don't think we need be afraid of you,' Kimber said deliberately; 'the best guarantee we have of your being safe is that you are too deeply in yourself. But there, we always were good pals, you and I—and you won't go behind with us now. How did you send the tissues?'

'They went by the most trusted messenger,' he answered slowly; 'the man who assisted me with them—Said.'

Kimber thrust back his chair with a sudden rush. 'What!' he cried; 'what! You sent that nigger rascal—to the boys in Paris! He's a French subject! Suppose he's caught?'

'He will not be caught. I decided it was best to send the—ahem!—tissues direct to the Paris house. The governors will use discretion in sending them round.'

'You send the subject round a little too much yourself,' Kimber said roughly. 'Speak out. You sent that fellow with the plates up his sleeve to Froment and La Junesse because you wanted to cut our profits, eh?' He spoke fiercely. 'Didn't I say you would round on us on the first opportunity? I saw it coming. I said to Bertie that you wanted to shake us off when you vanished as if the earth swallowed you up body and bones half a year ago. You were going to live abroad, to lead a different sort of life, to cut the whole concern. Oh, you were, were you? You thought to leave us in the lurch, knowing there wasn't one of us could do these fakements like yourself. Where you got the money to do it is a mystery to me, unless you are carrying on your game under-1906.]

ground, with Said at your elbow, and gathering in all the winnings to your own hand. That's it: you'll get the biggest haul over these bills by going direct to the Frenchmen. You'll spoil our little game, will you? What if I can spoil yours out an' out? You may bet your life I have it in my power. Suppose I went straight to that parson-man who is such a chum of yours, and told him who and what you are—a—

a?—
'Hold your tongue!' Bentham leaped to his feet. 'I have not betrayed you, despicable lot as you are. I have not gone back upon you in any way. If I have sent my trusted servant direct to my employers, what difference does it make with you—with any of your gang?—'

'There—your gang! As if you weren't bossing the show yourself, and as thick in it as any of us!' cried Kimber, purple with passion. 'Your gang! he says.' The man appealed to the quiet room, with its concentrated light and assembled retorts and cylinders. 'Didn't I know he was ready for it. The next move is to Scotland Yard. I know it; but that's a game two can play at.'

'A game at which I will never play,' Bentham said quietly. 'How often have I to assure you of that? The story of my troubled past is dead and buried. Let it lie.'

He was standing with a hand upon the table beside him, looking down at Kimber, who, leaning forward and grasping the arms of his chair, glared into Bentham's face in a fury of rage that was hideous to behold. The coarse comeliness of his face had turned into the ghastly horror of hate and fury. He looked as if he could have leaped upon the other and torn him with hands of wild-beast hate. 'Let it lie!' he blurted out. 'Let you lie as you please. Live a lie, fatten on a lie, while we are fighting for life and death. Is it a likely thing, I'd like to know? Let you live here on the fat of the land. Where the money comes from I can't tell; but I suppose you are working the old oracle after some new fashion, some game you are keeping from the rest of us, being too much of a hound to share profits with old pals who never saw you want in old times. Oh, I know you! Let it lie, forsooth! You have fallen into a good thing, and'—he swore a furious oath—'if you don't go shares there'll be a blow-up, sure as you're standing there'—he gasped for breath—a blow-up that will knock the daylight out of you and the daughter you are determined to set in her proper place in the world—the dock beside you!'

There was a momentary pause in the outpouring of the man's loathsome rage, and through that pause came the sound of a light tapping on the door. Bentham started. The eyes that had not blenched before the tempest of words fell a moment as the door opened, and

Lalage Bentham, clad in white, and with a bunch of roses in her hand, stood upon the threshold.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR a moment she stood, a swift look of surprise passing over her face.

'Step in, miss,' cried Kimber, quickly recognising the fact that fate was playing into his hands.—'Introduce me in proper form, Fred,' he added, without removing his glance of insolent admiration from the girl's face.

Bentham, who for the moment had stood irresolute, detected the menace in the man's tone. 'This is Mr Kimber, an old acquaintance, my child,' he said in his slow, formal fashion.

The man advanced to Lalage's side, extending a podgy hand. 'Acquaintance!' he cried mockingly. 'No; but an old chum of many years' standing—eh, Fred?'

She touched the repellent hand with her finger-tips, and the man turned vindictive eyes upon Bentham's livid face.

'Shall I tell her the sort of friends we've been, old lad?' he demanded.

Without heeding the question, Bentham addressed his daughter. 'Did you want me, my dear?' he asked in his usual level tones.

'No, father,' she cried. 'I only came to say that tea was ready. I did not know you had a visitor. Mr Rainsford has been here.'

'He has left?' Bentham inquired hastily.

'Yes,' she said simply. 'After all, he only came to make a trifling request. I will not disturb you further.'

'No disturbance at all,' interrupted Kimber with a freedom of manner which brought a pained flush to her face. 'You needn't run away. I'm only too delighted to make your acquaintance. Your father kept you too close, miss; he should have made you known to his friends long ago.—You should, you sly old dog. Ha, ha!'

Bentham's face, livid before, turned dead-white; there was a glitter in his eyes which was dangerous.

'It's all right now, Miss B.,' Kimber went on. 'Your father has made the amend.' He pronounced the word after his low English fashion. 'He's asked me to stop for a day or two and get the hang of the place into my head. Part of the country I would call interesting, now.' He spoke with a leering familiarity which made the girl shrink away.

Bentham spoke for her. 'It is a very quiet spot. You would find it dull,' he said in his measured tones.

'Nothing could be dull in such company,' he returned, still with that offensive look at the girl's face.

At this moment she recognised the man, who was lounging in what he might have considered a 'telling' pose against a chair. This was the person whom Said had told her was a travelling jeweller; and how could such an individual be an intimate friend of her father? Could it be possible that Said had deceived her? A sickening sense of something wrong grasped her by the throat and made her heart beat. Said was her trusted servant. Her father had often told her—nay, the man himself confirmed the tale over and over again—of how he had carried her in his arms, a lovely missie-baba; how he had found a place near her first school and watched over her in the fair Swiss town which hung dimly in her memory. And then, to have a common person, with such very objectionable manners, an inmate of their home for an indefinite period! Surely there must be some mistake.

The eyes that searched her father's face found no intelligence there. That it was paler than usual, and that the eyes had more surface-glitter, told her nothing. For a moment she stood looking at him; then he spoke:

'You said tea was ready. We will follow you. Go, my child.' His voice was formal and stilted as usual; it betrayed nothing.

She flitted away.

'How ever that gal happens to be yours, she's worth telling a lie for, anyhow,' Kimber said. 'Tell you what, old boss, I'm goin' to stop here until I get to know her pretty well too. Don't cut up rough, old boss. I wouldn't fight against fate if I were you; it's a clear case of give and take. If you want to split upon us, there's two to play at that game; and, don't you know, you have a longer score behind you than your humble servant.' He gave the man a dig in the ribs, and his low laughter was like the hiss of a snake. 'You'll have to grin and bear it for a day or two until I see how best we can come to terms. It isn't a drawn game yet, old man.'

Bentham looked only a little more gray and ghastly than usual as he ushered his unwelcome guest into the drawing-room, which Lalage had made so bright and pretty. He trusted that the girl had prepared her step-mother for the advent of this unexpected arrival. Anyhow, she was a stupid woman, and sometimes stupidity makes for virtue.

He knew that a volcano was seething under his feet—that a word from this man would knock into the dust the fabric of respectability which he had so carefully constructed round his daughter for twenty years. There was a faint consolation in the fact that ruin to him spelt also destruction to the traitor. Kimber could not take revenge upon him without ensuring detection for himself, no matter how carefully he went to work. But there was little sociability in the small party gathered round

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that tea-table. Mrs Bentham blundered amongst the cups and saucers, and Lalage only attended to her father's wants. When she had performed her duty she went to her own room, and stayed there until dinner-time.

That meal was not altogether a success. The man tried to make himself agreeable; but it was a failure. Mrs Bentham did not even laugh at his racy anecdotes—some of them just verging upon the unsavoury. Lalage did not appear to listen, while Bentham himself sat grimly attentive to the wants of his guest, whose table-manners were not of the highest class.

The ladies left the dining-room early, and Mrs Bentham was alone in the drawing-room when the men followed their example. She made no excuse for her step-daughter's absence.

At breakfast the unwelcome guest endeavoured to draw the girl into conversation. She was never a voluble person, although she could talk, and talk well, upon occasion. Breakfast is a trying meal in a general way; tempers are apt to be on edge, and nerves either over or under strung. Mrs Bentham was 'droopy,' a state of things rather usual with her; her husband morose; while, without doubt, their guest was irritable.

At last Mrs Bentham spoke. 'What time are you going to the rectory, Lalla?' she asked.

'I promised to be there at eleven,' the girl answered without lifting her eyes. 'We are to be at Narramore Chase at half-past one.'

'Hey! Narramore Chase,' cried the stranger. 'Didn't know you was anywhere near that place. Great lady the Marchioness. Wonderful diamonds, and a pearl rope worth ten thousand pounds. Heard of them, Fred?'

'I have seen the pearls,' Bentham said quietly. 'Lady Narramore wore them on the day of her garden fête, to which we had the honour of being asked.'

Kimber sat back in his chair and looked with astonishment at the speaker. 'You—were at the Marchioness's party?' he cried. 'Ho, ho, ho, that was a start!'

'Lord Twynning has called here,' Mrs Bentham bristled up as she made the assertion.

Kimber, still lying back in his seat, laughed the more. 'Oh ho, what an old fox you are, boss!' he cried. 'Baiting traps. Oh ho, ho!'

Bentham's head was bent above his plate; but the hand which held his knife trembled, and the supple fingers closed sharply on the white handle. The man went on laughing, while Lalage rose from her place.

'You will excuse me, mamma,' she said, and glided away.

Kimber's face grew thunderous.

'So I'm not fit company for that bit of a girl, Fred?' he demanded. 'She runs away at the first opportunity every time she can. It 1906.]

isn't friendly—'pon my soul it isn't; and, I say, you must let her understand that I won't put up with it.'

'My daughter is, and shall always be, her own mistress,' Bentham said.

'See here'—Kimber smote the table with a thump that made the china ring—'see here, we must come to an understanding, you and I. I won't stand any more of this high-flying bunkum. You aren't going to bluff me much longer, I swear.—Sit still, Eliza, till me an' your man has it out.'

Bentham rose to his feet, and opening the door, bowed his wife out of the room. Then he turned with white, set face to his foe. 'Whatever you have to say to me shall be said in the privacy of my study. The ladies of my family are not to be drawn into any vulgar dispute.'

The man laughed coarsely. 'Ladies!' he cried contemptuously. 'When did your wife turn a lady, I'd like to know? Since you gave up the'—

Into the room glided, on soft, noiseless feet, the tall, slender figure of the Arab servant. His face was set as a mask; there was not a touch of life in it save and except that the eyes were on fire. He made a slight gesture to his master, but turned on the man, confronting him with a swiftness which made him step back.

'I followed when I heard you were here,' he said in a penetrating voice that scarcely rose above a whisper. 'You insult my lady? You sit at meat with her? No, you go—I command. I, Said Abbas, I say "Go," and you go. Now, this moment—this moment. You hear?'

'Who are you, you black thief, to order your betters about—you dog?'

Kimber was livid with rage; his eyes seemed to retreat into his head and narrow to flickering points, while his lips drew back from his white, cruel-looking teeth. 'What mystery is there about this house—that we don't share? Don't you know I could send the two of you to quod for life? It would have been a hanging matter a while ago.'

'I care nothing. You dare not do what would crush you and the rest of them. The master knows. He can laugh. He dares you; I dare you.'

The man broke into a tempest of furious language; but Bentham put a hand on his arm. 'You know Said speaks the truth,' he said. 'Come, Kimber, don't let that confounded bad temper of yours get the better of your judgment. To round on us would mean too much, as you know. Let us talk quietly. Come to my study, and allow the servant to clear the breakfast-table.'

Growling like an angry dog despoiled of a bone, Kimber followed his unwilling host down

the corridor to the room which Bentham had fitted up for his own use; Said following.

Once inside the door, he threw himself into a chair and coolly produced his pipe. Let him be a thorough scoundrel, he had the virtue of courage, and, in a sort, a cool head.

'Come, now'—he spoke in his usual jaunty tone—'it's no use for us to quarrel—not a bit. Better work harmonious, as before; but on terms—I say, on terms. I know plenty,' he nodded, 'maybe too much for the peace of mind of some of us; but I want to know more.' He stuffed down the tobacco with a finger already deeply stained with the seductive juice. 'Here I find you—Boss Bentham, as you choose to call yourself—settled in a fine country-house—carriages and all that—asked round to houses you never got into through the hall door before. Hallo! no, you never took to the risky business. Left that to younger men like me.' And he laughed. 'I say, I know this sort of thing can't be done for nothing; and you aren't running tick—that game's played out. I say, then, shares in the spondulicks that must come from somewhere. It isn't from those faked-up prints you poke your nose over day in, day out; that couldn't do it. Where does it come from? Tell me that.'

'That is just what you will never know,' Bentham said in a tone there was no gaining.

Kimber struck a match and lit his pipe. 'I'm not so sure of that,' he said. 'I'll not leave this house until I do know. I've got the whip-hand of you, and I'll use it. That girl shall tell me. I have a way of making her peach.'

Said's hand was in his bosom, hidden amongst the folds of the semi-oriental costume he wore; but it was Bentham who spoke.

'My daughter knows absolutely nothing of my affairs,' he said quietly.

Kimber stared at him. 'Nothing?' he demanded. 'Nothing? Not who you are? Not that the name you bear isn't your own by a long chalk? Not that you have been in quod—done your three years, by Jove? That you were on tick for two, and still—Eh?'

Said had advanced to his side. 'If I see you speak to my lady you shall suffer,' he said in that penetrating semi-whisper which was full of significance.

'Bah, you black Toby!' Kimber said contemptuously. 'What could you do? Who would mind a black man in any court in England? You're a fool for your pains, you are.—So the gal don't know, she don't? Well, then, I think it a pity she should be kept in ignorance. Ho, ho!'

'She shall never know,' Bentham said.

'Sha'n't she? Now, look here,' he swore,

'if you don't tell me where the money comes from, if we don't go shares, I'll tell her every blessed ha'porth I know about you, and it's not just a pretty record—so it isn't. Shares, I say, and no more nonsense between us. I was always straight and open with you. What do you go for to do? I give you a good job—would have had my little profit out of it; but no, you must needs send the things away off to the Frenchmen on your own account! Was that a fair do between friends? You bag my commission on the tissues, and expect me to look pleasant over it! Is that fair and decent, or isn't it a mean, low bit of work that any man with a bit of honour in him would scorn?'

Bentham went to his desk and took from it a package of bank-notes. He exchanged a few words with Said in an unknown tongue, then turned to Kimber.

'Said tells me he has brought over two thousand francs as payment on this job, the last I shall ever touch. I happen to have the money by me. Here it is—eighty pounds, all I have in the house for current expenses. You are welcome to it. I will not touch money made in that way again.'

Kimber stretched out greedy hands for the notes. 'Not flash?' he asked quickly.

'You are an expert,' Bentham returned with a slight sneer, while Said's eyes glowed like coals of fire.

Kimber laughed. 'Well, you appear inclined to do the decent thing in one way at any rate,' he said. 'I'll just take these tissues for a stop-gap; but I'll get to the bottom of the mystery somehow—I'm not the sort to be hoodwinked too far, old boss. Now, about this gal of yours'—

Said stepped forward. 'Miss Bentham's name is not for lips like yours,' he said. 'Already you have seen all you are to see of my mistress. Go!'

A sudden remembrance of that slightly curved knife, and the furious eyes flashing over it, checked the words upon Kimber's tongue. Moreover, eighty pounds to fill his pockets unexpectedly was not a sum to be despised. He might make a good bit more over this job. And for the present—well, he rose from his seat.

'Old boss, it's too late in the day for us to split; but a fellow must live. I'm not in love with country life, although I'd like to see a bit round the place here. I suppose it's better for me to cut my lucky and be gone. No fear but I'll come back another time. I don't like to lose sight of my friends. So long,' He patted the breast-pocket of his coat with a significant gesture. 'Old boss, you do the genteel trick when you're put to it, I'll just much for you.'

He swaggered out of the room as he spoke,

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and from the end of the passage saw Lalage step into a low pony-chaise and drive herself away.

He walked to the village. There was no train to London for several hours, but a small local one was waiting at the platform. Eh, what? It went close to Narramore Chase. There was a station just at the park gates? Well, it might be worth while to take a look round. He stepped into the train just as a good-looking young man jumped into a first-class carriage next door—a very well-set-up, agile lad in white flannels, with a pleasant, open countenance.

The station at Narramore was almost in the far-reaching park. It was only a flag-station, and trains stopped when there were visitors to the Chase. Kimber and the flannel-clad youth were the only persons who got out. The London thief hung back. While Jack Seaford, with his tennis-racket swinging lightly in his hand, went swiftly up the long winding avenue to the house, Kimber loitered in the woods—'to get the hang of them,' he said—and then made for the open walks which intersected them. The park was larger than he anticipated. Mounting a rise in the spreading green, he saw the great white façade of the house towering up amongst its terraces, a vast extent of building, highly ornate, with a lake to mirror it in front, and a wooded hill for background.

He descended from the little rise, and on his way to the wide avenue encountered a friendly gamekeeper—a fellow with a dash of gipsy blood in him—who enlightened the new arrival upon many points that had puzzled him.

Meantime, in the stately dining-room, Lady Narramore was entertaining her house-party, with the addition from Woodfoot Rectory. Her son had requested her to ask Miss Rainsford if she would bring that beautiful Miss Bentham along with her; and now he was sitting by the girl's side, talking to her in that lowered tone of voice which makes itself audible to one pair of ears alone.

But regarding her from his place at the hostess's right hand, Dermot Rainsford observed the trouble in the beautiful blue eyes, and wondered.

After luncheon coffee was served upon the terrace above the tennis-courts; and a man hiding amongst the ornamental shrubs below felt his mouth water at the gleam and flash of the silver coffee-service carried round by two tall footmen.

'Old, for a wager, and worth double what a new set would be,' he thought, as he watched with hungry eyes.

Lalage Bentham was there in sight. There were two or three other girls, but none of them carried herself with the gracious dignity

of the white figure whose every movement he watched with devouring eyes from his hiding-place.

There were many young men in white flannels also flitting over the smooth turf. Faint ripples of gay voices and laughter reached him in his lair. It was a picture of life such as he had never imagined it to be. Ease, comfort, luxury, pleasure, all honestly come by: a beautiful thing lived in the eye of day, with no dark corners, nothing to hide, no reason to hang the head and slink through byways. For a moment he felt sick with unexpected longing; and then the evil heart asserted itself. What made him to differ from those slim, white-clothed youths? How were they one whit more deserving than himself? He was ten times as clever as the best of them, he knew. He could walk round every one of them if it came to a trade. A cruel hatred swelled within him, a bitter resentment against the social code which reckoned one man better than another just as he had money or had not; a fierce desire to level all class-barriers, and drag every one he saw over there on the tennis-ground or the terraces into mud as black as that in which he had wallowed ever since he ran away from the training-school in which the guardians of his native parish had placed him. Ah, ha! there was one amongst them whom he could so drag down—smirch, blacken until she was a fit companion for himself. There was satisfaction in the thought, and before he was many days older it would be an accomplished fact.

CHAPTER V.



ONSTERNATION reigned at Narramore.

The famous pearls, which had for generations been the pride of the family, were stolen from the Marchioness's dressing-room in broad daylight, and the theft was not discovered for many hours after it must have occurred. No stranger had been seen about the place. In fact, no strange person could have been in the house save and except that lovely Miss Bentham, whom every one admired, and of whom nobody knew anything. Even she had not been, so far as any one knew, farther into the house than the great dining-room. The robbery must have taken place when the servants were at tea. Up to that hour Lady Narramore's second maid had been sewing in the room next to that in which the dressing-case stood. A few trifling trinkets had been also taken; but the priceless pearls were the only things mentioned in the papers, which rang with the robbery next day.

The telegrams which went flying all over the country brought a small revenue to the post-office; but although a whole army of detectives

came from all quarters and pervaded the land, nothing could be discovered. Only, Said Abbas went to London, and—

Well, it was but the faintest stir of the lips, but the merest breath, that went abroad.

Slight as it was, it set Dermot Rainsford's Irish blood aflame. Who dare mention the robbery in the same breath with a woman's name? He walked to Woodfoot Hall with a tempest in his soul such as had never disturbed his life until this day, when Seaford so much as hinted at vague possibility. It had arisen amongst the Narramore household, no one exactly knew how; but he would trace it home, brand the liars as with a hot iron, make them bite the dust, even if it were Twynham himself or the haughty Marchioness. As to the Marquis, having had the misfortune to marry a masterful woman, he did not count. Rainsford had silenced the words upon Seaford's lips after a fiery fashion which had much amazed that youth. He had not breathed a word to his beloved Aunt Rho. The fire it had kindled in his bosom amazed the man, to whom such ardent feelings had hitherto been a mystery. He felt he must see her—must tell her that if she ever needed a champion—

He stopped short in his hasty strides through the pine-trees. What did it mean? The sweet, somewhat sad—nay, rather pensive face: why was it ever present with him wheresoever he went? Why did his thoughts turn to her at every spare moment—nay, at moments which were not spare—why? A mist floated amongst the pine-stems, soared upward in a soft cloud like incense; his heart throbbed until it seemed to choke him. He had laughed at what he called idiotic nonsense in other men. Could it be possible—Champion her? What way? One way! He leaned against a tall silvery tree-bolt, and seemed to lose and find himself. Yes, that was it. He would, he must do—what? Again a mist floated before his eyes. He had not thought of this—and yet it was the only way in which he could prove his faith in her. Yes, he would ask her to be his wife. He wanted her. With that sweet presence always by his side, what might he not make of the beautiful life which had been given to him? If only she could think of him so! Ah, but she had already leaned on him, had told him so much of her inner life. Was he breaking confidence in taking an advantage? He started forward, because here she was coming through the light and shadow of the woods, with those little fleecy mists floating round her like angel's wings. He pulled himself together, and met her with his usual frank 'Good-day!'

And yet there was a subtle difference in his tone and in the way in which she returned his greeting.

'I was on my way to the rectory,' she said

abruptly, scarcely appearing to know that he was still holding her hand.

'Coming to see Aunt Rho?' he asked, her fingers still in his.

'I was going to see you,' she said, lifting her eyes to his face in a direct look of appeal. 'Oh, Mr Rainsford, I have been in such perplexity!'

'You have?' he asked, such a great yearning to tell her all that was in his heart coming upon him that it cost him almost agony to keep silent.

'Can you spare me a few moments? You are on your way to poor old Betty I know,' she said still more earnestly; 'but—I'—Tears were in her eyes; they looked more beautiful than ever, and the man's heart grew hot in his bosom.

'I was going to your house,' he said, drawing her hand through his arm. 'I wanted to see you—and your father,' he added, with a break in his voice. 'But you first.'

She looked at him with absolute fear in her eyes.

'You—some one has told'—she faltered.

He did not know what to say. No one had actually told him anything. Only Seaford had muttered a vague suspicion.

'I only know one thing, Lalage.' He held her hand on his arm. He shook from head to foot. The tremor passed to the hand lying under his. She drew back; but he went on. 'I only know one thing,' he repeated. 'That is, that I—want you to be my wife. I—never—I am not what is called a lady's man. I am no maker of phrases; I must be straight, and do things after my own fashion. I know you want some one to take care of you, and to shield you. I am that man. Ah, I can't put into words what I know I ought to say; but, there, I tell you the whole truth. I want you for my very own—my honoured wife, Lalage.'

She drew quite away from him, and in wide-eyed amazement, but with flitting colour in her face, gazed at him. 'You, Mr Rainsford—you who are so good, so devoted to your work! You! Oh, it is impossible! You know nothing about me. You—you see my surroundings. You must know that there are mysteries everywhere; and yet'—

'Dearest!' he drew her to him gently—'dearest, perhaps I know more about you than you imagine. It was ever since some knowledge of your surroundings came to my ears that I made up my mind to take you away from them all—that is, if you are willing to come to me, dear.' He was keeping himself in hand. What right had he to hold her, to—to kiss those quivering lips, until they belonged to one another? And, after all, who was he to win such a prize? 'You are you,' he said in a deepened voice, 'the only woman who ever won a thought from me. Do

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you think that your surroundings matter? I do not want them, but you?—

It was her turn to lean against that tall silver fir-tree now, her turn to shrink away and cover her face. 'I can't,' she faltered. 'Oh, I can't! It is too much to believe. You, so good, so much above me?—'

'Nay, nay, Lalage, not that. Only the man who wants you; only the man whose life would be a blank without you. Dear, will you come to me? I am ready to stand between you and all the world; to be your protector, your champion through life and death.'

He was talking nonsense, and he knew it; but even that consciousness was sweet. He came nearer to her. 'I will go to your father and tell him that I have your sweet consent,' he whispered, bending over her; 'tell all the world, Lalage,' he continued passionately.

She did not answer, yet a proud flush mounted to his face and his eyes shone. There are little gestures that are more eloquent than words, and love is a teacher of many things.

Hand in hand through the misty woods they went, those two who had so strangely found each other, and Lalage told her true lover all she knew of herself and of her strange parent.

'My mother? Yes, I remember her after a vague, disconnected fashion,' she said. 'She left me at school, or rather under the care of some good, kind women at Zurich—I think they must have belonged to some Order. I remember them as being always dressed in black-and-white. Said, our Arab servant, lived in the town and looked after me. I don't remember when we left Zurich. Father came and took me away, and as I wore black frocks for a year I suppose mother died about that time. I was placed with an English family at Caen, and was very happy. Afterwards Mrs South, the lady who took care of me, brought me to a school in Dresden, and my life for years was a record of steady work. Six months ago father came to tell me he was now independent and we were to live in England; he also informed me of his second marriage. We wandered about for a time, and at last father found this beautiful home, where?—her face flushed deliciously—'I met you.'

Lover talk looks meaningless set down in black-and-white. At last she said, 'Now, I must tell you what has troubled me so much—oh! more than I can say. A dreadful man, who claims acquaintance with dear father, and who appears to have some hold upon him, has been coming and going at the house. He stayed with us last week; and, only this morning, I remembered that on the very day those pearls were lost he mentioned them at breakfast. Everything he said or did was dreadful; but I was horrified at the way in which he spoke about them. Could he possibly be—be—the
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person who took them? I know father turned him out of the house; and, look here, I made a sketch of him from memory.'

She placed a little square of pasteboard in Dermot's hand. He started. In a few strokes she had set the man, living, breathing, on the paper. He recognised the likeness at once.

'Lalage, you are a genius!' he cried. 'I travelled from St Merthyrstowe in the same carriage with a man so like this sketch that he must be the person you mean. That was the day before Lady Narramore's luncheon-party.'

'The day you came to tell me when we were to leave the rectory? Yes, surely you must have met him in the wood?'

'I bicycled round by the road,' he returned. 'Strange how I took an instinctive dislike to that man while we sat in the train together!'

'Could you not put this sketch into the hands of one of the great detectives who are, I hear, at Narramore?' she cried. 'It might lead to something, and at least release dear father from an acquaintance who is hateful to him. If I could only make my father the happy, contented self he was when we first came here I think I should be the happiest woman in all the world.'

'You dearest one!' he said softly, 'how shall I make amends to you for your past?'

'You will not lose time over this sad affair?' she said a few moments afterwards, although she was thrilling and trembling, and a great light of happiness shone in her beautiful eyes.

It was like stepping down from the skies to things of common earth when he glanced at his watch.

'I have just time to catch the afternoon train,' he said. 'I shall see you again this evening. Meantime, tell your father. Ask him if he can spare you to me.'

Out of the new and beautiful world that love had opened to him, the man hurried through the woodland paths, and reached the station in good time.

'A clue?' cried Twynning in amazement. 'My dear fellow, how in the world did it fall into your hands?'

Rainsford was silent; he would not bring Miss Bentham's name into the matter if it could be avoided. 'Let me see this Scotchman who you say has an almost superhuman knack of getting to the bottom of mysteries,' was his reply.

'He's strolling through the woods with a young fellow in my father's employment, to whom he has taken a singular liking,' the young man replied.

'Can you send for him? I feel as if there was not a moment to spare,' Dermot cried.

Twynning despatched a messenger. Then he

shoved a box of cigarettes within his guest's reach.

'Have you seen much of the beautiful Miss Bentham? Do you happen to know more about her than what meets the eye?' he asked carelessly.

Rainsford's eyes flashed at the easy tone. 'I know one thing,' he said proudly. 'I want all the world to know it also: Miss Bentham has honoured me by promising to be my wife.'

Twynning threw himself back in his lounge-chair and gazed at his companion in amazement.

'By Jove, she has!' he cried.

'Naturally, you are surprised,' Rainsford said somewhat sternly. 'I, however, think it better that you should know at once. I wish all the world to know the fact.'

'Of course, of course, my dear fellow, and I congratulate you upon winning so beautiful a bride,' said his host. 'Miss Bentham is calculated to shine in any society.'

'I feel myself a very fortunate man, Lord Twynning,' Rainsford returned proudly. 'Is this your detective coming up the garden-path?'

'Of course, yes. Strange fellow, he never seems far out of the way.—Come in by the window, Mr M'Nichol.'

Through the open French window stepped a slim, agile-looking youth. At the first glance you would have placed him in the earliest twenties. The face was youthful to boyishness, mild, kindly; only the acute glance with which he measured his men contradicted the rest of his pleasant face.

'Mr M'Nichol, this is the rector of Woodfoot, the adjoining parish. Some curious information has come in his way which may help you in your search for the missing pearls.'

M'Nichol bowed to the clergyman. 'Really, sir, information does sometimes turn up in most unexpected quarters,' he said in a cultivated voice and with an acute glance at the person he addressed.

Rainsford saw that he was older than he looked, that the penetrating eyes saw far into the character of the person he addressed, and also that he was well used to the society of gentlemen.

'It is a little sketch of an objectionable person who has been seen about in my parish,' Dermot said, drawing the portrait from his pocket-book. 'It was done from memory.'

The detective took the scrap of cardboard, looked at it for a moment, and laughed a low, significant laugh.

'Flash Sydney,' he said. 'Who would have thought he could be in it? Can you give me any information as to this little sketch, which is full of cleverness, I must say—so much done in a few strokes—beautiful, I call it!—'

and Mr M'Nichol looked at the little picture with half-closed eyes and head to one side—'quite charming. But how has it come into your possession, Mr—Rainsford, I think you said, my lord?'

'Yes, Mr Rainsford,' Lord Twynning returned, not, however, aware of having mentioned Dermot's name. These detectives appeared to know everything.

'Remember, what I tell you is in the strictest confidence,' Rainsford said. 'The name of the young lady who made that sketch must not appear in the matter at all. I see you recognise its likeness to some well-known person.'

'I do, Mr Rainsford. The person is one of our cleverest and most adroit thieves—cracksman, swindler, forger—I don't think there is a crime short of murder that this gallant youth has not had a finger in for a very long time; and yet so supple, so adroit is he that it has been impossible to put salt on his tail. We know he has been mixed up in a dozen little affairs recently. Those foreign securities thrown on the market only a few days ago—well, they were so cleverly done as to defy detection until one of them fell into the hands of another 'cute customer, who landed it at the office yesterday. We know that Flash Sydney has a finger in that pie, but we have still to forge the connecting link. This may lead up to it. You say he was in the country last week?'

'It is not quite a week since he came from London, at least in the London express, along with me,' Rainsford replied.

'Hem! Before the loss of the pearls?'

'The day before,' Rainsford replied.

'He stayed in the place then?'

'Yes, at the house of a friend of mine, the father of the young lady to whom I have the honour of being engaged,' Rainsford returned proudly.

'Ah, dear, dear! A well-known resident?'

'Not quite that. The gentleman brought his family to Woodfoot Hall a few months ago, just after I myself arrived at Woodfoot Rectory.'

'And the name might be'—asked M'Nichol insinuatingly.

'Bentham,' Rainsford returned briefly.

The detective rubbed his chin slowly. 'Bentham—Bentham,' he mused. 'I can't say I ever heard it before. No, I'm sure not. Quite strangers, eh?'

'Quite,' cried Lord Twynning. 'But I think it would be well to tell you one queer thing I thought about the man.—No, Rainsford, I won't be positive, but it would be as well to tell M'Nichol everything. It might strengthen our clue.' And he related what he called his discovery.

The clever, capable hand went to and fro over the shapely chin with its almost boyish curves. The blue-gray eyes took a pensive,

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even a sad expression. 'Ah, do you say so?' he said in a faint voice. 'You imagined? Well, there are such things as accidental likenesses—witness the book that has taken the world by storm. Well, well! A clever conjurer; and the lady, his wife you say, assisting him? Dear me—very odd; but you may have made a mistake. It is quite possible.'

Rainsford rose to his feet.

'I must catch the return train,' he said with a feeling that there was a mountainous mystery behind that detective's innocent face, and even wishing he had not mixed himself up with the matter at all; and yet, what could he do? Her name must be cleared from all touch of suspicion, let the cost be what it might.

'I think I'll accompany Mr Rainsford on his way back,' M'Nichol said very softly. 'I should like to see the place. Is Mr Bentham a person of studious habits now?'

'Very much so,' Rainsford replied, as Lord Twynning rang the bell to order a trap to be sent round from the stables.

M'Nichol never appeared to ask a question, yet at the end of their short journey he had found out everything he wished to know.

At the railway station they separated, and the detective, looking like a country innocent, had a drink at the refreshment-room bar, a conversation dashed with a slight flirtation with the young lady who presided there, whose pretty looks and their elaborate arrangement were an offence to the staid matronhood of the little place. He walked away with a pleased expression on his simple face. He had found out something he wished to know. For Kimber had also drunk at the bar, and offended the pretty waitress by a freedom of manner which she resented. He had found the little trifle out in the easiest possible fashion. He strolled through the woods, darkening now in the late August twilight, came in sight of the house, noted the low window lurid with a powerful white radiance unlike either lamp or gas light. He came near enough to see into the room, and went away with an enigmatical expression on his face. Perhaps he had discovered more than he had expected.

Despite the great joy filling her whole being, Lalage was not at ease in her mind. Her father kept himself shut up in his study, and refused to see her. Her step-mother had developed 'nerves.' One night Lalage was summoned to her bedside to find her in strong hysterics. Altogether, while she was all aquiver with her newly found happiness, there seemed to be a cloud upon the household.

But Aunt Rhoda took Lalage to her motherly heart, kissing the girl's lips with tearful blessings. 'You seemed to come to me out of my own past—out of the world I knew when I was 1906.]

young and fair. I wish—oh, how I wish!—I could know your mother's name. Could you make your father tell you? There—there—the folly of it! I know it is only a chance-likeness, dearest child; but it gave you a place in my heart long before I hoped you would become my very own.'

And for the first time in her life the girl knew that the precious Home Love for which she had always hungered, and which had seemed almost an impossible thing for her to attain, was hers to have and hold.

CHAPTER VI.

SHE spent most of her time at the rectory.

Dermot could not see her home on this particular evening; he was obliged to visit his bishop, and could not return until late. But over the tea-cups the two women who loved him talked about him until both hearts were glowing. Through the exquisite close of a September evening the girl went by the familiar path and feared no evil. She paused by that dear silver fir-tree against whose stem she had leaned on that day of days—the crowning day of her young life. Oh, sweet and tender memory! She put her arms round the silky stem and pressed her cheek against the smooth bark.

'Wouldn't you like something better to hug, my dear?' said a coarse voice, as the man called Kimber stepped from behind the tree and barred her way.

She leaped back, but stifled the cry that rose to her lips. She would not show fear, although the man looked dangerous, and she was quite alone.

'I am here, my young lady, and I won't go until I have said a few words to you that will make you sit up, you saucy minx, and maybe bring your nobleness down and make you feel very small beans indeed.'

She was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Her courage rose as she faced the man unflinchingly.

'I refuse to have any conversation with you,' she said, 'now or at a future period.' She turned on her heel.

He uttered a coarse laugh. 'You'll have to hear what I say, and there's a pretty fair share of it, before all's said and done,' he answered, with an oath. 'Do you know who you are, young woman? Who your father is? Hey, you bluff it bravely, but you can't bluff me. You ain't so darned innocent—not you,' and he drew a step nearer.

'I know perfectly well who my father is,' she said proudly.

Kimber bent almost double and uttered a

coarse roar of laughter which jarred horribly upon the silence of the woods. 'Oh ho, ho!' he shouted, 'Miss Innocence, Miss Queen of Bluffers, you do the trade well, my dear. Carry it off splendid, so you do! In fact, you do it a bit too well. Bah, you little fool, do you expect to measure your wit with me?' With a swift and unexpected rush, his vile, hot breath was on her face. He was leering into her angry eyes. 'I'll get payment for my news,' he said. 'Come, no nonsense; you aren't one bit better than the rest of us.'

She was young and vigorous. The arm that could wield a tennis-racket with force could hit out strongly, and she hit out now. The man staggered, reeled, fell at her feet; but Said was standing over him, with the blue flash of steel high above his head, prepared to strike again.

She caught his arm. 'Said, O Said! how did you come here?' she cried.

'I followed'—He pointed to the man lying between them, who was moaning as he grovelled at their feet, with blood gushing from a wound in his back.

'Oh, have you killed him?' she cried passionately.

'I hope it.' The savage was in her faithful attendant's eyes and fierce voice. 'Let him die, the cur, the hound, the son of dogs and serpents!' he cried as he touched the prostrate man with his foot.

'No, no!' She was down on her knees. 'Not that, Said. You must not let him die.' She was tearing off the man's coat; and Said, with still the same savage glare in his eyes, bent down and helped her. The knife had cut deep, but the shoulder-blade was not pierced, and life was in the fellow still. 'We must get him to the house. He has been father's guest.' She panted as she tried to bind up the gash and stay the gushing blood.

'To the house of the man he would ruin?' Said said sternly.

To the utter amazement of both, another man was coming towards them, a slim, boyish figure, walking on light, alert feet. A face looked on them through the green shadows of the wood that was youthful, simple. Some young farmer of the neighbourhood, Lalage thought, although she had never seen the good-humoured, somewhat simple face before. But Said started back, a gray pallor came upon his dusky skin, while the savagery in his eyes became accentuated by fear.

'Oh dear me! an accident?' said the newcomer, as he also bent over the wounded man. 'Fell on something sharp, did he?'

The patient moaned, and surely the word he muttered in that gasp was not a prayer.

'We must get advice. Dear me, how fortunate it didn't happen to you, miss!' and the candid gray-blue eyes were lifted to the lovely face at first with a blank expression

in them; but the look turned to one of frank bewilderment. He had not expected this.

'I saw it happen. It was done in defence of me,' Lalage said quickly. 'My faithful servant, who has been with me from infancy, struck down the man who—who was—who had'—She burst into hot tears, while the newcomer with dexterous fingers drew together the lips of the gaping wound, and showed Said how to hold them together, then out of a portfolio which he took from his pocket produced sticking-plaster and a small bandage.

The girl recovered herself quickly, being ashamed of her weakness. 'Oh, you are a doctor!' she cried. 'How fortunate!'

'I'm a man of many trades, Miss Bentham,' he said, standing up and facing her. 'Hadn't we better get this poor fellow moved to the nearest house—your house, I suppose?' He looked at the Arab, whose face had become set as a stone; it was the face of one who feels that the game is played to a finish, and who braces himself for the worst.

'Oh, sir, Said did it to protect me!' Lalage cried, as Kimber staggered to his feet, weak and faint from shock and loss of blood. There was also in his face the hunted horror that was turning Said's dusky countenance gray.

'Said, is that your name, my friend?' The stranger who had so quietly possessed himself of the situation just cast one swift glance into the dark, clear-cut face, and looked away.

'I am Said Abbas-ben-Yusuf. I come from the desert. I have been my servant always,' said the Arab, 'since she was a little one I could carry on my arm.'

'And you have served her now. You know this man?' The innocent, simple country-farmer face had altered strangely. The masterfulness in it took the girl by surprise. The tone of his voice, quick, impelling, commanding, sent the blood to her heart. Was she on the verge of an unknown land, a land of discovery? 'We had better get this fellow into bed,' said the stranger. 'Miss Bentham, I must ask you to stay with us. I have reason,' he said rapidly, half-leading, half-carrying the wretched man, who seemed suddenly to have collapsed into limpness, whose gray and ghastly face was abject in its terror, while his chest rose and fell in quick pants like one who had been running a race. 'You know the man?' the stranger repeated. 'You know him?'

'I have seen him,' she said—'seen him more than once.'

He drew a scrap of pasteboard from his pocket. 'And doubtless seen this also?' said the strange man.

In the quick glance he cast upon her she understood. This was the detective whom her own hand had set on the man's track.

Said looked at her with a strange expression
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in his eyes. 'You did it,' he uttered in a broken voice—'you!'

'Yes, yes,' M'Nichol returned, while the man whom he was supporting gave a muttered oath, and an almost demoniac expression passed over his face. 'Miss Bentham was perfectly right. Suspicion had been cast upon her by the lying tongue of this man's gipsy confederate. Again the wounded man groaned. 'Easy, sonny,' said his supporter; 'you haven't very much farther to go, you know, and the game's up.—Said, I'm one of a half-dozen come to harry the nest, the little refuge so admirably planned by Boss Fred Smithson—I believe he has been calling himself something else for any time within these twenty years—personation—a trifle of forgery.—But you, you rascal'—and he shook the wounded man—'you overstepped yourself when you dressed up as a housemaid in the keeper's lodge the other day, and made your way into Narramore Chase. Oh, you think I don't know the whole story, all the ins and outs. The poor girl's character's gone.—I say, look to that young lady. This appears to have come upon her with a surprise.'

Said sprang to Lalage's side. 'She has known nothing—kept shielded from all,' the Arab cried hoarsely. 'She believed in—in—the boss. I know—knew all along—but for her sake!—'

'Here we are. You see, the rest of us were in before me,' said M'Nichol as they approached the house.

The door stood wide; two men in uniform were on the threshold, two more inside. M'Nichol nodded in reply to the salute with which they greeted him as he came up the low steps of the porch. Somewhere inside the house a woman was shrieking wildly. Lalage lay inert in the arms of her faithful attendant. The servants were huddled in a terrified group in the end of the hall.

M'Nichol called one of them forward. 'Look after your young lady,' he said in a tone of command. 'See that you send for the rector of Woodfoot at once. She must be taken away.'

But Lalage roused herself and stood upon her feet. 'No,' she said; 'take me to my father; my place is with him.'

At this moment Kimber sank down on the floor, fainting from abject terror as well as loss of blood. Said stood with folded arms, a statue cut in bronze.

One of the uniformed men stepped forward. 'This way, miss,' he said; but M'Nichol went to her side.

'Come with me, Miss Bentham,' he said gently. 'I cannot tell you how sorry I am for the position in which you find yourself. I have sent for Mr Rainsford.'

The colour poured over her marble-white face. 'You should not have done that,' she
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said in a hoarse voice. 'I have no wish to see him more. Why drag him into the mud?'

The man gently put his hand below her arm as she tottered to fall. 'Come, come, Miss Bentham,' he said, 'you are not in this job at all. Not by a long way. Come to—to Fred Smithson; he used to be in our books, but I believe he has changed all that. Come.'

He drew her gently towards the morning-room, where, guarded by another tall man in blue, her father sat huddled up on a couch.

'Father, father, father!—'she was hanging round his neck, her beautiful face uplifted to his—'oh, what does this mean? Surely, surely there is a mistake, it is all a mistake?' she sobbed. 'You will come out of it clear as the day.'

He kissed her forehead tenderly. 'My child, I bless you for your beautiful faith in your father,' he said in his stilted manner. 'But this is no place for you. You must leave me to struggle through this painful business alone. Go to your step-mother, my dear; she is weak and unfit to face a difficult situation. I shall soon be freed from all suspicions, all troubles. Trust me.'

The appealing glance he cast at M'Nichol said plainly, 'Suffer her illusion to continue,' and the gallant Scotchman, who had a fair young Highland wife at home, and to whom beauty in distress always appealed forcibly, sent back an affirmative reply with the swift twinkle of an eyelid.

'I must ask you to go to Mrs Bentham,' he said gently to Lalage. 'We must get forward our preparations for immediate departure.'

But her hands clung to her father. 'You will not part us in this hour of need?' she implored.

'Reluctant as I am to be harsh, young lady, business is business,' M'Nichol said. 'I must do my duty. Of course, if you and Mrs Bentham choose to come up to London I can't prevent you.' He cleared his throat. 'If I might offer any advice, it would be that you should remain here for the present.'

'I will go with my father,' she said, holding her head high. 'I cannot forsake him in his hour of need.' Her eyes blazed with a courage which surprised the detective. 'I have faith in my father,' she said proudly. 'It is that dreadful man who has maligned him. Could I believe one word of all the horrible things he said to me?'

'What did he tell you?' Bentham asked quickly, a leaden pallor spreading over his face.

'I would not sully my lips by repeating what he said,' she answered haughtily. 'I did not believe one word—that is enough.'

Quick words were interchanged between the prisoner and the Arab, who was standing close

at Lalage's side. Said took the girl's hand and lifted it to his forehead.

'Come, my lady and mistress,' he said, his voice husky with feeling. 'This is no place for you—has never been a place for you.'

'Eh?' cried M'Nichol, swiftly turning upon the Arab. 'We must have some talk, you and I,' he added, as Said gently led the girl away.

The Arab made a graceful gesture with his hand, and they were gone.

'Now then, Mr Fred Smithson, Signor Sasselli, Don Frederigo Rammezz, and now Frederick Bentham, Esquire of Woodfoot Hall, Westshire, you and I have some little matters to talk over between us,' said M'Nichol, his whole aspect altering. 'You see the game is up. You have run a pretty long rig, and how you managed to do it is more than I can tell. You began long before my time; but it's all over now. You had better make a clean breast of it. You won't gain anything by silence. Who is that girl? Not your daughter, I'm prepared to swear.'

'I am not prepared to admit anything,' Bentham said steadily; 'neither are you the person I would choose for confidant. My daughter's affection for me is enough to prove her relationship.'

M'Nichol laughed. 'Fine talk,' he said. 'Well, I suppose you will not incriminate yourself, and perhaps you are right; but the whole story is bound to come out, and I'm ready to back my opinion for a pony that you're in for a life-sentence.—Hallo, there! Fullwood, Dick, Pantlin, have you made the search?'

Three men in blue entered the room. They had evidently been waiting outside.

'We scoured this room first,' said the chief of them. 'Found the plates, some flash money, and a despatch-box; also a safe in the wall.'

'Well, have you come upon Lady Narramore's pearls?' M'Nichol asked.

Bentham started up. 'I know nothing about them,' he said vehemently. 'I have not touched flash work for years. I never dirtied my fingers with burglary—never.'

'No, I never heard that charge against you,' M'Nichol answered. 'We had an idea that although you weren't in it you might have helped to conceal the things; but that's only a side-issue. What you are wanted for at present is the forged securities which have been thrown on the market. We received some little information. Well, it came by a side-wind, and led up to more than we expected—such things often do. It all came through a little sketch of your unwelcome visitor, Flash Sydney.'

Bentham started. 'Who took the sketch?' he demanded, his face growing deathly pale.

'It was given to me by your rector, Mr Rainsford,' M'Nichol said easily. 'I believe a clever young lady took it, and presented it to

him in order to rid you of a troublesome black-mailer.'

Bentham collapsed and said no more, until they had left Woodfoot behind and were flying to London in the night express.

'The house of cards which took so long to build securely fell at a touch from the hand it was raised to protect,' he said, like one awaking out of a dream.

CHAPTER VII.

It was not until late in the morning following the cataclysm at Woodfoot Manor that news of it got abroad.

In a fever of anxiety, Dermot rushed through the familiar woods to the aid of his beloved. But the house stood silent and forsaken amongst its quaint gardens; there was no sign of life, and it was some time before his repeated knockings met with any response. It was a sleepy man in blue who opened the door at last. He said the ladies had left by the early train. He was sure they had gone to London. Yes, he had been left in charge of the place. There had been a terrible break-up. That old un was a rare bird! They had been after him at Scotland Yard for many a day, and never could catch him. Why, there were twenty charges against him. Law bless you! he was a master-hand at making flash notes, a past-master at coining. There wasn't a currency in Europe he couldn't copy to the life; while for paper money he was unequalled. And faking old prints, and putting old marks on new silver, oh, a tip-top hand all round he was; but the last thing crowned all: foreign securities so well done that the very men who examined them couldn't tell the faked ones from the real. The ladies weren't in it. They were ladies through and through. Gave no trouble at all.

Dermot went home with a heart of lead. Aunt Rhoda comforted him.

'There is some mystery at the back of all this, some mystery that will be cleared up satisfactorily,' she said. 'That darling girl is high above it all.'

'Do you think that for one instant my faith in her has wavered?' he cried almost indignantly. 'Never that, Aunt Rhoda.'

'I know,' she said with a smile that only hid a sob. 'Go to London; seek her out. Go and bring her back to me.' Her eyes were full of tears.

'I will go by the next mail,' he said.

By midday a letter reached him. It was written in pencil, with many breaks in the irregular lines. He kissed the page before he tried to decipher the hasty scrawl. It began abruptly: 'I had not time to write before we left this morning. By this time you know all—oh, the

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terrible truth! Now, in the train that carries me out of your life for ever, I write to send you my last farewell.' There was a broken stroke here, as if the hand holding the pencil had swerved from its hapless task. Dermot's heart yearned over the writer in her deep distress. 'I know too much—all the world will know it soon. Oh! you cannot take the child of a felon to your heart and home, Dermot. I will not bring shame, my shame, upon you. It is good-bye, and good-bye for ever and for ever. I must stand by my unhappy father, by the woman to whom he gave his name. He was not always thus. Once he was a great gentleman, well known in the world; but a legal flaw deprived him of his fortune, and he sank. He was a great traveller and explorer, and now—now he is the occupant of a felon's cell. But he is my father, and I love him. I will stand by him to the last; therefore good-bye, and good-bye for ever.' As a pitiful afterthought she had written on the over-side of the blurred sheet of notepaper a hasty, 'Pray for me.—LALAGE.'

He handed the note to his aunt. 'It could never make any difference to me,' he said. 'She is herself, no matter what her father may have been. I will start in an hour.'

'Right!' said his aunt.

Dermot went straight to Scotland Yard. He saw M'Nichol.

'Why, yes, of course you can see the old man,' he said with a laugh. 'A sanctimonious old blade, and very much on his dignity. I don't know where the wife and the young lady have hidden themselves; but I'm sure to find out in a day or so.'

Armed with an order to visit the criminal, Dermot went to the prison, to find the man whom he had known as Frederick Bentham just the same as he had been in the days of their first acquaintance. He laughed at the idea of conviction. 'The unfortunate chance of an accidental likeness has caused the imbroglio,' he said. And, even while he spoke, the young clergyman knew he was uttering a lie.

A day or two afterwards M'Nichol wired to him, 'Come at once.'

The great detective met him at the prison. 'You'll find a change inside,' he said. 'Since the boss had an interview with an old fellow from Lincoln's Inn he has come down several pegs. He'll own up to a lot, unless I'm far wrong.'

But when Dermot entered the room the man to all appearance was just the heavy father of melodrama which he had ever been, only now he slightly overacted his part.

'You are interested in—ahem!—the child of my affections, Mr Rainsford,' he began, after his usual silted manner. 'In my present position, with I scarcely know what to expect in the immediate future, I think it would be

only right to confide in you. You have won the heart of the being most dear to me in all the world; that is one claim you have upon my confidence. You are also a clergyman, and therefore entitled to hear my confession, if you choose to call it so.' He looked down at his hands for a moment. Dermot saw that in one of them he held a stylographic pen, with which his fingers played nervously.

'That young lady,' he said, the words falling slowly from his lips—'that young lady is the dear child of my affections, which is her only title to call me father. She is no child of mine. I never had a child.'

Dermot could scarcely suppress the 'Thank Heaven!' which forced itself to his lips.

The man glanced up. 'It is indeed a great cause of thankfulness to me as well as you,' he said.

'It would not have made the slightest difference to me,' Dermot cried, speaking the truth from his heart; but still it was a wondrous relief to find he was not to have a convict father-in-law.

'Upon my soul, I believe you,' the man answered, a faint flicker of something not unlike moisture in his hard eyes. 'It is only due to such perfect affection to be well aware of the whole truth. No half-truths will suffice.'

Dermot said he was prepared to listen.

'Then, sir, you shall hear the whole truth and nothing but the truth,' Bentham said, settling himself in his chair. 'Sir, my father was a citizen of repute, while my mother—Well, I inherited my Bohemian proclivities from the female side. My father vainly endeavoured to bring me up in the ways of truth and decorum. He taught me his own craft, and the first use I made of it was to alter the figures on a cheque which he gave me to lodge in his account. It was admirably done; but I got five years' hard labour for the job, and it killed my respectable father. All that was good in me came to the surface while I was under restraint. I was set free in three years. Meantime, after my father's death, my mother, who was left with a comfortable annuity, had returned to her former friends. Amongst them I found congenial companions.'

'There was in the inner circle of that set a young man of better education, better manners and appearance, than the rest. Strange to say, there was a most curious resemblance between us. We became fast friends, and shared many wild adventures, always keeping within the bounds of the law—at least, contriving not to be found out. Well, suddenly, he vanished from amongst us, and I missed his company, which was of a more elevating kind than that of the rest. One day I had a communication from him, and at his desire called upon him at his hotel. He was altered—very much altered. I subsequently heard he had been, as we say, crossed in love. Well, well, he told me that by a

singular stroke of fortune he had suddenly become rich. He had never expected anything from the uncle whose vast fortune had come to him just because the old man had left no will. It seems that his father and this brother were unlike in every respect, and never had been on friendly terms; but the son of the wild brother was sole heir to all the money. And now, being so rich, he had made up his mind to travel. He requested me to be his companion. Of course I closed with an offer which exactly suited my circumstances. There were troubles. Well, well, they were trifles which matter not.'

He paused, again toyed with the black cylinder in his hand, and shook his head. 'Mine was not an exemplary life, Mr Rainsford,' he said slowly. 'We started for the Continent before entering upon our wider range. Finding many things that pleased us where we were, we loitered about for a longer time than we had anticipated, a time not wasted by me, because, being naturally quick at picking up a language, I became familiar with French and Italian, conversing readily in both languages. To be brief, we were some years idling about from one end of Europe to another, and at last found ourselves in Algiers. I must not forget to tell you that we had drawn much amusement out of our strange resemblance to each other. In Arab dress, when we reached northern Africa, it was impossible to distinguish us apart.'

'We started for the desert, our caravan being large and amply supplied with all possible luxuries, for Bentham, Frederick Bentham, was free and open-handed almost to a fault. We might have penetrated to the interior but for an accidental encounter which changed our whole plan. We fell in with a second caravan, that of an English engineer in the employment of the French Government. This man proved to be not only a countryman but an old acquaintance of my companion. More, it was he who had stolen away the affections of the girl upon whom Bentham had set his wayward heart. Ahem!' The man paused and drew a deep breath. 'The English engineer was in deep grief,' he went on, 'for, only on the night previous to our encounter, his wife had died, leaving him with a six-months-old babe. The two men mourned together over the deceased lady; and Bentham, always generous, seeing that the widower was compelled by his agreement with the French Government to go on with the work in hand, offered to bring the child back to London, where he pledged himself to place her in the hands of her mother's relatives. Well, sir, it did seem to me, at the least, a quixotic offer; but Bentham would listen to no remonstrance of mine, and therefore we started upon our return journey burdened with the child, her

nurse, and Said, her Arab bearer, who had also been devoted to her mother.'

'An awkward incident occurred while we were still beyond the confines of civilisation. A mere handful of Bedouins attacked us, and we had a sharp encounter. Bentham was badly wounded and died, quite alone with me, for the rest had ridden on with the precious infant—ahem!' Again the man paused and toyed nervously with the pen. Rainsford wished he would put it down. He pulled himself together and went on. 'I was left alone to face a difficult situation, and I must confess I never found myself equal to such things. I did what any man in my position must inevitably have done. The death of the master would mean a fearful cataclysm in the desert. The servants might turn round and kill us all; so I decided to possess myself of Bentham's signet and some other trifles, to personate him for the remaining part of the journey, and to be guided by circumstances afterwards. All Bentham's papers were in my possession. As his confidential servant, I knew his most secret affairs; therefore everything came easy to me. Of all our caravan, Said was the only one who had the smallest doubt of my identity; and he, for a consideration, held his tongue. We crossed to Europe—Genoa it was. There, the nurse being an Italian, I left the child, hastening to Paris, where, to my infinite surprise, I found a summons to London awaiting me in my new character of Frederick Bentham, the great banker's wealthy heir. Mr Rainsford, that visit to Lincoln's Inn threw down my castle in Spain, shattered it to atoms. For, while I disported myself in the gay city, Mr Ormsby, the engineer, had sent home by another hand a box of papers found amongst his wife's possessions. In the box was a deed of settlement made by Charles Bentham, deceased, which conveyed to the child or children of Laura Saville, the only daughter of his late friend John Saville, every farthing he possessed, provided she married any person other than his nephew, whom he designated a felon and the friend of felons. Sir, I was simply struck dumb. The old gentleman who told me the story, and who showed me the fatal deed, was sorry for me. He never questioned my identity, never for a moment. Under this infamous deed I was left an annuity of five hundred pounds a year—a beggarly pittance.'

'Then I related the story of the caravan, of the finding of the child, and the death of her mother. Upon which the old gentleman, who must have seen my affection for the infant, made me an offer. He said, as I seemed such an altered man, he would leave the girl in my charge; that there would, of course, be a good allowance made for her—augmented later by a substantial sum for her education. I made inquiries as to the future of

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the money in case of the child's death, as infant lives are precarious, especially abroad. He very promptly replied that the money would go to her father, and in case of his decease to certain charities which he named. Well, we came to an agreement. Her father, I said, had practically left the child in my hands. I would regard her as a sacred charge, do my duty by her, fit her for her position in the world, and when she came of age see that she entered society under the best auspices. A double portion was added to the amount settled on me by my supposed uncle, and the bargain was completed. I returned to the Continent and placed the child in safety with some good Sisters at Zurich, whose terms were not specially high. That I did my duty by her you yourself can testify.' He waved his hand. 'My subsequent life does not matter,' he went on in his stilted fashion, 'Perhaps it was not what it ought to have been. Perhaps I sought augmentation of my small means—which were wholly inadequate to my expenses—in diverse ways and places by strict-thinking people not considered quite respectable; but the child was always carefully looked after. Said, who was never very far away, saw that she was well and happy. In the course of my career I met my poor wife—a good, harmless creature, not a lady, as you can see, but faithful, and blessed with a kind heart. That was about five years ago.'

'And now, sir, I come to the present day. In the April of this year Lalage came of age. I brought her to London, presented her to the old men who had charge of her fortune, and who, I must say, had discharged their duty in the most—ahem!—exemplary manner, her money having almost doubled in their hands. She fascinated them both. They gave me great credit for the way in which she had been brought up. They found for me the quiet home to which I hoped to bring her, and where, secure from all my former acquaintances, I resolved to lead a new and happy life. Sir, Fate was too strong for me. Another strong situation offered itself. Professional vanity tempted me to—my fall. A man, the lowest and most unworthy amongst the set in which I had been led to entangle myself through my most unhappy mother, discovered my "refuge in the west," and now'—he shrugged his shoulders—'now, I am here.'

He was silent for a moment; then, lifting his head, went on: 'Sir, I would speak about my poor wife, who is blameless. A small income secured to her, and a little home in some retired suburb, would make her perfectly happy. She is a creature of simple tastes. I think that is all I have to say. This'—and he handed a small packet of papers to Dermot—'this is the address of the lawyers who have charge of—ahem!—Lalage's fortune. Go to them and
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explain the position in which you stand with regard to her.'

He stood up and looked Rainsford steadily in the face. 'You are the first really good man I have ever known,' he said, 'and I leave in your hands the only pure thing I have ever loved. Good-bye.'

'Not quite good-bye,' Dermot said. 'I will come to-morrow.'

Looking steadily into his face, the man said slowly, 'Yes, you may come to-morrow.'

Dermot left him standing by the small table.

A great load had been lifted from his heart as he passed out into the open air. M'Nichol met him in the yard.

'He kept you for a long time, that old scoundrel!' said the detective, with a laugh. 'But I'm ready to bet a round pot o' money he hasn't told you half the truth.'

'He told me all I wanted to know,' Dermot replied.

'I know, sir, the young lady isn't his daughter. Of that I was sure the first time I set eyes on her. Her real father hasn't behaved too well in the business; but he may be able to explain. If he had put the matter into our hands years ago we could have cleared the whole thing up. But it was cleverly done—about as cleverly as it well could be. It began long before my time. I wonder how much the old vagabond confessed. Did he tell you that he murdered his master? That black fellow cleared up the whole matter. Terror that he and the child would follow the father made him hold his tongue at the time; afterwards he kept silence, fearing that if Smithson knew he had hold of the right end of the story he would not have the slightest scruple in sweeping him out of the way, and then who would look after the girl? I was not surprised when he confessed to his silence. You see, the poor chap knew nothing about English law; he was not even aware of Miss Bentham's real position. He only worshipped her with a slavish affection, and would gladly have died to save her from injury. But did the old wretch tell you that the reason he fell into straitened means was that he sold the annuity left to the man he impersonated by the uncle, who knew his brother's son to be a thorough scoundrel? Because the real Frederick Bentham was a bad lot, although he did offer to do an unselfish thing for the sake of the woman he loved. Did Smithson tell you that there wasn't a greater scoundrel within the four seas than himself? No, I'm sure he didn't. All the world will know his history soon. Here's the address you want, sir; and if you take my advice you'll carry the young lady out of London as soon as possible.'

Dermot left himself no time to debate the question. Half-an-hour later he was standing on the doorstep of a dingy house in the West

Central district. He shuddered when he looked at the roof which was sheltering his darling. If he could help it, she should never pass through that shabby street again. A frowsy woman admitted him. 'Yes, Miss Bentham was at home,' she said as she ushered him into a dingy sitting-room, and left him to his whirling thoughts.

He waited, it seemed, a long time before the door opened; and then Lalage stood transfixed upon the squalid threshold, her face strangely drawn and pale, but flushing up in a moment when she saw who it was that came to her with outstretched hands.

'I said it was good-bye for ever,' she faltered, drawing back.

But he caught her and drew her into the room, closing the door fast behind her.

He scarcely knew in what passionate words he told her all the deep thankfulness that was in his heart, together with as much of the dark story as he thought she was able to bear.

'And I have been deceived all along!' she said falteringly. 'My real father is alive! It seems almost incredible.'

He never could recall the words in which he told her that she must come with him, that she must trust him implicitly; and to this day he does not know how he managed to hustle her away from the wretched hole in which her step-mother, as she still called Mrs Bentham, chose to hide. But he succeeded in carrying her off to the quiet hotel in which he had been staying. Once she was safely under the roof he despatched a telegram in the most imperative mood to Aunt Rho. She must come to London by the next train.

When he returned to the hotel, M^cNichol was waiting to see him. The news which he brought turned Dermot's blood cold.

Bentham—Smithson—by whatever name he chose to call himself—had passed beyond men's judgment. The man who brought him his food at the proper time had found him lying dead on the floor of his cell.

'Poison, sir,' the detective said 'in an awe-struck whisper, 'hidden in the pen he had been carrying about him for a considerable time. He must have known that exposure was sure to come sooner or later.'

So there was no sensational trial, and there were no astounding revelations to tickle the ears of the public and swell the sale of the Yellow Press. There was just a quiet funeral, a secret burial in a remote corner of a poor cemetery. Strange to say, two women were present—two women who parted at the grave-side never to meet again.

But strange things had been happening in the quiet flat which Miss Rainsford hired the day after her arrival in town—strange things, which had far-reaching results.

The little lawyer from Lincoln's Inn arrived

there one morning with a letter to Lalage. 'Miss Ormsby' was the name outside.

She read with amazement a passionate plea for pardon on the part of the father whose carelessness had thrown her into the false position from which her true lover had rescued her.

'If I could hope for pardon from the child to whom I have done such a cruel wrong,' the man wrote, 'I would go and beg it at your feet. All my life long I have done such reckless mischief that I bow my head for shame. Grief for your mother's loss it was which impelled me to part with you at the first; then for years I was planted in Central Africa, where no child could have lived. You must not be hard upon me. I never can forgive myself; but I hope and pray that my child will forgive the mischief I did to her unawares. I had not the slightest suspicion of the truth. It was not until all this story came to light that I had the slightest doubt of the man's identity. When Mr Fairleigh and his partners were deceived, how could you blame me?'

The letter rambled on for a whole closely written page, and the girl read it with a throbbing heart.

'Is my—Mr Ormsby in London?' she asked as the old lawyer sat dangling his hat between his knees, and looking at her furtively from time to time.

'To the best of my belief he is walking up and down the gardens at the present moment,' the old gentleman informed her. 'We have known him by correspondence for several years; an Irishman, my dear young lady, very erratic, very impulsive, and also very charming. He, like the rest of us, took it for granted that everything was as it ought to be. We made many inquiries about you during your nonage. We found that you were being very well looked after—placed with people of undoubted respectability. Your guardian was justified in bestowing the name of Bentham upon you. It was so arranged in the deed of settlement. We were aware of your guardian's marriage at the time it took place. From time to time he disappeared; but we never had a suspicion of what those disappearances meant, and, being a very clever scoundrel, he always managed to keep clear of the law. He did it to the end. Now, my dear young lady, will you see your father? He certainly has not acted well, but there are many allowances to be made for a man of his character. I may as well tell you that he has managed to make and keep a pretty considerable amount of money. I really believe that if he had returned to his native land poor he would never have made himself known to you.'

'Of course I will see him. He is my father, my only living relative. I have nothing to

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forgive,' Lalage said with a deepened note in her voice.

'Ahem!' the lawyer replied, 'as to that, my dear young lady, there might be a diversity of opinion; but no matter. You will receive Mr Ormsby?'

'Most certainly,' Lalage returned.

With an old-fashioned bow, the little man departed, and Lalage rushed to Aunt Rhoda.

'It is my father—my real father—who has asked if I will see him! Oh, my dear, my real mother, can you imagine a father asking such a question? And—and—that dry old stick of a lawyer tells me that he is rich, and—and—that if he had returned home poor he would never have made himself known to me. Is it not all strange and wonderful?'

'Your real father?' Aunt Rhoda answered slowly. 'He will not take you from us? He cannot influence you?'

'Oh, Aunt Rhoda! take me from you—and—and—Dermot? Never, never! You are all the world to me; when everything went to pieces round me you stood firm. You must come with me now, and support me through what must be a trying moment. Come!' There was no great joy in the girl's face as she drew the woman whom she had grown to love so dearly into the pretty little drawing-room. She was shaking in every limb. Her colour went and came. 'My father—my true father,' she was saying to herself as she crossed the threshold, while Aunt Rhoda upheld her with a strong arm.

She did not look up as her feet crushed the soft carpet inside the door, but the arm on which she leaned quivered like a vibrant string. The strong woman swayed as if a fierce wind were sweeping her from her feet.

'You!' cried an unknown voice—'you!'

She looked up. Aunt Rhoda stood against the door-jamb. Her arms dropped by her side; her face had gone gray. 'You!' she faltered back again—and the ring in her voice was something which the girl had never heard before—'Clarence Ormsby!'

'Rhoda—Rhoda?' The question in his voice startled the girl, who felt herself caught and swayed in a tempest of unexpected emotions.

'I am as always, Rhoda Rainsford!'

Aunt Rhoda was recovering herself far more quickly than the man who stood facing them both, with such a look of wonder and perplexity on his face that the girl was struck dumb. They had both forgotten her existence.

'I never thought to see your face again,' said Miss Rainsford, with her voice at its usual level.

'How could I hope that it was into your hands my child had fallen?' the man said brokenly.

'You cared but little for the welfare of your child.' There was a thrill of passionate reproach [1906.]

in the musical voice, and Lalage clasped the firm arm again. 'She is with us—one of us—our own—quite our own; and nothing can separate her from us—no change of time, no fickle will,' Miss Rainsford said with passionate meaning.

The man sank his head. 'I deserve everything you can say to me,' he said. 'No one knows that better than I do myself.'

'You cannot excuse yourself; it would be impossible.' Her words struck like ice upon the girl's brain, and the man winced under them.

'Aunt Rhoda, be merciful!' she pleaded into the woman's ears. 'We all need mercy; we all make mistakes.' The arm on which she leaned trembled. 'He is my father,' she whispered.

Rhoda Rainsford looked down into the beautiful face lifted to her own in tender supplication. She bent and kissed the white forehead.

'This is your daughter,' she said in an entirely different tone—'your daughter, who is my child by adoption and affection.'

The man came forward.

'I could not receive her from hands more deserving,' he said disjointedly, as he took the girl into his arms; and she, looking straight into his face for the first time, saw that her father was a man with the remains of very great personal beauty; that eyes blue as her own were looking down upon her; also, that those eyes were dim with tears. So, resting in his arms, she put out a hand to Aunt Rhoda. 'You will forgive everything,' she said, only understanding half her words included, 'because we are all one family now?'

It was Ormsby's hand which clasped that of a woman who leaned against the door and wept—wept tears thawing the ice of years in a heart which this man's fickleness had broken long ago.

When Clarence Ormsby found time to relate the story of his life his daughter found many extenuating circumstances in the narration. A galling chain of poverty bound the young man in the days of his fiery first love. That, and a nature easily moved—a wandering fancy perhaps—led him away from his early faith. Light on the surface, the deeper side of his nature was slow to assert itself; but, despite his passionate love for his wife, the wild grief that had almost upset his reason after her tragic death, the old love held its place in his heart. A man of moods, he had been swayed hither and thither all his life, even while he threw himself into the great work he had in hand, and thought of nothing until it was accomplished.

For years he had been detained at the Court of a semi-barbarian monarch, and during those years his child was growing into her

sweet girlhood unaware of his existence. She was safe, he told himself. By-and-by he would escape from his honourable bondage, he would return to civilisation, take her out of Bentham's hands, and make a home for her in the old country. But when he ceased to be under restraint in the half-savage Court, the Government which he served begged him to remain as its representative, and as the career promised well for his future, he consented to stay. Then he discovered mineral wealth. He became rich, independent. The thoughts of his daughter became sweet to him. He wrote to the man whom he believed to be best entitled to look after the child, who had, in a certain fashion, robbed him of his inheritance; but the letter remained unanswered. Then he was recalled to France. Glad to break away from a lengthy exile, he retired for ever from public affairs, and came to England just as the whole story of the supposed Bentham's crimes had come to light.

M'Nichol had visited the firm of lawyers having charge of his child's interests, and told the senior partner enough to make that dry little gentleman shrink with horror. It was the knowledge that everything about his dark past must inevitably come to light, that he was to be confronted with the father of the girl whose guardianship he had stolen, whose rightful guardian he had murdered in the desert, which impelled the hardened felon to disclose the facts of the case, as far as he dared do so, to Rainsford, and then make an end of all, so far as this life was concerned.

What might have come to pass in the future when he wanted money from his supposed daughter no one could conjecture. It was just possible he might have induced her to make a part at least of her fortune over to him, or even the whole of it; and then—— Well, so long as Said lived she was comparatively safe from actual danger; although M'Nichol, who understood the criminal nature in all its dark windings, was almost sure that the man grown old in evil deeds would never have turned away from them; that the peace and security of his 'refuge in the west' would have palled upon him, and some terrible outbreak be the result. However, he was beyond it all now.

It was after the quiet wedding which crowned Dermot Rainsford's life that Flash Sydney was brought to trial and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Lady Narramore's pearls were restored to their owner, to her great delight. It was Said's last act in connection with a life the criminality of which he only half-understood.

On the eve of the wedding which meant so much to Aunt Rhoda she had a few words with the bride.

'You were stolen from me,' she said, kissing the face which had regained all its sweet bloom

under the influence of the happiness which wrapped her round like a garment—'stolen from me long before you were born; but life has been merciful, and made you mine once completely.'

'My father'—the girl faltered—'you were the girl he has told me of—the girl whom he loved before he met my mother, whom he never forgot, and whom he regrets to this day.'

Aunt Rhoda's face turned pink. 'He told you that?' she said with a catch in her voice. 'He told you'——

'Ah, yes. He said there were obstacles that could not be overcome, and so he drifted away and married my mother. Yes, he told me everything: how a man whom she liked, but feared, was tormenting her to save him from a life of almost crime, and she was so miserable about it all that he could not help himself. So they were married, and then the man appeared just when my mother died, and swore to take care of the poor little baby. Ah, there must have been a great deal that was good and true in poor Mr Bentham!'

Aunt Rhoda had not the heart to undeceive her, and to this day Lalage Rainsford never suspects that the man who had stood in her guardian's place was a murderer and an impostor.

'My dear child,' Aunt Rhoda said, ignoring the girl's words, 'the moment I looked into your eyes I knew. I wondered how it could have come to pass; but I gave up thinking about it, and went on loving you—loving you. You are my own now, and all is well.'

Yes, all is well. The old Manor House amongst the woods is a happy home, where peaceful lives are lived in the open eye of day. There are no secrets there, and the lovers of old time are the best of friends, meeting at the fire-side, bound by common interests and common love. Dermot is not ambitious. He has given up the rectory to his curate; and Aunt Rhoda comes and goes, a woman whose life is full. Ormsby wanders about a good deal; but his home is with the daughter whom he loves. And Said—Said, bent, white-headed, venerable—lives on to carry in his arms another lovely little maiden, whose blue eyes are like those he loved and still loves with such passionate adoration; and the precious daughter of the house returns his love with interest.

Meantime, in a little flat in Battersea, Mrs Bentham is happier than she was in the days when she played at being a county lady. The criminal with whom her fate was linked has been succeeded by so many other guilty celebrities in the passing of the years that his strange career has been quite forgotten. Only Said remembers, perhaps because he knew him best.

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